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THE

# BOSTON MUSICAL GAZETTE.

EDITED BY A. N. JOHNSON AND J. JOHNSON, JR.

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## CONTENTS.

## A

Abridgement of Hymns, 3 122 134  
 Abstraction of a Musician, 202  
 Advertisement from the German, 62  
 Advertisement from an English Paper, 163  
 Æolichord Piano, 69  
 Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung, 13  
 All-hallow Eve, 74  
 Alpha, Communications from, 69 93 109 149  
 Amateurs and Straw, 50  
 Amphonic Society, 12  
 Anecdotes from the German, 75  
 Applause, 189  
 Aquatic Serenaders, 150  
 Arts, an Allegory, 1

## B

Bach, J. S., 10 14 18 19 153 185  
 Bach, as a Citizen, 37  
 Bach, as a Teacher, 28  
 Bach and Handel, 109  
 Bach's Organ Playing, 21  
 Bach's System of Fingering, 3  
 Bach's Works, 53  
 Baker & Woodbury's Class, 133 140  
 Beethoven's Monument, 9  
 Beethoven's Piano, 99  
 Bells, Exchange, 22  
 Berlin, Music in, 67  
 Beautiful Swiss Custom, 202  
 Birmingham Festival, 108 161  
 Bishop, Madam Anna, 189  
 Books, Music, 154  
 Boston Academy of Music, 102 126  
 Bull, Ole, 50  
 Burney, Dr., View of Music, 62

## C

Chapel Master in Frankfort, 83  
 Cherubini and Napoleon, 35 60  
 Chinese Music, 2  
 Chinese Musical Instruments, 57  
 Choir, The, 91  
 Choir Singing, 108  
 Christian Minstrel, 76  
 Church Choirs, 108 123 133  
 Church Music, 3 11 35 122 134 190  
 Church Music in Scotland, 139  
 Claude de Jeune, 187  
 Columbia Female Institute, 116  
 Commemoration of Handel, 66  
 Communication on Teaching, 180  
 Communication on Duty of the Church 53  
 Concerts, 6 13 22 30 38 46 54 62 86  
 94 158 166 174 182 190 198 206  
 Concerts by the Teachers' Class of the Boston Academy of Music, 132  
 Conundrums, 75  
 Convention, American Musical, 70 108 156  
 Convention in Boston, 132  
 Convention in Cincinnati, 157  
 Convention in Grafton, 101  
 Convention in Hartford, 93  
 Convention in Hudson, 27  
 Convention in New York, 133  
 Convention in Rochester, 156  
 Convention in Summit County, 35  
 Convention of Teachers, 93 116  
 Copy of a Commission, 155  
 Correspondents, 29 44 52 69  
 Count de Nozzel, 43  
 Counterfeit Pianos, 101  
 Criticism, German, 102  
 Crow and Bobolincola, 42  
 Curious Legacy, 179  
 Cymsegyddion, 3

## D

Day in New York, 164  
 Day in Providence, 172  
 Deaf and Dumb Amateur, 179  
 Dear Fiddle, 70  
 Defective State of Choruses and Bands, 134  
 De Meyer, Leopold, 107 173 179  
 Der Freischütz, 146 166  
 Distin Family, 107  
 Dragonetti, 107

## E

Ear for Music, 90 110  
 Eccentric Concert, 181  
 Economy, 169  
 Elementary Instruction, 69  
 Elementary Teaching, 196  
 Elijah, Oratorio of, 177  
 Elizabeth, Queen, 170  
 Eminence not attainable without toil, 182  
 Encouraging to Newspaper Agents, 198  
 English Vocalists, 165  
 Essex, Countess of, 194  
 Evening Studies in Music, 38  
 Examination at Moscow, 174  
 Extracts from an Old Book, 57 66 91  
 Extracts from Foreign Papers, 61  
 Extracts from various Letters, 45

## F

Fable, 3  
 Far Corner, Letters from, 171 189  
 Festival in Aix la Chapelle, 121  
 Festival in Birmingham, 161  
 Festival in Horgen, 124  
 Festival in Hereford, 155  
 Festival in Silesia, 6  
 For Conscience Sake, 158  
 Formal Principle, 59  
 Frederick the Great, 21 170  
 From late European Papers, 77 85

## G

G String Mania, 62  
 Gainsborough, 187  
 Genius, 148  
 Genius, Nature of, 46  
 German Music, 195  
 German Musical Prize Festivals, 118  
 German Schoolmaster, 102  
 German Serenade, 150  
 Great Organ in Naumburg, 58  
 Greek Dialogue, 142

## H

Hair Preservative, 182  
 Hand Organ Players, 91 109  
 Handel, 25  
 Handel, Anecdotes of, 106  
 Handel's Benevolence, 34  
 Handel's Blindness, 35  
 Handel's Compositions, 98  
 Handel in Hamburg, 36  
 Handel, Mozart's Opinion of, 70  
 Handel, Pope's Opinion of, 187  
 Harmony, 13 21 30 38 46 54 70 76 110  
 Harmony, Treatise on, 30  
 Harp of the North, 170  
 Hayden, 12  
 Hayden, Anecdote of, 195  
 Hayden and Mozart, 196  
 Herschel, Dr., 170  
 Herz, Henri, 165, 193  
 Hints for Pianists, 206  
 Humbugging, 194  
 Hutchinson Family, 49 122 139  
 Hutchinson Family's Farewell Concert, 97

## I

Ignorance of a Choir Leader, 117  
 Improper Conduct in Choirs, 44  
 Indian Nabob in Paris, 59

Infant Prodigies, 206  
 Influence of Music, 303  
 Inharmonious Music, 188  
 Institute in Weimar, 97  
 Instruction of Children, 19  
 Instruments best for Choir Accompaniment, 166  
 Italian Applause, 189  
 Items, Foreign, 14 36 61 150

## J

Jullien's Concerts, 14

## K

Kalmuc Church Music, 158  
 King of Prussia and the Schoolmaster, 190  
 Knowing a Fiddle, 21  
 Kosowski, 118

## L

Lablache, Lewis, 121  
 Lawes, Henry, 170  
 Leipzig Conservatory, 196  
 Life of Pestalozzi, 34  
 Lind, Jenny, 109  
 Liszt, Franz, 122 164  
 Litolf, Henry, 85  
 Live to do good, 75  
 Liverpool Philharmonic Society, 189  
 Logier, 165  
 London Musical Societies, 98  
 Luther, 170

## M

Macerone, Miss, 156  
 Maine State Musical Association, 141  
 Mainzer, Joseph, 154  
 Manner Gesangverein, 99  
 Marches of the Prussian Army, 189  
 Mattheson, 62  
 Melody, 12  
 Mendelssohn's Elijah, 177  
 Mesmerism and Music, 90  
 Metronome, The, 4  
 Meyerbeer. Monument to, 164  
 Michigan Choral Union, 133  
 Military Service in Church, 179  
 Milton, 190  
 Modern Church Music, 148  
 Monstre Concert in Paris, 133  
 Monuments to Composers, 181  
 Monument to Dr. Watts, 45  
 Mozart on Composing, 5  
 Mozart's Religious Sentiments, 5  
 Music, 98 147  
 Music among Soldiers, 2  
 Music and Poetry, 60  
 Music Books, 154  
 Music in America, 194  
 Music in Berlin, 67  
 Music in England, 201  
 Music in Hardscrabble, 17  
 Music in New York, 141  
 Music in Northern Italy, 138  
 Music in Paris, 99  
 Music in Schools in Charlestown, 132  
 Music of Heaven, 138  
 Music of the Ancients, 138  
 Music published in December, 6  
 Musical Bed, 5 102  
 Musical Dog, 58  
 Musical Effect, 59  
 Musical Infant, 179  
 Musical Kingdom, 22  
 Musical Libraries at Rome, 89  
 Musical Mimicry, 170  
 Musical Nerve, 122  
 Musical Prize Festivals, 118  
 Musical Week in New York, 157

## N

Nardini, 110  
 Nero, 170  
 New Music, 6 14 30 62 94  
 New Notation, 19 101



New Orleans Schools, 20  
 New Publications, 22 46 126 142 166  
 New York Sacred Music Society, 133  
 Notice Extraordinary, 34  
 Note Swallower, 33

## O

Octochord, The, 5  
 Officer at a Party, 115  
 Old Cantor in Joachimisthal, 49  
 Old Gentleman's Opinion, 37  
 Old Music, 78  
 Ole Bull, Opinion of French Musicians, 147  
 Oratorio, 109  
 Organs, 182 189  
 Organs in Boston, 14  
 Organ in Fryeburg, 158  
 Organ in Lowell, 202  
 Organ in Roxbury, 140  
 Organists, Appointment of, 21, 163  
 Origin of Metrical Psalmody, 78

## P

Paddon, John, Death of, 62  
 Paganini, 34  
 Paris, 147  
 Pestalozzian System, 27  
 Pestalozzi, Life of, 34  
 Perseverance, 70  
 Pfeiffer, M. T., 146  
 Phillips, Henry, 198  
 Piano-forte Concert in the Open Air, 164  
 Piano-forte, De Folley's, 110  
 Piano-forte Playing, 2 43  
 Piano-forte Pieces, 189  
 Piano-forte Schools, 38  
 Piano-fortes, Spurious, 126  
 Piano-forte Teacher, 84 92 106 117 148 157  
 173 181  
 Pischek and Hoelzel, 166  
 Pitching Tunes, 148  
 Pitcher Presentation, 198  
 Pleyel, Madame, 142  
 Plato's View of Music, 27  
 Popular Music, 138  
 Power of Music, 21 195  
 Power of Music in Battle, 179  
 Porpora, 27  
 Providence, Music in, 196  
 Pronunciation of Foreign Names, 141  
 Princess Orlja's Marriage, 146  
 Psalm 118th, as sung in the Temple Service, 74  
 Public Applause, bad influence of, 46  
 Pulse in Music, 22  
 Pythagoras' View of Music, 38

## R

Reading Hymns, 195  
 Resolution of the Academy's Class, 141  
 Rink, Death of, 166  
 Right Touch for the Piano, 43  
 Royal Concert, 121  
 Rockland County School Celebration, 179  
 Roseau Festival, 198  
 Rossini, Wife of, 6  
 Rossini, Monument to, 110  
 Rory O'More in America, 150  
 Royal Precept, 170  
 Robert Rhythm, 114  
 Rutgers Female Institute, 100  
 Russell, Henry, 78 190  
 Russian Horn Player, 158

## S

Sacred Music, 82 115  
 Sacred Singing, 51  
 Scottish Music, 155  
 Self Sufficiency of Musicians, 116  
 Sights and Sounds in Europe, 33 41 49 65 81  
 105 145 169 185 202  
 Singing School for School Teachers, 201  
 Singing and Temperance, 87  
 Singers Association in Brugge, 118

Sivori Camilo, 156  
 Singing in the Family, 140  
 Singing in the French Army, 141  
 Singers of the Pyrenees, 1  
 Songs for Children, 58  
 Southern Slaves, 91  
 Specimens of Psalmody, 77  
 Stanley, John, 57  
 St. Mark's College, 142  
 St. Saens, 110  
 Sweetest Music, 147

## T

Taking a Newspaper, 18  
 Tarry Woo, 101  
 Teachers' Convention, 116  
 Teachers' Class, 116  
 Teachers' Convention in Rochester, 133  
 Teachers' Institute of the Boston Academy of Music, 124 129  
 Teachers' Institutes, 188  
 Telemann, 83  
 The Two Soliloquies, 59  
 To the Editorial Fraternity, 20  
 Trinity Church Organ, 205

## U

Urban, Christian, 12  
 Use of Music by the Ancients, 54  
 Use of a Nose, 139  
 Ukrainian Singers, 187

## V

Valuable Relic, 99  
 Viol da Gamba, 170  
 Violins, 187  
 Violin Frame, 195  
 Vienna, Music Schools in, 195  
 Vienna, 123  
 Vieux Temps, 116 118 120  
 Violin Virtuoso and the Dog, 91

## W

Westminster Abbey, 134  
 Wieck, Clara, 68  
 What is expected of Teachers, 4  
 World of Music, 102  
 Wrath of Amurath Subdued, 170

## Y

Yankee Doodle in Austria, 99

## MUSIC.

Abel, 8  
 Agawam, 64  
 Albrechtsberger, 16  
 Aldrich, 16  
 Allegri, 24  
 Allston Place, 112  
 Aufossi, 24  
 Anthem for Thanksgiving, 167  
 Arne, 24  
 Arnold, 40  
 Aurora, 56  
 Avison, 40  
 Ayrton, 8  
 Bach, 192  
 Battishill, 120  
 Beethoven, 208  
 Benda, 120  
 Boyce, 136  
 Brighton, 135  
 Brookline, 200  
 By the Grave of a Child, 48  
 Carey, 128  
 Charity, 39  
 Christian Union, 144  
 Companionship with God, 207  
 Dirge for a Young Girl, 128  
 Dorcas, 176  
 Durante, 192

Enders, 103  
 Fair Flora Decks the Ground, 111  
 Fame, 119  
 Firmament, 200  
 Garden Pleasures, 135  
 Gardner, 192  
 Glencoe, 160  
 Gloria, 48  
 Gloria in Excelsis, 31  
 Glorification, 207  
 Gloversville, 88  
 God's Greatness in Nature, 127  
 Goodrich, 160  
 Hadley, 184  
 Hamersly, 64  
 Harmony, 184  
 Hayden, 200  
 How Pleasant 'tis with Friends to Dwell, 55  
 Hymn for Thanksgiving, 168  
 I'm Young and I'm Blithesome, 103  
 Istoria, 48  
 I would not live away, 120  
 Jaffrey, 80  
 Jesner, 8  
 Jones, 136  
 Joy is Sounding, 28  
 Jubal, 176  
 Jubilate Deo, 88  
 Light of Day is Fading, 191  
 Loring, 120  
 Mayence, 112  
 Midnight Hymn at Sea, 151  
 Morning, 15  
 Motet, 87  
 My own Sweet Native Vale, 71  
 My Soul Inspired with Sacred Love, 95  
 New Rochelle, 152  
 Newville, 72  
 Norway, 151  
 O Eolus Singeth, 79  
 Old Hundred, 208  
 Our Country, 47  
 Parker's Chant, 184  
 Phillipsburg, 80  
 Refuge, 128  
 Robertson, 88  
 Salem, 143  
 Softly Steals the Fading Light, 127  
 Somerston, 192  
 Speed, Gallant Bark, 7  
 Spring, 80  
 Take it Easy, 175  
 Tarry Woo, 104  
 Tell me not of Sunbeams Bright, 175  
 The Corner Stone, 176  
 The Daisy, 159  
 The Fisherman, 183  
 The Forest Hunter, 119  
 The Minnows, 87  
 The Nest, 15  
 The Ship Builder's Song, 68  
 The Wolf and the Lamb, 119  
 They have gone to the Land, 152  
 Thou wilt keep him in Perfect Peace, 199  
 Trust in God, 160  
 Utrecht, 136  
 Vacation Song, 104  
 Wallace, 56  
 Warner, 64  
 Wenham, 40  
 Why look so dark and sad, my friend? 143  
 Winter Song, 183  
 Winter Street, 136  
 Woart, 88

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## Miscellaneous.

### THE ARTS.

#### AN ALLEGORY.

It was night in Paradise. The wind roared fitfully through the dusky pines. An unwonted chill pervaded the unquiet air. Wild beasts sent their howlings abroad. Mournful echoes sounded from the jagged cliffs, which shot up athwart the dreary sky. Why was the garden desolate? Why cowered the lamb at the voice of the wolf, his playmate of yesterday? Sin was on earth, and her foul breath blasted the flowers of heaven.

A soft wailing filled the air, and dimly were seen the forms of love and beauty, the fair spirits that hovered around the abode of man, to minister to his pleasure. A mild light beamed from afar, and the chilled ones hastened toward its effulgence. A seraph stood on the banks of the holy river, and soothed their grief with words of peace and hope. "Weep not, children of heaven," said he, "weep not that a night of gloom is around you. A morning shall yet rise in joy. Man has sinned, and the flowers of Eden lie low. But he falls not forever. Behold!" And as he spake, from the parting clouds, rays of mercy descended on the grove, where knelt the repentant Adam. "Go forth with the erring ones. With them your sorrow and your joy shall be. Not without woe will be your abode on earth; but know, children of the morning, that they who suffer greatly, are greatly honored. Go; be man's servants and his ministers, till your time shall come, and your home be again fair, and yet fairer than this Paradise."

Morning came in gloom, and a wretched pair passed between the shining portals of the garden. With them went the sad spirits. And among them was one whose voice was ever sweet, who sang at morning and evening, and at night floated up upon the quiet air, fair among the mingling beams of the stars, listening to the rolling planets, as they uttered wild music amid the stillness of space.

Days went, and came, and a thousand times had the earth circled around the sun. The race of man had multiplied, and spread far by mountain and stream. None lived that had been within the walls which guarded the tree of life. But the spirits were strong in fadless youth, and spread beauty and grace

around. But sadly was reared the massy temple, and unwillingly, with trembling hand, sculptured the rough image of the false god. And the gentle one, who sang in Eden, where was she? On the battlefield, with broken voice cheering on the spillers of brothers' blood; in the idol fane; by the midnight revel. She would fain weep alone; she would fain dwell with the sons of God; but their hearts were not yet fully attuned to melody.

But when guilty man lay bound in slumber, up rose the weary ones, resting amid the mild rays of the moon, looking upward toward the pure heavens, and holding converse with the angels, that flew here and there over the world.

The sons of God became few, and sin covered the earth, as a noisome mist.

The sky grew black, and the rushing rain came down. The mountains sank, the strong ocean broke its barriers, and rolled its mighty waves over forest and hill. The wicked perished in their folly. But in an ark, rising stately above the waters, were Noe and his children. The spirits, too, were there, glad that their time of toil was over. They slumbered refreshingly, but not all; one sang at morning and evening, as of old. Man heard not her voice; but the birds loved its tone, and responded in notes of joy.

The waters assuaged. The sun came out from the clouds; the stars looked down calmly at night, mirrored in the smooth, swift current, as the floods hastened to their place. The mountains arose; the hills, the trees, the level plain, appeared. Man came forth from the ark. Was not the time of sorrow passed? Alas! the earth again became filled with violence and evil, though not as before. Again came toil in the tyrant's palace, the idol temple. Again music was heard at the impious feast. But now the sweet singer dwelt more with the sons of God; and once she led a mighty chorus, as a pursuing host was cast into the sea. And again she stood by a shepherd youth, and taught him undying lays of heaven. The daughters of Jerusalem learned from her the songs of Zion. But not yet was her voice as sweet as in the younger days of creation.

The harps of Judah were hung on the willows, and the voice of music seemed to have deserted the earth; but they who traveled by mountain and forest, heard sweet sounds break on the solitude, and echo through the woods.

A song above the plains of Bethlehem! Immanuel is on earth, and the angelic host shout praises. The bonds of sin are broken, and man shall yet be pure and holy!

One whose heart was love, and whose voice melody, passed through the world, and the world knew him not. He bowed his head as a reed. The wicked reviled him. He died in pain. He arose, and ascended on high, leading captivity captive. There was one ever near him; on his sorrowful way, who found in his words and actions the theme for eternal song; and as the preachers afterward went far and wide through the nations, everywhere arose the song of praise. With the followers of the Nazarene, dwelt ever the singer of Eden; in the marble palace, in the

full assembly, in each holy family, and in times of sorrow and darkness, her lay was ever sweetest. The mountains and caves resounded; the dungeon was made glad; and from the bright faggot fire, the martyr's song ascended as incense to heaven.

When the word of God was given, the strong bands were loosed. The preachers again went forth; and from the ends of the earth resounded sweet sounds toward heaven.

Where now is she, who sang by Euphrates? and where is her chosen home? In the depths of the forest, where the birds soar and warble in the glow of sunset; by the sounding cataract; at the roaring ocean-side; in the crowded hall; by the mazy dance; but rather by the glowing fire-side, where dwell contentment and love; still more she loves the sanctuary of God; and a pure heart is her choicest habitation.

Then slight not her voice; for her home was in Paradise, and her song will be sweet in heaven.

### THE SINGERS OF THE PYRENEES.

The following account of a choir of traveling singers, is extracted from a German periodical.

About a year ago, the Paris papers announced the appearance of a choir of forty singers, from the valleys of the Pyrenees. Since then, these children of the south have made a circuit, and have let themselves be heard in Dresden, Leipsic, Naumburg, Weissenfels, &c. It was supposed, by most people, that the choir was composed of men, who sang, in a natural, simple, rough way, the ballads and songs of their native hills, resembling the often heard Tyrolean singers, and seeking to awaken an interest by the exhibition of their national costume, and national manners. On the contrary, among these "mountain singers," were treble and alto, tenor and base voices; and they did not sing "like birds on the trees," but had evidently been through a careful course of study. Their songs did not resemble the shepherd songs of the Tyrol, but were regular compositions in the modern style; and the words were not spoken in the patois of the south of France, but in pure French. Their costume was perhaps somewhat altered from that of the Pyrenees; it consisted of light-colored pantaloons, blue blouses, white, wide neck-handkerchiefs, and red caps. But their faces wore an unmistakable nationality; and their short figures, handsome features, and the strength of tone, and sometimes soft, mellow piano in their singing, gave an interest which the music itself would not have created. Their advertisement was a regular French one, giving out that the object of their journey was to obtain money for the "poor shepherds of the valleys," (themselves, perhaps,) and announcing that in their concert "the holy banner," (the holy banner is in Constantinople, we thought,) would be brought forward.

The singers marched in order into the hall, stationed themselves in a semi-circle behind their banner, (an ordinary red one, with the words "Singing Society of Bagnères—Civilization—Peace, &c.," on it,) and at a signal from the director, greeted the audience by putting their hands to their caps. At the end of the first part, they retired, executing a some-

what difficult march, to the sound of their voices. At the end of the concert, another march (*Pas redoublé de marche par les 40 Mousquetaires, marches et évolutions chantantes, etc.*) with a more difficult step, was performed. On the following day, they departed for Berlin, in order, as they said, to fulfil a brilliant engagement at the royal opera.

The concert was on the whole pleasing; but many said that it was pleasant to hear and see such a thing once, but only once.

### MUSIC AMONG SOLDIERS.

In the town of C—, in Prussia, the count of S— has caused a large division of soldiers to be instructed in singing, by a teacher of the place, paying the instructor from his own purse. There were some things, which led me to expect that the result would not be very encouraging. The undertaking, being a private thing, might fail; too great a result was expected in a short time—i. e., songs and tunes were wished for, causing the elementary course, and the cultivation of the voice and ear, to retire in the background; and Herr S—, the teacher, might not have military energy enough to have to do with from eighty to a hundred people, mostly from the lower class or peasantry, and without education.

It soon appeared, however, that all fear was groundless; for the thing goes, so far, very well indeed. Herr S— has understood how to put life into the rough mass; in short, the people like to sing, and they sing well; so that the projector of the scheme, and the teacher, have both cause of joy.

I have stated these facts, as a prelude to the query, whether it is not possible, in this or some other way, to have the whole Prussian army instructed in singing?

A teacher, surely, could be found in each town, with sufficient vigor and skill, who would be willing, for a reasonable compensation, to instruct the various companies. Or could not music teachers be attached to the army? A good result would certainly follow. *The improvement in good order and good manners, would well be worth the expenditure.* Not only would the young men, who after their term of service\* return to their homes, oftener take up the singing book, to profit themselves and families by singing a sacred song; but would much oftener join the church choir, and not be ashamed or afraid to sing in the service on the Sabbath.

But since there is no state law on the subject—there are many officers, poor and rich, in the army. Why cannot many follow the example of the count von S—, and make music, the disciplinarian of their corps?—*German Magazine.*

\* Every young man in Prussia must serve three years in the army.

### CHINESE MUSIC,

MEASRS. EDITORS.—Wishing to hear a specimen of antipodian song, I went to the Chinese Museum, (in the Marlboro Chapel, in Boston) the other day, and was much edified by the performances of the celestial singing master, whose office is to entertain visitors with specimens of his art.

After hearing one musician, one cannot be said to be acquainted with the music of his nation. There are, no doubt, many performers in China, with styles of singing and playing, different from that of the one I heard, and many with louder, smoother, softer, or sweeter voices. But as the instruments played were those mentioned in the catalogue of the

Museum as the most commonly used, and as Professor Bo-bo (or whatever his name is) appeared to handle them with ease and a good degree of skill, he may, I think, be taken with safety as an average sample of a Chinese musician.

The first instrument used, was of the model of a frying pan, circular, with a small neck made of unpolished wood, and bore the name of the *U-Kem*, or full moon guitar. It had four strings, tuned in unison. The sound was like a common guitar, but more ringing and sharp. The want of polish is said to have a good effect upon the tone.

The *Tai-Kam*, or bass-fiddle, the next instrument played, had much the appearance of a large, covered ladle, the body being made from half of a cocoa-nut shell fitted with a wooden cover, with a long neck or handle. It had two strings, was played with a bow made from a piece of rattan with horse hair tied to it, and its tones resembled those of a bad violin.

The next instrument was the *Sam-sen*, or three-stringed guitar, of about the size and shape of a strawberry box with a cane fastened to it by way of handle. The box, to make the resemblance complete, would have to be covered with a piece of snake skin, stretched tight. Lastly came the *Er-sen*, or two-stringed fiddle, a little shrill, high-sounding thing, shaped like a wooden mallet. This kind of fiddle, or rebeck, is made from part of a joint of bamboo, one end being covered with snake-skin, the other open. The body was a hollow cylinder of wood. It was played with a rattan bow, like the *Tai-Kam*.

These instruments were only used as accompaniments to the voice, and consequently no great variety of sound was produced from them. The left hand of the performer only moved once along the strings, and then came immediately back again, after producing a "portamento" passage. The music performed was about half major, and half minor. As to the singing, it consisted of all sorts of queer noises and words, "Cheen, Kah," &c., produced from the throat, nose, or among the teeth, joined to some clear, pleasant tones, produced in the right way. I suppose it is impossible to sing Chinese, without making nasal or guttural tones. I should compare the performance to that of a child, perhaps sitting on a door step, in the sunshine, and, in the gayety of his heart, making all sorts of strange sounds, supposing he was singing. In the smoother parts of the songs, I was reminded at once of the way that many of the slaves sing at the south; and glancing at the dark skin and large mouth of the singing master, I could scarcely believe that I was not listening to some relative of old Aunt —, who used to sit in her room, of evenings, and chant over the events of the day in extemporaneous blank verse, or else recur to her favorite melody,

"Whar, whar is Adam,  
And whar, whar is Adam,  
And whar, whar is Adam,  
For it is a tryin' time,"—

which always came with an emphasis and force of tone, that would shame a great many choir singers. The instrumental part of the performance, too, made me think of a celebrated player, who "could make any sort of sound he was a mind to" on his banjo, and was consequently in great request at corn shuckings.

Formerly, the thumb was not used in playing the piano, except in passages where a wide stretch made it absolutely necessary.

### PIANO FORTE PLAYING.

#### BACH'S SYSTEM OF FINGERING.

Charles Philip Emanuel Bach, in his essay on "the true manner of playing on the piano forte," says, "some persons play as if they had glue between their fingers: their touch is too long; because they keep the keys down beyond the time. Others have attempted to remedy this defect, and play too short, as if the keys were burning hot. This also is a fault. The middle path is the best."

According to Sebastian Bach's manner of placing the hand on the keys, the five fingers are bent so that their points come into a straight line over the keys lying in a plane surface under them, in such a manner that no single finger has to be drawn nearer when it is wanted, but that every one is ready over the key which it may have to press down. From this manner of holding the hand, it follows, 1st, That no finger must be thrown upon its key, but must be placed upon it, with a certain consciousness of the internal power and command of the motion. 2d. The impulse thus given to the keys, or the quantity of pressure, must be maintained in equal strength, and that in such a manner, that the finger be not raised perpendicularly from the key, but that it glide off the fore part of the key, by gradually drawing back the tip of the finger towards the palm of the hand. 3d. In the transition from one key to another, this gliding off causes the quantity of force or pressure with which the tone has been kept up, to be transferred with the greatest rapidity to the next finger, so that the two tones are neither disjoined from each other, nor blended together. The touch is therefore neither too long nor too short, but just what it ought to be. The advantages of such a position of the hand, and of such a touch, are great, not only on the piano forte, but also on the organ. The most important are, 1st, The holding the fingers bent renders all motion easy, so that there will be none of the scrambling, thumping, and stumbling, which is so common in persons who play with their fingers stretched out, or not sufficiently bent. 2d. The drawing back of the tips of the fingers and the rapid communication of the force of one finger to that following it, thereby effected, produces the highest degree of clearness in the expression of the single tones, so that every passage performed in this manner, sounds brilliant, rolling and round. 3d. By the gliding of the tip of the finger upon the key with an equable pressure, sufficient time is given to the string to vibrate; the tone, therefore, is not only improved, but also prolonged, and one is thus enabled to play in proper connection even long notes, on an instrument so poor in tone as the piano forte is. Sebastian Bach played with so easy and small a motion of the hand that it was hardly perceptible. Only the joints of the fingers were in motion; the hand, even in the most difficult passages, retained its rounded form. The fingers rose very little from the keys; and when one was employed, the other remained still in its position. Still less did other parts of his body take part in the performance, as is the case with many whose fingering is not sufficiently easy. The natural difference between the fingers in size, as well as strength, frequently seduces performers, whenever it can be done, to use only the stronger fingers, and neglect the weaker ones. Bach was soon sensible of this, and to obviate so great a defect, wrote for himself particular pieces in which all the fingers of both hands were

necessarily employed in the various positions. By these exercises he rendered all his fingers, of both hands, equally strong and serviceable, so that he was able to execute not only chords and all running passages, but even single and double shakes with equal ease and delicacy. He was perfect master even of those passages in which, while some fingers perform a shake, others on the same hand, have to continue the melody.

## Church Music.

### A FABLE.

The leader of a choir in London, having tried his utmost to *please* the congregation, without success, determined that for once he would have such singing that they *could not* find fault with it. It being the court season, a period when the metropolis is thronged with the best musicians in the world, he hit upon the following plan. The organ loft was hidden from the view of the audience by curtains, so that the members of the choir were never visible; of course, whatever changes were made, they would not be noticed by the congregation, unless by the difference in the singing. He requested his choir to leave their seats vacant on a certain Sabbath, and for that day supplied their places with an equal number of the most celebrated singers living. Mendelssohn played the organ; Caridora Allan, Clara Novello, Adelaide Kemble, and several other equally talented ladies, sang the treble and alto; Rubini, Templeton, and others the tenor; Lablache, Phillips, and others, the base. This remarkable chorus having practised together for two or three hours on the previous evening, the leader felt sure the singing on the Sabbath would be as perfect as mortal singing can be; and when the day arrived, the performances exceeded his highest anticipations. As his secret had been carefully kept, he felt sure that for once in his life he should receive compliments in abundance from those whom he so much desired to *please*. But, alas,

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft a-gley."

The very first man the poor leader met, accosted him with, "How miserably the organ was played last Sunday; it sounds bad enough all of the time, but last Sabbath in particular, it was not fit to be heard." "Why," exclaimed the astounded leader, "it was played by Felix Mendelssohn, the best organist in the world; if he cannot *please* you, I do n't know who can." Soon after, another influential member of the congregation informed him that the society could not endure such treble and alto. "Last Sabbath they were dreadfully out of tune all of the time." "They are the best this world affords," meekly replied the leader. "What miserable tenor we have in our choir," said another to him, a day or two later; "it seems to me they were unusually flat last Sunday." "I never dreamed that such singers could flat," said the leader. "What a faint, weak base you have," remarked still another gentleman; "last Sabbath, especially, it could scarcely be heard." "Lablache not heard!" returned the leader, "his voice alone makes base enough for a hundred ordinary singers."

The leader never made another attempt to *please* the congregation, but soon after resigned his situation, and recommended to the society to dispense

with singing in future, assuring them that none but a choir of angels could give them satisfaction.

### MORAL NO. 1.

Those who to the church repair,  
Not for the doctrine, but the music there,

would commit less sin, if they should stay at home.

### MORAL NO. 2.

Those choristers who make it their exclusive aim, to *amuse* the congregation, fall far short of performing their duty in such a manner as to make the service acceptable in the sight of Him whom they profess publicly to worship; and are, besides, spending their strength to accomplish a thing which never can be accomplished in this world.

### MORAL NO. 3.

Those congregations who encourage and expect their choirs to *please* and *amuse* them, would do well if they were to inquire if such services in the sanctuary are pleasing in the sight of that God who will only be worshiped in spirit and in truth.

### ANOTHER FABLE.

In a small town situated among the Alleghany mountains, is a church in which the inhabitants, (who are mostly poor German peasants,) assemble with each returning Sabbath,

"To praise His name, give thanks, and sing."

The organ, in this church, is a worn-out base viol; and the organist, a man who has not yet made sufficient progress in music, to be even able to tune the said viol correctly. The choir consists of some dozen or twenty men and women, whose voices are about as harsh and unpleasant as ever human voices were, although they are, notwithstanding, the best singers in the society. They do not know enough to keep time when they sing together, and such voices could not blend into anything that can be called tune, if they should try ever so hard. The base viol player, also, although he exerted himself to the utmost to perform well, produced many more squeaks than tones. Altogether, perhaps, such noises would be dignified with the name of singing, in no other church in the world. In company with a friend, I once spent a Sabbath in this town, and attended divine service in the church. To my friend I am indebted for the description which I have given, for to my own mind it seemed as perfect a performance as I had ever heard. I was forced to admit all that my friend said, but while in the sanctuary I never thought of it, for every one of the singers and all of the congregation seemed so much engrossed in the sublime subjects expressed in the hymns which they sang, that ere I was aware of it, I too became so deeply interested in the words, that I forgot to criticise the choir. After hearing my friend's remarks, happening to fall in with a man whom I had noticed in the singing seats, I asked him how the congregation were pleased with the performances of the choir. "The congregation do not expect us to come to church to worship *them*, or to try to please *them*," was his answer. "We come to worship God. We have had few advantages, we know, but we have improved what we have had, and as we endeavor to sing with the heart, we have reason to believe our service is acceptable in the sight of God. Why should it not be equally pleasing to our

fellow creatures, whose devotions we are merely leading?"

### MORAL.

When such sentiments shall pervade every congregation and choir, with regard to choirs and church music it may well be said,

"Then shall strife and discord cease,  
Then be banished grief and pain;  
Harmony, and joy, and peace,  
Undisturbed shall ever reign."

### ABRIDGMENT OF HYMNS.

It is much to be regretted that hymn books for use in public worship, with hymns of more than four, five, or at most six verses, were ever published. It is also much to be regretted that the custom of omitting verses in hymns that are sung in the sanctuary, should ever have been adopted. Although a choir sing in perfect tune, and in correct time, neither they, nor those who listen to their performance, can engage in the exercise acceptably, unless all hearts unite in the sentiments expressed in the words. Every thing which tends to draw the mind from this one great object, should be avoided. The announcement that a verse is to be omitted, at once attracts the attention to the stanza, and many involuntarily begin to criticise the minister's taste, and to speculate upon the reason *why* the omission is made, or upon the probability of the choir having heard the direction, &c. All this has a tendency to distract the mind, and counteract the design of the exercise. In most well written hymns, especially those composed of only four or five stanzas, it is impossible to omit a verse without destroying the sense. Not long since, in one of our Boston churches, the hymn,

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shall come  
To fetch thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at thy right hand?

was given out, and the choir were requested to omit the second verse. The third commences:

3. O Lord prevent it by thy grace.

The hymn consists of four verses. The omission of the second not only entirely destroys the connection, but forces the congregation to offer a very different prayer from that which the author of the hymn intended.

The principal musical societies in Boston, are, the Boston Handel and Hayden Society; the Boston Academy of Music; the Musical Institute; the Musical Education Society; and the Boston Philharmonic Society.

In subsequent numbers, if practicable, we shall give an account of the formation, object, and operations, of each society.

The twelfth anniversary of a society called the CYMRIGYDDION, has recently been held in the town of Abergavenny, in Wales. The objects of the society are, the restoration of any relics of ancient Cambrian literature; the encouragement of literature generally, including history, science and poetry; and the improvement of Welch music, more immediately in reference to the beautiful airs of antiquity, and the more general use of the triple harp, the Welch national instrument.—*English paper.*

THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 2, 1846.

ADDRESS.

We design to make this paper a vehicle for the dissemination of correct information on subjects relating to music. We hope its tendency will be, to improve the *knowledge* and *taste* of its readers, and to impart correct ideas upon every department of the subject to which it is devoted. It will be our aim to make it to those interested in music, what the various agricultural journals are, to those interested in agriculture.

We do not know how far this number can be considered a fair specimen. With editors, doubtless, as with musicians, "practice makes perfect," and this is our first attempt at newspaper writing. We can only say that neither pains nor expense will be spared to make the Gazette, first, *useful*, and second, *interesting*, to all who take an interest in this art.

Gentlemen in the country who receive a copy of the first number of the Gazette, will confer a great favor by recommending it to the notice of those resident in their vicinity, who take an interest in the subject to which it is devoted.

The editors of this paper are both engaged in the business of teaching music, and are both organists and conductors of music in churches. Although our occupation makes us perfectly acquainted with the wants of choristers and teachers, and with the opinions which prevail in the community, upon the subject of music, it does not allow us to devote time to the various expedients to which resort is usually had to obtain a large circulation for a new paper. Although we are not over and above fond of asking favors,

¶ We venture, respectfully, to request choristers and teachers to act as agents for our paper, and use their influence to extend its circulation.

With many teachers and choristers who reside in various parts of the country, we are personally acquainted. We feel confident we can depend upon their assistance, and hope we can rely upon the same kindness from all who are interested in the subject of music. We ask this with the more confidence, because we feel that it is for the interest of those engaged in music, to sustain such journals.

We have taken the liberty to send a specimen of our paper to music dealers whose address we have been able to learn. We respectfully invite such as can make it convenient, to act as agents for it, and charge us the usual commission.

The most prominent object of the Gazette being directly or indirectly THE IMPROVEMENT OF CHURCH MUSIC, we venture to solicit a notice of our "existence" and terms, from the various RELIGIOUS PAPERS.

We shall endeavor to keep our readers informed of all important musical movements in this and other countries. Having received a part of our musical education in Europe, and being in the constant receipt of the principal musical periodicals published in England, France, and Germany, we shall find no difficulty in supplying such intelligence.

Each number of the Gazette will contain at least two pages of vocal music.

In the letter-press department we shall endeavor to furnish such articles, as will contribute to the instruction and amusement of our readers. Believing, as we do, that music should be made a branch of common education, and that its general introduction into schools, and into every system of education, would be attended with the happiest results, we shall always consider it of the first importance to do all that we can to promote this object, and to extend the influence of musical education, both vocal and instrumental, whether it relates to children or adults, individuals or classes. We shall endeavor to give such information in relation to singing schools, both juvenile and adult, as may be interesting and useful; to aid teachers by such suggestions as our own experience, or the experience of others, may dictate; and to point out such modes of proceeding as have been found to be successful. It will also form a part of our plan, to give instructions as to the formation and conducting of choral societies, and choirs of singers; pointing out the qualifications of leaders, conductors, accompanists, and members generally; and the best mode of proceeding, both with respect to church music, and to concerts, or public performances and exhibitions. Essays on the various departments of musical science, theoretical and practical; musical news; reviews of music and musical publications; accounts of musical societies and performances; biographical notices of musical composers; anecdotes of music and musical men; and, indeed, whatever may promise to be interesting, shall be given, as far as our limits will allow.

Nothing will gratify us more than to have our paper a medium through which those engaged in teaching music, conducting choirs, &c. will communicate the results of their own experience. Communications upon subjects appertaining to any department of music, and from any part of the country, will be cheerfully inserted. We are also willing that disputed points shall be discussed through our columns, provided the articles are short and courteous. For the benefit of correspondents, we cut from a daily paper, whose editors know more about such things than we do, the following directions:

- HOW TO WRITE FOR NEWSPAPERS. — 1. Have something to write about.
2. Write plain—dot your i's—cross your t's—point your sentences—begin them with capitals.
3. Write short—to the point—stop when you are done.
4. Write only on one side of the leaf.
5. Read it over, abridge and correct it, until you get it into the smallest possible compass.
6. Pay the postage.

These rules observed will always ensure the publication of an article, and what is most desirable to the writer, will secure its being read.

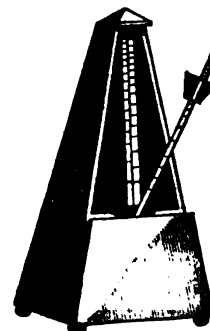
We intended to have issued our first number, January 1st, but our printers found it impossible to get it ready in time.

It is a common saying in Germany, that among musical composers, there are seven stars of the first magnitude, viz: *John Sebastian Bach*, his son, *Charles Philip Emmanuel Bach*, *Handel*, *Hayden*, *Mozart*, *Beethoven*, and *Cherubini*. A biography of each of these, and of many other distinguished musician, will appear in our columns.

THE METRONOME.

This instrument was invented by Mæzel, to enable composers definitely to indicate the time in which their compositions are to be performed. It has a graduated pendulum to which is attached a sliding weight, and a corresponding graduated scale, of ivory, numbered from 50 to 160. The higher the weight is moved upon the pendulum, the slower are its vibrations; and vice versa. When the weight corresponds to number 50 on the scale, the vibrations of the pendulum are the slowest; when it corresponds to 160 they are the quickest. All the numbers on the instrument have reference to a minute of time. Thus, when the weight is placed at 50, fifty beats, or ticks, are made in a minute; when at 60, sixty beats in a minute; when at 100, one hundred beats in a minute, &c. In many of the instruments a bell is made to strike at the downward beat of each measure; a graduated slide being affixed to it, which regulates it for double, triple, quadruple, or sextuple measure.

The engraving represents the instrument in motion.



To indicate the time of a piece of music by the metronome, the number against which the slide is to be placed, must be given, together with the kind of note which is to be one beat long. Thus, 75 means that the slide must be placed against the number 75 on the ivory scale, and that one quarter note must be sung to each beat; or in other words, seventy-five quarter notes must be performed in a minute of time.

WHAT IS EXPECTED OF TEACHERS.

A short time since, we attended a convention of teachers of common schools held at Worcester. We were much interested in an address, in which the speaker stated that "at the present day *everything* is expected from the teacher, and *nothing* from the scholar. If a pupil does not read and write well, it is the teacher's fault. If children do not learn as much more rapidly than children used to learn, as locomotives move more rapidly than ox-teams, it is the teacher's fault. The teacher who will promise to teach the *most* in the *shortest* time, will be the most popular. We may soon expect to see signs with the inscription, *EVERYTHING TAUGHT HERE IN SIX LESSONS OF ONE HOUR EACH.*"

Music teachers also have their troubles. Much more is expected from them than it is possible to accomplish; and those who will most confidently promise to do that which cannot be done, will be sure of the most patronage. He who should advertise a class for thorough instruction in music, the course to be complete in six lessons of one hour each, price one dollar, would find himself much better patronized, than one who should profess to do the same thing in thirty-six lessons of two

hours each, price three dollars; and yet who does not know that even the last named time, is hardly sufficient to impart a correct knowledge of the elementary principles. The community do not sufficiently distinguish between "learning the meaning of the characters used in written music," and "being able to sing." The ordinary time for a course of instruction in the elementary principles of music, is twenty-four evenings. In this time the teacher professes to impart a knowledge of the *rules of music*, but the community think he promises to make *good singers of his pupils*. The two things are widely different. With intelligent scholars, a teacher can impart a knowledge of the elements in twenty-four lessons, but the pupils must *practice*, ten times twenty-four evenings, before they can with facility *sing* what they understand. This fact the public do not understand, and we are sorry to believe some teachers do not wish them to understand it. Yet it is true. No one ever yet became a perfect singer with only twenty-four evenings' practice, and, while the human throat remains in its present form, no one ever will.

We are reasonably well acquainted with the trials and difficulties which beset music teachers, and shall doubtless often advert to them.

### MOZART'S RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS.

*Extracts from Letters to his Father.*—Be under no apprehension for me. I have God always before my eyes. I know his power; I fear his anger; but I also know his love, his compassion and mercy to his creatures; and that he never forsakes those who serve him. I have entirely resigned myself to his hands, and in the consciousness of doing so, live contented and happy. \* \* \* \* \*

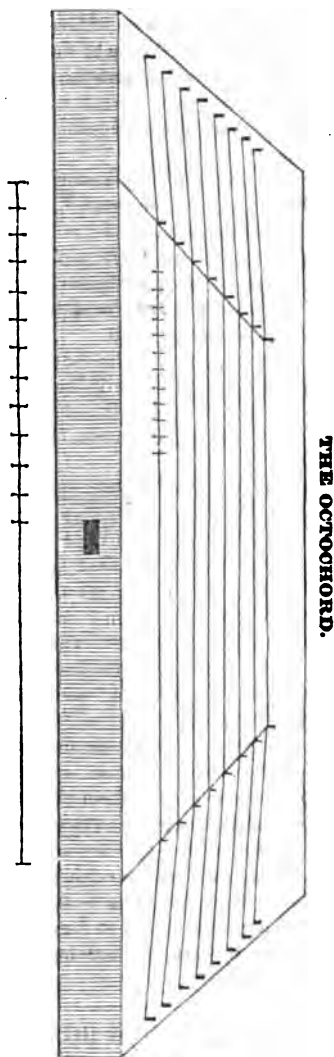
As death, rightly considered, fulfils the real design of our life, I have for the last two years made myself so well acquainted with this true friend of mankind, that his image has no longer any terrors for me, but much that is peaceful and consoling; and I thank God that he has given me the opportunity to know him as the key to our true felicity. I never lie down in bed without reflecting that, perhaps (young as I am,) I may never see another day; yet no one who knows me, will say that I am gloomy or morose in society. For this blessing I daily thank my Creator, and from my heart wish it participated by my fellow men.

A mechanic in Bohemia has invented a musical bed. By means of hidden mechanism, pressure upon the bed causes a soft and gentle air of Auber to be played, which continues long enough to lull the most wakeful to sleep. At the head is a clock, the hand of which being placed at the hour the sleeper wishes to arise, when the time arrives, the bed plays a march of Spontini, with drums and cymbals, and, in short, with noise enough to rouse the seven sleepers.

The London Athenæum, for Oct., publishes an interesting correspondence relative to the state of music in Italy. As regards church compositions, the writer declares that he had encountered nothing which a catholic lover of art could admit, as meriting the name. The corruption of taste seemed to have reached its lowest deep. In Venice, in Padua, in Florence, and Genoa, "the chanting was detestable, perpetually below pitch, and coarsely enunciated."

### THE OCTOCHORD.

We recently came across a work published in Berlin, in 1812, which recommends the use of the instrument represented below, the invention of the author of the book, in teaching the scale and the intervals.



It is called an *octochord*, and is described as consisting of eight strings upon a hollow frame, which is about two feet long, and is in form like the engraving. Under the longest string, twelve small holes are made, (represented in the cut by small lines,) into which a moveable wooden staple fits, the object of which is to stop the string, being tuned C, (first added line below;) if the staple is placed in the first hole, it will give C sharp; if in the second hole, D, &c. The teacher tunes the first string, and then requires the scholars to place the staple in the second hole, and tune the second string in unison with the first. The staple being removed, the first string will of course give C, and the second D. The pupils are then directed to place the staple in the fourth hole, and tune the third string, continuing in a similar manner until the eight sounds of the scale are obtained. A similar course is pursued, to accustom the ear to the intermediate tones, (sharps and flats,) and also to all the different intervals. After having had sufficient practice, pupils are required to tune the instrument without the aid of the moveable staple. The book states, that the instrument can be made by any one, at an expense of not more than one or two dollars.

### MOZART ON COMPOSING.

During one of his journeys, Mozart was a guest of a musician, whose son, a boy of twelve years old, already played the piano-forte very skilfully. "But, Herr Kapellmeister," said the boy, "I should like very much to compose something. How am I to begin?" "Pho, pho, you must wait." "You composed much earlier." "But asked nothing about it. If one has the spirit of a composer, one writes because one cannot help it." At these words, which were uttered in a lively manner by Mozart, the boy looked downcast and ashamed. He, however, said, "I merely meant to ask if you could recommend me any book." "Come, come," returned Mozart, kindly patting the boy's cheek, "all that's of no use. Here, here, and here," pointing to the ear, the head, and heart, "is your school. If all is right there, then you may take the pen without delay."—*Life of Mozart.*

We cut the foregoing from one of the daily journals. It has doubtless been the round of the papers. For ourselves, however, we do not believe Mozart ever gave such advice to a boy who wished to acquaint himself with the principles of musical composition. The idea seems to prevail to some extent, that the science of music, different from all other sciences, and everything else in nature, has neither order, nor system. How would a paragraph appear, which should state that Sir Walter Scott, being asked by a boy who could neither read nor write, how he could learn to write books, replied, "you must wait. Here, here, here," pointing to the ear, head and heart, "is your school. If all is right there, then take the pen without delay." Such advice would be quite as wise as that which is put into the mouth of Mozart. We think, Sir Walter would have said, "you must learn your alphabet first, my lad; then you must learn to spell, and read, and write. When you can do these well, you must study grammar, rhetoric, and the principles of composition. You should also study the classics, and read the works of approved authors. After having done this, then if the ear, head, and heart, are right, take your pen and go to work."

The ear, head, and heart, can no more teach a child to compose music, than they can teach him to spell, or cipher. A man who is ignorant of the alphabet, may have original ideas, but he cannot express them upon paper; nor if his mind has never been cultivated, would his expressions be likely to be refined or elegant. So one ignorant of the rules of harmony, may have original musical ideas; but those ideas will not be so chaste, nor can he express them so elegantly, as one whose taste and understanding are cultivated. What the art of spelling, reading, writing, and the study of grammar, rhetoric, &c., are to an able writer, the science of harmony, is to the musical composer. If a man ignorant of these studies can write a good book, then a man ignorant of the natural arrangement and progression of chords, can write good music. But, it is argued, Mozart had a great genius, and did not need study. Bach had a great genius; and is acknowledged throughout the world to have been one of the best composers who have ever lived. For many years he composed, as he himself declares, by seating himself at the piano and running over the keys, until he chanced to hit upon a musical idea, which he would note down, and then commence galloping over the keys again. When about twenty-five years of age he became convinced, that he never could write music properly without a systematic knowledge of its principles, and he immediately entered upon a regular course of study, with the best materials he could procure, in those days. It is a singular fact, that not one of his works composed before he was thirty-five years of age has sur-



vived. Mozart did not become a great composer without study. He passed through as thorough a course for intellectual culture, before he became distinguished as a composer, as Sir Walter Scott did before he became celebrated as a writer. We have seen Mozart's original manuscripts, both of the pieces he composed in childhood, and those of later years. Both bear marks of great natural talent, but his youthful works no mere rank with those of his mature age, than the compositions of an intelligent school boy with the writings of Washington Irving.

We design to publish a series of progressive articles upon the science of harmony, in which we shall endeavor to present it in such a form, that it may be easily understood. No. 1, will be given in the next number.

### MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN SILESIA.

The following account of what may be termed "a musical convention," in a south-eastern province of Prussia, may interest, from the fact that the performers were teachers, gathered together for the same object as that of our own annual assemblages.

The Silesian *Musikfest* was held on the 3d and 4th of August, in Jauer. About 500 musicians assembled to it, most of them teachers. A few came from a distance, and some from Breslau, but the greatest part came from the mountainous region between Jauer and Reichenbach.

The order of exercises was:

2nd August, 7 o'clock in the evening. General rehearsal in the theatre.

[The theatre, in German towns, being often the only large hall that can be found, and belonging to government, is much used for concerts.—*Trans.*]

3d August, rehearsal of the Liederkrantz, (glee, or song society,) in the Schiesswerder, (a sort of garden, used for firing at a target.) This rehearsal was at 6 A. M. At 9 A. M., rehearsal of sacred music, with orchestra, in the Friedens Church. At 2 P. M., rehearsal of sacred music, men's voices, without accompaniment, in the same place. At 6 o'clock, P. M., vocal and instrumental concert in the theatre, with the following programme:

#### FIRST PART.

1. Overture, in the key of G, composed, and directed by Adolph Hesse, upper organist in Breslau, (considered the second best organist in the world.)
  2. Scene, for bass voice, by Reissiger. Sung by a teacher from Breslau.
  3. Two sentimental songs, from Kucken, with piano forte accompaniment. Sung by organist Fischer, of Breslau.
- [The reporter questions whether such "musical confectionary" does not tend to produce a depraved appetite in music; and he may well do it.]
4. Concert piece, for piano, with orchestral accompaniment. Composed, and directed by "upper organist," Kohler, of Breslau.

#### SECOND PART.

5. Air, with violin accompaniment, from the opera, "Griselda," by Paer.
6. Duett, for two bass voices, from the opera "Il Puritani," by Bellini. Sung by the Rev. Mr. Hauke, and a teacher from Breslau.
7. Two songs, with horn accompaniment.
8. Adagio and rondo, for the violin, by P. Lustner.

#### THIRD PART.

9. Haydn's symphony in B flat.
- 4th August, at 7 o'clock, A. M., a quartett concert, in the theatre, in which pieces from Beethoven, Haydn, and Onslow, were played.

At 11 o'clock, a great sacred music concert in the

Friedens Church. A staging was built, descending by steps from the organ-loft to the floor. On this staging, which was well arranged, and adorned, the musicians stood and sang, with about 3000 for audience.

The concert commenced with a choral, "To thee, God of Sabaoth," which was followed by a hymn, "Sing praise to the Lord," sung by male voices, with accompaniment of wind instruments. The first part concluded with a motett, "Praise, thanks, and honor," composed by Bernard Klein, and sung by a choir of male voices.

In the second part, came a cantatina, composed by Ernst Richter, a teacher of Breslau, still for men's voices, with accompaniment from the orchestra. Next came "the 42nd Psalm," for mixed choir, (male and female voices,) with orchestra, composed by Mendelssohn. The concert closed with the "Gloria," from Haydn's mass, No. 5.

After the concert, a meeting of the directors of the convention was held, in which it was decided that the assemblage should hereafter be held once in two years, and that the Liederkrantz should be discontinued.

A concert of the Liederkrantz was given in the Schiesswerder, in which a number of ballads and glees, (among them "Lutzow's Wild Chase," were sung. The singers were stationed under the linden trees, at one end of the garden. At the close of the concert, (and of the convention,) came a patriotic shout, of "Long live the king." The reporter advises strong, energetic music, as the best for such concerts, and that all "sugar-sweet," sentimental melodies, should be kept out of the way.

During the festival, the musicians were mostly boarded and lodged by the inhabitants, their funds not being sufficient to sustain them in hotels.—*From Euterpe, a musical monthly, published in Erfurt, Germany.*

Madame Rossini, wife of the celebrated composer, died at Bologna, Nov. 7th. Her husband was with her in her last moments, although they had not lived together for several years. Before her marriage she was an opera singer.

### MUSIC PUBLISHED IN DECEMBER.

#### Piano Forte Music.

- D.\* Grand Polonaise. Weber.
- E. The Squirrel. Waltz. Pond.
- E. The Dew Drop. " "
- E. National Scotch Airs. 6 Books. Valentine.
- M. Rondo. Hungen, 4 hands. Edouard et Christian.
- Mathilde de Sabrous.
- M. We are all noddin, 4 hands. Var. Herz.
- E. Anne Boleyn's March. Glover.
- E. Six Tyrolean Waltzes. Hungen.
- M. Royal Irish March. Glover.
- D. Overture to Sampson.

#### Songs.

- Return, oh God of Hosts. From Sampson.
- In happy moments, from Wallace's opera. Maritane.
- There is a flower that bloometh. " "
- This heart by woe o'ertaken. " "
- My courage now regaining. " "
- 'Tis the harp in the air. " "
- Remorse and dishonor. Trio. " "
- Angel of peace and gladness. Bellini.
- The Absent. Smith.

We shall give in every number a list of new music and musical publications, i. e. if publishers will take the trouble to furnish it, and we presume they will. The list in this number is necessarily incomplete.

\*D. difficult—E. easy—M. medium, or between hard and easy.

### CONCERTS.

We intend publishing in each paper, a list of the concerts given in Boston. For obvious reasons, however, it is omitted in this number. A critical notice of every concert will not, of course, be expected.

Mr. Templeton, a distinguished tenor singer from London, has recently given several concerts in this city. His performances have one feature which is somewhat new in this country. We give below a part of the programme of one of his concerts. It consists of anecdotes, and incidents in the life of Sir Walter Scott, which Mr. Templeton relates in an animated tone of voice, accompanied with appropriate gestures. The songs are introduced in the specified places, and the whole forms one uninterrupted performance from beginning to end. Mr. Henry Phillips, who made the tour of our country last year, prefaced his songs with anecdotes, in a similar manner.

#### PART I.

Sir Walter Scott's infancy—Sandy Knowe—Scott's education at Kelso and Edinburgh High School—Scott's first attempt at verse—Smaytholme Tower, Scott's poetical observatory—How he acquired the legendary lore of the Border—His early poetical impressions—"Glenfinlas"—"The Eve of St. John"—His youthful excursions—His whimsical set of chessmen—Liddesdale, the land of legend and song.

#### SONG—"THE FORAY, UP, UP AND BEGONE."

Sir Walter Scott invested with the legal robe—His first brief—The marriage of Scott—Anecdote of the present Sir Walter Scott and the king of Saxony—Scott's remarks on the Old Ballads—Origin of "The Minstrelsy of the Scotch Border"—Scott's raids into Liddesdale—The Border Marauders—Border Gude—Anecdotes of Walter Scott of Harden—Ancient Border Melody—The origin of.

#### SONG—"JOCK OF HAZELDEAN."

Scott's Minstrel Tale of "Sir Tristrem"—The Lay of the Last Minstrel—The late duchess of Buccleugh—The goblin story of "Gipin Horner"—The scenery of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"—Opinions of William Pitt and Charles James Fox—Fine patriotic passage, The Minstrel's Soliloquy.

#### RECITATIVE—"AND SAID I, THAT MY LIMBS WERE OLD."

#### AIR—"IN PEACE, LOVE TUNES THE SHEPHERD'S REED."

Sir Walter Scott's character of the late Duke of Buccleugh—The Duke and Jamie Howe—Scott's ballads and lyrical pieces—"Marnion"—Its chivalrous pictures.

#### SONG—"YOUNG LOCHINVAR."

Sum paid for the copyright of Marmion—The Hogshead of Claret—Poetical Tableaux furnished by Marmion—The request of Marmion—The Lay of Fitz-Eustace.

The anecdote of the Duke of Buccleugh and Jamie Howe, which is introduced after the song

"In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed,"

will serve as a sample of the others.

It seems that Jamie had the care of the grounds belonging to the duke's country seat in Scotland. His son, a lad ten years of age, had heard so much about dukes, that he had a strong desire to look at one. On one of his excellency's visits to his country residence, the boy importuned his father with so much perseverance, that the indulgent parent at length ventured to present the little fellow's petition. "Ye mon nae be angry with me, my Lord," said he, "but there's a ched of mine that'll nae rest, until he has seen your highness." "Let the lad come in," said the duke, "his curiosity shall be gratified, by all means." The boy entered, timidly hanging behind his father, and stood for a few moments with his finger in his mouth, staring at the duke. At length, apparently somewhat dissatisfied with his lordship's appearance, he addressed him with "can ye swim?" "No my lad, I cannot swim." "Can ye flee?" "No, I cannot fly." "Then I wadna gie ane o' my father's dukes (dacks) for twa on ye, for they can both swim and flee."

SPEED, GALLANT BARK.

G. J. WEBB.

WORDS BY ROSWELL PARK.

*Treble.*

*Alto.*

1. Speed, gal-lant bark, to thy home o'er the wave; The clouds gather dark, and the mad billows rave; The tempest blows o'er thee, and

*Tenor.*

*Base.*

scat-ters the spray, That lies in thy wake, as thou wingest thy way, That lies in thy wake, as thou wingest thy way.

Heave

Heave ho! heave ho!

ho! heave ho! heave ho! heave ho!

2 Speed, gallant bark, though the lightning may flash,  
And over thy deck the huge surges may dash,  
Thy sails are all reefed, and thy streams are high;  
Unheeded and harmless the billows roll by.

3 Speed, gallant bark, though the land is afar,  
And storm-clouds above thee have veiled every star,  
The needle shall guide thee, the helm shall direct,  
The God of the tempest thy pathway protect.

4 Speed, gallant bark; though the land is afar,  
The home of the happy, beyond the wide sea:  
Dear friends and near kindred, the lovely and fair,  
Are waiting, impatient, to welcome thee home.



## AYRBON. C. M.

L. MASON.

*Pia.* *Cres.* *Dim.* *Cres.* *f*

1. Keep silence—all cre-a-ted things, And wait your Ma-ker's nod; My soul stands trembling while she sings The honors of her God.

2. Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown, Hang on his firm de-cree; He sits on no precarious throne, Nor borrows leave to be,

3. His prov-i-dence unfolds his book, And makes his counsels shine; Each opening leaf, and every stroke, Fulfills some deep design.

*Pia.* *Cres.* *Dim.* *Cres.* *f*

## JESNER. L. M.

CHAS. ZEUNER.

1. Thus saith the high and lofty One, 'I sit up-on my holy throne, My name is God—I dwell on high; Dwell in my own e-ter-ni-ty.'

*cres.*

*Unison.*

## ABEL.

A. K. JOHNSON.

*m* *f*

1. My soul forsakes her vain delight, And bids the world farewell; On things of sense why fix my sight? Why on its pleasures dwell?

*Cres.* *m*

2. There's nothing round this spacious earth, That suits my soul's de-sire; To boundless joy, and sol-id mirth, My nobler thoughts aspire.

3. No longer will I ask its love, Nor seek its friendship more; The hap-pi-ness that I approve, Is not within its pow'r.

4. Oh, for the pin-ions of a dove, I ascend the heavenly road: There shall I share my Saviour's love; There shall I dwell with God.

*m*

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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## Miscellaneous.

### BEETHOVEN'S MONUMENT.

Ever since Beethoven's death, in 1827, a project had been on foot, to erect a monument to his memory. Some twelve years since, a few prominent men in Bonn, (the great composer's birth place,) made a vigorous attempt to raise by subscription the necessary funds, but did not succeed in obtaining enough to purchase even a granite pedestal. In 1836 some exertion was made in England, towards assisting in the object, and in 1837 a concert was given in aid of the monument, which, although it offered a splendid array of talent, produced but £50. Still the deficiency was great, when, one day, the want of funds was mentioned in the presence of Frantz Liszt, called by many, the emperor of piano forte players. With characteristic generosity he immediately said, "Put me down for ten thousand francs, and if more is requisite I will be responsible for it." A committee resident in Bonn was immediately appointed, and a statue resolved upon, to be erected, with a solemn inauguration. The generous disinterestedness of Liszt found no imitators among the rich and noble of Beethoven's father land, nor yet (with a single exception, Spohr,) among the innumerable number of musicians who claim Germany as their birth place.

The time fixed for the inauguration of the statue was Tuesday, Aug. 12, 1845. The committee were not a very efficient body of men, and their arrangements were absurd enough. When Liszt arrived, a few days before the commencement of the festivities, he found the place provided for the concerts was a wretched riding school in the suburbs. With the energy which forms so prominent a part of his character, he went to work, and in nine days, a wooden building two hundred feet long, seventy-five feet wide, and forty feet high, was erected, and christened BEETHOVEN HALL, a patriotic citizen of Bonn having relinquished his garden for the purpose. The hall had an arched roof, and from the large beams of timber, wreaths, laurels, and some fifty chandeliers, were suspended. In the daytime it received light from fourteen large windows. The pillars supporting each arch, were covered with the vine, twisting its graceful foliage around each column, and surmounted by the platanus. At the extremity of the edifice appeared two angels, having a wreath, with rays of glory encircling the name **LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN**, under which was

an oil painting representing the composer, writing his "Missa Solemnis." In the opposite aisles were also tablets, one bearing the date of his birth at Bonn, in December, 1770, and the other recording his death at Vienna, in March, 1827. At equal distances on the walls, were inscriptions giving the names of his most celebrated compositions, each surrounded with evergreens. At the end of the hall was the platform for the orchestra, and singers, which was raised several feet above the other portions of the house. The seats for the audience were numbered from one up to two thousand, the tickets being also numbered, and only as many sold as the seats would accommodate; each lady or gentleman being obliged to occupy the seat corresponding to the number on the ticket.

The festivities on this occasion lasted four days, commencing on Sunday, and closing Wednesday. On Sunday, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the general rehearsal took place in Beethoven Hall. Afterwards a grand military review, which was attended by the king of Prussia, on horseback, and the queen, in a carriage, and also by a great number of the nobility and gentry, in splendid equipages, or on horseback.

The first concert took place in Beethoven Hall, on Sunday evening at six o'clock, at which time the building was filled to its utmost capacity. The singers and orchestra numbered about five hundred performers. The lady singers all wore white dresses, and as they were for the most part quite young and pretty, the effect was charming. Precisely at six, Spohr mounted his rostrum, and was received with a flourish of trumpets and drums by the band, and cries of *viva* from the audience. He wore the "orders" he has at various times received, and notwithstanding his advanced age, looked well, his colossal form and dignified bearing giving him the air of command over his immense orchestra. On an elevated stage, next to the conductor's post, were placed the solo singers. Beneath the orchestra were the reserved seats, which on this occasion were occupied by Prussian officers. After cries of "*sitzen!*" (sit down) and "*huten!*" (hats off) a solemn silence reigned, and every ear was inclined to listen to the holy and sublime strains of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis." After this mass, came the "Sinfonie Caractéristique." At the conclusion of the concert, the visitors went to the gardens of the Royal Hotel on the banks of the Rhine. The night was calm, and the noble river was like a looking glass. A splendid display of fire-works was here given, and as the "meteor fires" arose, the towers of the minster were distinguished; and in the distance the dark outlines of the Sieben Gebirge, (seven mountains,) with the rising vineyards, were recognised. The first day of the Beethoven inauguration was over, and soon stillness reigned over the "waved air."

On Monday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., an *open air concert* was given in the extensive gardens of the Royal Hotel. At half past eleven, the Cologne steamboat company, christened with appropriate ceremonies, a new steamboat, the BEETHOVEN, in which an excursion was made to the island of Nonnenwerth, in the Rhine. A collation was provided on the island, and the boat returned in the evening. At eight in the evening, there was a great ball for the working classes.

On Tuesday, at seven o'clock in the morning, *serenades* in the promenades, (public walks, or gardens.) Between eight and nine o'clock, Beethoven's grand mass in C, was performed in the cathedral, under the direction of Dr. Breidenstein, professor of music in the University. At about eleven o'clock, Queen Victoria of England, Prince Albert, and the king and queen of Prussia, with their brilliant suites, arrived in town, from the palace of Bruhl, a few miles distance from Bonn, where her majesty had been sojourning for a short time, the guest of the king of Prussia. The inauguration took place soon after eleven o'clock. The queen, Prince Albert, and the king and queen of Prussia, were in the balcony of Count Furstenburg's house, which forms one side of the square on which the statue stands. The statue is of bronze, modelled by Haenschel, and cast by Burgschmidt of Nuremberg. It stands upon a high stone pedestal, on the four sides of which are bas-reliefs, one representing SACRED MUSIC; the second, TRAGIC MUSIC; the third, SYMPHONY; and the fourth, FANTASIA. The statue was covered with a white cloth. The ceremony commenced with an overture; after which a chorus, composed for the occasion, words by Dr. Schmitz, music by Dr. Breidenstein. At a signal from Dr. Breidenstein, the white cloth was removed, which was immediately followed by a discharge of cannon and muskets, and the shouts of the enormous assemblage. Soon after the statue was unveiled, the multitudes dispersed. At five o'clock, the second concert in Beethoven Hall commenced. The programme stood thus:—No. 1, Overture to "Coriolanus;" No. 2, The Canon from "Fidelio;" No. 3, Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, played by Dr. Liszt; No. 4, Introductions Nos. 1 and 2, from the "Mount of Olives;" No. 5, Symphony in C Minor; No. 6, Quartette No. 10; No. 7, The Second Finale from "Fidelio." All these compositions were by Beethoven, and the programme formed, as it were, illustrations of every style in his musical career. Spohr conducted everything except the C. Minor Symphony, which was under the baton of Liszt. The last concert, called the *Kunstler Concert*, (artists concert) was announced for nine o'clock on Wednesday morning. The Beethoven Hall was again crowded to excess. To the left of the orchestra, a stage had been fitted up with glasses, carpets, state chairs, &c., for the expected visit of royalty. Ten o'clock having arrived, the audience became impatient; Liszt began his *fest kantate* (festival cantate) composed in honor of Beethoven. It was perhaps fortunate that it was played once, before the royal visitors arrived, for it was most imperfectly executed. At half past ten, the cheers of the audience and the flourish from the band, announced the expected guests, who took their seats in the following order: in the centre the queen of England, with the queen of Prussia on her right, and the king of Prussia on her left. Next to the king, Prince Albert, the duchess of Anhalt Dessau, and the princess of Wirtemberg. Next to the queen of Prussia, the Archduke Frederick of Austria; Prince William of Prussia, uncle to the king; the prince royal of Prussia; Prince Frederick of Prussia; Prince William of Salm; and Prince Maximilian. Behind the royal personages were the earl and countess of Westmoreland; the countess of Gainsborough; the earl of

Liverpool; the earl of Aberdeen; Baron Hambolt; Colonel Wylde; the Hon. Mr. Anson; the Hon. Mr. Fane; General Rannitz, &c. Count Furstenberg and Dr. Breidenstein supplied the party with programmes. A cry was then heard for the repetition of Liszt's Cantata, and the king of Prussia gave the signal to the composer to re-commence. At the intermission, his Prussian majesty shook hands familiarly with many of the lady chorus singers, who were mostly amateurs from Cologne and Bonn. The royal party remained only long enough to hear six of the fourteen pieces mentioned in the catalogue. After the royal departure, which took place in decorous silence, the dinner hour having arrived, three more pieces concluded the concert, a few dissentients alone of the immense assemblage expressing their discontent, at the non-completion of the programme.

After the concert, a great dinner was given at the principal hotel, at which more than five hundred persons sat down. All of the principal musicians were present, together with a host of titled Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Poles, &c. Spohr was at the head of one table, Liszt, of another, and Dr. Breidenstein of a third. A large picture of Beethoven was seen under the music gallery in which a large military band was stationed. All the wine bottles were decorated with a portrait of Beethoven in Prussian blue, and his statue appeared in every sugared variety. Many of the distinguished artists present were exceedingly disappointed at not having been asked to perform at any of the concerts. Dr. Breidenstein, who was the president of the Bonn committee, (and whose arrangements in truth were not the best that could have been made,) was the subject of many unpleasant remarks. Speeches relative to Spohr and Liszt, were rapturously received; but when Dr. Breidenstein was referred to, the unanimous cheering that had attended the former, was changed to marks of disapprobation. Liszt offered a toast, "Foreigners who came to the festivals," and in the speech paid an eloquent tribute to England for what had been done for Beethoven. He omitted to specify France particularly, and this was violently resented by a French musician present. A great storm arose, but was allayed, after a spirited explanation from Liszt. By this time, as the company had taken two or three glasses of champagne, they became excited and unruly, and when Professor Wolff (a member of the committee) arose to make a speech, a great outcry was made against him, by a knot of persons, who were soon joined by all who fancied that they had not been sufficiently signalized and honored by the committee. At length, after some personal collisions, the most refractory interrupter was turned out, but it was too late to restore the harmony, angry groups were formed, and the scene altogether was one of great confusion, and the worst episode of the inauguration.

On Wednesday evening, the town was brilliantly illuminated. The Town Hall, the Beethoven Hall, the house of Count Von Furstenberg, and the reputed domiciles of Beethoven were the most remarkable. Count Von Furstenberg's house was one mass of light, with a transparency of the statue.

The proprietors of two houses, one of which is on Bonn street, and the other on Rhine street, equally claim the honor of owning Beethoven's birth place. The point of authenticity, the venerable Dr. Ries (father of Ferdinand Ries) could probably clear up if he would. He will not, but allows each proprietor to enjoy his own opinion. The probability is that Beethoven was born

in the house in Bonn street, and that his father soon after removed to that on Rhine street. It appears that the owner of the Bonn street house is a great usurer, and is thoroughly disliked in the town. This dislike is so strong, that the people will not admit his claim, although the balance of evidence is in his favor.

The festivities were closed with a ball in Beethoven Hall, which was brilliantly attended.

### JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

If ever there was a family in which an extraordinary disposition for the same art seemed to be hereditary, it certainly was the family of Bach. Through six successive generations, there were scarcely two or three members of it, who had not received from nature the gifts of a very distinguished talent for music, and who did not make the practice of this art the occupation of their lives. The ancestor of this family, which has become so remarkable in the history of music, was Veit Bach. He was a baker at Presburg, in Hungary; but on the breaking out of the religious troubles in the 16th century, he was obliged to seek another place of abode, and removed to Wechmar, a village near Saxe-Gotha. He devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of his talent for music, and communicated his inclination for this art to his two sons, and they again to their children, till by degrees there arose a very numerous family, all the branches of which were not only musical, but made music their chief business, and soon had in their possession most of the offices of singers, organists, and town musicians, in the small province in which they lived.

All of these Bachs cannot possibly have been great masters; but some members, at least, in every generation, particularly distinguished themselves. Among these were John Christopher Bach, court and town organist, at Eisenach; John Michael Bach, organist and town clerk of Gehren; John Bernhard Bach, musician to the Prince's Chapel, and organist at Eisenach. Not only these, but many other able composers of the early generations of the family, might undoubtedly have obtained much more important musical offices, as well as a more extensive reputation, if they had been inclined to leave their native province, and to make themselves known in other places, both in and out of Germany.

Yet the above mentioned distinguished musicians, as well as some of their later descendants, would not, perhaps, have escaped oblivion, had not at length a man arisen among them, whose genius and reputation beamed forth with such splendor, that a part of the light was reflected upon them. That man was JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, the ornament of his family, the pride of his country, and the most highly gifted favorite of the musical art.

He was born on the 21st of March, 1685, at Eisenach,\* where his father, John Ambrosius Bach, was musician to the court and to the town. When John Sebastian was ten years of age, his father died. He had lost his mother at an earlier period. Being thus left an orphan, he was obliged to have recourse to an elder brother, John Christopher Bach, who was organist at Orluff. From him he received the first instructions in playing on the piano forte. His talent for music must have been very great, even at that time, for the pieces his brother gave him to play,

\* Eisenach, in the grand duchy of Saxe-Weimar, about ninety miles from Leipzig. For some time the residence of Martin Luther.

were soon in his power, and he began, with much eagerness, to look out for something that was more difficult. He had observed that his brother had a book, in which there were several difficult pieces, of the best authors, and he earnestly begged to have it given to him. His request was constantly denied; but his desire to possess the book being increased by the refusal, he at length contrived to get possession of it secretly, and copied it. As he could only write in moonlight nights, for want of a candle, it was six whole months before his laborious task was completed. Just as he thought himself safely possessed of the treasure, and intended to make use of it in secret, his brother found it out, and took from him, without pity, the copy which had cost him so much pains; and he did not recover it till his brother's death which happened soon afterwards.

John Sebastian, being thus again left destitute, went to Luneburg, and engaged there, as a singer, in the choir of St. Michael's school. His inclination to play the piano and organ was as ardent at that time, as in his earlier years, and impelled him to try to see and hear everything which would contribute to his improvement.

He became court musician in Weimar, in 1703, which place he exchanged, in the following year, for that of organist to the new church at Arnstadt, probably to gratify his inclination for playing the organ, better than he could do at Weimar, where he was engaged to play the violin. In 1707, he accepted the situation of organist in the church of St. Blasius, in Muhlhausen; but a year after he entered upon it, happening to play before the reigning duke of Weimar, his performance on the organ was so highly approved of, that he was offered the place of court organist, which he accepted. In 1723 he was appointed director of music in St. Thomas' School in Leipzig. In this place he remained until his death, which occurred on the 30th of July, 1750, in the 66th year of his age.

Bach was twice married, and had twenty children, eleven sons and nine daughters. All the sons had admirable talents for music; but they were not fully cultivated, except in some of the elder ones.

He was the best pianist, and at the same time the best organist of his own, or perhaps any other age, although the styles for the two instruments were so different. When I heard him upon the piano, all was delicate, expressive, elegant and agreeable. When I heard him on the organ I was seized with reverential awe. There, all was pretty; here, all was grand and solemn. Even the organ compositions of this extraordinary man are full of devotion, solemnity, and dignity; but his unpremeditated voluntaries on the organ, where nothing was lost in writing down, were still more devout, solemn, dignified, and sublime.

Bach's first attempts at composition, were, like all first attempts, defective. Without any instruction to lead into the way, which might gradually have conducted him step by step, he commenced, like many new beginners, by running over the keys until his fingers should by chance stumble upon a musical idea, when he would stop and write it down. He soon began to feel that this eternal running and leaping led to nothing; that there must be order, connection, and proportion in the thoughts; and that, to attain such objects, some kind of a guide was necessary.

So long as the language of music has only melodi-

ous expressions, it is to be called poor. By the adding of chords to the melody, so that its relation to the modes, and the chords in them, becomes less obscure, it gains not so much in richness, as in precision. Very different is the case, when several melodies are so interwoven with each other that they, as it were, converse together like persons of the same rank, and equally well informed. There the accompaniment was subordinate, and had only to serve the principal part. Here there is no such difference; and this union of melodies gives occasion to new combinations of tones, and consequently, to an increase of the store of musical expressions.

In such an interweaving of various melodies, which have all so much meaning, that each may, and really does, appear in its turn as the principal part, does John Sebastian Bach's harmony consist, in all the works which he composed from about the year 1720, or the 35th year of his age, till his death. It is this style which constitutes the distinguishing characteristic of all his compositions; and in this style he far excels all the composers in the world.—*Forkel's life of John Sebastian Bach.*

## Church Music.

We have made the tour of England, Ireland, Holland, Germany, &c., paying particular attention to the church music. We then formed the opinion that in none of the places we happened to visit, is this department of the art so near what it should be, as in some parts of New England and New York. We have never ventured to lisp this opinion out loud, for fear of being laughed at. The following from the English correspondent of the Boston Atlas, himself apparently an Englishman, shows that we are not alone in our ideas on the subject. Writing from Bristol, he says:

"It is Sunday morning; and from a hundred church towers and steeples the chimes ring cheerfully and solemnly out; those from the noble church of Saint Mary Redcliffe, which Chatterton justly calls

"The pryde of Bristowe and the Western londe,"

being heard sonorously and distinctly above all the rest. With their usual neglect of all that is beautiful in art, and indeed in everything else excepting sugar samples, the Bristolians have allowed the finest parish church in England to fall into decay; and so its stones are crumbling away and falling off, one by one, and decay sits cosily upon every buttress and pinnacle, busy at work. Chatterton's monument, erected only seventy-five years after his death, a miserable architectural abortion, selected (of course) by a Bristol committee from a multitude of better plans, is on our left hand, as we ascend Redcliffe hill and proceed towards the same chapel of which I spoke in my recollection of Rowland Hill. As we enter the enclosure of the building we perceive a carriage, drawn by an old white horse, at the door, and from it alights a gentleman, who, in consequence of his lameness, finds great difficulty in walking into the building; let us, too, enter, for he is worth looking at, and we shall have a good view of him inside.

The regular minister of the place is not in the pulpit, and, if he were, he is so entirely a stranger to my friends in America that no useful or entertaining end would be served by sketching him, so I shall embrace the opportunity of taking the likeness of one who was a friend and companion of Coleridge, and who shone a star in that galaxy of preacher-genius which blazed in Bristol

during her golden age of the pulpit. It is the man of whom Coleridge said that, whilst Hall's mind was a fountain, his was a reservoir.

A hymn has been sung—drowsily and monotonously, for we are in England, I am sorry to say, far, very far, behind America in our hymn singing. With us, each verse of a hymn, no matter what may be the sentiment expressed, is drawled out to the same tune and in the same time, so that a victorious or a joyful exclamation, and a lamenting line, or a penitential petition, are all sung in the same unvarying key. To add to the absurdity, we have here a vile habit of chopping each verse in half—that is, the clerk, generally a snuffing old sinner, 'gives out,' as it is termed the first and second lines of a verse, which, having been sung, he favors the congregation with two more, and so it goes on to the end of the psalm. Frequently there is no stop at the end of the second line, but no matter, the old clerk stops. Thus, for instance, he reads,

'Who his own flesh doth hate?  
Yet, strangely, hate not we—'

This having been sung, he reads, in the same dolorous key,

'A multitude exceeding great  
Of Britain's family?'

In most of the London churches, the whole hymn is sung through, without interruption, as in America. I expect that in a century hence the same plan will be adopted in Bristol.

Before I proceed, let me relate a fact connected with church singing, which is rather amusing:

I was, some years ago, paying a visit in Devonshire, and of course on the Sunday accompanied my friends to their parish church. It was one of those sweet rural places which it does one's heart good to go to; the ancient ivy-clad tower rose from amidst its multitude of surrounding graves, on which, as we passed towards the porch, sat the villagers, chatting on various topics. It was, what is called in England, Palm, or flowering Sunday, and, according to immemorial custom, every grave in that country churchyard was covered with flowers. I shall not, however, attempt to describe minutely the scene which ensued on the parson's arrival, nor tell how, as he passed down the churchyard walk, with his rusty cassock flying in the breeze, his sermon book in one hand, and a huge clasped prayer book under his arm, he with his right hand stroked the heads of the children near him, or courteously lifted his shovel hat, in acknowledgment of the bows of aged folk; nor how I observed a pale, consumptive-looking girl sitting on a tomb, (appropriate resting place for her,) supported by her grandmother, watching, with large, hopeful, languid eye, for a smile from the good man whom she knew she should not hear many times more; nor now young bumpkins, with buxom girls on their arms, pulled their front locks with their big fists, and blushed stupidly as they were reminded by the parson to be 'ready in church next morning at eight of the clock;' nor, when we entered the sacred building and the service commenced, how the church was decorated with evergreens; nor how the ambitious choir, consisting of a base viol, two fiddles, (neither of them being a Stradivarius nor a Cremona,) a reedy sounding clarionet, (it had been bought at a great bargain at a pawn shop in the neighboring town,) a bassoon, and a fife, executed 'Awake my soul, and with the sun,' in a very extraordinary style and manner; nor how all the little charity children in the gallery bawled prodigiously, nor how the cracked

voices of the alms house people quavered at the end of every verse, long after the other people had done singing, to the great indignation of the red-nosed beadle, who looked at the poor old creatures as if they had not souls worthy of singing at all when the squire was present. I say I shall not notice at length all these matters, for the sufficient reason that my friend the 'midland county' sketcher can do such pictures much better than I can. I will only refer to a performance of the the red-nosed clerk, which struck me as being rather peculiar, and that performance caused this digression, for which I beg ten thousand pardons.

One of the psalms for the day, was written in a peculiarly "peculiar metre," or "perculer" as the clerk pronounced it; and, unfortunately, neither the fiddlers, nor the bassoon, nor the clarionet, nor the fife, could for the life of them fit a tune to it; and I will do them the justice to say, that they did the best in their power to suit it, by mixing "long, short, and common metre" tunes together very ingeniously. They tried many ways and very often; sometimes they would proceed pleasantly through a few bars; first the bassoon would grumble discordantly, then the fife would drop playing, although the violins fiddled away most perseveringly. In a little time the clarionet would wander away into a wilderness of sounds, lose itself and die in the distance with a feeble quaver, and lastly, a crash of discord would end the matter; and then came a new trial. But all would not do; and so, as a last resource, the old clerk got up, and to my utter astonishment, *whistled* a tune, which the choir caught cleverly; and then the fiddles rejoiced, the clarionet went into ecstasies, the fife flourished wonderfully, the bass viol solemnly sounded, and the church warden's face brightened up, so did the beadle's; the boys also bawled lustily; and from that time to this, Palm Sunday and Whistling Sunday have ever been with me synonymous terms.

On new year's evening Mr. Gough had a farewell meeting, in the Tremont Temple, (before leaving for the south, for the winter) when a vast multitude came together. The meeting was opened by singing a religious temperance hymn, adapted to the new year to the tune of Old Hundred. As the hymn was printed and scattered through the house, the united music of such a multitude of voices would have been most impressive and elevating, but for the bellowing of the immense organ, one of those musical menageries, or thunder mills, by which in our churches the sweet-toned and living melody of the human voice is so often drowned, that one is at times forced to regard them with much the same feelings with which Moses looked upon the golden calf. If these bulls of Bashan are to have a place in the christian fold, let them by all means be the followers, rather than the leaders of the flock.

The above is from the Boston correspondence of the N. Y. Evangelist. We can hardly suppose he is a Bostonian, for it's many a year since an objection to organs has been heard in the capitol of New England. These sublime instruments are, beyond comparison, better suited for accompanying church music than any other yet invented. Soon may the time come when every church of every denomination in America shall be supplied with them, as is now almost the case in this city. We have met with persons of limited musical knowledge, who have a stereotyped criticism, which they give on every practicable occasion, whether applicable or not. We would not by any means hint that the Evangelist's correspondent is one of this class, but every one acquainted with the subject, must wonder how the organ in the Tremont Temple *could* have overpowered three thousands voices; and, why the bull of Bashan should sound any better, *following* the voices, than it would

leading them. Most musicians think voices and instruments should always go *exactly together*.

We once visited a church in Rotterdam, in which a congregation of 2000 were present. The organ was described to us, as being 150 feet high, and containing 5084 pipes. (The organ in the Tremont Temple contains 1880 pipes.) Several hymns were sung by the congregation, accompanied by the full power of the organ, but, such was the volume of sound produced by this multitude of voices, that we could only hear the organ at intervals. It is not to be denied, that organists, and accompanists on other instruments, often do overpower the choir; seldom, we should think, the whole congregation. It is extremely difficult for a good player, to keep from "showing off" at least, sufficiently to let folks know how well he can play. That man is by far the best accompanist, who can sustain the voices of the choir, and yet hardly allow his instrument to be heard.

#### CHRISTIAN URBAN.

Died in Paris Nov. 1st, CHRISTIAN URBAN, first alto (violin) of the Royal Academy of Music. He was a consummate musician, and enjoyed high esteem in the musical world. Urban had at first devoted his talents to sacred music, but this not yielding him enough to live upon, he felt himself forced to become a theatrical musician. The resources of his mind, however, were curiously employed in endeavoring to reconcile his religious ideas with the exigencies of his profession. He went to mass daily, and on Sundays attended every service. At night he brought with him to the opera, pious books, which he read whenever he was permitted to quit his bow. Whilst accompanying the song or dance, he remained a complete stranger to the spectacle. He made it a rule to keep his head constantly bent upon his chest, and his eyes lowered upon his music or prayer book. It is positively asserted, that although he was many years a member of the Opera orchestra, he had never seen the performance on the stage. On one occasion he did not recognize in society, a famous vocalist, at whose singing in public, (on the stage) he had assisted for more than ten years.

Although Hayden, when he visited England, heard all the best musical performers, he was in no instance so much affected as when he attended the annual performance of the charity children at St. Paul's. The number of voices employed on that occasion are not fewer than four thousand, and the effect is truly astonishing. Hayden listened in silence till he could no longer suppress his feelings. At length he exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by all around him, "Well, never till now, did music make upon me the impression I receive from this simple, religious, and powerful performance!"

THE AMPHIONIC SOCIETY.—We are glad to find that choral societies are on the increase in London, as their tendency must be to advance the knowledge of music, and to promote the cultivation of the best masters. The first performance of the "Amphionics," who enter the field to emulate the example of the "Melophonics," the "Harmonics," and other "onics," now formed in this musical metropolis, was creditable to the members and Mr. Jacob Mainzer, their conductor. The choral selections, were from Handel, Hayden, Mozart, Winter, and Rossini, relieved by some *solis* and glees.—*London News*.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 16, 1846.

TO PUBLISHERS.—In our list of new music and musical works, we shall be happy to insert the titles of those published in other places, as well as in Boston. The names of new works, published in any part of the country, will be cheerfully published gratis.

We have been informed, that there is some hesitancy about subscribing for this paper, occasioned by the fear that it will not continue through the year. We are aware that there is ground for this apprehension, for we ourselves have, within the last five or six years, paid in advance for several musical periodicals, which have ceased to exist, long before the time, for which we had paid, had expired. We wish explicitly to state, that no such fear need be entertained with regard to the Gazette. We do not belong to that class who put their hands to the plough, and then turn back; neither do we belong to that class, who are willing to receive money without rendering an equivalent. We assure our subscribers, that we should continue the publication, through the year, if it had not more than a hundred subscribers; and if it had not this number, we should not dream of discontinuing it without refunding the money. We have already considerably over this number, and if we don't have a hundred times a hundred before many months, it sha' n't be our fault.

It will doubtless be some weeks before we shall feel perfectly at home in our editorial chair. It is our greatest wish to make the Gazette useful to all interested in music, and useful to the cause of music. Our readers can easily suppose, that it is not easy, at once to decide upon the best method for promoting this object. The more experience we have, the better shall we know how, so to select our articles as to accomplish the desired end. It must be evident to all, that a musical journal designed exclusively for circulation in cities, and one designed exclusively for circulation in the country, must be conducted on somewhat different principles. We may be mistaken, but we think we have facilities for conducting a paper adapted to either country or city. We are not so clear, however, about being able to adapt one journal to both places. We hope and expect that the larger part of our circulation will be in the country. We cannot but believe that our columns will contain much which will interest and benefit every class of readers; but our city subscribers must expect that a large part of our matter will be more particularly for the benefit of country readers. A prominent place will always be occupied with articles on church music, and musical education, which will be equally valuable to all interested in those subjects, wherever they may reside.

Our first number, as well as the present, contains somewhat extended accounts of musical doings abroad. It is by no means certain that all our numbers will be thus occupied. We cannot allow that any part of Europe with which we are acquainted, equals New England or New York, in the excellence of its church music; but in music considered as an art, most parts of the old world are very far in advance of the new. This is at least the case in Germany, France, and England. Our present idea is, that it will be useful as well as interesting, to keep our readers informed of important musical operations in those countries. Musical excel-

lence cannot be better attained than by emulating those who already excel. We give to-day the biography of John Sebastian Bach, to be followed by those of all the great among musical composers and performers. Such biographies have been so often published that they have almost become stale, but we are convinced they should form a prominent feature in a musical paper. How can one have a greater incentive for improvement than a familiarity with the abilities and characteristics of those who rank highest in the art, will bestow. The biographies which we publish, will be prepared expressly for this paper, and will present at one view, so far as possible, the most prominent features in the life of the composer; we hope they will be carefully read. The besetting sin of Dave Jones, is the besetting sin of many a man who has made some progress in musical knowledge. Let such an one study the lives of Bach, Handel, Mozart, &c.; compare their genius, their knowledge and abilities, or their compositions, with his own, and then convince himself he has reached the acme of musical improvement, if he can.

We dislike "To be continueds," and shall avoid them as much as possible.

In every number two pages of music for choir and social use will be given. Although small in quantity, we are mistaken if this music will not excel in quality. That choir will do well, who will *perfectly* learn even two pages of new music every fortnight.

Our subscribers must not be backward in giving us any hints as to how the usefulness of our sheet may be increased. Although we shall by no means feel obliged to follow advice *because* it is given, we shall always be obliged if friends will suggest anything which may occur to them as improvements. Above all, will our country friends lend us a hand in getting subscribers. We can send agents to large places, but we cannot to every town. We assure our readers that no pains will be spared to make the Gazette as valuable a musical paper as has ever before appeared, and as much more so as possible. A large amount of money is not what we are after, but we do want a large number of readers. It's dull music to spend the time and be at the trouble to arrange a valuable paper, unless we can be sure it will be extensively read.

We give to-day an account of the Beethoven inauguration in Bonn. Three or four years ago we spent a few days in this "little pearl of a town," as a French author calls it. So much was said about the monument then, that we had strong hopes of seeing it, before we left Germany. But, like some other things, it was not finished so soon as was expected. Bonn contains about 15,000 inhabitants, and is situated on the Rhine, just where that noble stream issues from the mountain gorge, which contains so many castles, famed in olden tale. It is the seat of a Prussian university, which occupies an old palace a quarter of a mile long, and numbers 750 students.

Many persons are of opinion, that that melody is the best, which everybody can at once understand and sing. This opinion certainly cannot be admitted to pass as a principle; for then, popular airs, which are frequently sung from south to north, by all classes of people, down to men and maid servants, must be the finest and best melodies. I should take the converse of the proposition and say, "that melody which can be immediately sung by everybody, is of the commonest kind." In this form, it might, perhaps, sooner pass as a principle.—*Forkel*.



## HARMONY NO. I.

The art of writing music, technically termed, The SCIENCE OF HARMONY, teaches 1st, the combination of sounds into chords; 2nd, the manner in which the sounds of which a chord is composed must move: i. e. Harmony teaches the combination and progression of sounds.

## COMBINATION OF SOUNDS, OR CHORDS.

Chords are composed of three or more sounds, which are individually named according to the intervals which they form with each other. Thus, a chord is said to be composed of a *chief-note*, (or *fundamental note*), a *third*, a *fifth*, and a *seventh*, &c.; the terms *third*, *fifth*, &c.; being technical names, derived from the intervals which the different sounds form with the chief note. In Harmony, the term *third*, means that sound in a chord which forms the interval of a *third* with the chief note; it does not, as in the elementary principles of music, refer to the distance between the two sounds.

To the student in Harmony, a knowledge of the intervals is of the same importance, that a knowledge of the alphabet is to the reader, or a knowledge of the scale to the singer.

## INTERVALS.

When two parts are of the same pitch, they are said to form *Primes*.

The interval from a sound to one on the next degree of the staff, is a *SECOND*.

The interval from a sound to one on the next degree but one, a *THIRD*.

The interval from a sound to one on the next degree but two, a *FOURTH*.

The interval from a sound to one on the next degree but three, a *FIFTH*.

The interval from a sound to one on the next degree but four, a *SIXTH*.

The interval from a sound to one on the next degree but five, a *SEVENTH*.

The interval from a sound to one on the next degree but six, an *EIGHTH*, or an *OCTAVE*.



Intervals greater than an octave, are usually called by the name they would have if the upper sound was an octave lower. The interval from C to G, is called



Unless otherwise expressed, intervals are always reckoned from the lower sound upwards.

The Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung, (The Universal Musical Gazette,) a well conducted musical paper published at Leipzig, in Saxony, has entered upon its forty-seventh year. Wonder if the Boston Musical Gazette will live as long?

## CONCERTS IN BOSTON.

January 25.

## HANDEL AND HAYDEN SOCIETY.

Oratorio: *Moses in Egypt*. By Rossini.

January 25.

## MUSICAL INSTITUTE.

Oratorio: *Joseph and his brethren*. By Mehul.  
Sacred Ode: *The Great Supreme*.

January 25.

## PUPILS OF THE BLIND INSTITUTION.

Glory be to God, chorus, from Mozart. Thoughts of home, duett. O come, come away, Juvenile Choir. Duett, on the piano. Hunter's Pleasure, chorus, from Kreutzer. Poor Adele, song, from Neukomme. Winter Scenes, Juvenile Choir. Merry, merry elves we be, a fairy glee. Norma March and Calibri's Polka, Military Band. Hail, smiling Morn, glee. Overture to Norma, piano forte, four hands. The Bugle Horn, Juvenile Choir. The Gipsies' Wild Chant, song. Duett from *Moses in Egypt*, two flutes. Near a silvery fountain, duett by two little girls. Hallelujah, chorus, from Haydn. Nahanat March, and Washington's March, Military Band.

January 29.

## MESSRS. NELSON AND HARRISON.

Away to the Mountain's Brow, Bid me discourse, The Arab Steed, Overture to the Caravan Driver and his Dog: Dulcimer, by Mr. Nelson.

Comic song, by Mr. Harrison.

A fall in the frozen river, Russian quickstep, I have plucked the fairest flower, Dandy Jim of Caroline: Rock Harmonican, by Mr. Nelson.

Comic song, by Mr. Harrison.

La Payson et Matelot, quick steps: Musical Sticks, by Mr. Nelson.

Comic song, by Mr. Harrison.

Jenny Jones, with variations, Let fame sound the trumpet: Dulcimer, by Mr. Nelson.

Song, by Mr. Harrison, extempore, upon subjects written upon cards by persons in the audience.

Blue bells of Scotland, Star Spangled Banner, Yankee Doodle: Rock Harmonican, by Mr. Nelson.

January 30.

Messrs. Nelson and Harrison's concert repeated.

January 31.

## PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Overture to *Mansueto*: by full orchestra.

Trio: "Love's young dream," by Mr. and Mrs. Seguin and Mr. Fraser.

Ballad: "The one we love."

Scene: "Love now in my heart," by Mrs. Seguin.

Cavatina: "As I view now," from *La Sonnambula*, by Mr. Seguin.

Grand waltz: *London season*, by full orchestra.

Ballad: "The three ages of love," by Mr. Fraser.

Ballad: "I dreamt that I dwell in marble halls."

Aria: "Non più andrai," from *Mozart's Figaro*, by Mr. Seguin.

Trio: "Through the world wilt thou fly," Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Mr. Fraser.

Our readers who have not seen them, may wonder what kind of instruments those are, which are mentioned in Messrs. Nelson and Harrison's programme. The first named is called on the concert bill, "Ancient Dulcimer of scripture, celebrated in the history of the psalmist, David." We had but a momentary glance at it. In form, it resembles the octochord represented in our last number. Its compass appeared to be about two octaves. Some of the tones are produced by four strings struck together, others by two, and others by three. It is played with small, leather-covered mallets, held in the performer's hands, i. e., the strings are struck like the strings of a piano, with the difference, that the dulcimer player holds the hammer in his hand. We did not have an opportunity to satisfy myself whether or not David performed on a precisely similar instrument. We can only say that if he did, and could make his mallets fly like the performer on the present occasion, the modern school of execution, as it is called, is not so new by two or three thousand years as we had supposed.

The "Musical Sticks," are nothing more nor less, than sixteen pine sticks, (take notice ye who live where timber's plenty,) about an inch square, and somewhere from one to three feet long, "laid upon ropes of straw, and played upon with wooden hammers, producing the

richest melody." The quotation is from the performers' advertisement. We can hardly admit that there is so much melody in them, as we have heard produced from some other things; but we will confess there is a hundred times more than we ever dreamed could lie concealed in rough pine chips. If excellence in instrumental performance consists in rapid playing, then Mr. Nelson is a magnificent "Pine Stickist." If his drumsticks did n't go it, then Ole Bull's elbows never did.

The "Rock Harmonican" is an instrument "composed of forty rough pieces of stone, from the celebrated Skiddaw mountains, Cumberland, England—laid loosely on straw covered slats, and played upon with small wooden mallets, producing the most exquisite music, surpassing the piano and musical glasses blended." The tones produced from the stones, were good, although a slightly unpleasant sensation is produced upon the ear, from the fact, perhaps, that they can not be so nicely tuned, as a violin or pianoforte.

The extemporaneous song of Mr. Harrison, on subjects handed in by persons in the audience, was funny enough. The subjects, as nearly as we can remember, were, hope, phrenology, mesmerism, affection, and several others, the last of which was "persons present." On this latter subject he sang we should say something like forty stanzas, in which he "took off," as he termed it, the appearance, &c., of almost that number of persons in the audience. One lady was described as looking through her opera glass; such a gentleman was leaning on his umbrella; another "had gone to sleep, no he had n't, he only closed his eyes to hear better." These allusions were all made so pleasantly, that no one could be offended at them, and as the audience invariably turned to see the one indicated, it created much amusement.

"I hope you won't think it raillery,  
If I tell the young man in the gallery,  
That although at him I will not scoff,  
Before the ladies his hat should be off—"

Is something like a part of some "advice" he gave to a young gentleman, who was, perhaps, not perfectly familiar with concert etiquette.

We were pleased with this concert. It was just what it purported to be, a musical novelty. We did not go expecting to hear music which we should enjoy, and consequently were not in the least disappointed. We wish concerts givers would always advertise in such a manner that one may know what he can expect to hear. We have sometimes attended concerts given by celebrated and wonderful violinists. From the advertisements we have supposed we should have an opportunity to enjoy the rich "musical ideas" of Beethoven, Mozart, or some other great master, expressed on that prince of instruments, by a master hand. How disappointed have we been to find the performer exerting his skill in imitating flutes and flageolets, scolding women, &c.; which at best sounded no better than these instruments(!) themselves; or in playing on one violin, music written for three; performing passages on one string, ordinarily performed on four, &c., &c., &c.

In our humble opinion, there is a wide difference between a concert of music, and an exhibition of musical feats. If we attend a concert of music, we expect to hear music; pieces, not full of passages of all but impossible execution, but full of musical ideas. To enjoy such a concert, we do not wish to have such a thing as execution in all our thoughts. As soon should we think of doverting our attention to the movements of an eloquent orator's lips and tongue, instead of listening to the subject of his address.

When we attend an exhibition of musical novelty, or an exhibition for the display of feats of execution, we go with the same kind of feelings with which we go to witness any other curious performance. On the score of what we call *music*, Mr. Nelson's harmonican would hardly compare with that heard from a well-trained orchestra, nor do his pine sticks rank very high with regard to tone; still they are curiosities well worth seeing. Rocks and trees here literally break forth into singing. On the score of execution, we do not see why Mr. N. does not rank with the most rapid piano forte players and violinists who have been among us. Some of the movements performed on the rock harmonican, were in as quick time as one often hears on any instrument. Considering that he has but two fingers (mallets,) where pianists can use ten, and also that he has to strike stones extending over a large surface, the rapidity with which he "hits" right and left, is perfectly astonishing. Viewing, as we do, the merits of those artists who have had such crowds to witness their wonderful "skill," who can blame us for predicting for the scientific performer on the "sticks and stones," full houses, showers of silver, and may-hap a wreath or two of flowers!!!

### JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

A Mr. Jullien is giving a series of concerts in London, which seem to be exceedingly popular. The most attractive of his performances, is a piece, or symphony, called the Naval Quadrille. The Times says, "the Naval Quadrille fills the house every night. As a composition, it is not meant to please those who would take pleasure in listening to Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, but for such as like noise and novelty. Add to this a spice of nationality, and the audience is fairly represented. For this class, Jullien has invoked his familiar genius, and has achieved a triumph. The piece commences with Rule Britannia, which is given so softly as to seem a mile out to sea. Then we have 'Ship a-hoy' bellowed from one ship to another, and repeated from the distance by the one challenged. The 'weighing of the anchor' is imitated capitally by the huge iron instrument invented by Jullien for the purpose. But the effect that takes the public by storm, is in the last movement, which is, "when Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove." The chorus and band commence, merrily enough, the one engaged with the old melody, the other rolling and pitching in imitation of the 'rolling billows;' and although this imitation is partly conventional, it is also partly original, and highly effective. In a little while, four brawny fellows, probably Vulcan and three Cyclops, begin hammering away at a huge anvil, and, as they keep strict time with the chorus, the effect is novel and agreeable, and an encore is the invariable result. At the end of one of the tunes there is an effect of the roar or murmur of the ocean, that in some other situation would pass for a bold stroke of poetry. The band concludes, and the chorus holds on low F in unison for several seconds, gradually diminishing until it is lost. This simple effect brings back the calm sea shore, the setting sun, and the shadow of two figures lengthening athwart the yellow sands. But we must not be betrayed into a confession of the serious merits of Jullien. He can play the quack to perfection; but under that front of bland treats more elevated feelings, and we are much mistaken if his interest and ambition are not continually at war as to which shall have the precedence. If the public once discover that Jullien is possessed of legitimate talent, he is ruined. The public likes to be humbugged, as a trout loves to be tickled.

### ITEMS

*From papers received by the last Liverpool steamer.*

The "Waltz King" *Johann Strauss* of Vienna, is at present in Berlin, where he is giving crowded concerts, with his celebrated orchestra, in Kroll's establishment. He has already given several similar concerts in Dresden.

The sub-committee for "the elevation of singing," appointed by the French ministers of instruction, have published an address wherein they invite composers to compete for prizes for the best moral, religious, historical, and "every-day" songs. The prize for the best composition in each of these species, is from 300 to 600 francs. The pieces must be from two to four "voiced," and be written expressly for the occasion. The poetry is already provided, and for this time, enough for forty-six different songs has been selected from the works of *Corneille, Racine, Fontanes, Rousseau, Delille, Florian, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Lebrun, and Beranger.*

Capell master *A. Berlin*, in Amsterdam, has received a valuable ring, from the king of Denmark, in acknowledgement of his majesty's pleasure in receiving from him a copy of his last composition.

The Beethoven hall, in Bonn, is now being broken up, and the materials sold to the highest bidders.

In Basle, a new oratorio, "The New Paradise," by *Beiter*, a native of Baden, was recently performed, and received with much applause.

In Coburg, Miss *Emilie Betz*, a "native talent," is creating much excitement. Born in Coburg, she was educated as a singer in Vienna and Paris. From the extraordinary abilities displayed at her first concert, much is expected from her.

A Gesang fest (song festival,) of the school teachers of the province of Dusseldorf, (Prussia,) took place recently at Essen. A motette, by *F. Wayner*, of Berlin, was well received. The number of teachers, who took part in the performance, was about three hundred.

*Donizetti*, appears to be forever lost to the art. His health is in a precarious condition, and even although his life may not seem immediately in danger, yet he cannot so much as think of composing again. His disease is an affection of the brain. His memory is quite gone, and it is with difficulty he can lisp even in monosyllables. The Paris physicians have expended all their skill upon him, in vain. Every mental exertion on his part is strictly forbidden.

The horn player, *Vivier*, of Paris, now in Berlin, who is esteemed the best living performer on that instrument, has discovered a method by which three and four part harmony can be blown on the horn. Originally a lawyer, *Vivier* later in life devoted himself to music, is a good composer, and is now engaged in composing an opera. From Berlin he goes to St. Petersburg.

On the 19th of November, the pupils of the blind institution in Dresden gave a concert, at which only blind performers appeared. The name of the excellent music teacher of the institution is *Carl Nake*.

A Herr *Dallauer* has invented a double flute, i. e. one on which two performers can play at the same time, one at each end. The instrument is three times as large as a common flute, and is at present exhibited by the inventor and his son (the second performer) in Vienna.

On the 10th of November, *Frans Ries*, father of *Ferdinand Ries*, and Nestor of the Bonn music teachers,

celebrated his 90th birth day, being still hale and hearty. In 1790, he was appointed concert master to the last elector of Cologne, and performed as such in the electoral chapel. On the above-mentioned birth day, he received the Prussian order of the Red Eagle, third class.

An organ builder in England, has invented a new species of steam whistle, which will give several different tones. We hope it will be generally adopted, and that the note which precedes a railroad train, will no longer seem to say, as it did in the ears of Mr. Weller, senior, "Here's five hundred people going to be killed, and here's their five hundred screams in one!"

In Buenos Ayres, Hayden's Creaton has been performed, to aid in the erection of a German evangelical church. It was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

When Bach was at Berlin, in 1747, he was shown the new opera house. Going into the great saloon, he went up into the gallery that runs around it, looked at the ceiling, and immediately said, "if a person stands in one corner of the saloon and whispers a few words against the wall, another who stands in the opposite corner with his face to the wall, can hear every word distinctly, but not a syllable will be heard by any one in the centre, or in any other part of the room." This effect was not designed by the architect, and was not known until discovered by Bach. His observations of the adaptation of places for sound, could, and naturally did, lead him to attempt to produce by the unusual combination of different stops of the organ, effects unknown before and after him.

If Boston deserves credit for nothing else it certainly does for good church organs. With the exception of three or four churches in which there is no room conveniently to place one, every church in the city is supplied with one of these truly ecclesiastical instruments. The following have organs of the largest size, i. e. with three banks of keys; viz.

Salem-st. Church,	Tremont Temple,
Second Church,	Central Church,
Bowdoin Square Church,	Trinity Church,
Bowdoin-st. Church,	Odeon,
New Jerusalem Church,	Berry-st. Church,
Park-st. Church,	New South Church,
Kings Chapel,	First Church,
Old South Church,	Melodeon,
Franklin st. Church, (cath.)	Harvard st. Church.
St. Augustine's, (Church.)	

### NEW MUSIC.

By G. P. Reed.

- E.\* Five Easy Lessons. A. N. Johnson.
- E. Gertrude's Dream. Waltz. 4 hands.
- D. Left hand study. Baldwyn.

By C. H. Keith.

- M. Ladoga Quick Step. S. Knaebel.
- M. Olympic Quick Step. do
- M. Oregon Quick Step. do
- E. Take thy Banner. Tenor Song. J. W. Turner.
- M. Where shall the beautiful rest. Song. J. O. Starkweather.
- D. Be happy to night. Song. J. Paddon.
- M. Come to me at morning. Ballad. J. A. Wade.
- M. A home that I love. Ballad. S. Glover.
- E. The used up man. Comic Song.
- E. My bonnie steed. Ballad. G. B. Lyon.

By C. Bradlee & Co.

- E. Hurrah for the swelling sea. Glee, for 4 voices. L. Marshall.

\*D. difficult—E. easy—M. medium, or between hard and easy.

## JUVENILE SONG. The Nest.

♩-152-Metronome.

WORDS BY J. JOHNSON, JR.

1. In the hedges, on the branches, Where the light cool Zephyr dan-ces, There the blue-bird builds its nest, There two lit-tle  
 2. In the morning, swift-ly fly-ing, Ber-ry sweet, or grain de-scry-ing, Home, the blue-bird hastes in glee, When the lit-tle  
 3. Ev-er lar-ger, ev-er stronger, As the days grow warm and longer, Now the lit-tle birds can fly, Sing-ing, as they  
 4. In the autuma, winds are blowing, Oh, how cold the days are growing, Now the pret-ty birds are gone, Tell me, blue birds,

blue-birds rest, Cry to their mother, peep, peep, peep, Dear mother, peep, Good mother, peep, Dear mother peep, peep, Good mother, peep, peep.  
 blue-birds see, Cry, oh how hungry, peep, peep, peep, O mother, peep, Good mother, peep, O mother, peep, peep, Good mother, peep, peep.  
 soar on high, Cry to each oth-er, peep, peep, peep, Hi! brother, peep, Ho! brother, peep, Ho! brother, peep, peep, Ho! brother, peep, peep.  
 whith-er flown? Fly where 'tis warmer, peep, peep, peep, Next summer, peep, Come hither, peep, Next summer, peep, peep, Come hither, peep, peep.

## PART SONG. Morning.

WORDS FROM THE GERMAN.

G. C. GROSHIM.

ARRANGED BY G. J. WEBB.

*Treble.* *mf* *cres.* *mf*  
 1. Hours of morning, golden morning, Brightly hast thou waken'd me: Let my heart swell, Let my lips tell, How devoutly greet I thee.  
*Alto.* *mf* *cres.* *mf*  
 1. Hours of morning, golden morning, Brightly hast thou waken'd me: Let my heart swell, Let my lips tell, How devoutly greet I thee.  
*Tenor.* *mf* *cres.* *mf*  
 1. Hours of morning, golden morning, Brightly hast thou waken'd me: Let my heart swell, Let my lips tell, How devoutly greet I thee.  
*Bass.* *mf* *cres.* *mf*

2 New devotion,  
 New emotion,  
 Has soft slumber brought again,  
 Thanks to heaven,  
 Still be given;  
 Hope and health within me reign.



## ALBERTSCHIEBERGER, C. P. M.

A. N. JOHNSON.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shire, I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,

2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt; My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath divine: I'd sing his glorious righteousness,

3. I'd sing the char-ac-ter he bears, And all the forms of love he wears Ex - alted on his throne: In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,

4. Well, the de - light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see his face. Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,

6 - 4 3 6 6 4 6 - 7 6 4 3 7 7 -

And vie with Gabriel while he sings, In notes al-most di - vine.

In which all-perfect, heavenly dress, My soul shall ev - er shine.  
I would to ev - er - last-ing days Make all his glo - ries known.

A blest e-ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri-umphant in his grace.

7 7 - 6 6 5 6 5

## ALDRICH, H. M. CHAS. ZEUNER.

MODERATO.

O thou that hearest prayer! At-tend our hum-ble cry;

6 5 4 3 2 1

And let thy servants share Thy blessings from on high: We plead the prom-ise of thy word, Grant us thy Ho-ly Spir-it, Lord.

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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## MUSIC IN HARD-SCRABBLE;

—OR—  
DAVID JONES'S PIANOS.

Have you ever read about the village of Hard-Scrabble, and "the man who had been twice to the capital?" If you have, hunt up the old paper that contains the story, and read it again. But if you have not, which I believe is the case, let me tell it to you.

This village of Hard-Scrabble was, as its name indicates, not very well to do in the world, and was, moreover, almost out of the world, being in the newer part of Arkansas, and at some distance from the capital of that state.

There was a man in the village who had been twice to the capital, and was, consequently, a great character among the Hard-Scrabblers, was much looked up to by the young, and his opinion had much weight in difficult matters. His name was Jones, but he was more familiarly known, as "the man who had been twice to the capital." This man had a disciple, or hanger-on, or shadow, whose name was Thomas Meek, who looked with great veneration on "the man," and very innocently considered him one of the greatest travelers that ever lived. Indeed how could he help believing so, when he was so often assured of the fact by the individual who should know best, the "man who had been twice to the capital." Did any one build a new house? Mr. Jones was ready with the story of six that he saw going up at once in the capital. Did somebody in the evening throw a log on the fire? Mr. Jones had seen iron stoves, where you could not see a bit of the fire, but they could boil and bake and stew in 'em, all at once. Did a good woman let her tea-kettle boil over? Mr. Jones had seen a steam engine! Did any one launch a canoe? Mr. Jones had seen a steamboat. What was Mungo Park to "the man who had been twice to the capital?" Not many in Hard-Scrabble had ever heard of Mungo Park, not being given to education. Mungo Park was not so great a man as Mr. Jones, or at least did not feel as great. There was one little failing that Mr. Jones had, in common with other eminent travelers, he sometimes stretched the truth a little. To be sure the truth was never stretched so far but Thomas Meek's mouth would open wide enough to swallow it, but this bad habit of Mr. Jones led him one time into difficulty, as you shall hear.

It chanced that a family from the eastward, attracted by something desirable in the location of the village

which forms the scene of our tale, came to reside in its vicinity. Some weeks before their arrival, various articles of furniture arrived and were safely stowed away. Most of these articles were seen and duly examined by the villagers; so that by the time the family took possession, it was pretty generally known with what new fangled and old fangled articles their house was filled. It was said (but not one had seen it,) that they had brought a piano with them. What was a piano? No one knew, or rather only "the man who had been twice to the capital," knew. He knew everything. In answer to the inquiry, whether he had seen a piano at the capital, he replied, with an "of course" toss of the head. "Oh yes, they are as plenty as blackberries there. I saw loads of them in every street."

Mr. Meek commenced to be in an uneasy state of mind. Oftentimes had his imagination been stretched and dilated at the narration of the wonders of the capital, and here was one of those wonders, so to speak, at his very door. Mr. Meek's countenance became solemn, and Mr. Meek's rest was disturbed by dreams of pianos. The pianos of his dreams, however, were rather shapeless affairs, there not being any data in his mind to form instruments of regular proportions. What would not Mr. Meek give to see that piano? Why did he not, then, go to the house of the strangers, and request the privilege of seeing it? Mr. Meek was a modest and diffident man, and was afraid; besides, I do not know that he thought of it. But he explained his difficulty to Mr. Jones.

"Let's go and see it," said Mr. Jones.

"Go and see it?" said Mr. Meek, doubting whether he had heard right.

"Yes, go and see it," repeated Mr. Jones.

A new light broke in upon Mr. Meek. "Go, and see it; that would be a gratification! But—I—" said he, musingly.

"What?" said Mr. Jones.

"Won't they be offended?"

"Offended, no. We must go to work in the right way, that's all. The piano may be outside, and if we have to go into the house—" here the great traveler hesitated, for, if the truth must be told, he was a more bashful man in the capital than in Hard-Scrabble.

"You have seen a good deal of society," suggested Mr. Meek.

"That's true," observed Mr. Jones, complacently.

"When shall we go?" inquired the disciple.

"This afternoon."

Accordingly, towards evening, the two might have been seen, approaching, with not too hasty steps, the abode of the new comers. Mr. Meek had two reasons for going slow. He was afraid to speak to the ladies, who formed a majority of the household, and he was afraid there might be a large dog about the premises. Mr. Meek was a timid man. His last fear proved unfounded, and it was pretty evident from the appearance of the windows, &c., that the family were not at home. Mr. Jones noticed this, and, advancing confidently, gave a moderately loud rap on the door. "They're not at home," said he, after waiting awhile.

"Look here," said Mr. Meek, who had been standing at such a distance that he had a view of two sides of the

house at once. "What's this?" inquired he, pointing to a wooden machine containing a number of rollers, and turning by a crank, which stood in one part of the piazza.

"That's it," said the man who had been twice to the capital.

Mr. Meek was silent. He looked for awhile at a distance, then carefully approaching, stood on this side, and then on that, and last, with a boldness which surprised himself, took hold of the crank, and gave it a turn. A thumping noise inside was the result. Another turn (made with circumspection, for fear of damaging the instrument,) had the same effect, after which the great man and disciple departed, the latter with a lighter heart and a more buoyant step than on his approach.

There were, from thenceforth, two great men in Hard-Scrabble. Mr. Meek had not only seen the piano, but had made it go. The curiosity of all was now fairly aroused, and many were the looks, from a distance, at the piazza where stood the mysterious instrument; but it had now disappeared, and no one possessed hardihood enough, like Mr. Jones, to make a call for the express purpose of seeing it.

At length, however, it seemed that all were to behold the piano with their own eyes, and perhaps feel, and make it go, as Mr. Meek had done. The newly arrived family, desirous of cultivating good feeling with their neighbors, invited the major part of the villagers to spend an evening with them. When the evening specified arrived, as might be supposed, not many of the invited were lacking. The assemblage was rather a silent one, despite the efforts of the entertainers to make time pass pleasantly. Something seemed weighing upon the minds of the guests. There were various whisperings, and glances in various directions, as if something that ought to be present, was not present, all of which puzzled the kind-hearted hosts exceedingly. But the evening had almost passed away, and as nothing could be seen that answered Mr. Meek's description of the piano, Hard-Scrabble seemed destined to sit on thorns for a time longer. At length, however, some one suggested that several of the older inhabitants should beg to have the piano performed on; and these, after sundry irresolute whisperings and gestures, succeeded in raising courage enough to say to the lady of the house, that they hoped it would not give no offence, but they had heered a great deal about a piano that people said they, the new comers, had, and wanted to know if they would be so kind as to oblige them by making it go? A request so modestly made was cheerfully assented to, and all eyes were instantly directed to the door, expecting to see the strange machine rolled in; but what was the astonishment of all, when one of the young ladies of the house went to a thick, high table at one side of the room, and turning over part of the top, attached by hinges to the other part, disclosed to view a row of white and black keys, which she shortly began to strike down with her fingers, producing, from the inside of the table, a beautiful tune.

"But Mr. Meek said that it was a great modern thing, turned by a crank!" exclaimed some one.

"Turned by a what?" inquired mine host.

"A crank. He said it stood in the porch the other day, and he saw it, and made it go."

"O, that must be our washing-machine," said one of the daughters; and the company were conducted to an outhouse where the machine quietly stood, apparently unconscious that it had been the theme of so much speculation.

There were two men who went home before the rest, and they were David Jones, and Thomas Meek. From that hour Mr. Meek ceased to reverence Mr. Jones. The great name of "the man who had been twice to the capital," began to diminish. His word was doubted, and his statements not believed. His star began to drop down toward the west, and on the day when a yankee trader entered the village, advertising a number of "Dave Jones's pianos" for sale, it popped over the horizon, and he was no longer a resident in Hard-Srabble. His "pianos," however, are in extensive use, and if you travel that way of a Monday, you will probably hear them "go."

### TAKING A NEWSPAPER.

#### A PRACTICAL STORY—PLEASANTLY TOLD.

"Pleasant day this, neighbor Gaskill," said one farmer to another, coming into the barn of the latter, who was engaged in separating the chaff from the wheat crop by the means of a fan.

"Very fine day, friend Alton—any news?" returned the individual addressed.

"Nothing of importance; I have called over to see if you would n't join Carpenter and myself in taking the paper this year. The price is only two dollars."

"Nothing cheap that you don't want," returned Gaskill, in a positive tone; "I do n't believe in newspapers; I never heard of one doing any good. If an old stray one happens to get into our house, my gals are crazy after it, and nothing can be got out of them until it's read through. They would not be good for a cent, if a paper came every week. And besides, dollars aint picked up in every corn hill."

"But think, neighbor Gaskill, how much information your gals would get if they had a fresh newspaper every week, filled with all the latest intelligence. The time they would spend in reading would be nothing to what they would gain."

"And what would they gain, I wonder? Get their heads filled with nonsensical stories. Look at Sally Black: is n't she a fine specimen of one of your newspaper reading gals? Not worth to her father three pumpkin seeds. I remember well enough when she was one of the most promising bodies about here. But her father was fool enough to take a newspaper. Any one could see a change in Sally! She began to spruce up and to look smart. First came a bow on her Sunday bonnet, and then gloves to go to meeting. After that, she must be sent to school again, and that at the very time when she began to be worth something about home. And now she has got a forty piano, and a fellow comes every week to teach her music."

"Then you wont join us, neighbor," Mr. Alton said, avoiding a useless reply to Gaskill.

"O no! that I will not. Money thrown away on newspapers is worse than wasted. I never heard of their doing any good. The time spent in reading a newspaper every week would be enough to raise a hundred bushels of potatoes. Your newspaper, in my opinion, is a dear bargain at any price."

Mr. Alton changed the subject, and soon left neighbor Gaskill to his fancies.

About three months afterwards however, they again met, as they had frequently done during the intermediate time.

"Have you sold your wheat yet?" asked Mr. Alton.

"Yes, I sold it day before yesterday."

"How much did you get for it?"

"Eighty-five."

"No more? Why, I thought every one knew that the prices had advanced to ninety-five cents. To whom did you sell?"

"To Wakeful, the storekeeper in R——. He met me day before yesterday and asked me if I had sold my crop yet. I said I had not. He then offered to take it at eighty-five cents, the market price; and I said he might as well have it, as there was doubtless little chance of its rising. Yesterday he sent over his wagon and took it away."

"This was hardly fair in Wakeful. He came to me also, and offered to buy my crop at eighty-five. But I had just received my newspaper, in which I saw that in consequence of accounts from Europe of a short crop, grain had gone up. I asked him ninety-five, which after some haggling, he consented to give."

"Did he pay you ninety-five cents?" exclaimed Gaskill, in surprise and chagrin.

"He certainly did."

"Too bad! too bad! No better than downright cheating, too take such shameful advantage of a man's ignorance."

"Certainly, Wakeful cannot be justified in his conduct," replied Mr. Alton. "It is not right for one man to take advantage of another man's ignorance, and get his goods for less than they are worth. But does not any man deserve thus to suffer who remains wholly ignorant, in a world where he knows there are always enough ready to avail themselves of his ignorance? Had you been willing to expend two dollars for the use of a newspaper for a whole year, you would have saved in the single item of your wheat crop alone, fourteen dollars!—just think of that! Mr. Wakeful takes the newspapers, and by watching them closely, is always prepared to make good bargains with some half-dozen others around here, who have not wit enough to provide themselves with the only sure avenue of information on all subjects—the newspaper."

"Have you sold your potatoes?" asked Gaskill, with some concern in his voice.

"O no, not yet. Wakeful has been making me offers for the last ten days. But from the prices they are bringing in Philadelphia, I am well satisfied they are worth about thirty cents here."

"About thirty! Why, I sold to Wakeful for about twenty-six cents!"

"A great dunce you were, if I must speak so plainly; he offered me twenty-nine cents for four hundred bushels. But I declined. And I was right. They are worth thirty to-day, and at that price I am going to sell."

"Is n't it too bad?" ejaculated the mortified farmer, walking backwards and forwards impatiently. "There are twenty-five dollars literally sunk into the sea. That Wakeful has cheated me most outrageously——"

"And all because you were too close to take a newspaper. I should call that saving at the spigot, and letting out at the bung-hole, neighbor Gaskill."

"I should think it was, indeed. This very day I'll send off money for a paper; and if any one gets ahead of me again, he'll have to be wide awake, I can tell him."

"Have you heard of Sally Black?" asked Mr. Alton, after a brief silence.

"No. What of her?"

"She leaves home to-morrow, and goes to R——."

"Indeed! What for?"

"Her father takes the newspaper, you know."

"Yes."

"And has given her a good education."

"So they say; but I could never see that it has done any good for her, except to make her good for nothing."

"Not quite so bad as that, friend Gaskill. But to proceed; two weeks ago, Mr. Black saw an advertisement in the paper for a young lady to teach music and some other branches in the seminary at R——." He showed it to Sally, and she asked him to ride over and see about it. He did so, and then returned for Sally, and went back again. The trustees of the seminary liked her very much, and engaged her at the salary of four hundred dollars a year. To-morrow she goes to take charge of her classes."

"You cannot, surely, be in earnest!" farmer Gaskill said, with a look of profound astonishment.

"It's every word true," replied Mr. Alton. "And now you will hardly say that 'a newspaper is dear at any price,' or that the reading of them has spoiled Sally Black."

Gaskill looked upon the ground for many minutes. Then raising his head, he half ejaculated with a sigh,

"If I have n't been a confounded fool, I came plaguy near it! But I will be a fool no longer; I'll subscribe for a newspaper to-morrow—see if I do n't!"

### ANECDOTE OF SEBASTIAN BACH.

His second son, Charles Philip Emanuel, entered the service of Frederick the Great, (of Prussia,) in 1740. The reputation of the all-surpassing skill of Bach was at that time so extended, that the king often heard it mentioned and praised. This made him curious to hear so great an artist. At first he distinctly hinted to the son his wish, that the father would visit Potsdam; but by degrees he began to ask him directly, why his father did not come. The son could not avoid acquainting his father with these expressions of the king's, but at first he could not pay attention to them, because he was so overwhelmed with business. The king's expressions being repeated in several of his son's letters, Bach at length, in 1747, prepared to take this journey. At this time the king had every evening, a private concert, in which he himself generally performed some concertos on the flute. One evening, just as he was getting his flute ready, and his musicians were assembled, an officer brought him the list of the strangers who had arrived.\* With his flute in his hand he ran over the list, and immediately turned to the assembled musicians, exclaiming, "Gentleman, old Bach has come." The flute was now laid aside, and old Bach, who had alighted at his son's lodgings, was immediately summoned to the palace. The king did not even wait for him to change his traveling dress, but, giving up the concert for the evening, invited Bach, then already called "Old Bach," to try his pianofortes, made by Silbermann, which stood in several rooms of the palace.† The musicians went with him from room to room, and Bach was invited everywhere to try the pi-

\* None can travel in Germany without a passport. A stranger must show his passport at every place he stops, and it is the duty of landlords to report to the police officer, every arrival at their houses.

† The piano forte manufactured by Silbermann, of Freyburg, pleased the king so much, that he resolved to buy them all up—and succeeded in collecting fifteen.

anos, and to play unpremeditated compositions. After he had gone on for some time, he asked the king to give him a subject for a fugue, in order to execute it immediately, without any preparation. The king admired the learned manner in which his subject was treated extempore; and probably to see how far such an art could be carried, expressed a wish to hear a fugue with six obligato parts. As every subject is not suitable for such full harmony, Bach chose one himself, and immediately executed it to the astonishment of all present, in the same magnificent and learned manner as he had done that of the king. His majesty desired also to hear his performance on the organ, and the next day Bach was taken to all the organs in Potsdam, as he had before been to Silbermann's piano fortes. After his return to Leipsic, he composed the subject, which he had received from the king, in three and six parts, added several artificial passages in strict canon to it, had it engraved under the title of "Musicalisches Opfer," (musical offering,) and dedicated it to the inventor.

The office which Bach filled, as well as the reputation he enjoyed, caused him to be often requested to examine young candidates for places as organists, and also to give his opinion of new organs. He proceeded in both cases with so much conscientiousness and impartiality, that he seldom added to the number of his friends by it. In his examinations of organs, he was not more fortunate. He could as little prevail upon himself to praise a bad instrument, as a bad organist. He was, therefore, in his trials of organs very severe, but always just. As he was perfectly acquainted with the construction of the instrument, he could not be deceived. The first thing he did was to draw out all the stops, and to play with the full organ. He used to say in jest, that he must first of all know whether the instrument had good lungs; after which he would proceed to examine the single parts. His justice to organ builders went so far, that when he found the work really good, and the sum agreed upon too small, so that the builder would evidently be a loser by his work, he always endeavored to induce those who had contracted for it, to make a suitable addition, which he, in fact, frequently obtained.—*Life of Bach.*

### NEW NOTATION.

The principles of Pestalozzi were founded on a knowledge of human nature, and a thorough acquaintance with the character of children. They are so simple and so consonant with good sense, that no doubt, to a certain degree, they have been carried out by many a judicious teacher, who knew nothing of the Swiss philanthropist. But no one saw so forcibly as he did their importance, and to him we are indebted for a system of education, in which they are presented to the public in a definite form. Many years since, when I first heard of the Pestalozzian system of education, I was particularly struck with a remark, which, simple as it is, was then new to me; that education was like a ladder, and that we ought not to allow a child to proceed a step upwards, till we have ascertained that his footing is firm on the step below.

In order to carry out this idea, that education should be systematically progressive, and that every advance should prepare for the next, it is necessary that the instruction given should be nicely graduated—the object not being to remove difficulties, but that difficulties should come in their right place; and that one should be mastered before another is attempted.—*E. Mayo's Model Lessons.*

The above extract contains truths worthy the attention of every class of teachers. Particularly would we recommend it to the notice of music teachers. There are many at the present day, who are diligently seeking for a system which shall impart knowledge, without

mental exertion on the part of the learner; or in other words, which will enable scholars to learn, without encountering difficulties. Does not common sense teach us that such a system will never be found? The Creator might have so constituted our minds that they could have understood everything intuitively. He did not; and to the end of time, no one of his creatures, nor, indeed, all of them together, will ever be able to alter the manner in which He has chosen, that the mind shall receive knowledge. Show us the man who professes to have found a method, by which any science can be learned, without difficulty, and we will show you a quack. Every day, notices may be seen around our streets, and in our newspapers, informing the public, that somebody can teach them French, drawing, singing, or some other branch, perfectly, in six or eight lessons. Who does not know that such persons profess to do that which is altogether impossible? Did any one ever see a person who has mastered the French language in eight lessons? Can the most intelligent man learn it in ten times that number of lessons? We say, most emphatically, no; and yet we believe it quite as possible to learn to speak any foreign language perfectly in eight evenings, as to learn to sing in that length of time. We do not intend to say that it is in every respect so difficult to learn the one as the other, because singing is natural to the whole human race, and speaking foreign languages, in one sense at least, is not. The two studies, however, bear a very strong resemblance to each other.

We are led to this train of remark by a notice in the Teachers Advocate, of a new system of notation, by which "two-thirds of the difficulties now encountered in learning music would be annihilated." The writer says, "It is a well-known fact, that in our present notation, the same note may represent many different sounds; and different notes may represent the same sound. These and other difficulties of like nature, may, and have been overcome, but it often requires years of diligent application to accomplish the task."

We have examined, and studied, and even thoroughly learned, many new systems of notation, but have always returned to the old, with increased wonder and admiration, at its perfect adaptation for the expression of all the varieties of musical sounds. Every improved method we have ever seen, is as much inferior to it as Fulton's first steamboat was inferior to the Hudson river boats of the present day. The inventors of these new systems have made one grand mistake in estimating the difficulties to be encountered in learning the common notation. They have invariably supposed that the difficulty in learning to sing, consisted altogether in the difficulty of understanding the signification of the written characters. Let us ask that skilful piano forte player, what he found particularly hard in his elementary exercises? Will he tell us it was the notation? No indeed. Out of a hundred thousand skilful performers on instruments of every kind, not one can be found, who would dream of mentioning that as one of the difficulties he had to overcome in attaining execution on his instrument. With singers, it is the control of the vocal organs which is difficult to acquire; with instrumental performers, the control of the fingers. With neither does the right understanding of the notes and other characters ever form an obstacle, at all worthy of being compared with the difficulties of execution. A hundred times have we heard conversations between pupils and teachers, like the following:

Pupil. "I don't understand the meaning of this note."

Teacher. "What sound is it?"

Pupil. "Flat seven."

Teacher. "What kind of a note is it?"

Pupil. "A half note."

Teacher. "How long a sound is indicated by it?"

Pupil. "A sound as long as it takes to make two beats."

Teacher. "Why! what do you mean when you say you don't know what that note means? You understand it as well as I do."

Pupil. "I know what the note means, well enough, but I can't sing the sound."

Teacher. "Ah! that is a very different thing. Understanding the meaning of the written character, is a task for the intellect, but a sufficient control of the vocal organs to be able to sing whatever sound we wish, can be acquired only by long and patient practice."

The idea that it requires years of diligent application, to learn the meaning of whole notes, half notes, sixteenth notes, rests, the staff, and the dynamic marks, is certainly new. Any one above the age of fourteen, who cannot learn them perfectly, thoroughly, with forty-eight hours close application, ought not to lay claim to an extraordinary amount of common sense. If the writer means that it would require years of application on the part of children, four or five years old, to comprehend the principles of written music, we agree with him. That it would require many years of application for such children to understand algebra, is also true; and for that reason, no one would think of putting such a study into their hands. Children who are old enough to comprehend the principles of arithmetic perfectly, will find no difficulty in understanding the rules of music, even in the time above mentioned.

But enough of this digression. We wish distinctly to state our opinion, first, that no system of musical notation we have ever seen, is worthy of being compared with that now in common use. Second, that unless a new method shall so far transcend the old, as to be incomparably superior to it, it will never be adopted, to any extent; and, therefore, who ever learns the new method, must also learn the old, if he wishes to use any other music than that of the inventor of the new system.

Finally, we respectfully say to our brother teachers, "be not carried away with every wind of doctrine. Prove all things. Hold fast that which is good."

### INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN.

Nineteen twentieths of the difficulties to be encountered in acquiring what is usually termed a knowledge of vocal music, are in the management of the voice. An adult can easily understand the relative length of sounds as represented by the notes; the pitch of sounds as represented on the staff; and the power of sounds, as indicated by the dynamic marks; i. e. one whose mind is matured, can easily understand what the characters used in written music mean. A young child cannot comprehend their meaning. It is time thrown away to attempt teaching young children the elementary principles of music; yet a boy, four or five years old, can learn to sing much easier than a man of thirty. The older one is, the more easily can he comprehend the rules of music, but the more difficult is it for him to produce the required sounds, and vice versa. Childhood is the time to commence learning to sing; children cannot begin too young. It is not important, however, that childhood should be the time for studying the elementary principles of music. If a class of children

were to receive regular musical instruction from the ages of four to fifteen, it would not matter if the first word respecting the rules, was not uttered until the twelfth year, and all of the time during the eight preceding years was occupied in singing by rote. It is exercises which the vocal organs require, and this is as fully accomplished in singing by rote, as by rule. Ten or eleven years of age, is soon enough for children to begin the study of the rules; they cannot begin using the voice too early. This truth is not generally understood. There have been instances where teachers have been engaged to instruct classes of young children, and have failed in giving satisfaction, because their pupils did not understand the rules. The children could sing delightfully; in perfect tune, with a good pronunciation, and in good taste; but it would not answer; they did not understand the transposition of the scale, &c. Who does not know that children six or seven years old cannot understand any but the very simplest rules, in the elementary principles, and scarcely those. A child five years old can easily learn a foreign language. There are many of that age, in our country, who speak equally well, English and French, or German; but do they understand the grammatical construction of either language? A teacher of French, who should set a class of the age mentioned, to studying about verbs, tenses, moods, &c., would be thought crazy; yet he can teach such a class to speak the language, and with an ease, and elegance too, that would put to the blush a class of adults. A parent who should find that his child could articulate every French word correctly, would conclude he had been well instructed, even if he could not read and write the language.

What has here been said, relates to young children. That teacher is inexcusable, who professes to give a course of instruction to any class composed of individuals twelve or thirteen years of age, and upwards, and does not require them to learn the rules. It may with almost as much propriety be said, that he who requires young children to pore over subjects altogether above their reach, is equally inexcusable.

To-day and yesterday, the examinations in all the public schools of the 2d municipality took place. Mr. Clay it is said, attended to-day. To-morrow there is to be a public exhibition at Dr. Scott's Church, of the different classes in singing and elocution. The introduction of vocal music into the common schools is something of novel origin and has the precedent of the best Prussian schools.—*New Orleans, Jan. 29.*

**MUSICAL STATISTICS OF ITALY.**—The number of principal towns in Italy is put down at 400, and the total population of the country is said to be about 22,000,000. There are about 3000 professional singers, viz: 200 prima donne; 500 seconde donne; 130 primi tenori; 200 primi bassi; 330 secondi tenori; 400 secondi bassi; and 1240 choristers: also 2,000,000 dilettanti singers—or better, all Italy sings; 30,000 professional musicians and 1,000,000 dilettanti musicians; 2600 comic artists; 1000 dancers and mimics; 200 music composers; 390 dramatic and equestrian companies; 570 musical operas; 300 dancing operas; and 5000 tragedies and comedies. Besides the above, there are thousands and thousands of singers and musicians scattered through other countries of the world, all natives of Italy.—*Bee.*

A work has recently appeared in Germany which is said to have caused no little excitement. It is entitled, "The music teachers of olden time, in strife with the present age."

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MARCH 2, 1846.

The second article in to-day's paper is not on a strictly musical subject, but it seemed to us so appropriate, we could hardly refrain from inserting it. Every teacher of music, and every leader of a choir, ought to devote some part of their time to such reading as will tend to improve the mind, and give it enlarged ideas of the subject in which they are especially interested. Strictly speaking, America has no musical literature; indeed few works on music of a practical character, in the English language, can be found anywhere. A periodical which will in some measure supply this deficiency, and bring forward things new and old, as they may seem to be required, is, we should think, a thing to be desired by every one who feels an interest in the subject. We know of nothing better calculated to advance any cause, than a journal devoted exclusively to it, provided such a journal is well conducted and extensively read. We do not suppose we can (directly, at least,) show our readers how to save money, or how to make money. Notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary, we suppose the number of those who are lovers of music, merely because they can earn money by it, is comparatively small. Throughout the country, most of those interested in it, love it for itself alone. Such are as anxious to make improvement as to make money. To such, a musical paper will be of service, in keeping them informed of improvements and movements going on in other places; placing within their reach, or pointing out means of improvement; suggesting new ideas; exposing faults, humbugs, and the like; showing the progress others have made; preventing the reader from supposing he has "learned out;" in these and a hundred other ways, can such a periodical be useful. We hope to number a large portion of the music-loving community among the subscribers to this paper; and we should like to conduct it in such a manner that they would feel lost without it.

We should like to employ agents in all parts of the country. Those of our readers who are acquainted with responsible men, who would like to obtain subscribers for the Gazette, will confer a favor by requesting them to address us a note.

The Gazette will invariably be mailed on the day it is dated, i. e. on every other Monday. If any do not receive it regularly, they are requested to inform us; that is, if the difficulty is one we can rectify.

In the description of the metronome in the first number, 208 should have been given as the highest number on the ivory scale, instead of 160.

In the list of churches in Boston, which contain organs with three banks of keys, we forgot to mention the Mount Vernon church, (Rev. Mr. Kirk's,) which has one of the largest and best in the city. We can hardly imagine how we happened to omit this church, for it is situated only six feet from the window of our sanctum. The organs specified in the list referred to, cost from thirty-five hundred to ten thousand dollars each.

We have formed the opinion, (whether correct or not, remains to be seen,) that a regular catalogue of the concerts given in Boston, would subserve a useful purpose, and be interesting to a large portion of our readers. We have not room to criticise every concert, even if disposed to do it; but the publication of the programmes gives a fair idea of what is going on in this department in the country, good, bad, and indifferent. The great performers, (virtuosos, stars, or whatever

else they are called) always visit Boston as well as the other large cities, and our local concerts are perhaps as good as those in any other American city. We might easily keep the run of musical performances in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., but deem it unnecessary, as in the long run the programmes would be about the same as those of the Boston concerts. In our list we shall not mention those which are repetitions of previous performances.

We have taken the perhaps unpardonable liberty, to give a short lecture to the corps editorial. We have noticed several of the original and translated articles which we prepared for our first number, copied word for word into other papers, without a word of credit, and looking for all the world as if they were the productions of the editors thereof, instead of being the handiwork of our own humble selves. Whether the gentlemen supposed we stole them, or not, we are unable to say; but we thought we would venture to lecture them a little, especially as their papers seldom contain anything musical enough for us to steal. The articles referred to, were long ones. The following, which we cut from a Boston daily, is a specimen of one of our short items, which has also been on a cruise. We translated it from a German book ever so many years old. If it is the last novelty they've had in Germany, they don't see so many new things as those who live in this favored land.

**A MUSICAL BED.**—The last novelty from Germany, is a musical bed which receives the weary body and immediately "laps it in Elysium." It is an invention of a mechanic in Bohemia, and is so constructed that by means of hidden mechanism, pressure upon the bed causes a soft and gentle air of Auber to be played which continues long enough to lull the most wakeful to sleep. At the head is a clock, the hand of which being placed at the hour the sleeper wishes to rise, when the time arrives, the bed plays a march of Spontoni, with drums and cymbals, and in short, with noise enough to rouse the seven sleepers. The unique bed becomes, therefore the *ne plus ultra*, for the wakeful as well as the sluggish.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

### TO THE EDITORIAL FRATERNITY.

**GENTLEMEN**—Having been one of your number for only two weeks, it is with great diffidence that we rise to address your honorable body. Although we have been a newspaper editor for only two weeks, we've been a newspaper reader ten times that number of years. We have often perused those newspaper articles which extol your virtues, trials, sufferings, and afflictions, and long since came to the conclusion that if your own words are to be believed, you are the salt of the earth, *par excellence*. It is with no little sorrow, gentlemen, that we are obliged to confess, that since we have become one of your number, and have peeped behind the curtain, we find you are not a bit better than other men; aye, with grief we say it, you are no better than you ought to be. In several of your papers we have seen the long articles which appeared in our first number, copied, word for word, without a syllable of credit, or the slightest notice of the new beginner, who is endeavoring to attract the attention of a small portion of the newspaper reading world. Now, gentlemen, however it is considered in your code of honor, in other professions, such things would not pass for kindness. The articles we refer to were original, spun out of our own poor brain, or what's harder still, translated from that jaw-breaking language, the German. Most of our long pieces will be of this character, for you will readily perceive, we shall have but little opportunity to "scissorize." Now, gentlemen, we acknowledge we feel no little pride in the fact, that any



of you think our articles are worth copying; but, you ought to give us credit for them. You will notice that our paper is copyrighted, and if you don't give us some kind of credit, when you take our stores in future, we don't know but we shall be after you.

## HARMONY, NO. II.

What is the interval from G to E? D to A? B to E? F to G? A to C? C to G? E to D? D to F? B to G? E to A? G to F? C to G? A to B? D to D? A to F? E to B? A to D? E to F? B to D? E to E? C to B? E to G? C to A? D to G? F to E? B to F? G to A? F to F? F to D? A to E? G to C? C to D? F to A? G to G? A to G? C to E? F to C? E to A? D to E? G to B? A to A? C to F? G to D? B to A? E to C? B to B?

In Harmony No. 1, it was said, that a knowledge of the intervals is of the same importance to the student of harmony, that a knowledge of the alphabet is to the reader. Before proceeding farther, the student should be able to answer the foregoing questions as fluently as he can say his A B C's.

CHORDS are formed by playing or singing three or more sounds together.

The lowest sound of a chord is called its CHIEF NOTE.

A chord composed of three sounds which stand in the relation of *chief note*, *third*, and *fifth*, is called a TRIAD.

Any letter may be taken as the *chief note* of a triad.

If C is the *chief note* of a triad, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? If D is the *chief note* of a triad, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? If E is the *chief note* of a triad, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? If F is the *chief note* of a triad, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? If G is the *chief note* of a triad, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? If A is the *chief note* of a triad, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? If B is the *chief note* of a triad, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*?

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Martinelli, in order to show us how great an impression can be made by music, upon certain temperaments, gives the following example. As Stradella, a celebrated violin player from Naples, was performing in Venice, he made so powerful an impression on the heart of a maiden, the daughter of a nobleman, that she fled with him to Rome. Her father, highly incensed at the elopement, demanded of a young man, who was a candidate for her hand, that he should wash out the common insult in blood. The lover arrived in Rome, inquired as to the whereabouts of his rival, and heard that he would play on a certain day, in the — church. He went to the church, heard Stradella, and from thenceforth thought of nothing but delivering him from the threatened danger; and shortly afterwards wrote to the nobleman, that the fugitives had left the city before his arrival.

## BACH'S ORGAN PLAYING.

The piano and organ are nearly related, but the style and mode of managing the two instruments are as different as their respective destination. What sounds well, or expresses something, on the piano, expresses nothing on the organ, and vice versa. The best piano-forte player, if he is not duly acquainted with the difference in the destination and object of the two instruments, and does not know how to keep it constantly in view, will always be a bad performer on the organ.

In the compositions of Bach for the piano, the melody and harmony are of an entirely different kind from those employed in his organ composition. To play properly on the organ, the chief point is the nature of the ideas which the organist employs. This is to be determined by the nature of the instrument, the

place in which it stands, and, lastly, by the object proposed. The full tone of the organ is in its nature not adapted to rapid passages; it requires time to die away in the large free space of a church. If not allowed this time, the tones become confounded and unintelligible. The passages suited to the organ and to the place must, therefore, be solemnly slow. An exception to this rule is to be made, perhaps, in the use of single registers. The destination of the organ to support church singing, and to prepare and maintain devout feelings, by preludes and voluntaries, requires, further, that the composition and connection of tones be effected in a different manner from what is practiced out of church. The common and trite can never excite sublime feelings; they must, therefore, in every respect, be banished from the organ. Who was ever more strict on this point than Bach? Even in his secular compositions, he disdained everything common; but in his compositions for the organ, he kept himself far more distant from it.

Bach always played the organ in divided harmony, and employed, besides, the obligato pedal, of the true use of which few organists have any knowledge. He produced, with the pedal, not only the lower notes, or those for which organists usually use the little finger of the left hand, but he played a real base melody with his feet, which was often of such a nature, that many a performer would hardly have been able to produce it with his five fingers. To this was added the peculiar manner in which he combined the different stops of the organ, with each other, or, his mode of using them. This was so uncommon, that many organ builders and organists were frightened, when they saw him use them. They believed that such a combination of stops could never sound well, but were much surprised when they afterwards perceived that the organ sounded best so, and had something peculiar and uncommon, which never could be produced by their mode.

Bach's peculiar manner of using the stops, was in consequence of his minute knowledge of the construction of the organ, and of all the single stops. He had early accustomed himself to give to each of them a melody suited to its qualities, and this led him to new combinations of them, which otherwise would never have occurred to him. The union and application of the above-mentioned methods to the usual forms of organ pieces, produced John Sebastian Bach's great, and solemnly sublime execution on the organ, peculiarly adapted to the church, which filled the hearer with holy awe and admiration. His profound knowledge of harmony—his endeavor to give all his thoughts an uncommon turn, and not to let them have the smallest resemblance to the musical ideas usual out of the church—his entire command over his instrument, both with the hand and foot, which corresponded with the richest, the most copious, and uninterrupted flow of fancy—his infallible and rapid judgment, by which he knew how to choose from among the overflow of ideas which constantly poured in upon him, those only which were adapted to the present object—in a word, his great genius, which comprehended everything, and united everything requisite to the perfection of one of the most inexhaustible arts, brought the art of organ playing to a degree of perfection which it never attained before his time, and has never attained since.

When Bach seated himself at the organ where there was no divine service, which he was often re-

quested to do by strangers, he used to choose some subject, and to execute it, in all the various forms of organ composition, so that the subject constantly remained the groundwork of his performance, even if he had played, without intermission, for two hours or more. First he used his theme as a prelude and a fugue, with all the stops. Then he showed his art of using the stops for a trio, a quartette, &c., always upon the same subject. Afterwards followed psalm tunes, (choral,) the melody of which was intermingled in the most diversified manner, with the original subject, in three or four parts. Finally, the conclusion was made by a fugue, with all the stops, in which either another treatment only of the first subject predominated, or one, or according to its nature, two others, were mixed with it.

This is the art which old Reinken of Hamburg considered as being already lost in his time, but which, as he afterwards found, not only lived in John Sebastian Bach, but had attained, through him, the highest degree of perfection.

In Germany, and indeed in Europe generally, when an organist's place is vacant, candidates are advertised for, who are required, on a certain day, to give an exhibition of their skill, before a committee, usually composed of experienced organists. The best performer of course obtains the situation.

When a new organ is built for a church, a committee of organists are deputed to examine it, and the contract is not binding unless the examination is satisfactory. In most of the German states the churches belong to the government, by whom all church expenses are paid. Rink and other distinguished organists are often deputed by government to examine new organs, for which service they are liberally paid.

The apartments of Frederick the Great, in the royal palace in Potsdam, remain nearly as they were when he was alive. Visitors are here shown his writing table blotted all over with ink; his ink stand; music stand; piano, with music composed by himself in his own hand writing; green eye shade; book case filled with French works; and the chairs and sofa which he used, their silken covers nearly torn off, probably by the claws of his dogs. The truck bed on which he slept, despising any more comfortable couch, has recently been removed, because it was worn out, and almost pulled to pieces by relic hunters.

Potsdam is a town containing about thirty thousand inhabitants, a few miles distant from Berlin. It is the favorite residence of the king of Prussia, and has within its limits no less than four royal palaces.

KNOWING A FIDDLE.—A celebrated violinist, and the leader at one of the theatres, strolling through Chatham street a few days since, espied in the window of a second hand shop, a black-looking fiddle, which by some peculiar characteristic he judged to be no common instrument. On asking the price he was told \$20, which he immediately paid and secured the prize. The next day a dealer in instruments offered him \$150 for it, and it is said to be worth at least \$300. It is by the most celebrated maker, and is unequalled in tone by any in the country.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

A gentleman who resides about fifty miles from Boston, informs us that he did not receive his last paper until Thursday. Every paper was mailed in Boston on Monday morning. Those who did not receive them by regular course of mail must charge it to the snow storms, or to the carelessness of postmasters.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**A HISTORY OF MUSIC IN NEW ENGLAND: with Biographical Sketches of Reformers and Psalmists.** By GEORGE HOOD. 250 pages. Boston, Wilkins, Carter & Co.

This work, although historical in its character, is full of useful and instructive matter, and is well worth the attention of all interested in church music. It gives a minute account of the state of church music from the time of the landing of the pilgrims. Extracts from a tract by Rev. John Cotton, pastor of the first church in Boston, entitled, "Singing of psalms a gospel ordinance," published 1647; "Essay on the reasonableness of regular singing," by Rev. Thomas Symmes, of Bradford, Mass., published 1720; "Essay upon singing the songs of the Lord," by Rev. Mr. Chauncy, of Durham, Ct., published 1727; form a part of the contents; as also a description of the "first singing school," the "first organ," the "first music printing," &c. The following books are described as having been in general use at the specified dates. Answorth's Version of the Psalms, 1620; The Bay Psalm Book, 1640; The Bay Psalm Book improved, 1650; Sternhold and Hopkins version, 1693; Rev. John Tufts' Singing Book, 1712; Psalterium Americanum, 1718; &c., &c.

The list contains the titles of all the collections of music published in this country previous to 1800.

The following paragraph concludes the author's preface.

"Believing that he has done what he could for the advancement of music, and for the encouragement of the church, the author presents this work to the musical world, as a veritable history of their art, and to the christian community, as a work that bears upon its pages no small share of the history of the church. It will illustrate the fact, that there has been no great revival of religion, without a corresponding interest in the improvement of music; and no great improvement in music without an increase of religion. If, in this work, he has awakened inquiry, by giving interesting facts to the musical world, or words of encouragement to the church, he will esteem it his greatest possible success, and his very ample reward.

**THE YOUNG LADIES CHOIR: a collection of sacred music, arranged in one, two, and three parts, for ladies' voices, with an accompaniment for the piano forte. Designed for the use of the seminary and social circle.** 128 pages. By GEORGE F. ROOT. New York, Leavitt, Trow & Co. Boston, George P. Reed.

"The author of this work has been for some time past urged to prepare a book of music suitable for the opening and closing exercises of young ladies' schools—and knowing that in most of the seminaries and institutions throughout the country, singing is introduced in devotional exercises if not as a study, and feeling the need of such a work in the institutions and schools in which he teaches, he has been induced to prepare this, which he hopes will not be considered an unimportant addition to the many valuable collections already prepared for the school and parlor."

**THE JUVENILE SONGSTER, consisting of thirty-five cheerful and moral songs, set to appropriate music, and designed for children, schools, and private families.** By LOWELL MASON. London, J. Alfred Novello, music seller (by special appointment) to Her Majesty.

A London work with this title has been laid upon our table. Whether for sale on this side of the Atlantic or

not, we are unable to say. It contains a selection from Mr. Lowell Mason's juvenile works, and is by the publisher, dedicated "To all the children in the kingdom."

It is a source of pride to the literary world, when a work by any American author, is republished in England; why should it not be to the musical world, when an American musical work is reprinted abroad?

We may be mistaken, but our impression is that this is the first instance of the kind on record. We notice that the publisher has been careful not to hint that the author dwells in Yankee land, and also that his name is not spelt as we are accustomed to see it. We do not recollect ever to have seen the reprint of an American work published in England, which contained the slightest intimation that the writer was not an Englishman. John Bull does not seem to relish the idea, that any one can write in his language, and yet not be one of H. M.'s subjects; or at least he does not like to have such a fact stare him in the face.

**THE MESSIAH: an oratorio composed in the year 1741, by GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.** In this edition the vocal parts are given complete, and the most important of the instrumental parts, (including those added by Mozart,) contained in an accompaniment, newly arranged for the piano forte, or organ, by John Bishop of Cheltenham. From the latest London edition. Boston, O. C. B. Carter, Oliver Ditson, Wilkins, Carter & Co., George P. Reed, &c., 1846.

This is decidedly the best edition of this oratorio we have ever seen. Both the words and music are printed in a bold, clear, and legible type, upon paper of good quality, so that singers and players will have no difficulty in reading either. Another important item, is, that the price is so low as to place it within the reach of all.

## THE MUSICAL KINGDOM.

MOZART.—King.

HANDEL.—Archbishop.

GLUCK.—Prime Minister.

MEHUL.—Minister's First Secretary.

HAYDEN.—Lord Chancellor, and Privy Councillor of the King.

BEETHOVEN.—Commander-in-chief.

CHERUBINI.—Superintendent of schools, academies, and colleges.

SEBASTIAN BACH.—Lord Chief-justice.

SPONTINI.—General of Artillery.

SPOHR.—Director of the royal chamber music.

M. VON WEBER.—Superintendent of the German opera.

ROSSINI.—Court sugar baker, (Confectioner.)

German Paper.

"When one listens attentively to the performance of a piece of music," says Albert Schiffner, "the pulse, if not already in union, will regulate itself to the time of the music, beating, in slow movements, perhaps, with the first and third beats of every measure, in other movements with the first of every measure, and in very rapid time with every second or third measure." He noticed this often, in his visits to the catholic church in Dresden, where he also found, that A flat had the most powerful effect upon the listeners; next, E and C. This fact is both important and interesting, and any reader may easily make the experiment.—*Euterpe*.

**NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE BELLS.**—The new set of bells have been at length permanently fixed in the tower of the New Royal Exchange. The entire

weight of them is about 257 cwt., and the notes are as follows:—B flat, A flat, G, F, E, E flat, D, D flat, C, B flat, A, A flat, G, F, and E flat; The key note C, being the largest, which weighs about 54 cwt., will be the hour bell. The tunes have been heard by several eminent musical gentlemen, by whom they are said to be highly approved. Some weeks will elapse before the tunes which are to be played upon them will be arranged. There are to be four tunes, (played by machinery, somewhat on the principle of a music box,) two of which are now determined upon, viz:—"God save the King," and "Rule Britannia." The quarter hour is also to be struck by them.—*London News*.

## CONCERTS IN BOSTON.

February 7.

## BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC. SIXTH CONCERT.

Overture to *Le Serment*, Auber. Second movement of Symphony No. 2, Beethoven. Overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, Rossini. Duet, Oboe and Clarinet. Overture to *Le Jeune Henri*, Mehul.

PART II.—Symphony No. 7, Beethoven.

February 11.

Concert of vocal music, by the ROGERS FAMILY.

February 14.

## PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. SEVENTH CONCERT.

Overture to *Zanetta*, Auber. Trio, arranged from "She wore a wreath of roses," sung by Mrs. Seguin, Mr. Frazer, and Mr. Seguin. Cavatina from the Opera *Torquato Tasso*, Donizetti; sung by Mrs. Seguin. Serenata—"Proudly and wide," descriptive of the life of a Brigand, Auber; sung by Mr. Frazer. My Boyhood's Home, Cooke; sung by Mr. Seguin. Overture, *Der Freischütz*, Weber.

PART II.—Overture, *Faust*, Spohr. Duet, "Though you leave me now in sorrow," sung by Mrs. Seguin and Mr. Frazer.

Ballad, "Come dwell with me," A. Lee; sung by Mrs. Seguin.

Ballad, "Then you'll remember me," Balfe; sung by Mr. Frazer.

Duet, "Dunque io Son," Rossini; sung by Mr. and Mrs. Seguin.

Grand Waltz, *Natalion*, Labitzky; performed by the orchestra.

February 21.

## BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC. SEVENTH CONCERT.

Overture to the *Crown Diamonds*, Auber. Duet, Flute and Clarinet, Clinton. Solo on the Violin, Maysecker; performed by Mr. Keyser. Overture, *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.

Both the ACADEMY OF MUSIC and the PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY are giving a series of eight concerts; the former in the Odéon, and the last named, in the Tremont Temple. Tickets for the series, each admitting a gentleman and two ladies, are sold at the commencement of the course, for five dollars. At each of the concerts mentioned above, the houses were crowded, as, indeed, we believe they have been through the winter. By comparing the dates, it will be seen that each society gives a concert on alternate Saturday evenings. The Academy of Music have given a similar series, for the last five or six years; we have forgotten whether the Philharmonic commenced last year, or the year before. The Academy's performances are wholly instrumental, and at each concert, a symphony by a classical author, is performed. The Philharmonic's selections are generally made from what is usually considered more popular music.

THE ROGERS FAMILY are to sing at the Melodeon to-morrow evening. We have never heard this brother and his three sisters sing; but all who have, unite in pronouncing them remarkably sweet singers. They are of the Hutchinsonian school, and are represented as entirely free from mannerism and affectation; and as possessed of remarkably sweet and concordant voices.—*Traveller*, Feb. 10.

## Joy is Sounding.

GERMAN POPULAR AIR,—ARRANGED BY A. N. JOHNSON. WORDS BY J. JOHNSON, JR.

1. Joy is sounding, light - ly bounding, Thro' the free air far and near, Now in fra-grant mead-ows

2. Humming, bu - sy, hon - ey - la-den, Roams the bee from flow'r to flow'r, Where bright pe-tals ope in -

3. Come a - way, then, come a - way, then, Thro' the fragrant fields we'll go, Where the lin-den and the

wand'ring, View we na-ture ev - er fair, Mild and clear the fair blue heav-en, Spreads a-bove the

vi - ting, Sweet-er from the summer show'r; Yes! 'tis fair, this earth and smi-ling, Fresh as from its

as - pen, Rus - tle as the breezes flow; On the riv - er bank re - cli - ning, Watch we where in

paint-ed field, Gent-ly rip - ple lim - pid wa - ters, Once with blast of win - ter chill'd.

Mak-er's hand; Fa - vored man to whom 'tis giv - en, Let your grate-ful songs as - cend.

sun - ny gleam, Vine and flow - er sweetly twi-ning, Wave be - side the flow - ing stream.



## ARNE. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Th' Almighty reigns, ex-alt-ed high O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky; Tho' clouds and darkness veils his feet, His dwelling is the mercy seat.

2. Immortal light, and joys unknown, Are for the saints in darkness sown: Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise, And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

3. Re-joice, ye righteous, and record The sacred honors of the Lord; None but the soul that feels his grace Can triumph in his ho-li-ness.

## ALLEGRI. C. M.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am for-ev-er thine: I fear be-fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.

2. And while I rest my wea-ry head, From care and business-free, 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed With my own heart and thee.

3. I pay this evening sac-rifice; And when my work is done, Great God, my faith, my hope relies Up-on thy grace a-lone.

4. Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace, I'll give mine eyes to sleep; Thy hand in safe-ty keeps my days, And will my slumbers keep.

## ANFOSSI.

SUBJECT, FROM RINCK.

ARRANGED BY A. N. JOHNSON.

1. At-mig-hy Spirit, now behold A world by sin destroyed: Cre-a-ting Spirit, as of old, Move on the formless void, Move on the formless void.

2. Give thou the word, that healing sound Shall quell the deadly strife, And earth again like Eden crown'd, Bring forth the tree of life, Bring forth the tree of life.

3. If sang the morning stars for joy, When nature rose to view, What strains will angel-harps employ, When thou shalt all renew, When thou shalt all renew.

4. And if the sons of God rejoice To hear a Saviour's name, How will the ransom'd raise their voice, To whom the Saviour came, To whom the Saviour came.

5. Lo, every kindred, every tribe, Assembling round the throne, The new cre-a-tion shall ascribe To sovereign love alone, To sovereign love alone.

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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## HANDEL.

George Frederick Handel was born at Halle,\* in Prussia, province of Saxony, on the 24th of February, 1684. His father was an eminent physician of the place, and upwards of sixty years of age when Handel was born. Although he never possessed a good voice, Handel could sing as soon as he could speak, and evinced such a predilection for music, that the father carefully kept all musical instruments out of his reach, with the hopes of weaning his mind from what he deemed a degrading attachment; but the child contrived to obtain possession of a clavichord, which he secreted in the garret, and at night when he was supposed to be asleep, the young enthusiast was awake; and the imagination may fondly view him striking the strings of that lyre which was to charm all Europe with its energy. It is the property of genius to possess that inflexible spirit, and unalterable adherence to a resolution once formed, which defies opposition and surmounts every impediment. This disposition was the characteristic of Handel, and his inflexible spirit of perseverance is marked by a trivial occurrence which took place in his seventh year. His father purposing to visit one of his sons, who was valet de chambre to the duke of Weisenfels, Handel earnestly entreated that he might be allowed to accompany him; but his request was peremptorily rejected. The father set off in a chaise, and when he had traveled a few miles, he was surprised at the sight of his son, who, with a strength greatly surpassing his years, had set out on foot and overtaken the carriage, the progress of which was retarded by the badness of the roads. After a sharp reproof, the little suppliant was, with some reluctance, permitted to take his seat in the carriage, and gratify his desire of visiting his brother.

At the duke's court, Handel was not so closely watched by his father as at home; and in such a situation it was not easy to prevent him from getting access to the harpsichords which stood in various apartments in the palace.

The father often mentioned to his friends this uncontrollable humor of his son, which, he told them, he had taken great pains to subdue, but hitherto without success. They replied, that where nature seemed to declare herself in so strong a manner, resistance was often not only fruitless, but pernicious. Some said that from all appearance, nothing but cutting off his fingers

would prevent his playing; while others affirmed that it was a pity anything *should* prevent it. It is not likely, however, that the remonstrances of the doctor's friends would have had any great effect, but for the following incident, which gave their advice all the weight and authority it seems to have deserved. Handel industriously improved his opportunities of indulging his natural propensity, which his stay at the duke's court offered; and he contrived, occasionally, to play upon the organ in the chapel connected with the palace. One morning, the duke, hearing the organ touched in an unusual manner, asked his valet de chambre who was the performer. The valet replied that it was his brother, and, mentioning at the same time his wonderful talents and predilection for music, and his father's repugnance, the duke sent for them both. After other inquiries, the duke was so much pleased with the spirit and talents of the boy, that he pleaded the cause of nature; he represented it as a crime against the public and posterity, to rob the world of such a genius; and finally persuaded the father to sacrifice his scruples, and permit his son to be instructed in the profession for which he had evinced so strong an inclination. A more interesting scene can hardly be conceived, than Handel listening to the arguments of his powerful advocate, and marking his final triumph over the reluctant prejudices of his parent.

At his return to Halle, his father placed him under the tuition of Zackau, organist to the cathedral, who carefully instilled into his scholar a thorough knowledge of the principles of harmony, and, by explaining to him the different styles of Italian and German composition, he laid the foundation of that fame which was to claim so distinguished a place in the annals of music. Handel made so rapid progress, that before he had completed his seventh year, he was able to officiate at the organ of his master, and at the age of nine, he began to compose. At this early period of life, he is said to have composed every week, for three successive years, a cantata, or church service, with instrumental accompaniments.

Having exhausted his source of improvement at Halle, Handel went to Berlin, where the opera, under the patronage of Frederick the First, was in a flourishing state, and boasted the aid of some of the most distinguished musicians of Italy, the most conspicuous among whom were Buononcini and Attilio. The fame of Handel had preceded him, but these two musicians considered him a mere child, whose abilities had been greatly exaggerated. Buononcini, in order to try his skill, composed a cantata in chromatic style, in which he comprised difficulties sufficient to puzzle an experienced master. Handel treated this formidable composition as a mere trifle; he executed it at sight, with a degree of accuracy, truth, and expression, hardly to be expected from repeated practice and from an aged performer. This display of congenial powers, however, did not impress Buononcini with one sentiment of kindness, but he behaved to Handel in a manner which seemed to imply that the foundation of the animosity which afterwards existed between them, was laid at this moment.

Proud to patronize so promising a genius, Frederick frequently invited Handel to court, made him consider-

able presents, and, finally, proposed to send him to Italy at his own expense. This proposal, Handel's father, foreseeing the restraint it would impose upon his son, declined; and soon after, Handel left Berlin, unwilling to expose himself to further solicitation from one whom it was not altogether prudent obstinately to refuse.

The father dying soon after, a diminution of his mother's income induced Handel to repair to Hamburg, where he engaged first as a second violin player, and soon after, (the leader having absconded on account of debt,) as director, composer, and first harpsichord player. He besides took several scholars, and was able to return his mother's first remittance, with the addition of something from his savings.

During his residence in Hamburg, he composed his first opera, (1704,) and his second, third and fourth, in the three succeeding years; all of which were eminently successful.

At this period the prince of Tuscany came to Hamburg, and engaged Handel's attention by introducing to his notice a considerable variety of Italian music; dwelling with patriotic enthusiasm on the pre-eminence of his countrymen. He earnestly invited Handel to accompany him to Florence, offering to defray all his expenses; but from a noble spirit of independence which was never known to forsake him, even in the most distressful seasons of his life, he politely declined the offer. Although he had long been desirous of going to Italy, he preferred to wait until he could do so at his own expense. Having acquired a sufficient sum, he left Hamburg, in 1708, and repaired to Florence, where his reception was such as might be expected, from the station of the exalted personage who introduced him. At Florence he composed an opera, for which the grand duke presented him a hundred sequins, and a service of plate. From Florence he went to Venice, where he arrived *incognito* at the carnival, but was discovered by Scarlatti, who, listening to him as he was playing upon the harpsichord, masked, exclaimed, that the performer must be either the famous German, or the devil. In Venice, (1709,) he composed the opera *Agrippina*, which he effected in three weeks, to the astonishment of all Venice. From Venice he went to Rome, where he composed several pieces in so masterly a style as to astonish and even confound the oldest proficient. Here he also had trials of skill with eminent musicians, particularly with Scarlatti, who had the honor, in some measure, to divide the laurel with him; for although Handel was allowed a decided superiority on the organ, yet, on the harpsichord, the contest remained doubtful.

From Rome, Handel proceeded to Naples, where, at the request of a Spanish princess there resident, he composed an opera. He then made a second visit to Rome, Venice, and Florence, after which he returned to Germany. In 1710, he visited Hanover, where the elector, struck with his merit, proposed to retain him in his service, with a salary of fifteen hundred crowns per annum. This offer Handel accepted, but on condition that he should be permitted to visit England, whither he had been invited by many persons of high rank, whom he had seen in Italy.

In England, (1710,) his reception was as flattering to himself as honorable to the nation. To the wit, poetry, literature, and science, which marked that period, Han-

\*Halle, on the line of the Berlin and Leipzig railroad, about twenty miles from Leipzig; famous for its university.

del added all the blandishments of a nervous and learned music, which he first introduced, planted, and lived to see grow to a very flourishing state. The impatience of the public was so great, that Handel was immediately employed in setting to music the opera of *Rinaldo*, which, to the astonishment of all, he completed in the short space of a fortnight. This opera was received with the greatest applause, not only on its first appearance, but on three subsequent revivals. The publisher is reputed to have gained fifteen hundred pounds by the sale of the score.

Having stayed in England a twelve month, Handel took leave of Queen Anne, who accompanied several valuable presents with expressions of regret for his departure, and wishes for his speedy return; which he promised should take place as soon as he could obtain permission from the elector.

On his arrival at Hanover, he composed twelve chamber duets, with a few other pieces of minor importance; and soon obtained permission to return to England, on the positive assurance that he would not long absent himself from the electoral dominions. His return to London was hailed by the musical world as a national acquisition, and every measure was adopted to render his abode pleasant and permanent. At the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht, he was called upon to compose the *Grand Jubilate*, and *Te Deum*, and in that composition acquitted himself with all that wonderful effect of sublimity and judgment, for which he was so remarkable. He also composed for the opera house two operas, both of which were well received. The queen was so captivated with his performances, that she settled upon him an annual pension of two hundred pounds, and the nobility vied with each other in proving their esteem for so distinguished a musician. Thus rewarded, courted, and patronized, Handel concluded to "repudiate" his promise, to the comparatively unimportant German prince, and make the British metropolis his future home. In 1714 Queen Anne died, and the elector of Hanover succeeded to the British throne, under title of George the First. Poor Handel was now in what Americans would call a "fix." He did not venture to present himself at court. From his unpleasant situation he was happily relieved by the kindness of Baron Kilmanseg, master of the horse to George I. as elector of Hanover. Apprised that his majesty had projected a party on the Thames, he informed Handel of the king's intention, who immediately produced that celebrated composition, known by the title of the "Water Music." Having procured a barge, Handel followed the barge, and watching his opportunity, unexpectedly charmed the royal party by melodies of singular effect and sweetness. By the aid of this manoeuvre, and the address and solicitation of the baron, Handel was restored to favor, and his pension was increased to four hundred pounds.

The summer of 1714 Handel spent at Barn Elms, in Surrey, with Mr. Andrews, and the following winter at that gentleman's house in town. In 1715 he was invited to the mansion of the earl of Burlington, with whom he remained three years, during which time he became acquainted with Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot. From the earl of Burlington's he went to Cannons, the seat of the duke of Chandos, where he remained two years as composer for the chapel; producing numerous anthems and other sacred pieces.

During the last year of his residence at Cannons, (1720,) the principal nobility and gentry resolved to establish an academy of music, and accordingly raised by subscription the sum of £50,000. Application was

made to Handel to assume the management. He consented, and having set off for Dresden to procure singers, on his return with Senesino and several other performers, he prepared to open the opera house in a style of superior splendor. He first produced for the academy, the opera of *Radamisto*, the great success of which evinced his talents as a composer, and a happy power of adapting airs to the abilities of the respective singers. This opera proved as great a favorite at London, as *Agrippina* had proved at Venice; and disappointed crowds went every night from the house, unable to obtain seats. The great success of Handel did not exempt him from the rivalry of Buononcini and Attilio, who had been invited to England by the former managers of the opera. They were composers of acknowledged merit, and their admirers refused to concede the precedence to Handel. A violent dispute arose between the parties, which was finally brought to a crisis in the following manner. It was agreed by the friends of the three rivals, that an opera of three acts should be composed by them, each composing an act. Buononcini set the first act, Attilio the second, and Handel the third. The preference was given to Handel, who was appointed composer to the academy, which was finally established, and the opera prosperously conducted during eight years.

During this period, he composed fifteen operas, all of which possessed extraordinary merit, and were highly successful; but the remains of the old prejudices in favor of his rivals, added to Handel's irascible temper, which was not calculated to procure him friends, and which was almost sure of turning to enmity every eminent vocal or instrumental performer who came under his control, engendered so much opposition, that at the close of 1728, the academy was dissolved, the singers dispersed, and for a year there was no Italian opera in London. In this interval, Handel, in conjunction with Heidegger, determined to establish operas on their own account, and the former accordingly went to Italy in search of performers. He returned (1729) with a respectable company, and opened the house on the 29th of December. The following year, Senesini sang for him in various operas, and continued to perform till Handel's dissensions with him and Curroni became so violent that they could no longer remain united. An opposition was immediately excited, which gave birth to a rival opera, to which several of the singers and instrumental performers whom Handel had engaged, deserted. Handel, however, was not to be intimidated. He fought manfully, changing alternately to the Haymarket, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Covent Garden Theatre, varying his performers, and even his style of music! Yet such was the inveteracy of the opposing party, that although his operas were most admirable compositions, and those of his adversaries far inferior in merit, the tide of fashion set decidedly against him.

This state of things lasted eleven years, during which Handel displayed great superiority and force of mind. He did not condescend to conciliate favor by degrading concession, or to reduce the expense by engaging inferior performers. So long a contest, however, was alike injurious to body and mind. In the course of the struggle, Handel evinced occasional symptoms of mental derangement, and finally lost the use of his right arm by a stroke of the palsy. Suffering under this affliction, he went to Aix-la-Chapelle, to enjoy the benefit of the mineral waters of that place. It is astonishing, that in all his troubles, his promptitude of invention, and brilliancy of ideas never forsook him.

At length, in 1741, Handel determined to abandon

opera compositions altogether. He had produced thirty-nine operas for the English stage; all excellent, and possessing that infinite variety which his musical talents were capable of producing. His last opera was *Deidamia*; which, though abounding in beauties, was received with indifference, and performed but three nights.

At this period he determined to try the event of a journey to Ireland. He was received in Dublin with strong marks of approbation, and his *Messiah*, which was coldly received in London, was applauded with all the enthusiasm due to claims of such uncommon excellence. He remained in Ireland nine months, and acquired every advantage which health, fame, and profit could bestow.

From this time Handel must be considered as the composer of oratorios. His first was *Esther*, which was composed while he resided at Cannons, but was not given to the public until eleven years after, when it was performed at the Haymarket Theatre, the chorus singers being placed between the stage and the orchestra. This novel species of entertainment was so greatly approved, that the representation was repeated at the Crown and Anchor. Its success inspired Handel with new hopes. *Esther* was again performed at the Haymarket, in 1733, and ran ten nights. He next produced *Deborah*, and in the same year *Athalia*. The succeeding year he set to music Alexander's Feast, *Israel in Egypt*, *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, *Saul*, and the *Messiah*. These oratorios were all performed in the theatre. After his return from Ireland, he continued every year the same style of composition, and with the greatest success. In this department he retained a firm hold of the public favor and patronage to the end of his life; and his merit and perseverance were amply rewarded, for he was not only enabled to clear himself from all incumbrances, but to realize a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. His pension was increased by George I. to £600 per annum.

In 1751 he was afflicted with a gutta serena, which in the end deprived him of sight. When Handel became blind, although he no longer presided over the oratorios, he still introduced concertos on the organ. His extraordinary faculties continued to the end of his life, his last public performance taking place only a week before his death, which great event happened, as he had often expressed his earnest wish, on Good Friday, April 14th, 1759. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. His funeral sermon was preached by the bishop of Rochester. At his own expense a marble monument was erected to his memory, by the sculpture of Roubilliac.

Handel was seventy-three years old when he died. He was large in person, and his natural corpulency, which increased as he advanced in years, rendered his whole appearance of that bulky proportion which gave rise to the inelegant but forcible expression, that his hands were feet, and his fingers toes. From the great weight of his body, his gait was awkward, but his countenance was open, manly, and animated, expressive of all that grandeur and benevolence which were the prominent features of his character. In temper he was irascible, and impatient of contradiction, but not vindictive; jealous of his musical pre-eminence, and tenacious in all points which regarded his professional honor. His chief foible was a culpable indulgence in the sensual gratifications of the table. His understanding was excellent, and his knowledge extensive. Besides the German, his native tongue, he was intimate with the English, French, Italian, and Latin languages. He had acquired a taste for painting, which he improved while in Italy, and felt great pleasure in contemplating the

works of art which there abound. Handel never married, although he was twice on the point of forming a matrimonial alliance. In the first instance, his pride was stung by the declaration of the lady's mother, who declared she never would consent to the marriage of her daughter with a fiddler. Indignant at the expression, he declined all farther intercourse. After the death of the mother, the father renewed the acquaintance, and informed him that all obstacles were removed. He replied, that the time was now past. The young lady is said to have fallen a victim to her attachment. In the second instance, the lady was splendidly related, and he might have obtained her hand, by renouncing his profession. That condition he resolutely refused, and laudably declined the connection which was to prove a restriction in the great faculties of his mind.

### PORPORA.

M. Choron, so long known and so distinguished as the founder and director of the Conservatoire of Classical Music in Paris, as well as by several able works on various branches of musical science, has recently published, for the use of his scholars, a series of lessons or exercises for one or more voices, which he says are sufficient to lead the student to the attainment of the highest excellence in the art of singing, and which yet are comprised within the limits of two sheets, and sold for two francs. In a short preface, M. Choron explains his own views upon the subject of vocal instruction; and though we are by no means prepared to go the whole length of some of his propositions, yet, as whatever comes from the pen of so celebrated a man cannot but be interesting to the musical reader, we give a translation.—*London Harmonicon*, for 1832.

One of those illustrious professors who formed the glory of the old Italian school, one of those great artists, in whom the most profound learning and consummate experience were united with the purest taste and most exalted genius; one of those masters, in short, who are scarce at all times, but whose race seems now to be extinct, was requested by a young scholar to teach him the art of singing. The master, who knew the young applicant beforehand, and had already remarked in him a rare combination of natural gifts, inclined to grant his request; but, as a condition of his final consent, demanded that his new scholar should place entire confidence in him, and engage to pursue to the end, and without the slightest deviation, the course of study he should point out, however irksome he might sometimes find it, or however tedious it might occasionally appear. The scholar gave his word, and the master thereupon consented to direct his studies. He took a sheet of blank music paper and wrote upon it a few elementary exercises, followed by some others nearly as simple as the first; on the last lines of the sheet he added some ornaments and passages exemplifying the greatest difficulties of the vocal art. This paper he placed in the hands of his pupil, and to its study the entire labors of his first year were confined; the second year passed like the first; the third year was spent, and yet there was no mention of any change of lessons; the pupil began to murmur, but was reminded of his promise, and submitted. The fourth and fifth years were consumed in studying the same sheet of paper which had formed the sole occupation of the three first: the sixth year arrived, and still the paper was not changed, nor its contents augmented by a single note; to the eternal music lesson, however, instructions in articulation, pronunciation, and declamation, were now added. At the end of the sixth

year the pupil, who still believed that he was studying only the elements of his art, was agreeably surprised when his master said, "You may go now, my son, you have nothing more to learn; you are the first singer in Italy, or in the whole world!" He said truly. The scholar was Caffarelli; the master, Porpora.

To a numerous class of readers, this anecdote will have all the appearance of fiction; but one well acquainted with the arts, and with the art of singing in particular, will see in it nothing but what is very natural and even probable. The most complicated achievements in any art, consist only of a combination, more or less diversified, of a few simple elementary principles. Let us take, for example, an art perhaps the most familiar to the generality of mankind, that of writing. A full stroke and a hair stroke, a straight line and a curve, form the sum total of the elements, from the combination of which the most beautiful specimens of calligraphy, the delight of connoisseurs, are produced. So with singing; a tone firmly delivered, and a succession of tones well connected with each other, and executed with various degrees of slowness or rapidity, form, at least as far as mechanism is concerned, the whole elements of the art.

From these fundamental propositions, it results that it is impossible to attain excellence in the higher operations of any art, without an intimate acquaintance with the elementary principles; and that, on the contrary, he who has most closely studied, and accustomed himself most to the correct and severe practice of the latter, will succeed best when he at length attempts the former. It is matter of just astonishment, then, to observe how negligently, and how superficially, the elements of the arts are generally taught; and we may feel assured, that to this radical vice is attributable, at least in a great measure, the weakness, the imperfection, and the absence of all great results which characterize the studies of the present age.

This truth was deeply felt by the great masters of the old Italian school, and particularly by the celebrated man whose authority has been quoted. They reduced the study of the art almost entirely to that of its elementary principles; persuaded on the one hand that it is impossible to raise a solid building if care is not taken at the commencement in the choice and construction of the materials, and certain on the other, that this precaution once taken, their success was assured, if nature had bestowed the necessary genius on the pupil.

### RISE OF THE PESTALOZZIAN SYSTEM.

Of late years, the Pestalozzian school has made itself pre-eminent, in the vigor and success of its efforts to re-introduce and sustain music, as a part of popular education. The schoolmasters and rulers were not only convinced, that it was well to introduce the science, but the way to introduce it, and to put away all undue difficulties from its study, was made ready. The Pestalozzians began, and have been constantly carrying on the improvement in the art of teaching, and have made their method applicable to the teaching of large masses at once. The good results of the new method have glanced before people's eyes so brightly, and the arguments in favor of the system have been so forcible and plain, that there was no disputing the evidence of the reason and the senses. It is therefore made certain, that the way, by which music can be taught in every school, has been found, and that in laying the plan of instruction in schools, music should be ranked among the most important studies.

To the two Swiss, *Nageli* and *Pfeiffer*, belongs the honor of being the first to apply the principles of Pestalozzi to musical education. They began by publishing a very thorough work, which treated of all divisions of the subject of instruction, and which appeared under the title, "*Gesangbildungslehre nach Pestalozzischen Grundsätzen, pädagogisch begründet von Michael Traugott Pfeiffer, methodisch bearbeitet von Hans Georg Nageli*, Zurich, 1810. (*Method of teaching singing, according to the Pestalozzian principles*, by Michael Traugott Pfeiffer, and Hans Georg Nageli, Zurich, 1810.)

This work being too large to be used in common schools, they afterwards published a sort of abbreviation, or what parts were useful in schools, called, "*Auszug aus der Gesangbildungslehre nach Pestalozzischen Grundsätzen*, von Pfeiffer und Nageli zunächst für Volksschulen bestimmt. Mit 3 beilagen vierstimmigen Gesänge. Zurich, 1812."

Through these two works, the Pestalozzian school began a new period in music. The merits of *Johann Adam Hiller*, who published several good works on music as early as 1774, and 1780, must not be forgotten, though his efforts were not to a great degree crowned with success.

Before both the works of *Pfeiffer* and *Nageli* had appeared, there were already published several treatises on the same subject, some similar, and some somewhat differing from the first named work. One was, "*Elemente der Music*, von Carl August Zeller. Königsberg, 1810." (*Elements of Music*, by, &c.) Another was named, "*Versuch einer elementarischen Gesanglehre nach Pestalozzi*. Rotweil, 1810." And a companion to it, "*Gesangbuchlein für die lieben Kinder in den Elementarschulen zu Rotweil*." (*Little song book for the dear children in the elementary school in Rotweil*.) Another book was entitled, "*Darstellung meiner anwendung der Pestalozzischen Bildungsmethode*. Von Theodosius Abs. Halberstadt, 1811." (*Statement of my application of the Pestalozzian system*. By Theodosius Abs. Halberstadt, 1811.)

There was also one from a teacher who had attended the lectures of *Zeller*, mentioned above, called "*Leitfaden bei der Gesanglehre nach der Elementarmethode*. Mit besonderer Rücksicht auf Landschulen bearbeitet von C. Schultz. Leipzig, Züllichau, and Freistadt, 1812." (*Leading-thread for teachers of the elements*. Intended especially for country schools, by C. Schultz. Leipzig, Züllichau, and Freistadt, 1812.)

With these may be reckoned the "*Anleitung zur Unterweisung im Singen*," (*Guide to teaching singing*) by the writer, published in 1813. The "*Gesanglehre*," by J. F. W. Koch, Madgeburg, 1814, which held up the theory of a figure notation, and finally, "*Musikalische Wandfibel*," by *Stephani* and *Muck*, 1815. All these works had in view, after the manner of Pestalozzi, to improve the manner of teaching music in the schools. Whether the particular systems of the authors were correct, teachers must judge.—*NATORP'S METHOD*.

Plato says rightly, that nothing is so calculated to affect all kinds of dispositions, as the various tones of music, whose power is indescribably great. The slothful are quickened and stimulated, the passionate calmed. The mind is elevated, then depressed.—*CICERO*.

At a musical convention held in Hudson, Ohio, Feb. 12, a committee was appointed, to prepare a memorial to the state legislature, requesting them to add music to the list of studies now required to be taught in common schools.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MARCH 16, 1846.

The ostensible object of this paper is, first, the dissemination of such information as will tend to the improvement of church music; second, the dissemination of correct ideas upon the subject of musical education; and third, the publication of such items of intelligence, and such articles upon every department of the science, as will be of interest to our readers. There are persons who select some one of the numerous branches of the art, and spend their lives in cultivating it. Some devote their exclusive attention to the voice, and neither know nor care anything about any other department. Some spend all of their time in improving themselves upon the piano; others upon the violin, &c. It is well worthy of notice, that, take which branch we may, there is no limit to the improvement to be made in it. EXCELLENCE, is, and has ever been, the motto of those who have attained the highest excellence in every department. We have ever noticed that those among musicians, who are wrapped up, so to speak, in cultivating one branch of the art, to the exclusion of every other, (the "one-idea" party of the musical world,) seldom have enlarged views of the subject. They are like one who should devote his whole time to arithmetic, remaining in total ignorance of all other branches of common education. Such an one would undoubtedly be an admirable arithmetician, but he would be an ignoramus, for all that. We should as soon think of seeking this supposed arithmetician's counsel, with regard to education in general, as of asking advice from the same class among musicians. Give us the man who has a general knowledge of the whole subject, for a teacher, a chorister, or a composer. Clergymen, physicians, and lawyers, are expected to be familiar with other studies than those directly referring to their respective professions; and with other branches of their profession than that to which their principal attention is devoted. So should it be with the musician. The common aim of editors (of secular papers at least) is to amuse and please their readers, or to furnish them with the latest news. With the objects which have been mentioned in view, we can do little in either of these ways. Amusing musical articles are not very plenty, either in our own language, or in the thousands of musical works with which the German press teems. Music was never designed exclusively for amusement. It is a language addressed to the finest and noblest feelings of the heart; and it should be pursued, with the cultivation of those feelings in view. On the score of musical intelligence, we shall give all there is to be given, but that will not fill a very large space in our columns, nor be of so much importance as to make it an object for us to run expresses for the sake of obtaining it. The question often arises in our mind, how shall we make the Gazette useful? Ole Bull would doubtless answer, "by filling it with articles on the violin;" Leopold De Meyer, "by filling it with articles on piano forte playing;" the leader of a choir, "by publishing articles on choirs, and choir singing, and nothing else;" the theorist, "by giving numerous scientific articles," which being interpreted means, articles nobody can understand. We beg leave to differ from all of these. Exclusive attention to any or all of these subjects, would never make a periodical useful. If Mr. Bull wants articles on the violin, he will find infinitely better ones in Spohr's violin school than we could possibly furnish

from any quarter; and each of the other "answerers" can find books full of dissertations on their particular hobbies; books, too, prepared by master hands. The benefit to be derived from a paper like this, is in taking through it a bird's-eye view of the whole art. All of the numerous branches into which music is divided, are so intimately connected, that a general knowledge of all is almost absolutely necessary to the musician, no matter which may claim his particular attention. The student of harmony takes quite as much pains to learn what progressions *cannot* be made, as those which can. It is equally important that he who attends to any branch of this art, should have some idea of what there is appertaining to the subject, which he does not fully understand. Nothing can so well impart this knowledge, as the miscellaneous articles of a periodical. The interest we feel in the various departments of music, is indicated by the order in which we have placed them, at the commencement of this article. Church music we are most interested in; far more than in any other branch. As we love the church of God more than any human institution, so do we love its music more than any other. Directly or indirectly, the interests of this branch of the art will be our chief aim. Musical education ranks next in our affections. We love to teach. We love the art of teaching, and admire it as an art wherever we see it explained. We long to see the time when every child shall learn the elements of music, when it learns the elements of other common branches. All we can do to bring on this time, will be done with all our hearts. All we can do to explain the best method of teaching, and expose erroneous methods, will also not be wanting. Lastly, we like everything belonging to the science of music. Church music and musical education rank Nos. 1 and 2, and every other branch equally, No. 3. The method we have adopted for furthering these objects, is not, perhaps, perfectly apparent. To accomplish the plan we have laid down, we must beg our readers not to scan over articles, as they would the items of a daily journal. IMPROVEMENT is the design of the major part of them, although this object may not always be apparent. If the idea we have conceived is carried out, it will be found, throughout the year, that one article will have reference to another which has preceded, or will follow it, in such a manner, that many which on their first introduction have no visible object, will afterwards be found to have subserved a useful end.

The lives and prominent characteristics of the "fathers," are important for our purpose. These we shall bring before our readers, in such forms as will best ensure their being read and remembered. In long articles or short ones, we have already said much about Bach, and we are not yet done with him. He undoubtedly ranks first in the long list of great composers and performers, although little is known about him in this country. To-day we commence with Handel. Some of our readers are undoubtedly familiar with his history; but many, we are persuaded, are not. We have heard persons discourse learnedly about him, who would have been puzzled to answer the simplest questions respecting his history.

By mistake, a part of the proof for our last number was not corrected. The homily to the editorial fraternity was considerably "wide" from what we intended it should have been. One or more of the words in it, would form an interesting study for philologists. In "Joy is sounding," the first note in the base, after the second double bar (under the word "on") should have been E flat, instead of D. Typographical errors are

provoking, but cannot always be avoided. "Though angels should write, 'devils' must print," as a celebrated authoress said, when one of these important functionaries printed "dew on noses," for "dew on roses," in one of her poems. The article, "Taking a Newspaper," should have been credited to the Saturday Courier, (Philadelphia.) It formed an amusing illustration of preaching versus practice, for us to lecture other editors for taking our articles, without giving credit, and in the same paper, to do the same ourselves.

The elder *Burgmüller*, the composer, was a very fat man, so large, in fact, that he could hardly get through a common-sized door way. It would be hazardous one's reputation for truth, to say how many oysters he would eat for luncheon. This is true, however, that he not only ate up all he could earn, but demolished the property of his wife, which was considerable, and also devoured some property that was given her, so that she was obliged to give lessons, to obtain enough to satisfy his all-devouring jaws. He was, in spite of his carnivorous propensities, a pleasant, and, so to speak, *amiable* man. While directing the rehearsals at the opera, he used the softest appellations, and would sometimes rather nonplus a good-sized singer, (bearing no proportion to himself, however,) by saying, "*my dear*, now sing this a little softer," or something of the kind. One day, he had occasion to go to a neighboring place, to direct a musical festival, and engaged two places in the diligence, knowing that one would be insufficient. The places in the diligences (which vehicles have always several apartments) are always numbered, and the number one engages must be held. When the time of departure arrived, and the passengers were being summoned to their seats by the clerk of the diligence office, Burgmüller was dismayed at finding that the wag to whom he had given his name, had given him one seat in one apartment, and another in the next. The passengers, to carry out the joke, would none of them consent to change places, and the poor giant had to ride, one foot and leg out of the window.

## J. S. BACH, AS A TEACHER.

There are many good composers and skillful performers, on all instruments, who are not capable of teaching others, what they themselves know, or can perform. Either they have not combined sufficient attention with the practice by which their own natural capacity was developed, or they have been led by good instruction to a certain point on the shortest way, and have left to their teachers the task of considering why anything must be done so and so, and not otherwise.

\* \* \* \* \*

Only he who knows much can teach much. Only he who has become acquainted with difficulties, and who has himself encountered and overcome them, can successfully teach others how to avoid them. Both were united in Bach. His teaching was, therefore, the most instructive, the most proper, and the most secure, that can be imagined; and all his scholars trod, at least, in some branch of the art, in the footsteps of their great master, though none of them equalled, much less surpassed him.

In his instructions in playing the piano, the first thing he did was to teach his scholars his peculiar mode of touching the instrument, of which we have already spoken. For this purpose, he made them practice, for months together, nothing but simple passages for all the fingers of both hands, with constant regard to their clear and clean touch. Under some months none could



got excused from these exercises; and, according to his firm opinion, they ought to be continued, at least from six to twelve months. With this exercise of the fingers, either in single passages, or in little pieces composed on purpose, was combined the practice of all the ornaments, in both hands. Afterwards, he set his scholars to practising his own greater works, which, as he well knew, would be the best means of exercising their strength. \* \* \* \* \*

Bach's method of teaching composition was equally sure and excellent. He did not begin with dry unnecessary counterpoints, as was done by other teachers of music in his time; still less did he detain his scholars with calculations of the proportions of sounds, which, in his opinion, were not for the composer, but for the theorist and the instrument maker. He proceeded at once to pure harmony in four parts, and insisted particularly on the writing out of these parts separately, because, thereby, the idea of the pure progression of the harmony is rendered the most evident. He everywhere insisted, not only on the highest degree of purity in the harmony itself, but also on natural connection, and flowing melody in all the parts. Every connoisseur knows what models he has himself produced in this kind; his middle parts are often so smooth and melodious, that they might be used as upper parts. He also made his pupils aim at such excellencies, in their exercises; and, till they had attained a high degree of perfection in them, he did not think it advisable to let them attempt inventions of their own. Their sense of purity, order and connection, in the parts, must first have been on the inventions of others, and have become in a manner habitual to them, before he thought them capable of giving these qualities to their own inventions. Besides this, he took it for granted, that all his pupils in composition, had the ability to think musically. Whoever had not this, received from him the sincere advice, not to attend to composition. \* \* \* \* \* With this admirable method of teaching, all his scholars became distinguished artists, one more than another indeed, according as they either came sooner into his school, or had in the sequel more opportunity and encouragement, farther to perfect, and to apply the instruction they had received from him. His two eldest sons, however, William Friedemann, and Ch. Ph. Emanuel, were the most distinguished among his pupils; certainly not because he gave them better instruction than his other scholars, but because they had, from their earliest youth, opportunity in their father's house to hear good music, and no other. They were, therefore, accustomed early, and even before they had received any instruction, to what was most excellent in the art; whereas, the others, before they could participate in his instruction, had heard nothing good, or were already spoiled by common compositions.

Those among Bach's scholars who attained celebrity as professors of the art, besides his sons already mentioned, were,

1. JOHN CASPER VOGLER. He was organist in Weimar, and afterwards mayor of the town, still retaining his place as organist.
2. HOMILIUS, of Dresden. Not only an excellent organist, but a distinguished composer for the church.
3. TRANSCHER, of Dresden. He was a fine performer on the piano, and a good music master.
4. GOLDBERG, of Königsberg. He was a very skillful performer on the piano, but without any particular talent for composition.
5. KREBS, organist at Altenburg. He was not only

a very good organ player, but also a fertile composer of organ, clavichord, and church, music. He was under Bach's constant instruction for nine consecutive years.

6. ALTHKOL, organist at Naumburg, and son-in-law of Bach. He is said to have been a very able organist and composer.

7. MUTHEL, of Riga. He was an able piano player, and composer for his instrument.

8. KIENBERGER, court musician to the Princess Amelia, of Prussia, in Berlin. Besides the development of Bach's mode of teaching composition, the musical world is indebted to him for the first tenable system of harmony ever published.

9. AGRICOLA, Prussian court composer. He is less known by his compositions than by his knowledge of the theory of music. He translated Tosis' directions for singing from the Italian into German, and accompanied the work with instructive observations.

10. KITTEL, organist in Erfurt. He is a solid, though not very ready, organ player. As a composer, he has distinguished himself by several trios for the organ, which are so excellent, that his master himself would not have been ashamed of them. He is the only pupil of Bach now living (1802.)

The above are those of his pupils only who made the art their chief occupation, and who became distinguished in it. Bach had besides these, a great many other scholars. Every amateur living in his neighborhood, desired at least to be able to boast of having enjoyed the instructions of so great and celebrated a man. He was a most industrious teacher, most of his income being derived from that source. It is said he was sometimes occupied twelve hours in the day, in giving instruction.—*Forkel's life of Bach.*

#### CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received many musical contributions, and a few communications, which have not yet appeared. With regard to the music, we are somewhat at a loss to know what to do. We wish to furnish two pages of good new choir music in each number. To enable us to do this, before commencing the publication of the Gazette, we made arrangements with the distinguished composers whose names have been appended to most of the tunes which have thus far appeared, to furnish us with as much new music as we shall need. The idea that we should receive contributions of this nature, did not occur to us; if it had, we should probably have made arrangements to have a larger space devoted to music. As it is, we have devoted only so much of our paper as we knew we could fill with good music. We do not, therefore, need contributions of music; for in addition to the arrangements mentioned, we ourselves are more *au fait* in writing music, than in writing anything else. We would not by any means discourage our friends from sending us musical contributions. For good original pieces we shall indeed be thankful; pieces composed by one familiar with the rules of composition, well put together, and with a good *alto*, *tenor*, and *bass*, as well as a good melody. Nineteen twentieths of our subscribers, we fear, will hardly pardon us, if in the limited space appropriated to this department, we allow much room to the compositions of beginners, when we can have it filled with the productions of those who have spent as much time in the study of musical composition, as Daniel Webster has in the study of law, unless, indeed, such compositions shall possess equal merit. We repeat, that we shall be happy to receive original compositions that are meritorious; but, for this year,

at least, we must be excused from inserting any which do not promise to be useful to our subscribers. Some of those which we have received, will appear as soon as we can find room for them. Whoever sends us a musical contribution, must not be surprised if it does not appear for two or three months after we receive it.

Communications upon subjects which will benefit or interest our readers, we shall be happy to receive from any part of the country. We are happy to notice the names of many clergymen upon our subscription list. From their pens, as well as from all who have the interests of church music, or the science generally at heart, contributions will be always welcome. In many letters ordering our paper, questions, &c., have been asked which were perhaps not intended for publication, but we notice that some journals keep a corner expressly for such questions, and we propose to do the same.

"Is the Boston Academy of Music, an institution in which regular instruction in every department of music is given?" The dictionary definition of the word "academy" is, first, "An assembly or society of men, uniting for the promotion of some art." Second, "A place where sciences are taught." The institution referred to, is an "academy" in the first, and not in the second sense of the word. Its professors, however, in their private capacities, are constantly engaged in giving instruction.

"Please publish a course of instruction for the Violin." We fear the larger portion of our readers would complain if we should. We could do nothing without musical illustrations, which would occupy nearly a page of each number for some four, five, or six months. As near as we can judge from our list, we should say that forty-nine out of fifty of our readers, either know how to play that instrument, or never wish to learn it. It is our fixed plan not to publish anything of this kind which is easily accessible to our readers from any other source. Essays and short articles on violin playing, as well as on other instruments, we shall from time to time give; but if we should turn our paper into an instruction book on any instrument, for which instruction books are so plenty, we should soon hear "Stop my paper," echoing from Maine to Georgia! We would comply with the request to publish the violin gamut, but for the fact that we have not yet received our new music type, and have but just enough to "set" the two pages in each number. We take the liberty to add, that instruction books for the violin may be obtained at any music store. The best and most thorough with which we are acquainted is "Spohr's," price about \$7.00. There are methods of all prices, down to 37½ cents. Although the best instruction book is always the *cheapest*, a good one can be obtained for \$1.50.

"Is the system of representing musical sounds by figures, held in great esteem in Boston, or in any other part of New England?" No indeed!

The composer and the teacher should impress harmony and rhythm deeply upon the minds of youth, to take off their roughness, to accustom them to keep together in time and other things, and to refine them in word and deed. For there is nothing in human life, that has no need of harmony and consonance.—PLATO.

When the inhabitants of Mitylene had obtained the mastery, they decreed that among their faithless allies, the children should no more be instructed in reading or music. For a life of ignorance and barbarism, they held to be the hardest punishment they could lay upon them.—ÆLIAN.

*A Treatise of the Natural Grounds and Principles of Harmony.* By WILLIAM HOLDER, D. D. Fellow of the Royal Society, and late Sub-Dean of Their Majesties Chapel Royal. LONDON, printed by J. Heptinstall, for Philip Monckton, at the Star in St. Paul's Churchyard, MDCCCI.

The following, which we copy verbatim, composes the last three pages of an ancient work with the above title. The sentiments here expressed are as true now as they were a hundred and forty-five years ago.

"I was saying, that there remain Infinite Curiosities relating to the Nature of Harmony, which may give the most Acute Philosopher business, more than enough, to find out; and which perhaps will not appear so easy to demonstrate and explain, as are the Natural Grounds of Consonancy and Dissonancy.

After all therefore, and above all, by what is already discovered, and by what yet remains to be found out; we cannot but see sufficient cause to Rouse up our best thoughts, to Admire and Adore the Infinite Wisdom and Goodness of Almighty God. His Wisdom in ordering the Nature of Harmony in so wonderful a manner that it surpasseth our Understanding to make a through Search into it, though, (as I said) we find so much by Searching, as does recompence our Pains with Pleasure, and Admiration.

And his Goodness, in giving Musick for the refreshings and Rejoycings of Mankind; so that it ought, even as it relates to common Use, to be an Instrument of our great Creator's Praise, as he is the Founder and Donor of it.

But much more, as it is advanced and ordained to relate immediately to his Holy Worship, when we Sing to the Honour and Praise of God. It is so Essential a part of our Homage to the Divine Majesty, that there was never any Religion in the World, Pagan, Jewish, Christian or Mahometan, that did not mix some kind of Musick with their Devotions; and Divine Hymns, and Instruments of Musick, set forth the Honour of God, and celebrate his Praise. Not only, *Te decet Hymnus Deus in Sion.* (Psalm. 65.) but also .... *Sing unto the Lord all the whole Earth.* (Psalm. 96.)

And it is that, which is incessantly performed in Heaven before the Throne of God, by a General Consort of all the Holy Angels and the Blessed.

In short, we are in Duty and Gratitude bound to bless God for our Delightfull Refreshments by the use of Musick; But especially in our publick Devotions, we are obliged by our Religion, with Sacred Hymns and Anthems, to magnifie his Holy Name; that we may at last find Admittance above to bear a Part in that Blessed Consort, and Eternally Sing *Allelujahs*, and *Triagions* in Heaven."

### HARMONY, NO. III.

A chord composed of four sounds which stand in the relation of *chief note, third, fifth, and seventh*, is called a CHORD OF THE SEVENTH.

Either letter may be taken as the *chief note* of a chord of the seventh.

If C is the *chief note* of a chord of the seventh, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *seventh*?

If D is the *chief note* of a chord of the seventh, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *seventh*?

If E is the *chief note* of a chord of the seventh, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *seventh*?

If F is the *chief note* of a chord of the seventh, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *seventh*?

If G is the *chief note* of a chord of the seventh, what

letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *seventh*?

If A is the *chief note* of a chord of the seventh, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *seventh*?

If B is the *chief note* of a chord of the seventh, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *seventh*?

A chord composed of four sounds which stand in the relation of *chief note, third, fifth, and ninth*, is called a CHORD OF THE NINTH.

Either letter may be taken as the *chief note* of a chord of the ninth.

If C is the *chief note* of a chord of the ninth, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *ninth*?

If D is the *chief note* of a chord of the ninth, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *ninth*?

If E is the *chief note* of a chord of the ninth, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *ninth*?

If F is the *chief note* of a chord of the ninth, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *ninth*?

If G is the *chief note* of a chord of the ninth, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *ninth*?

If A is the *chief note* of a chord of the ninth, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *ninth*?

If B is the *chief note* of a chord of the ninth, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *ninth*?

A chord composed of four sounds which stand in the relation of *chief note, third, fifth, and eleventh*, is called a CHORD OF THE ELEVENTH.

Either letter may be taken as the *chief note* of a chord of the eleventh.

If C is the *chief note* of a chord of the eleventh, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *eleventh*?

If D is the *chief note* of a chord of the eleventh, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *eleventh*?

If E is the *chief note* of a chord of the eleventh, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *eleventh*?

If F is the *chief note* of a chord of the eleventh, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *eleventh*?

If G is the *chief note* of a chord of the eleventh, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *eleventh*?

If A is the *chief note* of a chord of the eleventh, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *eleventh*?

If B is the *chief note* of a chord of the eleventh, what letter is the *third*? what letter is the *fifth*? what letter is the *eleventh*?

NOTE. The intervals in chords are like letters in words. A harmonist can as readily tell the letters of a given chord, as the letters required to spell a given word. To acquire this ability, study the foregoing questions until you can answer them with as much facility as you can spell.

### CONCERTS IN BOSTON.

Feb. 21. MR. TOWNLEY'S CONCERT.—1, Organ Solo. 2, Trio, "Love's Young Dream." 3, Song, "The Wolf," sung by Mr. Delavanti. 4, Song, "Home Bound Whaleman." 5, Organ Solo, performed by Mr. Townley. 6, Duett, "Moonlight, Music, Love and Flowers." PART II.—1, Quartette, "Love Not." 2, Song, "Bay of Biscay." 3, Organ Solo. 4, Song, "Will Watch." 5, Trio, "The Spell is Broken." 6, Song, "The light of other days." 7, Organ Medley.

Feb. 25. MR. DELAVANTI'S CONCERT.—1, Glee by the Amateur Glee Singers. 2, Song, "The White Squall," sung by Mr. D. 3, Song, "The Archer Boy." 4, Aria, "I love thee still." 5, Ballad, "The heart bowed down," sung by Mr. D., accompanied on the Corno Inglese. 6, Song, "Captive Greek Girl."

7, Trio, "Love's Young Dream." PART II.—1, Glee. 2, Oboe, Solo. 3, Ballad, "The heart that's devoted to me," composed and sung by T. T. Barker. 4, Scene, "My Boyhood's Home." 5, Cavatina, "Eco Pictosa," Rossini; sung by Miss Garcia. 6, Duett, "Sound the Trumpet," from I Paritani. 7, Trio, "The spell is broken."

Feb. 28. COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT to the members of the orchestra of the Howard Athenicum, (Opera House,) which was destroyed by fire a few days previous. 1, Overture to Masaniello. 2, Song, "Trifler, forbear," sung by Miss Garcia, with orchestra accompaniment. 3, Flute Solo. 4, Song, "The Lament of the Alpine Shepherd Boy," sung by Miss Stone. 5, Concerto, Piano Forte, performed by Miss Evert. 6, Overture to William Tell. PART II.—1, Overture to Zanetta. 2, Song, "My Boyhood's Home," Rooke; sung by Mr. Delavanti. 3, Violin Solo. 4, Duett, "Hark to Poor Philomel." 5, Duett, Flute and Clarinet. 6, Jubel Overture, Weber.

Mar. 4. COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT, to Mr. and Mrs. Ayling, of the Howard Athenicum. 1, Overture to the Crown of Diamonds. 2, "Love's Young Dream," sung by Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Mr. Frazer. 3, Song, "Non Pig Andrai," Mozart; sung by Mr. Seguin. 4, Ballad, "I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls." 5, Song, "The Three Ages of Love." 6, Irish Ballad, "Teddy O'Neal," sung by Mrs. Meader. 7, Serenade, "Sleep Gentle Lady." PART II.—1, Overture to Zanetta. 2, Ballad, "The One we love." 3, Song, "What is the Spell," Rooke. 4, Cavatina, "Il braccio mio." 5, Song, "The Widow Malone," from Chas. O'Malley. 6, Comic Duett, "Per piacere alla Signora," Rossini. 7, Jubel Overture.

Mar. 7. BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC, eighth and last concert of the season. 1, Overture to Alessandro Stradella. 2, Concerto on the Flute, with full orchestra accompaniment. 3, Solo on the Violin, "Adagio Religioso, Ernst, performed by Mr. Keyzer. 4, Concerto on the Piano, with Quintette accompaniment. Air from Mehul's Oratorio of Joseph, with variations by Herz; performed by Mr. Wm. Mason, (son of Lowell Mason, Esq.) 5, Overture to Midsummer Night's Dream; Mendelssohn. PART II.—Symphony No. 5, Beethoven.

A Greek author says of a certain poet and musician, "his songs were, through their softness and mildness, very agreeable, and cheered the performers on to obedience and unity. Whoever heard them was, whether he would or not, affected, and made gentler and milder. His heart became warm for virtue, and forgot all inclination to evil. One could well say, that this musician had done as much as a lawgiver for the good of his country."

The authorities of Louisville enforce a tax of \$10 per night upon all musical performances; the consequence is, that performers generally exclude that city from their tour.

### NEW MUSIC.

By George F. Reed.

Song, To the mast we nail our flag. H. D. Hewitt.  
" O what will the lads do. Wm. Rogers.  
" When the Kye come home. do.  
" Midnight Rhymes. F. H. Brown.  
Gloria in Excelsis, 4 voiced piece with accompaniment. S. P. Tuckerman.  
Softly now the light of day. do. do.  
Deux Romances sans paroles. Piano. Wm. Mason.

By C. Bradlee & Co.

Song, Home of my Soul.  
" Rest among graves.  
" I forget the gay world.

By Oliver Ditson.

Song, Follow me. Barnett.  
" Field Daisy.  
" Farewell, to-night we part.  
" The cold has bound the joyous streams. Mrs. M. D. Sullivan.

## GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

L. MASON.

**CHORUS. Marcato allegretto.**

1. Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God, to God on high;

**VERSE. Cres.**

1. Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God, to God on high; And on earth... peace,....

1. Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God, to God on high;

**VERSE. Dim. p. CHORUS. f**

good will t'wards men. 2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, We glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for

**Dim. p. CHORUS. f**

... good will, good will t'wards men. 2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, We glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for

**VERSE. Dim. p. CHORUS. f**

good will t'wards men. 2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, We glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for

**p CRES. VERSE.**

thy great glory. 3. O Lord God, heav'nly King, God the Father Almighty. O Lord, the only begotten Son Je-sus Christ;

**p CRES. VERSE.**

thy great glory. 3. O Lord God, heav'nly King, God the Father Almighty. O Lord, the only begotten Son Je-sus Christ;

**p CRES. VERSE.**

thy great glory. 3. O Lord God, heav'nly King, God the Father Almighty. O Lord, the only begotten Son Je-sus Christ;

**CHORUS. p**

O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son..of the Father, That takest away the sins..of the world, Have mer..cy up - - - on us.

**CHORUS. p**

O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son..of the Father, That takest away the sins..of the world, Have mer..cy up - - - on us.

**CHORUS. p**

O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son.. of the Father, That takest away the sins..of the world, Have mer-cy up - - - on us.



VERSE. CHORUS. *p*

VERSE. CHORUS *p*

4. Thou that takest away the . . . sins. of the world, Have mer.. cy up - - on . . . us.  
 5. Thou that takest away the . . . sins. of the world, { *Dim. pp.* Re - - ceive . . . our prayer.  
 6. Thou that sittest at the right hand of . . . God the Father, Have mer... cy up - - on . . . us.

CHORUS. *f*

CHORUS. *f*

CHORUS. *f*

7. For thou on - ly art ho - ly; Thou on - ly art the Lord; 8. Thou on - ly, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, Art most

7. For thou on - ly art ho - ly; Thou on - ly art the Lord; 8. Thou on - ly, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, Art most

7. For thou on - ly art ho - ly; Thou on - ly art the Lord; 8. Thou on - ly, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, Art most

high—most high in the glo - ry of God the Fa - - ther. 8. Thou on - ly, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, Art most

high—most high in the glo - ry of God the Fa - - ther. 8. Thou on - ly, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, . . .

high—most high in the glo - ry of God the Fa - - ther. 8. Thou on - ly, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, Art most

high—Art most high—Art most high in the glo - ry of God—of God the Fa - - ther. A - men.

high . . . in the glo - ry of God—of God the Fa - - ther. A - men.

high— Art most high in the glo - ry of God—of God the Fa - - ther. A - men.

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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No. 5.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE

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## Miscellaneous.

### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN EUROPE.

#### NUMBER ONE.

Before commencing to give you a few extracts and abstracts from my journal, let me tell you, gentle reader, that, in order to see and hear things in Europe, one must first get there. And you will allow me to take you with me across the sea, before I unfold the simple story of my adventures in the old world.

Had you seen me, about half an hour before the sailing of the ship *Boulogne*, in which I was to cross the great pond, you would have guessed at once that the hour of departure was near at hand. A traveler's thoughts, at such a time, are very apt to run criss-cross, and every way but the right way; and he is sure to do some things he ought not to do, and leave undone things which ought to be done. At the time mentioned, your humble servant might have been seen rushing violently down Broadway, to the Battery, thinking he was going towards City Hall; and shortly after, you could see him pass a store containing some necessary article; then entering another, and buying an unnecessary thing; then setting sail for the ship, and arriving full fifteen minutes too early. This last was a pardonable fault, although a dozen things were left undone. The New York packet ships generally leave precisely at the time set. Accordingly, just at twelve o'clock, a steamboat came alongside, and the *Boulogne* moved off towards the ocean.

All ships start, by leaving the wharf; and go to sea, by getting out of the harbor. As our ship followed the usual routine, allow me to pass over a few hours, and first describe her and her contents, as she lay the next day, within sight of the highlands of Neversink, rolling lazily, and waiting for a wind.

The *Boulogne* was a handsome ship of about seven hundred tons, but advertised for one thousand tons. Packet ships are apt to grow on paper; and a vessel which would measure nine hundred tons, in Boston harbor, in freight service, would immediately measure eleven hundred if transformed into a packet ship. However, the *Boulogne* was large and fine enough for any one. She had a house on deck, and was kept as neat as a pin. As to her passengers—imagine Americans, English, French, Swiss, Germans, and Spaniards, together, and you have the idea, and have also some no-

tion of the Babel of tongues on board. The confusion and clatter incident to such a variety of languages, was helped and carried out by a half dozen dogs, as many sheep, ditto pigs, geese, hens, and ducks, ad infinitum, by chanticleer, who faithfully crowed every morning, and by sundry rats, who took care to make night vocal. A sober cow, who supplied the cabin with milk, scorned to add to the general noise, but quietly chewed the cud, and looked over the ship's side at the sea, when her pen was open, and probably went to sleep when it was shut. Our captain and our mate were gentlemanly men, who did not have more than one oath in each sentence, and I thought were well calculated to give an idea, to foreigners, of the morality of our country. The second mate spoke broken English, and did not swear as easily as his superiors. The carpenter, who seemed to be a sort of third mate aboard, was a whole-souled yankee, built after the model of a tin pedlar, long, gaunt, with reddish, bushy whiskers. The sailors were of different nations, different dispositions, and clothed in all sorts of ways. There were about fourteen men, boy Bill, boy Tim, boy Sam, and boy Tom. These were all—no, I must not forget the steward and his associates. He was a colored gentleman, very capable and affable, and rejoicing in the appellation of *Bob*. He had an assistant, a young gentleman of sixteen or thereabouts, whose voice was changing, causing him to laugh in falsetto, to grumble in bass, and to speak on ordinary topics in a delightful mixture of the two. The steward's clerk on a ship is usually called "*Jemmy Ducks*," and may be seen at all hours traversing the deck to or from the cook house, burdened with tea-kettle or dish, and very often much put to it to keep his centre of gravity in the right place. I never saw a *Jemmy Ducks* spill or break anything, though I have seen one sit down on deck very ungently, losing his old cap overboard in the operation. And as I never saw one break anything, it is probable that nothing is ever broken by any of the tribe.

There were two cooks on board, who made their abode in the galley, or cook house, which contained about a dozen square feet of room besides the part occupied by the stove. Here they cooked, ate, and slept, their bed being a greasy bench, on which they sat during the day, to attend to the cooking, and their position on it being a reclining one. They could not lie down, as the bench was not long enough.

It is the custom, at the commencement of a voyage, to divide the crew into two watches, the first mate having command of one, and the second mate of the other. I noticed the mate engaged in making the division, and my expectations were not a little raised, when the men "*toed a line*," to listen to a speech from him. I will insert the whole of his oration, hoping that its brevity may be a model for some of those great men who talk a great deal and have very little to say.

"Now boys," said he, "you must do your duty, and obey orders, and be polite to passengers, and always do what you're ordered, the moment you're spoken to. Larboard watch, go below to supper!"

So the larboard watch brought their tin quart cups, obtained their quantum of tea, (molasses and water, with a little tea in it,) from the cook, and went below.

One soon becomes accustomed to the changes of the watches, and is not surprised at seeing a new set of faces on deck every four hours.

It is something of a knack to call the watch in sailor style. As soon as eight bells have struck, the sailor nearest the fore-castle puts his head down the hatchway, and shouts, in as unearthly a noise as possible, "*Star-bow—lines ahoy! eight bells—do you hear the news!*" At this summons, the starboardlines "*tumble up*," and the larboardlines, by the rule of reverse, "*tumble down*," and a new watch commences.

A breeze at length springing up, though not from the right direction, the *Boulogne* ceased the useless occupation of flapping her sails against her masts, and walked off at a good speed towards the south of east, bringing us in a little while into the Gulf Stream. This Gulf Stream is famous for several things; first, for the quantity of broken sea weed in it; second, for the warmth of the water; third, for thunder storms, rain storms, white and black squalls, and very variable weather; so that when you expect a fair wind, it is sure to be a foul one; and when you don't expect anything, then something is sure to happen; fourth, for short and uneasy seas; and fifth, for making people feel uneasy in the region of the stomach. We stayed in the stream about a week, during which time we had abundant opportunity to see the curiosities of the place. I find my journal, during this period, filled with the little nothings that occur on shipboard, and sundry notices of a shoal of black fish—a sail seen—and things of the kind. At one time, I was startled, in looking over the side, to see a lot of little white things, looking like a shower of spray, or a flock of snow birds, rise out of the water, and fly for five or six rods before disappearing. They were flying fish. One day, a sun-shower passed over us, and a rainbow appeared, not describing a semi-circle off on the horizon, but with its ends resting on the water, close to the ship. One day, as we were on the northern edge of the Gulf Stream, the sun went down bright and beautiful in the west. And just as he passed over the horizon, the full moon arose from a blue, mountain-range-looking body of clouds in the east. The sun tinged the light clouds floating above her, with the richest purple, being just far enough down to ornament her rising, without dimming her rays.

At length, on the twelfth day, the creeping banks of mist, spreading here and there on the smooth waters, showed that we were abreast of the Grand Bank, and one third of the way to Hayre.

### THE NOTE SWALLOWER—A GHOST STORY.

One evening, after spending an hour in examining some music on which a young composer had requested my opinion, I felt weary enough to go to bed. In the whole of the manuscript, I could perceive no special new idea, no force, no originality. The thing was well and scientifically put together, and my young friend had had, no doubt, an intention to make something very fine, and I wished to find something to praise, if possible.

I was in the state between sleeping and waking, when I was aroused by a noise something like the tearing of paper, and slowly opening my closely shut eye-

lids, I became sensible that there was a faint light in the room. Thinking that I might have forgotten to put out my lamp, I was upon the point of arising, when I perceived a figure in white, standing by the piano, and seemingly handling the music that lay upon it! My teeth chattered, and a cold chill ran over me. But I am a man of some courage, and though I somewhat wonder that I ventured, I presently called out, in what I meant to be a firm voice, "Who's there?" "Do n't be afraid," was the answer, "I am only a poor spirit."

Encouraged, and my sympathy somewhat excited, I said, "and pray, respected sir," (the thought occurred that I might as well be respectful, in my demeanor, toward my supernatural visitor) "may I ask if I may aid you in anything?" "Alas! no;" and I heard a sigh, "I only can work out my own doom, and my task seems to be without end." "You interest me," said I. "You will at least tell me the cause of your grief." After a moment's silence, he began.

"Twenty years ago I was chapel-master \* in K—. When engaged, it was stipulated that I should compose an opera every year. Dame nature had not stored my mind with an extraordinary amount of creative talent, and I could do no better than out of twelve *old* operas, to make a thirteenth, *new* one. Things went with me as usual, and in the fifth year of my engagement, I died. I was condemned, as a punishment for past offences, to wander through the world, and swallow all the unoriginal notes composed, until none should be left on the earth. I do not complain, but feel sure, if the principle was carried out, I should have not a few chapel-masters to assist me. Since I began, (I keep a book about it,) I have swallowed 354,295,473 notes, and the pile of stolen music does not seem much diminished, though I am accustomed to the business, and swallow very fast. I visit the principal music publishers every day, and never yet came away empty. Sometimes I take a line of Donizetti, then of Auber, then an indiscriminate variety from new, ambitious composers. Some standard masters I have quite by heart, from the number of times I have chewed extracts from them. I sometimes get things down as opposite in nature as can be, for I am anxious to get the whole task out of the way. A year ago to-night, (I remember it perfectly,) I swallowed *Anna Bolena*, and *Don Rodrigo*, and they agreed about as well as raisins and cucumbers.

'How dare you come near me, with your vulgar ways and borrowed airs,' scolded *Anna Bolena*; 'did not you know that we of royal blood have some choice in our associates?'

'Go to Guinea with your royal blood,' retorted the Don, 'my airs are no more borrowed than yours, and my title more unquestionable.' 'What, you pretend that your master did not steal you from the — of Gluck, and — but I don't believe you came from such a respectable source. I—' 'Fair and softly, starched lady! What used to be your name three years ago? I reckon your royal blood did not flow so freely in your veins as you say it does now.' 'You're a base villain!' 'No such words to me, Miss!' 'You are an impudent wretch. Take that!' And so they quarreled; but oh, my stomach! The very remembrance makes it terribly acid, and the compositions of your young friend here have not had a particularly soothing effect."

"Shall I not make you some camomile tea?" inquired I.

\* A chapel-master is one who is the head director of music in a town. He directs at the opera, and at most great performances.

"No, said he, there is no danger of my stomach giving out. (I wish it would.) Besides, I have yet to-night to go to a music lending establishment, where my keen scent has told me I shall not get off very easily. I have too, to go to H—'s publishing store, where a couple of sonatas, and a large proportion of an oratorio wait for me."

"Do you never rest?"

"Occasionally, for digestion. But I never sleep sound, on account of the quantity I eat."

"How much occupation have you found on my piano," inquired I, rather curious to know the real merits of my young friend's composition. He held up the manuscript. It was all blank paper! Here the old cathedral bell struck, the watchman on the tower blew his whistle, and the watchman in the square called out,

"All good people, hear me tell,  
Twelve o'clock strikes on the bell.  
Mind your fire, and mind your light,  
Praise the Lord, and so good night."

The ghost started and said,

"But I am wasting precious time. Good night, and bid all men take warning from me, that their sleep in the church yard may be quiet, and that I may be removed from my labor." So saying, he vanished. I turned over to go to sleep, and fell out of bed, for it was only a dream.

### LIFE OF PESTALOZZI.

John Henry Pestalozzi was born on the 12th of January, 1746, at Zurich, Switzerland, and was educated by pious relations, after the death of his father. He was distinguished, when young, for his compassion to the poor, and his love of young children. He intended to have entered the ministry, but after an unsuccessful attempt to preach, gave it up, and studied law. The reading of a work of Rousseau, with some other things, disgusted him with the mode of education prevalent in Europe, and he became, for a while, sick of learning; so much so, that he turned farmer. Through his wife's relations, he next became concerned in a calico manufactory, and in connection with it, learned much of the moral wretchedness of the lower classes, which he directly set about remedying. In 1775, he admitted about fifty pauper children to his house, (called *Neuhof*), and became a teacher and father to them. From want of tact in money affairs, his circumstances were much reduced, and he did not then meet the encouragement he deserved from others. He was even derided for his benevolent efforts. In 1781, he published a novel, called "*Lienhardt and Gertrud*," which has exerted a great influence; it contained, in effect, a statement of the condition of the lower classes. After this came several works from his pen, one entitled, "Inquiries into the course of nature, in the development of man."

The want of support obliged him to give up his school, which was too great an undertaking for an individual. In 1798, the directory of Switzerland invited him to establish a house of education, at Stanz. He was, it might be said, teacher and servant, to about eighty children of the lowest classes. War and opposition broke up this establishment, after which he taught a school at Burgdorf, which school was on a more permanent basis, the scholars paying something for tuition. He published, about 1800, several books illustrating the application of his system, which found readers. In 1804, he removed, with his school, to *Munichen-Buchsee*, and afterward to *Yverdun*. From his works and writings, people began to take a more liber-

al view of his manner of education, and after a while, he, and his system, became celebrated throughout Europe. His system, which is now, probably, more or less understood and practised upon in all civilised countries, was original with him. It may be defined as "the art of teaching children, by making the acquisition of knowledge easy and pleasant;" or, "the way of instruction, by making the pupil keep in active exercise his powers of mind, instead of being a passive recipient of knowledge." His establishment at *Yverdun*, was ruined by the political commotions of the time, but, in 1818, he endeavored to found a normal school system. This attempt also failed in 1825, when, being seventy-seven years of age, he was too old to attempt any new thing of importance, but retired to *Neuhof*, intending to devote the rest of his life to the improvement of the condition of the poor. He died at Brugg, February 27, 1827, and was buried, at his request, close to the school house, at Birr, where only a rose bush marks his grave.

Pestalozzi's frequent failures are no proof of the unsoundness of his system. Every new thing excites opposition, and his cause had many enemies. He was laboring, too, at the time of the French revolution, and of the rise and fall of Napoleon, when Switzerland was not the quietest place in the world. If he had been what we should term "a man of business," he would have succeeded better; but he has, at any rate, left an enviable name behind him. His exterior was very simple. He wore negligently a black dress, spoke the broad Swiss dialect, (of the German,) and his manners were blunt, and devoid of all ceremony.

We glean the above from several sources, and take from the Boston Journal, the following:

**PESTALOZZI.**—We learn from the papers by the Cambria, that on the twelfth of January last, the centennial anniversary of the birth-day of Pestalozzi, was celebrated in many places on the continent, particularly in Germany and Switzerland. On the banks of the Rhine and the Elbe, the festival is represented as having been exceedingly gay and lively. In Saxony, on the occasion, a confederation of public teachers was founded. In Liverpool, on that day, a number of the friends of popular education met together, and while they commemorated, by a festival, the noble character of Pestalozzi, they took incipient measures towards founding a school for the children of the poor of all nations. It is thus that the influence of good men, who have devoted their lives to the service of mankind, will be felt for years—for ages—after they have passed away.

**HANDEL'S BENEVOLENCE.**—He performed the oratorio, *Acis and Galatea*, for the benefit of the Musical Fund, and the next year gave them the piece called, *Parnasso in Festa*, further extending his kindness by leaving to it a legacy of one thousand pounds. He was no less bountiful to the Foundling Hospital. His early exertions in its favor were the principal support of that respectable establishment. He gave an organ to the chapel, and an annual benefit by which seven thousand pounds were cleared in the course of a few years. To the governors he also presented the original score of the Messiah. The widow of his old teacher, Zuckau, being old and poor, received from him frequent remittances, and her son would have enjoyed his liberality but for his incurable drunkenness.

It is said that Paganini was very penurious; so much so, that he practised a singular mode of economy during his last sickness. Various articles of food were sent him by his friends, and to avoid the expense of a fire, he took the dishes into bed with him, and thus warmed them.

## Church Music.

A short time since, a communication signed "Bishop," appeared in the New England Puritan, complaining that music is a fruitful source of trouble in the church; that the members of choirs are always quarreling, &c., &c. We copy below the closing paragraphs of his article, and also a reply from Mr. Mason, which was published in a subsequent number of the same paper.

"How then are the numerous troubles of church music to be settled? Must these soul-killing agitations always prevail about the temples of Zion? I believe that the great source of these is a wrong estimation of sacred music, compared with other exercises of the sanctuary. It is regarded too much as the great attraction of the house of God. The orchestra is made a sort of musical concert, rather than a place of simple devotional exercise. Persons are invited and urged to the sanctuary, not so much to hear words whereby they may be saved, as to be charmed with music. The gratification of the ear is primary to the salvation of the soul. In our cities and larger towns, the congregations strive for the mastery in these enchantments, and anything which is set so far above its proper place will become a subject of difficulty. Christians become involved in these difficulties when they are lukewarm, and have lost their first love. As the heart-core becomes hard, and the conscience seared, the *tympanum* becomes exceedingly tender, if not painfully sore. A Christian devoted to the high objects of christianity, is not found whining about the singing.

"Let music be put in its place, and these troubles will subside. Let no church think to sustain itself by the charms of music. 'My words, they are spirit and they are life.' Music may do much to sustain formalism, and prop up a dead faith; but it is a frail panoply for a soldier of Jesus. Think of this, brethren."

BISHOP.

"Let no church think to sustain itself by the charms of music.' So says 'Bishop' in the Puritan, of Feb. 19. And is it possible that any Christian can be found in New England, so lost to the great object of the institutions of the church, and to the means appointed for its perpetuity, extension and purity, as to suppose that it may be sustained by 'the charms of music?' Aye, if we may judge by the remarks that we often hear in relation to this subject, or by the appearance of a congregation during the singing, there are such persons even in the churches of the descendants of the pilgrims. Perhaps it may be regarded as highly proper by many persons, to go to church and there to listen to the performance of a tune for the mere purpose of gratifying a musical taste. But there can be no greater abuse of the divine institution of singing praises than this. It makes the means the end. It is worse than making the house of God a house of merchandise, for it brings into the church an idol, and sets it up in the place of the living God. Woe to the church that would sustain itself by 'the charms of music.' Write upon it the name Ichabod.

"If there be any one principle clearly established by the scriptures, by piety, and by common sense, in relation to this subject, it is this: that music is to be used in the church only as subservient to spiritual worship; not on its own account, not to gratify a musical taste, but as an aid to the devout worshiper; not as a mistress, but as a servant. Why, in a cordance with Jewish custom, was an hymn sung at the close of the insti-

tution of the Lord's Supper? Did Christ intend by it to amuse himself, or to entertain the disciples by a musical concert? Was it to make a display of his own voice, or skill, (be it spoken with reverence,) or the voices or skill of the disciples? The thought is impious and absurd. Beyond a doubt the singing on that occasion was an act of social worship; of prayer, praise, and thanksgiving. They gave utterance to their thoughts in singing rather than in speaking, because there is something in the very nature of musical tones adapted to call forth the deepest feelings of the soul. They sang, because singing is the natural and appropriate mode of expressing the deepest emotions of piety, love, and gratitude.

"It is only for similar purposes that we may lawfully sing, or play on an instrument, in the worship of God. But alas! 'the gold is become dim! the most fine gold is changed!' That which is intended for spiritual edification, is often made (as we have reason to fear) a matter of mere sensuous gratification; that which should raise the soul to heaven is made to charm it with things earthly, and to prevent its upward flight. The church is made a concert room, and the display of musical art or science is substituted for humble, spiritual worship. The tune is regarded as of more importance than the hymn, and the most solemn words are made subordinate to musical effect.

"It is easy to tell of difficulties, and to mourn over the prostitution of church music; it is easy to decide that this or that is wrong, but it is not so easy to make the 'crooked straight and the rough places plain.' To point out and to apply the appropriate remedy is no easy task. If 'Bishop' will look into Hood's 'History of Music in New England,' he will find that these 'soul-killing agitations,' in relation to music, are not new, but that they have prevailed more or less from a very early period in the history of our churches. As a remedy some hundred years ago, choirs were introduced; as a remedy now, perhaps it might be well to restore congregational singing. That the music is now too generally given up to the choir there can be no doubt, and it is fully believed that if 'all the people' could be induced to engage with voice and heart in this exercise, at least for a part of the time, as for example, once on each occasion of public worship, we should very soon find improvement.

"Congregations, choirs, and bishops, should learn to regard the singing as an act of worship, as much so and as solemn as is prayer, and to engage in it as such. Inasmuch as singing is at present mostly confined to the choir, it may be proper to say, that no member of a congregation should dare to listen for the purposes of musical gratification, or for criticism, but should give himself to the sentiment of the words, following the train of thought contained in the psalm or hymn as a formula of worship, making the confessions, petitions, adorations and praises his own; communing with his own heart and with his God, without thinking of tune, organ, or choir. If the tune be an appropriate one, and the choir and organist do their duty, so that it be properly performed, he will find himself aided in his acts of worship, 'making melody in his heart unto the Lord.'

"This view of the subject presents the obligations and responsibilities of choirs and organists in a fearful point of light. If bishops are in danger of *preaching themselves* rather than Christ, how great is the danger of choirs and organists *singing and playing themselves*, or to their own pride and vanity, rather than to the glory of God and the edification of the people.

"In conclusion, I desire to thank 'Bishop' for calling attention to this subject, but beg leave to suggest that if he writes again, and I hope he will, and preach too, he will not use the word orchestra in reference to the church. An orchestra is, first, a band of instrumental musicians; or, second, the place in a theatre occupied by the musicians. The word cannot be properly applied to the church. Choir is the church word; a choir being, first, a company of choristers, or singers; or, second, the place in a church occupied by the choristers, or (sometimes) the place where worship is offered, or divine service performed. The *seats* is the old New England word. The spirit of the theatre, or orchestra, comes in upon us like a flood, but let us keep clear of the name, nor call the choir an orchestra, at least until we call the pulpit a stage and the bishop a player; so shall we be better able to resist that tendency to display and exhibition of which we now complain, and which must be banished from our churches ere we can realize the true effects of church music."

LOWELL MASON.

An address was delivered before the Summit county (Ohio) musical convention, by Rev. W. C. Clark, in which he endeavored to establish the proposition, that "A part of the employment of saints in heaven will be *literally* singing the praises of God." In support of this proposition the speaker made the following points of argument. 1. The saints will be able to sing. They will have material bodies, like unto Christ's glorified body, and consequently they will be able to employ their voices in praise. 2. They will not lack themes for song. 3. They will be keenly sensitive to the appropriate impressions made by a consideration of the wonders of creation, of Providence, and of redemption, and therefore they will be disposed to sing. 4. Saints, in this world, generally expect to sing when they go to heaven. From this general expectation the speaker inferred that there must be some obvious reason for it; and therefore they *will* sing in heaven. 5. Music in its nature is progressive. This he showed by a hasty sketch of the history of music. Since then, as had been shown, it will be an appropriate exercise of heaven, he inferred that it was to have its full development there. 6. The last source of proof, and on which the speaker mainly relied, was the bible.

From the subject as thus presented, the speaker made an appeal to those who love to sing. He would attract them towards heaven, the place of song. He also urged them by all their love for music to avoid hell, for there would be no singing there.—*Ohio Observer*.

"Your music is too loud," said Napoleon to Cherubini; "we want something to soothe and quiet us, not to excite us."

This quotation, which stands at the head of a critical musical article, shows that the little corporal could guess pretty nearly right in music, as well as other things, though his criticism is hardly just, as applied to Cherubini, who is not an unpleasant, noisy composer.

During the first year of Handel's blindness, the oratorio of Sampson was performed at the Haymarket Theatre. The air—

"Total eclipse, no sun, no moon,  
All dark amid the blaze of noon."

The recollection that Handel had set this air to music, with the view of the blind composer then sitting by the organ, affected the audience so forcibly, that many persons present were moved even to tears.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MARCH 30, 1846.

As the time is approaching when many teachers will be at leisure, we renew our application for agents. A liberal commission will be allowed to any who will make a business of obtaining subscribers for the Gazette.

We recently saw a statement of the manufactures of Boston, in which the number of pianos made during the past year by the various makers in this city, was given as 1089, or thereabouts. The quantity of music and musical works issued from our presses every year is more astonishing still. Add to these the instruments manufactured, and the music and musical works published in other places, and one may well believe that music is making rapid strides in our beloved country. Musical publications especially, in various shapes and forms, are being multiplied beyond all precedent, and we presume all, at least all that are good for anything, find a ready sale. There is one class of works, however, which do not increase so rapidly as could be wished. We refer to what may be termed "musical literature." Of books of this description, we have heard of but two that have been published within a year, "Holmes' Life of Mozart," and "Hood's Music in New England." We cannot at this moment recall the titles of a half dozen books of this description that have ever been published in America. With all due respect to those who compose these numerous classes, nine tenths of all musical critics, music lovers, and we are afraid we must say music teachers, are woefully ignorant with regard to many points on which they are accustomed to speak with great confidence. This always will be the case until we are furnished with a musical literature, and until lovers of music are willing to glean something from the experience of others, instead of forming their opinions from their own uncultivated ideas. When we first contemplated commencing the Gazette, our design was to devote it exclusively to letter press matter, making it a periodical filled with such matter as those who are cultivating music ought to read. On account of the deficiency of the class of works already mentioned, we did not doubt but such a periodical would be acceptable and useful. Consultation, however, convinced us that we must have music in it, or it would not go. We notice that some of our correspondents speak as if the great object of the paper was the publication of new music; and we are obliged to believe that many have subscribed for it exclusively on account of the music it contains. Now we shall take great pains to have the music of a high order; and with regard to quantity, there is as much as we can profitably use in a fortnight in our own choir, however others may find it. The object of this article is, to beg our readers not to attach too much importance to the music, and too little to the letter press matter. Whether you are a teacher, or a leader, or merely a connoisseur, you need such reading as will be found in our columns. You do not know everything about music yet; with all deference, you and "we" may know far less than we think we do. To learn to read music well, and to sing through the greatest possible quantity of music, seems to be the desideratum with most who are cultivating their musical talents. A connoisseur of painting would hardly be satisfied with a collection of pictures a hundred miles long, if he was obliged to pass them on a locomotive at twenty miles an hour; nor would he suppose his taste much

improved if he should even be able to glance at each individual picture. A true lover of poetry is not always hungering and thirsting after new books; hastily scanning through one, throwing it aside, and as eagerly seeking for another; nor does he endeavor to form his taste without the aid of those who have written on the subject. Whether it at first appears so or not, we firmly believe, that reading understandingly such articles as will naturally be found in a musical journal, will do more towards improving the taste, maturing the judgment, and even improving the performance, than the practice of ten times the same number of pages of music.

Our *whole* paper, this time, is printed from new type, music and all. We expected to have had this type for our first number, but were disappointed, and have been receiving it in small quantities ever since. We presume no one will complain if our subsequent numbers do look better than the first. We are confident our readers must be satisfied with the *printers* of the Gazette, whether they are with the *editors* or not.

We give, to-day, the first number of a series of articles, by one of the editors, entitled "Sights and Sounds in Europe." The first numbers have already appeared in a paper conducted by Messrs. Kimball & Butterfield, the able printers of our sheet. As the circulation of their paper is mostly confined to the county in which it is issued, we think these articles will answer our purpose, as well as a similar series prepared expressly for this paper. In the latter case, they would probably have been entitled "Sounds in Europe," but now we shall have "Sights" in addition.

Immediately after the death of his father, Handel went to Hamburg, where he secured an engagement at the opera house, not as a principal performer on the harpsichord, but as a second violinist. So extraordinary a step of self abasement will appear singular; but it was the effect of a principle unbecoming the dignity of a great mind, which led him to affect a simplicity or rather humility of conduct, founded on vanity, and which his youth only could excuse, that he might enjoy the surprise excited by an unexpected display of his powers. Such an opportunity soon occurred. Reinhard Keiser, the leader of the orchestra, encumbered with debts, was obliged to absent himself; and to the general astonishment, the unobserved performer on the violin took his seat before the harpsichord, and soon convinced his audience, and the orchestra, that they had no reason to regret the change.

There was a story of a contest for this enviable precedence, and an attempt to assassinate Handel, which was founded on the following occurrence. Matheson, who was afterward secretary to the English resident, and who wrote several books on the subject of music, was at that time a principal singer, and occasional composer to the opera. He had set to music the opera of Cleopatra, in which he himself performed the part of Antony; but his part being over in the early part of the piece, it was his custom to take his seat at the harpsichord, and conduct the orchestra during the rest of the performance. This had been submitted to by Keiser; but Handel was not of a disposition so accommodating. He refused to resign his seat, and Matheson, in a rage, as they were going down the steps of the orchestra at the close of the performance, struck him a blow. Their swords were instantly drawn; but Matheson's weapon breaking against his antagonist's button, put an end to the rencounter. They had been in habits of intimacy, which they soon resumed, and were re-

joined at the lucky conclusion of so serious an incident, arising from so trifling a cause.

Before this quarrel, Handel and Matheson had traveled together to Lubec, where there was a vacancy for the organist's place. They performed this journey in the public caravan, with all the thoughtless hilarity of youth, singing extempore duetts, and amusing themselves with all imaginable frolics on the road, to which the affected simplicity and archness of Handel gave an exquisite zest. Finding the acceptance of the place coupled with the condition that the organist was to take a wife, who was to be chosen for him by the magistrates, they each declined offering themselves on such conditions, and returned together to Hamburg.

## ITEMS

*From papers received by the steamship Hibernia.*

**HONORS TO MUSICIANS.**—Chapel master *Glaser*, in Copenhagen, has been appointed court chapel master; *Van Campenhant*, has received the Belgian Leopold order; *Alois Taux*, in Salzburg, a gold medal; music director *Frunz Commer*, in Berlin, a gold snuff box; *Ferdinand Schubert*, the appointment of chapel master; and *Gottfried Preyer*, director of the Vienna music conservatory, a gold medal, and the *order of the Saviour*, from Otto, king of Greece.

A new instrument called the "*Tremolophon*," or "*Girardeon*," (from its inventor Girard, who died a short time since in Paris,) is exhibiting in Vienna. It is something like a piano, but by means of a wheel, machinery is set in operation, which produces a trembling vibration, and a swelling tone, said to be very pleasant and penetrating. The present owner of the instrument is named Wilczek.

There is a Mr. *Von Neuberg*, in Karlsbad, who has made (for his own pleasure) four violoncellos, five trombones, and towards twenty violins. These he constructed on the principles of the old masters, and succeeded so well, that his instruments were highly prized by musicians. He did not sell his instruments, but gave them away.

Johann Strauss, the celebrated waltz composer, was born in Vienna, the 14th of March, 1804. When fifteen years old, he commenced learning the bookbinder's trade, but his love of music was so strong, that he was taken away, and put to study with Lanner, from which time he improved rapidly, and, at length, more than equalled his master.

A new organ is now building for the church of St. Eustache, in Paris, in place of an old one which was burnt a short time since. The new instrument will have ninety stops, and these, by the use of machinery, invented by Barker, will have the effect of one hundred and fifty stops. The great organ in Hamburg, has but eighty-eight stops.

On the 16th of November, the ceremony of presenting prizes to the best scholars in the Musical Conservatory of Brussels, took place in the church of St. Augustine, in that city. The first prize in composition, which consisted of a laurel crown, and 10,000 francs, was given to *Abraham Samuel*, a young Jew, about twenty years old. In order to obtain this prize, one must travel four years in Germany, France, and Italy, to improve himself in his art. *Abraham Samuel* also received the first prize in organ playing.

On the 11th of November, a musical festival was held in Vienna. About 1000 persons took part in the per-



performances, which were given in the Imperial Riding School. The pieces brought forward were, Mozart's overture to the "Magic Flute," Beethoven's Oratorio, "The Mount of Olives," extracts from Hayden's "Creation," &c., Mozart's fugue, "Misericordias," and march and chorus, from Kotebue's "Ruin of Athens."

The Arabian music scale consists of, *Alif, Be, Gim, Dai, He, Waw, Zain*, (A. B. C. D. E. F. G.) They paint the lowest note green, the second rose, the third dark blue, the fourth violet, the fifth brown, the sixth black, the seventh light blue.

The Hutchinson family are delighting large audiences in London. Their performances seem to have been as well received in England and Ireland, as they were in this country.

Allcroft's monster concert took place in London, on Monday evening, Feb. 9. The house was filled in every part. The programme included the names of nearly all the great talent in the metropolis. Braham, Phillips, Henry Russell, and the *Ethiopian minstrels*! were among the performers.

The queen Isabella, of Spain, sang lately in a private concert, at the court. She plays the piano, and is learning the harp. Her mother assisted at the same concert, as also the infant, Franz de Paria, who took part in the chorus.

The *Mozart-stiftung*, a society in Frankfort on the Maine, which has for its object, aiding the education of young musicians, received lately 1000 florins, (\$400) from a certain clergyman; also, 88 florins from Moscheles; 160 florins from some Germans in New York; 72 florins, the product of a performance in the Frankfort theatre. This society has now a capital of 17,789 florins.

The queen-mother of Naples, Maria Isabella, has been elected a member of the Academy of St. Cecilia in Rome.

*Donizetti* has gone to Nice, accompanied by his physician. The climate of Italy, it is hoped, will prove salutary to the shattered health of this celebrated composer.

*Liszt* gave on Sunday, February 7th, in Brussels, a charity concert. He intends soon to go to Weimar, where he holds the office of chapel-master. Some time in the spring he will be in Vienna.

A pianist named *Litolff* has made a great sensation in Brussels, Warsaw, and Berlin. *Litolff* studied first with Moscheles in England, but at the age of sixteen went to Paris, and after enduring many hardships, he became a brilliant pianist, and a composer of considerable merit. His fourth concert in Berlin was crowded to excess.

*Joseph Weigl*, a German composer of some note, died recently at Vienna, and was buried in the *Wahring* church, where also lie Beethoven, Schubert, and Seyfried.

*Meyerbeer* arrived in Berlin on the 23d of January, and had the honor of dining with the king the next day.

For the maintenance of the monument erected to Beethoven in the *Wahring* church, in Vienna, and the restoration of the monument above the grave of Gluck, in the Matzstein churchyard, (the last but recently discovered,) a subscription was set on foot, toward the end of last year. Will it be believed that in musical Germany it now amounts to only £4 10s?

## BACH, AS A CITIZEN.

Besides Bach's great merit as an accomplished performer, composer, and teacher of music, he had also the merit of being an excellent father, friend, and citizen. His virtues as a father, he showed by his care for the education of his children; and the others, by his conscientious performance of his social and civil duties. Whoever was in any respect a lover of the art, whether a foreigner, or a native, could visit his house, and was sure of meeting with a friendly reception. These social virtues, united with his great reputation as an artist, caused his house to be very seldom without visitors.

As an artist, he was uncommonly modest. Notwithstanding the great superiority which he had over the rest of his profession, and which he could not but feel; notwithstanding the admiration and respect which were daily shown him, on account of his talents, there is no instance of his having ever assumed upon it. When he was sometimes asked, how he had contrived to make himself so great a master of the art, he generally answered, "I was obliged to be industrious; whoever is equally so, will succeed as well." With regard to his difficult pieces, he would say, "You have five as good fingers on each hand as I have; only practise diligently and you will do as well." He seemed not to lay any stress on his extraordinary natural genius. All the opinions he expressed of other artists and their works, were friendly and equitable. Many works necessarily appeared to him trifling, as he was almost always exclusively employed upon the sublimer branches of the art, yet he never allowed himself to express a harsh opinion, unless it were to one of his scholars, to whom he thought himself obliged to speak pure and strict truth. Still less did he ever suffer himself to be seduced by the consciousness of his superiority, to a musical bravado, as is so frequently the case with performers who think themselves strong, when they believe they have an inferior one to do with.

In musical parties, where quartetts or other fuller instrumental pieces were performed, he took pleasure in playing the tenor violin. With this instrument, he was, as it were, in the middle of the harmony, whence he could best hear and enjoy it, on both sides.

He was fond of hearing the music of other composers. If he heard in a church, a fugue by a full orchestra, and one of his eldest sons stood near him, he always, as soon as he heard the introduction to the theme, said beforehand, what the composer ought next to introduce. If it was a good composition, what he had said, happened; then he rejoiced and jogged his son to make him observe it; a proof that he properly estimated the skill of others.

Bach did not make what is called a brilliant fortune. He had, indeed, a lucrative office, but he had a great number of children to maintain from the income of it. He neither had, nor sought other resources. He was too much occupied with his business and his art, to think of pursuing those ways, which perhaps, for a man like him, especially in his times, would have led to riches. If he had thought fit to travel, he would have drawn upon himself the admiration of the whole world. But he loved a quiet domestic life, constant and uninterrupted occupation with his art, and was, as we have said of his ancestors, contented with a moderate competency.

With all this, however, he enjoyed, during his life, manifold proofs of love and friendship, and of honor. Prince Leopold, of Coethen, Duke Ernest Augustus, of Weimar, and Duke Christian, of Weissenfels, had a

most sincere attachment for him, which must have been the more valuable to the great artist, as these princes were not mere lovers, but also judges, of music. At Berlin and Dresden, he was universally honored and respected. If we add the admiration of all the connoisseurs and lovers of music who ever heard him, or who were acquainted with his works, we shall easily conceive, that a man like Bach, "who sang only for himself and the muses," had received from the hands of fame all that he could wish, and which had more charms for him, than the equivocal honors of a ribbon or a gold chain.

## SINGING AND TEMPERANCE.

It is necessary for singers to observe order and temperance in eating and drinking, and even to make a careful choice of what they eat. One should avoid all heavy, gross food, as all that is very fat, or salted, or smoked, nuts, cheese, as also highly spiced, stimulating dishes, not only because they injuriously affect the stomach, but through it, the nerves and sinews which govern the voice, inducing a certain roughness and harshness. Pork, sausages, and greasy mixtures of flour, should not enter a singer's mouth; but the diet should consist rather of light mild dishes, milk, vegetables, soups, wild game, fowls, and especially fresh fruit is beneficial. The powerful singing organs of the Swiss, Tyrolese, and Steyermark people, are witnesses enough to this point. Heating drinks should also be avoided; and beer, which *stimes* the organs, relaxes the nerves, and induces drowsiness, and implants upon tone the features of commonness, and vulgarity. Intemperate use of beer begets hoarseness, dryness of the throat, requiring new draughts, and not unfrequently occasions a loss of the voice. It is injurious to drink *anything* just before and after singing, though many think it strengthens the voice. Many have found, however, that drowsy on the chest is brought on, sooner or later, by the habit. If one is so thirsty as to be obliged to drink, one should take a little pure, not too cold, spring water. Drinking when warm weakens the voice, and endangers the loss of it, if it does not injure the general health. Cold water is the best drink for singers, as it dilutes the phlegm which roughens the voice. Brandy works as much evil on the voice as on the body. Some can bear a temperate use of wine, but I do not like to sing after partaking of ever so small a portion.—From "*The art of singing, or the secrets of the Italian and German masters of song*," by E. G. Nehrlich.

The following, from Cruikshanks' Table Book, we commend to the notice of those who so strenuously oppose every improvement which does not accord with their pre-conceived ideas. We were about to append a musical moral to it, but on second thought, have concluded that our readers are as well able to do that, as ourselves.

## AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S OPINION OF THINGS IN GENERAL.

I am now considerably upwards of threescore; but I am happy to say, in perfect possession of all my faculties; a blessing which in these times I ought indeed to be thankful for.

On most occasions I am a man of few words, and do not intend to use many on this. I write but to answer, once for all, a question I am continually pestered with, "What is your opinion of things in general?"

My opinion of things in general, may be gathered from my opinion of men in general. I am convinced

that the whole world is mad; I hope there may be some exceptions; to such I would address myself; but I have met with none yet.

I observed this universal insanity coming on many years ago, when the monstrous idea was proposed of lighting London with gas. In vain I argued and insisted that it was impossible. People began by thinking the scheme feasible, and ended by believing that it was accomplished. Finding the world thus far gone, I at once shut myself up for safety in my own house, and have never stirred beyond my grounds since. I let a few harmless lunatics visit me, and I take in the papers—which are just as mad as the world at large—and thus I know what is going on.

Light London with gas! Set the Thames on fire! Why, suppose they could, the place would be blown up in a week. Besides, where would they get the coal from? Our mines would be exhausted in a twinkling. So I said at the time, and say still; but to reason with madmen is the next thing to being mad one's self.

The next delusion that seized the public was steam. I proved that it would come to nothing but mischief, and I find by some occasional lucid passages in the journals, under the head of accidents, that I was right.

The progress of the steam pantomania, so to call it, has been astonishing. Absurdity after absurdity was believed; till at last men were persuaded that to cross the Atlantic and back by a steamship was quite a common thing. A steamship! A bottle of smoke! And now they have reached such a pitch of extravagance, as actually to regard as a fact the existence of railroads between London and other large towns, along which they can travel by steam at a rate of twenty miles an hour! It is useless to ask them how such an impossibility can be; there is a method in their madness, and they gravely endeavor to explain. Nay, finding that I turn a deaf ear to their ravings, they assure me that I may satisfy myself of the reality of railways, by simply going ten miles to see one. Simply indeed! Once admit the possibility of a thing contrary to reason, and the next step is to be convinced of its reality.

All the world, likewise, is mad upon electricity. I never believed in it at all myself. I always said electricity was a humbug. They pretend to say that, by means of what they term an electric telegraph, a signal can be conveyed any distance in an instant. Fiddle-de-dee! They declare that, by this same electricity, gunpowder can be blown up under water. Stuff! Also, that copper plates of pictures can be got, in any number, out of blue vitriol. Rubbish! Of all these delusions they are as persuaded as they are of their own senses; but so was the madman who believed himself made of glass.

They likewise affirm that the sun is made to draw pictures, by a contrivance which they name a daguerreotype! Sunshine! moonshine! Of this fallacy they are as firmly convinced as that the sun itself is in the heavens. I might as well talk to a stone wall, as attempt to argue or laugh them out of it. They tell me to go and see it done; as if I could be such a fool!

But of all the incredible follies they are possessed with, the most inconceivable is a delusion called mesmerism. The idea of persons reading with their eyes shut, seeing through stone walls, tasting what another eats, having their legs cut off without feeling it! What next? Hear with our noses, I suppose, and smell with our ears. Oh! the very thought of such nonsense almost makes me as mad as the rest.

It is impossible to account for all this strange credul-

ity, but by supposing that some singular disease has seized upon men's minds and senses. For this reason I have irrevocably determined never to go and look at anything of the sort. Even I might catch the contagion; but still I hope that my judgment would rectify my perceptions. And, therefore, what I say is, that even if I saw gas, steamships, railroads, electric telegraphs, electro types, daguerreotypes, (all so many types of insanity,) clairvoyance, community of sensation, or anything else of the kind, I would not believe in them. I am not an obstinate man; I can listen to reason; I am open to conviction; but I cannot, I will not, be imposed upon. I maintain that your science and your inventions are all a hoax, a humbug, a trickery, a deceit. Other people may be gulled if they like; not I. It is all very well to cant about the ignorance and superstition of our ancestors for believing in ghosts and witchcraft; I say it is just as silly to believe in electricity and steam.

Talk as much as you like, to alter my opinion; it is all nonsense, and I won't hear a word.

**EVENING STUDIES IN MUSIC.**—It is surprising that so salutary and agreeable a recreation for winter evenings as musical exercises, enlists so little general interest, and receives such limited patronage. Unlike many other pleasures this is not only agreeable at the time, but is still more so in its permanent results. Regarded either as an accomplishment or as a source of personal comfort, music is worthy of very much more attention than it usually receives. High professional attainments, indeed, do not lie within the grasp of the multitude, but moderate acquisitions, such as will materially serve the convenience and happiness of life, may be made by every one. Why then should not all persons bestow a share of the dreary winter upon the cheerful exercises of musical cultivation?—*Exchange paper.*

The principal "piano forte schools" (instruction books for the piano) which have been in use, from Bach's time to the present, are,

1. Philip Em. Bach, "Attempt to find the true art to play the piano."
2. I. B. Cramer's piano forte school.
3. A. G. Muller, the "Lohlein piano school."
4. J. M. Hummel, complete piano school. Three parts.
5. Fr. Kalkbrenner, companion to his "hand guide."
6. C. Czerny's great piano school.
7. H. Bertini's great piano school.
8. Moscheles and Fétis, a historical, critical, and practical work.
9. The first part of Aloy's Schmidt's studies.—*German paper.*

Pythagoras was of the opinion, that the education of man must begin with the education of his senses, and that youth should be accustomed to view "beautiful forms," and should hear "noble songs." He would make a beginning by instruction in music. He believed, that through melody and rhythm, the disposition was made milder, all powers of the mind were put in harmony, and disease, both of body and soul, were healed.—*Zamblick's life of Pythagoras.*

In all music published in this paper, unless otherwise directed, the upper part is the tenor, the second part the alto, the third part the treble, and the lower part the base.

## HARMONY, NO. IV.

A chord composed of five sounds which stand in the relation of *chief note, third, fifth, seventh, and ninth*, is called a chord of the **SEVENTH AND NINTH**.

Either letter may be taken as the *chief note* of a chord of the seventh and ninth.

If C is the *chief note* of a chord of the seventh and ninth, what letter is the *third? fifth? seventh? ninth?* If D is the *chief note* of a chord of the seventh and ninth, what letter is the *third? fifth? seventh? ninth?* If E is the *chief note* of a chord of the seventh and ninth, what letter is the *third? fifth? seventh? ninth?* If F is the *chief note* of a chord of the seventh and ninth, what letter is the *third? fifth? seventh? ninth?* If G is the *chief note* of a chord of the seventh and ninth, what letter is the *third? fifth? seventh? ninth?* If A is the *chief note* of a chord of the seventh and ninth, what letter is the *third? fifth? seventh? ninth?* If B is the *chief note* of a chord of the seventh and ninth, what letter is the *third? fifth? seventh? ninth?*

A chord composed of five sounds which stand in the relation of *chief note, third, fifth, ninth, and eleventh*, is called a chord of the **NINTH AND ELEVENTH**.

Either letter may be taken as the *chief note* of a chord of the ninth and eleventh.

If C is the *chief note* of a chord of the ninth and eleventh, what letter is the *third? fifth? ninth? eleventh?* If D is the *chief note* of a chord of the ninth and eleventh, what letter is the *third? fifth? ninth? eleventh?* If E is the *chief note* of a chord of the ninth and eleventh, what letter is the *third? fifth? ninth? eleventh?* If F is the *chief note* of a chord of the ninth and eleventh, what letter is the *third? fifth? ninth? eleventh?* If G is the *chief note* of a chord of the ninth and eleventh, what letter is the *third? fifth? ninth? eleventh?* If A is the *chief note* of a chord of the ninth and eleventh, what letter is the *third? fifth? ninth? eleventh?* If B is the *chief note* of a chord of the ninth and eleventh, what letter is the *third? fifth? ninth? eleventh?*

## CONCERTS IN BOSTON.

**Mar. 12. MISS JULIA L. NORTHALL'S CONCERT.**—1, Introduction, Organ, by G. J. Webb. 2, Song, "The Spell is broken," by Miss Northall. 3, Solo, Flute, by Mr. Kyle. 4, Song, "Thou art lovelier," by Miss Northall. 5, Trio, Flute, Clarinet, and Piano, by Messrs. Kyle, Groenveldt, and Webb. **PART II.**—1, Duet, Flute and Piano, by Messrs. Kyle, and Webb. 2, Echo Song, by Miss Northall. 3, Flute Obligato. 4, Cavatina, "By that consuming, quenchless Flame," by Miss Northall. 5, Flute Solo, "The Last Rose of Summer." 6, Song, "The Captive Greek Girl," by Miss Northall.

**Mar. 14. PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY,** eighth and last concert of the season. 1, Overture to Der Freischütz, by full orchestra. 2, Song, "The three ages of love," Mr. Delavanti. 3, Song, "Ave Maria," with orchestra accompaniment, Miss Northall. 4, Solo, Flute, J. A. Kyle. 5, Echo Song, by Miss Northall, with Flute Obligato by Mr. Kyle. 6, Overture to Italian in Algieri. **PART II.**—1, Overture to "Fidelio." 2, Cavatina, "By that consuming, quenchless Flame," Miss Northall. 3, Song, "The light of other days," Mr. Delavanti. 4, Solo, Flute, Mr. Kyle. 5, "The Captive Greek Girl," Miss Northall. 6, Grand Waltz, "Madchen Traume," full orchestra.

**Mar. 18. MISS NORTHALL'S SECOND CONCERT.**—1, Introduction, Piano. 2, "Ave Maria," Miss Northall. 3, Solo, Clarinet, Mr. Groenveldt. 4, "Thou art lovelier," Miss Northall. 5, Solo, Flute. **PART II.**—1, Song, "The Wanderer," Miss Northall, with Flute Obligato. 2, Solo, Violoncello, Mr. Groenveldt. 3, Cavatina from the Maid of Judah, "Fortune Frowns," Miss Northall. 4, Flute Solo, Mr. Kyle. 5, Song, "What enchantment," Miss Northall.

**Mar. 21. BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC,** for the benefit of Mr. Keyzer, leader of the orchestra. 1, Overture, Le Serment. 2, Solo, Flute, Mr. Groenveldt, with orchestra accompaniment. 3, Larghetto, from Beethoven, Symphony No. 2. 4, Solo, Violin, Mr. Keyzer, Grand concerto, with full orchestra accompaniment. 5, Overture, Cheval de Bronze. **PART II.**—Symphony No. 7, of Beethoven.



## CHARITY.\*

WORDS BY C. JEFFRIES.

MELODY BY S. GLOVER.  
HARMONIZED BY A. N. JOHNSON.  
Ritard.

Meek and low-ly, pure and ho-ly, Chief a-mong the "blessed three;" Turn-ing sad-ness in-to glad-ness, Heav'n-born art thou, Char-i-ty!

Hoping ev-er-fail-ing nev-er—Tho' de-ceived, be-liev-ing still; Long a-bid-ing, all con-fid-ing, To thy heav'n-ly Father's will:

Pi-ty dwell-eth in thy bo-som; Kindness reign-eth o'er thy heart; Gen-tle thoughts alone can sway thee; Judgment hath in thee no part.

Nev-er wea-ry of well do-ing, Nev-er fear-ful of the end; Claiming all man-kind as brothers, Thou dost all a-like be-friend.

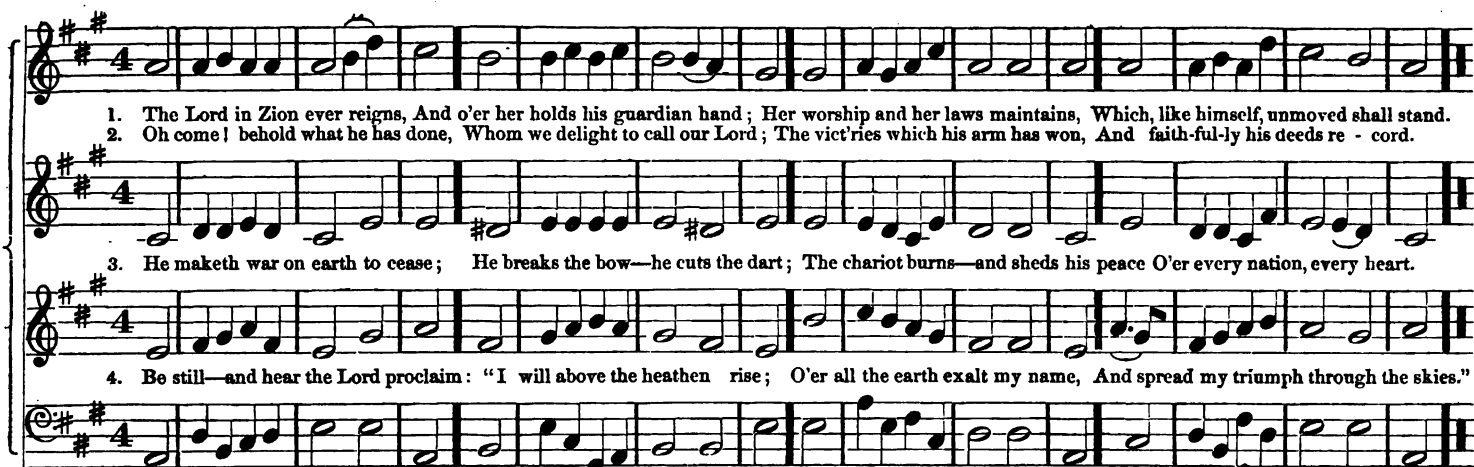
Meek and low-ly, pure and ho-ly, Chief a-mong the "blessed three;" Turn-ing sad-ness in-to glad-ness; Heaven-born art thou, Char-i-ty!

Meek and low-ly, pure and ho-ly, Chief a-mong the "blessed three;" Turn-ing sad-ness in-to glad-ness; Heaven-born art thou, Char-i-ty!

\* "And now abideth faith, hope, charity; these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

## ARNOLD. L. M.

L. MASON.



1. The Lord in Zion ever reigns, And o'er her holds his guardian hand; Her worship and her laws maintains, Which, like himself, unmoved shall stand.

2. Oh come! behold what he has done, Whom we delight to call our Lord; The vict'ries which his arm has won, And faith-ful-ly his deeds re - cord.

3. He maketh war on earth to cease; He breaks the bow—he cuts the dart; The chariot burns—and sheds his peace O'er every nation, every heart.

4. Be still—and hear the Lord proclaim: "I will above the heathen rise; O'er all the earth exalt my name, And spread my triumph through the skies."

## WERNAM. C. M.

J. MAXIM.



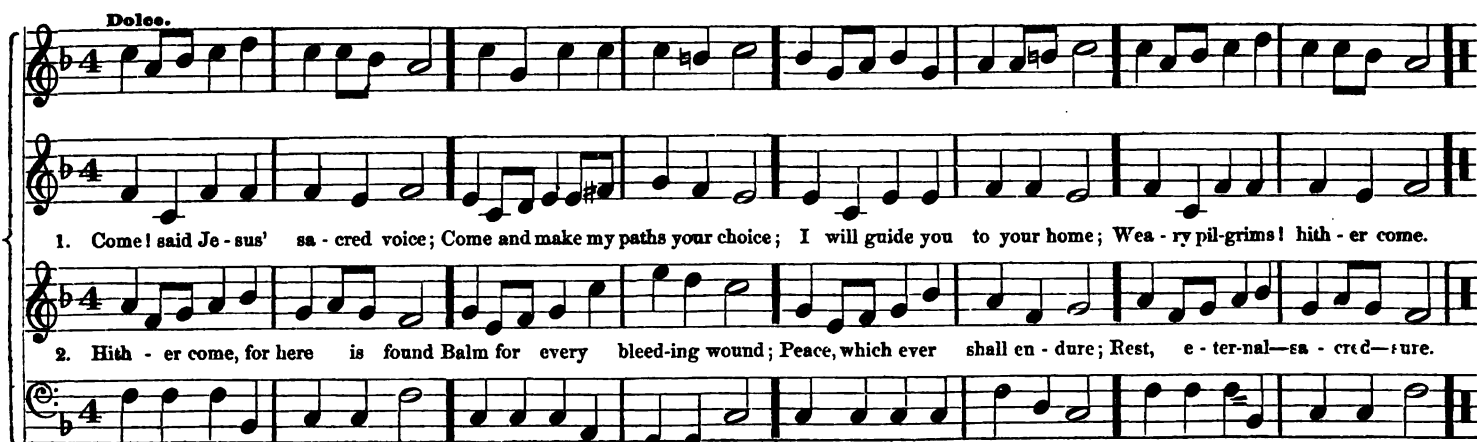
1. Sal - va-tion! O the joy-ful sound! 'Tis pleas-ure to our ears, A sove-reign balm for every wound, A cor-dial for our fears.

2. Buried in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we arise, by grace di-vine, To see a heav'n-ly day.

3. Sal - va-tion! let the echo fly The spacious earth a - round; While all the ar - mies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

## AVISON. 7s.

WM. MASON.



*Dolce.*

1. Come! said Je - sus' sa - cred voice; Come and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home; Wea - ry pil-grims! hith - er come.

2. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm for every bleed-ing wound; Peace, which ever shall en - dure; Rest, e - ter-nal—sa - cred—sure.

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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## Miscellaneous.

### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN EUROPE.

NUMBER TWO.

As all sea voyages resemble each other, allow me to carry you over the two thousand miles between the Grand Banks and the mouth of the Seine. By making this flying leap, you will lose little, and be spared something of the tediousness which troubled me on my passage.

Had our ship missed her way, and sailed up into the moon, or over to the Celestial Empire, the contrast would not have been greater, it seemed to me, than that between Havre and New York—the people, the houses, the streets, were so different. The pavement we walked over was of smooth square stones; the houses we passed were mostly of a cream color, built in blocks, with one front door to a block; men pushed our baggage along on hand-carts, something after the model of hay-carts; we pressed through crowds of all sorts of people—soldiers with blue coats and red pantaloons—fashionable looking men—women neatly dressed, with only caps on their heads, (no bonnets,) who seemed to be “men of business,” from their smart air and activity, some of them pushing hand-carts loaded with gravel or sand—until my head was fairly confused with the unwonted sights and sounds. Arriving at the custom house, a plump officer, in regimentals, came out, and asked each one of us, if we had anything contraband about us, feeling the pockets which appeared usually well filled. This ceremony over, we were at liberty to stroll about for several hours, until our baggage was ready to be examined.

Havre has no natural harbor, but is built on marshy land, at the mouth of the Seine. A wide canal winds through it, from 100 to 250 feet broad, which is converted into a wet dock, by gates at its entrance. This dock extends half a mile beyond the walls, in one direction, and within the city; you cannot go far in any direction, without coming to it. The fortifications are after this manner. Outside of all is a moat or canal, which can be filled at any time, but is usually only half full. Then comes a wall, about twenty feet high, with the earth heaped up against the inner side; so that a cannon ball, penetrating through the wall, could not by any possibility go through the embankment. The earth is disposed in terraces, which are covered with grass,

and furnish a pleasant walk to those who wish to look at the surrounding country. Inside of this wall is a second moat and wall, after the same pattern. The walls are zig-zag, so that no enemy can approach one part of a wall, without being exposed to a cross fire from another part. There is an extra wall at the gates, which are very strongly fortified. Havre would be invulnerable, were it not that a high hill near it commands the town.

I remember, when I used to visit the navy-yard, in the days of boyhood, I used to look with mortal fear on the sentinel at the gate, expecting, that on the least violation of the rules of the yard, he would shoot me without compunction. It was with something of the same feeling, that I looked at the soldiers I found at every turn in Havre. It was not until after some months' residence in Europe, that I became accustomed to that anti-republican thing, a standing army. As I was strolling near the country side of the city, I espied a large mound, covered with grass and lucerne, which seemed to belong to the fortifications. Seeing a path leading to the top, I ascended, and was enjoying the prospect, when I heard a voice, shouting, “*Otez vous! otez vous!*” and looking down toward the gate of the city, beheld a soldier, making violent gestures towards me, and still crying, “*Otez vous! descendez vous!*” I knew enough French, to comprehend that he meant “get off that mound!” and so I nodded to him, in token that I understood, and descended.

The operation of getting passports signed, and baggage through the custom house, is so tedious that I should not like to weary the reader with a description of it. Suffice it to say, that trunks were very thoroughly searched, and duty levied when it could be. One passenger, who had about fifty cigars with him, paid about two dollars for the privilege of smoking them in France. Wishing to avoid the bother of custom house searching, and baggage shifting, I had only taken two small carpet bags with me, intending to replenish my wardrobe in Europe. I should recommend this course to all foreigners, except that I would recommend a valise, instead of anything of cloth. When they had finished with my “plunder,” and found nothing unlawful, I took it up, and was innocently proceeding, bag in hand, to my hotel, when a porter, in great agitation, came running after me, to call me back; and an officer demanded of me about fifty cents, to have my baggage carried; informing me that the custom house porters had the monopoly of the business. I thought the price of transportation high, for what I could carry with a finger, but had to submit. When the porter had deposited his charge in my room, he made me a bow, and said something, which I tried not to understand, but was obliged to, for he made it as plain as French words and gestures could make it, that he wished some “*argent a boire*”—money to drink my health.

I had taken a room, in connection with a fellow passenger, a very kind Swiss gentleman, who understood French ways better than I, and saved me a world of trouble, in making bargains, &c. Our chamber was a good-sized, comfortable one, with three canopied beds, standing end to end at one side, a tile floor, large windows, opening like shutters, (they always are so on the conti-

nent, I believe;) tables, chairs, &c., and the walls ornamented with a picture or two of Napoleon. I did not know what to make of those beds; they seemed short for a yankee, and there were two great pillows, about three feet long, and ditto wide, on each. The pillows are like those in universal use; but I have not since found bedsteads of the same pattern. On retiring, I found that from head board to foot board was about five feet; and I being five feet eight or nine, it was impossible to stow between the said boards. I at last compounded the matter, by lying in a diagonal line, from corner to corner, and fell asleep. Awaking in the night, I heard my companion making a stir in his dormitory, and he seemed to be busy with a light. He had been explaining to me, a day or two before, that European beds were never infested, as American ones sometimes are. I now found, from his ejaculations, that he had been deceived; and the consequence of the discovery was, that we set out for Paris, about midnight, the next night, instead of spending two nights in Havre.

The succeeding day was the Sabbath, and the noisiest one I ever saw. The shops were in a measure closed, but not to attend public worship. There was a great regatta before the city, which was graced by the presence of the Prince de Joinville; and the whole city went out to see it. I was near the place, at one time, and saw vessels of war in the offing; but had no curiosity to stay. I rather went out of the gates to find the American seamen's chapel, in the hope, “being at rest for an hour or two. I was unsuccessful in the morning, but in the afternoon went with my friend to a protestant church, about a quarter of a mile from the walls; and, although I could but illy understand the language of the preacher, I was rested and refreshed more, while staying in that little sanctuary, than one would believe, who had not been tossed about on the ocean for some weeks, in the midst of profanity and heartlessness.

I could find but two churches within the walls of Havre. One was a great cathedral affair. I saw a number of people going in, as they came back from the boat race. In the evening there were fire-works, to which it seemed as though everybody went. I was in one of the principal streets, as the crowd passed on the return, and happening to be in a place where a brilliant light fell on the passers-by, I had a rare opportunity to see a French community. I shall never forget the sight. Old men, young men, children, little and great, came pouring along, until the eye was weary with looking, and the heart made solitary; for in all the crowd I could not find one face that had a solid, good, moral, New England look to it. All seemed to be votaries of pleasure; the calm eye, the open brow, the something that tells the observer that the mind sometimes communes with heaven, and draws from it light and beauty, so that we see even in plain features the reflection of an angel's face, were wanting. I was reminded of what some one said, that the French were like the foam in a champagne glass, and Americans like the more solid fluid beneath. A land without the Sabbath, and almost without the bible, must necessarily be a vain and wicked one.

Among the varieties of costume, I noticed with some curiosity the different patterns of caps on the heads of

the women (I saw only two or three bonnets in Havre.) A very conspicuous thing, was a sugar-loaf shaped affair sticking out behind the head; but still more curious was the Normandy cap, of which there were many visible; Havre being on the borders of Normandy. I cannot exactly define them, as they looked differently every time I saw them; but please to imagine a muslin thing about as large as—a large piece of chalk, or a small handbox, and resembling a butterfly, a great white pea blossom, or a helmet, according to the point of observation.

### THE OLD CANTOR IN JOACHIMSTHAL.

Nikolaus Hermann was a true-hearted, plain, children and-all-the-world-loving school master, and musician, of the time of Luther.

Joachimsthal, in which he was cantor\* to the Latin school, was a mountain town on the borders of Bohemia and Saxony. His character was so beautiful, and his poetry and song so good, that a sketch or two of his productions cannot but be acceptable. When too old to engage in the active duties of his office, he still contributed to the pleasure and profit of the youth and elder people of Joachimsthal, by his compositions.

A collection of songs which he put forth when about sixty years old, has the title, "Hymns for all Sundays and feast days in the year, set to music, for the dear children of Joachimsthal, by Nikolaus Hermann, the cantor, 1560."

In this collection, are found the bible lessons for the various days specified, set in rhyme. The good cantor did not always succeed in making the rhyme and the measure perfect, as indeed he could not do, and preserve the sense of the original as entirely as he did. He says in the preface, "I wish to serve those dear children that I used to teach. I would have them not only have the evangelists by heart, but I would have them sung also. For it is natural for young folks to sing, and it is to be feared, if they are not accustomed from youth to sacred songs, they will afterwards prefer those of a light and injurious character." Besides the scripture versifications, there are interspersed beautiful songs for children, which are so good, and kind, and naive, and hearty, and religious, so fresh and good, that it is a luxury to read them. Some of them have ever since been sung in the churches, like Luther's similar productions. Here is part of one of his songs, intended for Good Friday. (It comes much by translation.)

"On Friday must each christian man  
His cross with Jesus carry.  
Until the Sabbath comes again,  
He in the grave must tarry.  
Till comes the joyful Easter morn,  
The grave is open, Jesus gone,  
The tomb no more may hold him!

#### FRIDAY, THE MARTYR DAY.

This Friday taste the little time  
That we live here in sorrow.  
With bitter cries our hearts incline  
To grief, to-day, to-morrow.  
O, great was Adam's, and our sin!  
Let each his cross be bearing, then,  
In patience Jesus follow.

Such words were appropriate in those reformation days. After this follows a verse, descriptive of the sweetness of death, alluding to Christ's sleeping on the (Jewish) Sabbath. Then comes

\*A cantor is one who has the charge of music—a music master; and in this case, probably, the cantor had the general superintendence of music in Joachimsthal.

### THE EASTER DAY.

Then comes the joyful Easter day!  
Then will we all arise.  
With Jesus we will haste away,  
While earth beneath us lies.  
With Christ, and in his kingdom be,  
And reign to all eternity.  
Lord Jesus, help us all, Amen!

The song of Dorothea is lovely, sweet, and tender. It is founded on an old legend. A christian maiden, who has well learned the bible, and carries her name in truth and deed, for Dorothea means "God's gift," offends the great evil spirit. He tries to force her to worship false gods, but she stands firm as a wall, and endures as the gold endures the fire. The priests of Baal, full of anger, carry her to the place of judgment. Theophilus the chancellor pities her. He says, "Spare thyself, maiden, abjure this false doctrine, and enjoy thy young life." But she answers,

In lovely paradise,  
When dead, I there shall go,  
God to love, honor, and praise.  
There many roses grow.  
From them, will Christ, my Lord,  
Make a fragrant crown for me;  
Then I do not fear the sword,  
For I soon the Lord shall see.

Theophilus laughs, and mocks her, and says, "she must send him some of the roses from Christ's garden." "Yes," says she, "that shall be so, you may wait for them."

And, as the beautiful maiden  
And her bright soul parted were,  
A fair boy came, light laden  
With a little basket there,  
And said, behold! Theophilus,  
Those roses take, and prize,  
They come from Christ's garden,  
And the maid in paradise.

At this miracle the heathen is astonished, and becomes a good christian. The tale closes,

As a fruitful summer shower,  
Is faithful martyr's blood,  
As rain on field, on bower,  
Brings blessings down from God,  
Through crosses the church increases,  
Through sorrow, good receive,  
Nor death the pleasure ceases,  
Of him who does believe.

A second collection, published at about the same time as the first, contains various stories from the old and new testaments, with various psalms and songs. In the preface a hope is expressed, (which might reasonably expect a fulfillment,) that music would form an important part of his employment in the better world.

The old cantor describes the manner of teaching in the schools fifty years before, when the community was, of course, Roman catholic. He says that in those days, in the miserable way of teaching, many did not understand their grammars until twenty years old, and the Latin spoken compared with the (then) present, as a straw fiddle compared with a fine organ. "The poor boys, besides, were so drove and plagued with singing, that there would have been hardly time between one feast and another, to learn and prepare the songs, had there even been no other studies to occupy the time. The scholars often had to attend services in the night, and stand shivering three hours together in the church, so that some became cripples, and unhealthy their whole life in consequence. The smaller scholars, as if they were by nature martyrs, were first sufficiently martyred in the school, then frozen in the church, and at last sent home through the snow, wind, or rain. It was the duty

of the elder scholars to assist the younger, but they did not know themselves what they taught. And as the teaching, so were the school houses; so that flayers' houses, and hangmen's houses, and jails, were palaces and castles, in comparison. In such nasty, miserable houses, in company with rats, mice, fleas, bugs, and whatever other things would come under the name 'vermin,' were the dear children taught, who should become schoolmasters, and perhaps rulers." He complains that while songs existed to the "noble, gentle Maria," and "St. Christopher," the holy man, not a song was known for "the Lord Jesus."

In a hymn, containing a prayer for all christian schools and teachers, he compares the scholars to bees:

Now let these bees before thee live,  
That labor in their little hive;  
And put a guard their house about,  
To keep the wasps and hornets out.  
And give them pleasant flowers to eat,  
To fill their cells with honey neat;  
And mould the wax into a tight,  
No pope may ever quench in night.

The pastor and cantor of Joachimsthal were always on the closest terms of friendship, so that a good discourse might have been preached from the text, "Behold, how good it is, when pastor and cantor live together in unity." The bishop Draseke says, "the pastor and cantor must be one in heart, if the kingdom of God would grow. There can be no two sides to the question. There must be peace between them." If the good Mattheus preached an excellent sermon, his old friend was sure to be there, and soon after, the leading ideas of the discourse would be embodied in a choral or song.

In the chronicles of Joachimsthal, we find the record, "Nikolaus Hermann, a good musician, who has made many good chorals and German songs, fell asleep in the Lord, A. D. 1561, on the 3d of May."

### THE CROW AND THE BOBOLINCOLN.

#### A PARABLE.

"Come, sing us a pleasant song," said a crow to the bobolink, one day as the latter sat on an alder bush in a meadow, in June, where a whole troop of crows were assembled, though unseasonably, eating frogs and mice. "Come, sing us a song, for we are getting sad." So the bobolink, with customary great-heartedness and good nature, began, and poured out his strains of melody, that sparkled to the ear like the goldsmith's molten metal to the eye, enchanting the whole meadow, and filling the air with his "sweet jargonings," as if many angels in the blue distant arch had all at once opened the windows of heaven and rained down music—"Well," says the crow, for he alone had attended to the strain, while his companions showed their respect by continuing their gross feeding; "Well, that is pretty good from a small bird with white on his wings; you will sing better as you grow larger and become blacker, no doubt. But could you not make your notes a little deeper and more uniform? you sing too high, and run and skip like mad from note to note; there is but one tone in perfect music, caw, caw, caw; try again and you will improve."

The bobolink flew off to his own meadows, and sang no more, until the remembrance of the crow had faded from his joyous mind. Then he poured out the beautiful tide of song wherewith nature had filled his heart, and became the delight of maidens and of men. Had he obeyed his advice, he would have been but the ape of a crow.—*Child's Friend.*

## PIANO FORTE PLAYING.

*On a right touch, as indispensable to good piano forte playing.*

The following observations, though at first intended for another longitude, will be equally useful here. What is said about the right way of striking the piano, will, we hope, be read with care, as it embodies, in the main, the creed of the best teachers and performers of the present day.

It is now wonderfully in fashion to play the piano. Hundreds of grand, and square piano fortes go from this region, and they are bought up, "like the loaves of the baker." It is the same in other neighborhoods. What an army of players assemble themselves around so many instruments! And as to the teachers, their name is legion, from the poor scholar, who thankfully receives his "silver groschen" (three cents) per lesson, to the feted and admired artist, who coolly pockets his "ducat." There is no education without the piano, no assembly without the piano. Whoever sings, learns the piano as accompaniment; and whoever does not sing, learns the piano with so much the more zeal, because he cannot sing.

But is the *quality* of piano forte playing, in proportion to its *quantity*? The answer is emphatically, no. The contrary is true; and the cause of the deficiency may be found in the number of those who, ill-qualified, fill the office of teacher. That their number is great, I know, from what I have observed and heard. The evil is a heavy one. Many do not even seem to know what is needed to make a good player. The most necessary thing is a good way of striking, about which allow me to say a few words.

How comes it, that certain players cannot get along at all, except upon a particular instrument? How comes it, that some can never get a round, full, healthy tone, out of the best instruments? How that many have such a hard, disagreeable way of playing, that is very unpleasant to hear, and which, in a small room, will really affect the nerves very unpleasantly? It all comes from a bad way of striking.

Rule 1. Single tones should be struck with single fingers, without a motion of others, or of the hand, or arm.

Rule 2. The fingers should be crooked, and not straight, when they fall on the keys.

Rule 3. Chords, to be played staccato, and staccato octave runs, must be played by moving the hands, but not the arms.

Or, in short, *one must use just the necessary muscles, and no more.*

Rule 4. The fingers must not strike in a slanting direction, but perpendicularly, avoiding all sliding of the end of the finger about the key.

These rules are simple enough, but are somewhat hard to follow, and may require yet a few words of explanation.

Rule 1. There are four different joints with which we can play—the shoulder joint, the elbow joint, the wrist joint, and the knuckle joint. The roughest and most barbarous way of playing is, to bend the shoulder joint, keeping the others rigid and motionless. It is also barbarous (on single tones) to move the elbow, retaining the other joints stiff. This habit many are afflicted with. It has the effect of driving all good tune, song, feeling, grace, and lightness away, and of changing the playing of the piano forte, into a sort of wood-chopping exercise. Not so bad, but still bad enough, is the habit of playing (single tones) with the wrist,

keeping the joints of the fingers stiff, producing something disagreeable, at once to the eye and ear. The true way is to strike, using the knuckle joint. Here is the evil of a bad teacher. Few scholars are able at first to strike with the finger with any degree of force. It "comes natural" to use the wrist or elbow, the teacher does not correct the error, and so they become irredeemably bad.

It is necessary to move one finger without the others being affected. Look at a poor player, while making a trill, and observe how piteously the little finger, or the thumb, if not in use, will wiggle up and down. *Each finger must be made independent of the others.* This rule has no exception.

Rule 2. One can play with the fingers, and have each finger independent, yet bring out no good tone. One should not play with the fingers stretched out, but crooked, so as to fall straight down on the keys, like little hammers. Who would think of striking with the *side* of a hammer? The back of the hand, too, should be about level, and the knuckles must not protrude, like the ridge-pole of a house, while the fingers go down like the rafters; but the first joint of the fingers must be about as high as the knuckles. A good player never sees his finger nails while playing. It is, however, wrong to play with the nails. The nails must be short. The fingers must point toward the place they will touch when they strike.

Rule 3. There are two kinds of chord progressions, legato, and staccato. The first must be played with the fingers; the second with the wrist.

Rule 4. A hammer, a falling stone, or a falling finger, will strike with greater force, when the fall is perpendicular, than when it is oblique. Hence the necessity of avoiding a *slanting* way of striking.

From the *Nashua Telegraph*.

MR. EDITOR—The most wonderful pianist of this or any other age, is the celebrated Italian, Count De Nozze. We had the pleasure of hearing him on his first appearance in London, three years since. His reception there was most enthusiastic. Language cannot express the sublimity of his style. It can only be judged of correctly, by hearing him play. Under his hands this instrument is a helpless slave, perfectly at his command, and from it he brings the most magnificent results. Such is his power of hand, that he found it necessary to have an instrument made expressly for him, the case being entirely of cast iron, and the whole made of the most solid and durable materials; but his fingering cannot be described. He did more with his thumbs alone than any other pianist could do with both hands; there was no passion which he could not represent. On one occasion he represented the final separation of two lovers, by the lady's harsh and unnatural father, and in the midst of huge volumes of unique and magnificent harmony, you could distinctly hear the old fellow jawing away, and the expostulations of the unhappy pair, when they both fell upon their knees and begged not to be separated. The effect upon the audience was such as to melt them to tears. We could hear the forcible ejection of the young man, and even hear the kick which the hard-hearted old codger gave him, and could tell, by the sound, that he had on thick boots! Finally, we heard the street door slam, and then the shriek of the wretched daughter was affecting beyond description. There was not a dry eye in the house. Indeed the demand for pocket-handkerchiefs was so great that they

advanced the next morning nearly sixty per cent. De Nozze then went through that most difficult modulation, from X natural, to Q flat.\* None but a deep musician can comprehend the gigantic difficulties of this modulation. Some idea of it may be obtained when we consider the fact, that the double subdominant minor is inverted through eight consecutive octaves and fifths, the relative major and diminished third being in exact juxtaposition to the chord of the dominant seventh in its first, second, and fifth relation to the extreme sharp ninth, proceeding alternately by double and single octaves. Yet difficult as this exploit is, De Nozze accomplished it with the greatest ease. His imitation of Niagara was sublime; you could seem to hear the deafening roar of the cataract and see the mist as it rose to heaven; and even the old wreck above the falls was minutely perceptible in sound, and it was perfectly astonishing to see every place around the falls represented so correctly by sound alone. Goat Island and Table Rock were represented by B double flat in full chord; the winding stairs were distinctly made out, and even the guide with some travelers, in oil-cloth jackets and tarpaulins, seemed present to the audience; and what is more astonishing, is the fact that De Nozze assured the company that he had never been in the United States or Canada, and had never seen anything but a small engraving about three inches by five, of the falls, and had got his sublime music solely by the means of that engraving.

The last piece which De Nozze performed was the entrance of Napoleon and his army into Moscow. This was graphic beyond description. The march of the troops, the tramping of the cavalry, were admirably represented, and the imitation of a lame artillery horse was given with the greatest exactness. The burning of the city, the tolling of the bells, the cries of the women and children, and the shoutings of the soldiers, were grand and awful. But the final act of that great drama, viz. the blowing up of the Kremlin, put to the test even the supernatural talents of the great pianist. After going through the most complicated and discordant harmonic changes, De Nozze sprang from the music stool, and with terrific force sat down upon the keys! De Nozze was a man of huge frame, and weighed nearly four hundred pounds, and the tremendous weight coming so suddenly upon the entire key-board, produced a wildness and grandeur, and power of sound, which imagination itself can scarcely conceive. And when we consider that it was a cast iron piano, touched so powerfully by such a master, the effect must of course be beyond the power of pen or words to describe. De Nozze, we understand, expects to visit the United States early in the spring, and we trust he will receive an enthusiastic welcome. He has an immense lot of pamphlets written in relation to his early history, which makes him out rather a romantic character; this by the way is not true, for he is in fact an Englishman, and learnt the tinman's trade in Derbyshire; but the story is just as good for the green ones. When he arrives, will you please use your influence to bring him before a judicious and enlightened public. Yours, R.

In a collection of marches in Prussia, are two marches, composed by Frederick the Great. They were discovered a short time since, and printed by order of the present king.

\* This modulation has not been attempted by any one since the celebrated "John de Bowle-whisky," in the fifteenth century.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, APRIL 13, 1846.

Persons ordering the Gazette, who have received a specimen number, will confer a favor by informing us what number they have already received. We are forced to be economical in the disposition of our back numbers, and would like to avoid sending any number which has been already received.

The account of Baron De Nozzle has been published in several different newspapers, but presuming it has not found its way to many of our readers, we insert it as a most capital hit at the pretensions foreign artists frequently make, to get up an excitement. It purports to have been written by the Boston correspondent of the *Naahua Telegraph*.

The articles entitled "Sights and Sounds," do not at present contain anything about music. We shall often wish to speak of occurrences in French and German towns and villages. Although it is not our purpose to insert any other than musical articles, or articles on teaching, &c., yet our readers will be better prepared to appreciate accounts of music abroad, if they will first learn something of the manners and customs of those countries.

One of our subscribers writes that he hopes our paper will not, like another musical journal which he names, be filled with slander, for in his place of residence he can get enough of that without paying for it. Thinking that all places of residence are alike in that respect, we shall implicitly follow his advice, and endeavor the rather to fill our columns with useful articles.

We would suggest to those choirs who subscribe for the Gazette, to make a resolution, perfectly to learn every piece of music which appears in it. Some how or other, it is far easier to practice tunes thoroughly, when they are received a few at a time, than when a large number are received at once. Those choirs who will invariably learn every piece perfectly, will find themselves much improved in all their performances. The glees and part songs, are not, of course, suitable for use in public worship, but choirs will find it useful to practice them. We notice that other periodicals frequently contain long columns of notices of themselves, by the press. We have seen many gracious remarks in praise of our little sheet, but our types are so remarkably modest that they won't reprint them. They say they've no business to fill up the paper with puffs of themselves, and that they won't do it, and that's all about it; they'll "pie" first, that they will. We don't see, therefore, but that our readers have to find out, as best they can, whether the Gazette is, or not, a beautiful sheet, got up in a very, &c., &c., &c.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"I should like to have your opinion with regard to the best manner of conducting a school which meets not more than twenty times. Should more time be spent in learning tunes than in practising such exercises as are contained in your *Musical Class Book*?" In some cases it might be best to devote the most time to practising tunes. Before a singer can find much pleasure in the exercise of his talents, he must be able to read music fluently. As a general thing, the acquirement of this ability should be the learner's first care, and receive his earliest attention. To learn to read music well, a thorough knowledge of the elementary principles is necessary, in

order to understand at a glance the signification of every character used in written music, and a good deal of appropriate practice, that the singer may have the ability to produce the right sound the moment his eye rests upon the character denoting it. Progressive exercises, like those mentioned, are, for this purpose, decidedly better than tunes, because they are progressive, and because if sung at all, they must be sung by note. If such a school is so situated that a teacher can have his choice, we should say, decidedly, devote the larger portion of the time to the practice of such exercises as will impart the ability to read music fluently.

"What is your opinion of *Day & Beal's Numeral Harmony*?" Although we have already given our opinion of "new notations," we have within a few days received from various parts of the country several communications asking the above question. The book in question, we have not used, and have by no means critically examined it. With the system, however, we have been familiar ever since we first learned to sing. It was introduced into Germany about the year 1814, and for a time created some excitement; not indeed excitement in favor of, but against its use. A host of juvenile singing books, with figures instead of notes, exist in Germany and France. We have many in our possession, and have copied, verbatim, on our last page, a tune from the first we chanced to lay our hand upon, "*Practising Pieces for Figure Singing*," published in Essen, 1825. A is the German; B is the same tune expressed in the common notation, with the words translated. An examination of this example will enable any one to judge of the system. Scarcely two of the German works are alike in all respects; some use one method to indicate the length of sounds, some another. We do not know whether this example is like Messrs. D. & B's. in all respects. In every essential particular, we presume it is. Although hundreds of different works, with the figure notation, exist in Europe, we are not aware that it was ever pretended that it would answer any other purpose, than in the elementary instruction of "common people's children," which in Europe means a very different class than is to be found anywhere in this country. We have been a pretty industrious reader of old musical works, but have never yet seen the shadow of a pretence advanced by those who advocated this system, that it would answer the purpose of the common notation. We never heard of any other than children's books being printed with figures. A glee, an anthem, an opera, an oratorio, or an instrumental piece, we do not think was ever published, in those countries, in any other than the common notation. We have no time to enter into the merits of the system. In extracts we shall from time to time be obliged to make from German works, there will be allusions to it. Suffice it to say, that we have long been acquainted with it, and have often been on "botanizing" excursions among the figure books, after the juvenile melodies they contain. It is our candid opinion, setting everything else aside, that it is not so easy as the common method. The want of a positive pitch, the fact that any given figure represents every sound of the chromatic scale, the difficulty of designating the length of sounds in such a manner as to make it readily apparent to the eye, and the indistinctness of the whole notation compared with the common, all conduce, (were there no other reasons,) to render it unworthy the attention of teachers. Although the only merit ever claimed in Germany for the "figure notes," was, that it was better for "peasant children," yet even that was never generally conceded to it. The subject occasioned

a violent paper war, which finally seemed to terminate against the "figure system," and for several years, it has been laid aside. We do not think there has been any publications of the kind issued from the German press, for at least ten years. There can be no harm in writing, or occasionally using lessons written with figures, by way of variety, and before the staff is introduced. The idea, however, that this system will in any sense supersede the necessity of learning the other, is as absurd as to suppose ox teams will ever supersede railroads; and the idea that any alteration of the common notation essentially lessens the difficulty of learning to sing, is, if possible, more absurd still. As we have already remarked, ninety-nine one hundredths of the difficulties to be encountered in learning to sing, are difficulties entirely distinct from the right understanding of the characters which indicate the sounds. We conclude all we have to say upon the subject, with the following extract from a work entitled, "*A Defence of the Figure System*," by J. W. Koch, published in Magdeburg, Germany, 1817. Mr. Koch was a warm advocate of the system.

"Hardly any one has dared positively to assert that the figure system is to be recommended. That one believes, and this one fears. For the note system is so perfect, it so well understood, and so perfectly adapted to every variety of musical expression, forming a perfect whole, incapable of improvement, that no one could dream of setting forth figures as something better; at least, such a thought never entered my head. But the question arises, are not figures comprehensive enough for common people's schools? The singing instruction, in these schools, must always be very limited. A few of the simplest church melodies, and a few very simple songs, are all that can be expected. Will not figures answer the purpose for these? Whoever intends to pursue the study of vocal music to any extent, I counsel not to learn the figures, for it will be trouble thrown away. Music can be expressed by them only to a very limited extent. *Wilke, Driest*, and many others, call the introduction of figures, a retrograde movement in regard to music. I call it neither a retrograde nor a progressive movement, but a device to enable stupid "Bauer" children to understand the little which it is necessary for them to understand, in order to learn such songs as they wish to sing."

MESSRS. EDITORS—A few Sabbaths since, I had an opportunity of attending a different church from the one I am accustomed to, and had occasion to sit with the singers, where, I must confess, my sensibilities were screwed up to the highest notch, in noticing the heedless inattention a majority of them gave to the solemn duties appropriate to the occasion. I asked myself the questions, "Is it proper for any person to take so prominent a part in the exercises of the sanctuary, who know not what they are doing?" "Ought not each and every member of a choir to be true worshipers of God—regenerated, and purged from all iniquity—observing all the commandments enjoined upon us, one of which is to the point, '*Remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy*'?" Again, we are told, "Ye cannot serve me unless ye keep my commandments." Is this the case? As far as I am capable of judging, from observation, I should say it was not. I find that most choirs are composed of young persons who have no object other than making a display, or something equivalent, as may readily be seen, with half an eye, from the indifference manifested during the exercises which are performed by the pastor, by writing on and distributing pieces of paper, turning



over and mutilating the leaves and covers of books which may perchance lie within their reach, going out while the sermon is being delivered, whispering, laughing, &c., &c., all of which is anything but agreeable to that portion of the congregation who have higher and purer motives at heart in attending such a place. I have also observed an apparent stubborn indifference, on the part of a large portion of the audience, during prayer-time, singing, &c., in refusing to comply with the established usage of the church, by disregarding uniformity, some standing, some sitting, some kneeling, &c. How much more pleasing it would be in the sight of our Heavenly Father, and to human eyes, if ALL, with one accord, would rise, sit, or kneel, as the case might be, only all do the same thing, and in the same manner, as far as it is practicable; and during singing, some people are in the constant habit of closing and putting their hymn book in the places (which always causes a great clattering, much to the annoyance of well-bred people) before the hymn is much more than half sung; an evil which ought to be made the subject of a lecture from pastors.

I am happy to know there are honorable exceptions to the above, in some of our churches; and I hope you, Mr. Editor, will show the subject up in such a light, as to convince and bring to a sense of duty, all who may deviate, and to impress it upon all those who have the managing of choirs, and to pastors, to bring the subject home to their own circles, and thereby produce a reform much to be desired, in aiding the spreading of "pure and undefiled religion;" by precept and example, each member of a choir and congregation may be capable of performing a great deal of good.

HARMONY.

## MONUMENT TO DR. WATTS.

Our London correspondent alludes to the erection of a statue to the memory of Dr. Watts, in Abney park cemetery. The ceremony of inaugurating this monument, took place on the 25th of November, the 97th anniversary of the death of Dr. Watts. On the ground of the cemetery formerly stood the mansion of Sir Thomas Abney, the friend of Dr. Watts. In this mansion Dr. W. died in 1748, after an abode of more than thirty years with Sir Thomas, and after his death with his lady. The monument, so appropriate to the place, is erected about the centre of the grounds. It is a full length figure of the distinguished divine, nine feet in height, and in academical costume. The pedestal, of Portland stone, is sixteen feet high and six feet square. In the left hand is a book, and two other books are upon a pillar on the right side. The countenance is said to bear a striking resemblance to the best portraits of Dr. W., and the whole work is pronounced beautiful. On the side facing Abney chapel is the inscription, which is as follows:

In memory of  
ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

In testimony of the high and lasting esteem in which his character and writings were held in the great christian community by whom the English language is spoken. Of his psalms and Hymns, it may be predicted, in his own words, "As unborn will in ke his songs  
The joy and labour of their tongues."

He was born at Southampton, July 17th, 1674,  
And died November 25th, 1748.

After a residence of thirty six years in the mansion of Sir Thomas Abney, Knt., then standing on these grounds.  
Erected by public subscription.

On the occasion of inaugurating and opening this statue to the public view, an address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Morrison, a copy of which we have before us. It is a deserved tribute to the memory of "the sweet singer of our christian Israel," and embraces a just estimate of his character as a poet, a philosopher, and a divine.—*Theological.*

Isaac Watts, the father of Dr. Watts, kept a boarding school in Southampton, Hampshire, which was the birth place of the poet. The young Isaac early showed a

love for study, and even began to learn Latin at four years old. He learned this language, as well as Greek and Hebrew, of Mr. Pinhorn, master of the free school in his native city. He succeeded so well in his studies, that it was proposed to raise enough by subscription to fit him for the church of England; but he preferred to be a dissenter, and in 1690 entered the academy of Mr. Rowe, in London. He was so much attached to verses, that "from fifteen to fifty," as he says, he was accustomed to compose them. It is said that when quite young, he showed this propensity to such a degree, that his father forbade his speaking rhyme; and on one occasion threatened to punish him for the offence. Little Isaac fell on his knees, and in the midst of tears exclaimed,

"Pray, father, do some pity take,  
And I will no more verses make."

In his youth he was very successful in Latin poetry. When nineteen years old, he was admitted to the church. At the age of twenty he left Mr. Rowe's academy, and studied two years at his father's house, then became domestic tutor to the son of Sir John Hartopp. He preached as assistant to Dr. Chauncy, about 1702, for a few times, but in consequence of sickness, relinquished his situation, and was received into the family of Sir Thomas Abney, where he ever after remained. His psalms and hymns are celebrated throughout all regions where the English language is spoken, and have cheered the path of many a pilgrim to the celestial city. He always continued a pastor, and, from a salary of £100, managed to give one third to the poor. When, from age, he was obliged to give up preaching, he wished to give up his salary, but was prevented. If anyone wishes to know how much good music and poetry may do, let him think of the productions of Dr. Watts.

We take the liberty to publish the following short extracts from letters we have at various times received.

—, N. Y. "You speak of hints. You might spin a short sermon to us teachers in continuation of your truly excellent remarks on the 'new notation,' (and by the way they may apply nearer home than Syracuse, I am thinking.) Teachers (so called) are often defective in the *art of teaching*. One ought certainly not to complain needlessly of his brethren. A teacher who has never studied the laws of mind, cannot, it appears to me, be very successful in imparting instruction to others. What little success I may have had, I owe mainly to my endeavors to follow in instructing others, those mental processes that I find myself most inclined to, in my private studies. One whose business is a public singer, may not care about this; but to a public teacher, in my estimation, it is all important."

—, Ky. "I wish you could be here awhile and hear the performance of the church music. I fear you would run forthwith, with your hands tight over your ears. The concord of sweet sounds would be quite overpowering. Every tune is one continued slur from beginning to end; no stopping place after the commencement until the close. Time is cast aside as wholly unnecessary. But any representation of mine must fall far short of the reality. You should hear for yourself."

—, Ind. "Being a professional teacher of some years' experience, I have felt it my duty to turn the attention of my pupils to the too much neglected though invaluable source of pleasure and moral improvement found in the cultivation of vocal music. Notwithstanding the prejudice, which in this part of the country is

felt against any innovation which has not for its direct object "the making of money," I have persevered with varied successes and discouragements, in devoting some particular time in the day or week to general exercises in music. I have long felt the want of some such aid as you propose to furnish in the "Musical Gazette," and gladly avail myself of the privilege of subscribing for it."

—, N. Y. "Music is at a low ebb in this vicinity. It requires great exertion to get those who most delight to take part in public worship to give any attention to the first principles. They wish to sing tunes at once. This part of the country is filled with smatterers who have some knowledge of reading notes, and scarcely that. They teach for \$1.00 per evening, and our inhabitants are disposed to employ them because cheap!"

—, S. C. "Church music is at a very low ebb with us. This is occasioned in part by the fear of innovation prevailing even in the more intelligent congregations. In many churches a few stereotyped tunes are continually sung congregational wise. I have charge of the music in — church. You may smile when I tell you that one complaint that has reached my ears is, that the music is *too good! too precise!* From the fact that little attention has been paid of late years to it, they have acquired a sort of ad libitum style of performance, which has a most peculiar and indescribable effect, some of the congregation speaking the words from five minutes to half an hour after the others; their ears having become accustomed to this style of echo performance, are extremely lacerated by any approach to regular time. One old lady said to me, 'only think, four parts carried in church! It is turning the church into an opera house!'"

Among the most civilized nations of ancient times, instruction in music, and especially in singing, constituted an important part of education. The greatest statesmen, sages, and lawgivers of those ages placed music in the same rank with gymnastics and elocution, and believed popular education not to be complete without it. Music served these people in war as well as peace. It was an indispensable companion to their religion, to the state, to the citizens' daily life, to the combats and games of the arena, and all occasions of festival and relaxation. So music became an excellent means, to elevate and refine man, from childhood on. Afterward, by a change in politics and education, music was neglected, and made no more a part of popular education. It became the exclusive property of professional musicians, or of those in the higher ranks of society, and the common people were deprived of what little the wise men of a more enlightened age had given them, to make life beautiful and refined. The ancient sages would have regarded such a deprivation as something degrading to the race, and as a punishment fit for a nation of traitors; for they thought that a people could not be more severely chastised than by making them relapse into barbarism.

In the present age, it seems to be the wish of those interested in education to put in practice the maxims of the ancient wise men. It is plainly evident, from what has already been accomplished, that music will soon be universally considered an indispensable branch of education in public schools. Therefore, all attempts, to make the teachers of youth acquainted with the best and surest means of imparting musical knowledge must be useful and thankworthy. And we should never be contented with what is merely good, but constantly strive to bring something better out of it.—NATON.



## HARMONY, NO. V.

A chord composed of five sounds which stand in the relation of *chief note, third, fifth, seventh, and eleventh*, is called a chord of the SEVENTH AND ELEVENTH.

A chord composed of six sounds which stand in the relation of *chief note, third, fifth, seventh, ninth, and eleventh*, is called a chord of the SEVENTH, NINTH, AND ELEVENTH.

A chord composed of four sounds which stand in the relation of *chief note, third, fifth, and thirteenth*, is called a CHORD OF THE THIRTEENTH.

A chord composed of five sounds which stand in the relation of *chief note, third, fifth, seventh, and thirteenth*, is called a chord of the SEVENTH AND THIRTEENTH.

A chord composed of five sounds which stand in the relation of *chief note, third, fifth, ninth, and thirteenth*, is called a chord of the NINTH AND THIRTEENTH.

A chord composed of five sounds which stand in the relation of *chief note, third, fifth, eleventh, and thirteenth*, is called a chord of the ELEVENTH AND THIRTEENTH.

A chord composed of six sounds which stand in the relation of *chief note, third, fifth, seventh, ninth, and thirteenth*, is called a chord of the SEVENTH, NINTH, AND THIRTEENTH.

A chord composed of six sounds, which stand in the relation of *chief note, third, fifth, seventh, eleventh, and thirteenth*, is called a chord of the SEVENTH, ELEVENTH, AND THIRTEENTH.

A chord composed of six sounds which stand in the relation of *chief note, third, fifth, ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth*, is called a chord of the NINTH, ELEVENTH, AND THIRTEENTH.

A chord composed of seven sounds, (i. e. of all the sounds of the scale,) which stand in the relation of *chief note, third, fifth, seventh, ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth*, is called a chord of the SEVENTH, NINTH, ELEVENTH, AND THIRTEENTH.

NOTE. Apply to these chords question similar to those given in the previous numbers, and be able fluently to answer them.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIBRARY OF SACRED MUSIC, consisting of *Solos, Duets, Quartettes, Anthems and Church Music, adapted to the wants of musical associations, choirs, and the private circle, selected from the oratorios of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, &c., together with original compositions from American and European authors.* By B. WYMAN and G. P. NEWELL, 150 Fulton street, New York.

We have received No. 2 of this work. It is issued monthly at 25 cents per number. Each number contains 16 pages of music, of the size of a common music sheet, handsomely printed, on good paper. The contents of this number are, "Father in heaven, prayer from the Pilgrim Fathers, a cantata, by B. Wyman," "Solo and chorus, from the oratorio of the Seven Sleepers," "Anthem from Bertini," nine "hymn tunes," and two "chants."

LECTURES BEFORE THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION, 1845. Boston. Wm. D. Ticknor & Co.

1, On the Dignity of the Teacher's Office, by Rev. Joel Hawes, D. D. 2, On the formation and excellence of the female character, by Rev. Joel Hawes, D. D. 3, On the duties of examining committees, by E. D. Sanborn. 4, On the beau ideal of the perfect teacher, by D. Olmsted, L. L. D. 5, On the necessity of the study of Physiology, by E. Jarvis, M. D. 6, On Intellectual Arithmetic, by F. A. Adams. 7, On County Teachers' Institutes, by Salem Town. 8, On the best method of teaching Geography, by Wm. B. Fowler.

9, On Vocal Music in common schools, by A. N. Johnson. 10, On the connection between Geography and History, by Geo. S. Hillard.

We intend to notice all new publications on teaching, that come within our reach. The art of teaching is the same in all departments. We earnestly recommend to all engaged in teaching music, to read all such works which they can conveniently procure.

A rock upon which many a fine, but not sufficiently cultivated genius, has split, is public applause. Though no one should deprecate public applause, as did the Greek, who said to a disciple who had played with applause in the theatre, "You have played ill, otherwise the public would not have applauded you;" it is not to be denied that most artists are led astray by it, especially if it is given them too early, i. e. before they have acquired sufficient reflection and self knowledge. The public requires everything to be human; the true artist ought properly to make everything divine. Schiller says,

"Kannst du nicht allen gefallen durch deine That und dein Kunstwerke, mach's wenigen recht; vielen gefallen ist schlimm."

(If you cannot please all by your art or your work, satisfy the few; to please many is bad.)

Every true artist should labor for himself, fulfill his own wish, satisfy his own taste, choose subjects according to his own opinion, and lastly, derive the most pleasure from his own approbation. The composer who endeavors to make his works to suit some particular class of amateurs, either has no genius, or he abuses it. To follow the prevailing taste of the many, needs, at least, some dexterity in a very partial manner of treating tones. Artists of this description may be compared to the mechanic, who must make his goods to suit customers. The artist may form the taste of the public, but the public cannot form the taste of the artist.—Selected.

The greatest genius, with the most unconquerable propensity for an art, is, in its original nature, never more than a disposition, or a fruitful soil upon which an art can never properly thrive, *except it be cultivated with indefatigable pains.* Industry, from which all art and science is properly derived, is one of the first and most indispensable conditions. It not only enables genius to make itself master of the mechanical resources of art, but it gradually excites judgment and reflection to take part in all that it produces. But the ease with which genius makes itself master of many of the mechanical parts relating to musical compositions, as well as its own satisfaction, and that of others, with the first essays, which are commonly far to early looked upon as successful, frequently seduce it to pass over the first principles of the art, and venture on difficulties, before it is fully master of what is more easy, i. e. it attempts to fly, before its wings are grown. If now such a genius is not led back at this period, either by good advice and instruction, or by attentive study of classic works already existing, in order to recover what it has neglected, it will uselessly lavish its best strength, and never attain an elevated rank in art. It is certain that great progress never can be made, nor the highest possible perfection attained, if the first principles are neglected. People never learn to overcome difficulties, if they have not overcome what is more easy. No one can ever become great by his own experience, unless he has previously profited by the knowledge and experience of others.—FOREST.

## CONCERTS IN BOSTON.

March 22. HANDEL AND HAYDEN SOCIETY.—Oratorio of Sampson.

Previous to this evening, this society have performed their Oratorio of Moses in Egypt, to crowded audiences, once a week, for twelve successive weeks.

March 26. MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY.—Private concert under the direction of their teacher, Geo. J. Webb. 1, Chorus Glee, "High towering above us." 2, Quartette, "The Rifleman." 3, Chorus Glee, "The Evening Bell." 4, Duett, "I would that my love could silently flow." 5, Madrigal, "Sweet Honey Sucking Bees." 6, Quartette, "The last Sigh of Summer." 7, Quartette and chorus, "Vesper Hymn." PART II.—1, Cantata, "The Harmony of the Spheres," by Romberg. 2, Chorus Glee, "Beautiful Primrose." 3, Song, "The Captive Greek Girl." 4, Chorus, "Sacred Peace, Celestial Treasure." 5, Duett, "There is a Spell that doth bind thee." 6, Chorus Glee, "The Harvest Time."

This society is composed of about a hundred young gentlemen and ladies, who meet once a week for practice. Mr. Webb has been their teacher for several years, and the performances of the society do credit to him and themselves. This society does not give public concerts. For the above, the tickets were given gratuitously, by the members of the society to their friends. We wish such societies would multiply ad infinitum.

March 28. CONCERT COMPLIMENTARY TO MISS ROSA GARCIA.—1, Overture, full orchestra, (by permission of the Boston Academy of Music,) *Alessandro Stradella*. 2, "The Gypsies' Wild Chant," Ballad, sung by Miss G. 3, Solo, Oboe. 4, Duett, "Hark to Poor Philomel," by the Misses Garcia, with flute accompaniment. 5, Grand storm scene, sung by Mr. Delavanti. 6, Cavatina, by Miss Garcia, "Io l'udi." 7, Solo, Piano Forte, Mr. Hayter, jr., his first appearance in this country. PART II.—Overture, Massaniello. 2, Ballad, by Miss G., obligato accompaniment on the Corno Inglese. 3, Solo, Violin, Mr. Keyzer. 4, Song, "Largo al factotum." 5, Duett, "Giorno d'orrore," by Misses Garcia. 6, Trio, by the Misses Garcia and Mr. Delavanti, "The Magic Wave Scarf," from Barnett's Mountain Syph.

March 29. HANDEL AND HAYDEN SOCIETY.—Oratorio of Sampson.

Here and there, some one has said, that in consequence of the shortness of time devoted to music in schools, the pupils cannot be brought forward far enough to master the different parts in choir singing, or to sustain themselves with credit in music proper for a concert. If one cannot make the learners masters of the elementary principles, this is true; but at the end of the school course, youth may be united in choirs or singing classes, for practice and more complete study, and thus the end may be brought about. But, at any rate, if children are brought only so far as to be able to sing the melodies of the principal church chorals and tunes, the effect will be beneficial and greatly strengthen the singing of the congregation and the church.—NATORP.

A person having behaved very rudely to Mr. Boswell, he went to Dr. Johnson, and talked of it as a serious distress. Dr. Johnson laughed, and said, "Consider, sir, how insignificant this will appear twelve months hence." Were this consideration, says Mr. B., applied to most of the little vexations of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations. I have tried it frequently, and with good effect.

Perhaps the "quiet" of no one class of persons is more frequently "disturbed," than is that of those who have charge of choirs. The above advice would, no doubt, enable many a sensitive leader to bear with vexations, which, for the present, are grievous enough; but which, a year hence, will not appear of much importance.

## OUR COUNTRY.

GEO. J. WEBB.  
WORDS BY W. J. PARODIE.

Treble.

Allegretto.

1. Our coun - try! 'tis a glo - rious land, With broad arms stretched from shore to shore; The proud At - lan - tic chafes her strand;

2. Rich prai - ries, decked with flow'rs of gold, Like sun - lit o - ceans, roll a - far; Broad lakes her a - zure heavens be - hold,

3. And cra - dled 'mid her clust'ring hills, Sweet vales in dream-like beau - ty hide; Where love the air with mu - sic fills,

4. Great God! we thank thee for this home—This boun - teous birth-land of the free; Where wan - derers from a - far may come,

She hears the dark Pa - cif - ic roar; And nur - tured on her am - ple breast, How many a good - ly pros - pect lies,

Re - flect - ing clear each trem - bling star; And migh - ty riv - ers, moun - tain born, Go sweep - ing on - ward, dark and deep,

And calm con - tent and peace a - bide: For plen - ty here her fall - ness pours, In rich pro - fu - sion o'er the land;

And breathe the air of lib - er - ty! Still may her flow'rs un - tram - meled spring, Her har - vests wave, her cit - ies rise;

First time.

Second time.

In na - ture's wild - est gran - deur drest, En - am - el'd with her love - liest dyes. love - liest dyes.

Through for - ests where the bound - ing fawn Re - neath their shel - tering branch - es leap. branch - es leap.

And, sent to seize her gen - 'rous stores, There prowls no ty - rant's hire - ling band. hire - ling band.

And yet till Time shall fold his wing, Re - main earth's love - liest Par - a - dise! Par - a - dise!

## OSTRA. 10s.

J. E. GOULD.

*Andante.*

Along the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed, While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung, When praise employed and mirth inspired the song, In mournful silence on the willows hung, And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

## GLORIA. 8s &amp; 7s.

B. F. EDMANDS.

*Allegretto.*

*p* *cres.* *Soll.* Heavenly, &c.

Hark! what mean these ho - ly voices, Sweet - ly sounding through the skies! Lo! th' an - gel - ic host re - joices; Heavenly hal - le - lu - - - jah rise.

## A

## Beim Grabe eines Kindes.

Mit Behutsamkeit.

Schlummer sanft im Schoos der Er - de du bist uns so warm ge - liebt; des - ne schö - ne See - le wird - de nicht durch un - sern Gram be - trübt.

## B

## BY THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.

Melancholy.

Glim - mer soft - ly, wa - ry mor - tal, 'neath the cool and tran - quill earth; Free from sorrow's wild com - mo - tion, waiting for a heavenly birth.

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

Vol. I

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## Miscellaneous.

### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN EUROPE.

NUMBER THREE.

The only music I heard in Havre, was the singing in the church without the walls, to which I went. This was congregational, and performed in quite a new way, to me. The first melody was that of a choral, in about the time of Old Hundred. When I thought the first line was finished, I sympathetically drew my breath in anticipation of the next word, but was struck with a sort of *syncopation*, when the last syllable continued to echo and sound through three or four half notes and several degrees of the scale. Imagine a line, "Alas, our sins are great and strong," with the last word thus prolonged, and you will have the idea. This way of singing, of course, destroys all rhythmical symmetry, but when united with devotion, as it seemed to be in the case mentioned, it was by no means unpleasant to the ear. Indeed, if I had been questioned the next day as to the style of the singing I had heard, I am doubtful if I could have remembered any irregularity in the construction of the music. One cannot, at home, and near a church, appreciate how necessary the exercises of the sanctuary are to physical and mental rest, to say nothing of moral benefit. A man who always keeps to one kind of food in his diet, will feel the effects on his constitution and mental vigor. A person who is studying, exclusively, a particular science, will soon unhinge his nerves, if he does not, sometimes, allow himself to be amused, or his attention absorbed in some other direction. Thus one who is pushing with might and main, morning and evening, with little intermission, through the difficult mazes of musical study, will be somewhat surprised, after quite forgetting himself for some hours over the magic productions of some talented author, to find himself as refreshed, and as ready to commence work again, as if he had spent a day in the country. It is necessary, once in a while, to have a portion of time, like the Sabbath, set apart, in which the mind pursues an altogether different course from its usual one. Such a period is required for the body and mind, by the laws of nature. The French do not keep the Sabbath holy, and to acquire the vigor which they thus lose, and to make a substitute for rest, they practice all sorts of dissipation, frivolity, and vice. Now if Paris could wear the aspect of a New England village, on Sunday, if sol-

emn sermons and solemn music were heard in all the churches, the craving for the highly-spiced stimulants which the gay inhabitants of the "queen city" are so fond of using, would be allayed. I believe that secular amusements, secular music, and secular business, should be banished from thought on the first day of the week, not only because the bible so advises, but because I can see its practical benefit. Let them, therefore, take heed, who cry out for light and lively music in the sanctuary. It is both wrong and impolitic to have it there. When wholesome food does not agree with you, you have the dyspepsia; and when the grave, full harmony of a psalm tune sets hard on your spiritual stomach, be sure the fault is not in the music. Do not criticise until you get well, and then you will have lost all relish for it.

At midnight, after the "regatta and fireworks," spoken of in the last number, I was snugly ensconced in the *banquette*, on the foretop of a diligence, which was executing a presto movement toward Paris. A diligence, (professionally speaking,) is like a staff containing three measures; or, in plainer language, resembles an omnibus with three apartments, and a chaise-top-covered seat, back of the driver. Of our progress during the night I can say but little. The chaise top I sat under was remarkably low, and squashed my hat over my ears. A curtain drew up in front, and excluded the wind. The huge concern I was traveling on, rattled monotonously, and I went to sleep. It stopped for a change of horses, somebody got out, the cold air came in, and I waked up, but not seeing anything, by reason of my squashed hat, the curtain, and the darkness, I resumed my somnolency as soon as possible. At length, when the gray dawn came stumbling over the eastern hills, rubbing its eyes, and jostling nature's songsters, and the firemen on steamboats, the first of whom began drowsily to tune their instruments, and put them in order to greet pretty milk maids and the sun, and the latter to "fire up" for the day's passage,—I rubbed my eyes, sat up, and endeavored to realise that I was journeying through "la belle France," and ought to see all I could see, which was not much, a man with a blouse, a house with no light in it, of doubtful color, and dim proportion, or the like. But pretty soon, by sunrise, we were rolling, helter-skelter, through the great, famous city of Rouen, once the capital of Normandy, from which province our great-great-grandfathers' ancestors emigrated over the channel, taking with them their long bows, with which to amuse themselves in the way of shooting people. In Rouen, says history, King John killed Prince Arther. One who is traveling loses most of that patriotic feeling which induces one to wish to beat, abuse, kill, or otherwise mal-treat, citizens of every country but his own. Consequently I have ever looked with little interest on martial shows and triumphal monuments, and the like, and rather contemplate with pleasure the productions of art, in perfecting which all men may take a part. The chief artistical product which elicited my admiration in Rouen, was an excellent cup of coffee, which I should like often to see equalled in my own country. In a few minutes we were at the railroad depot, where the diligence body, by some strange machinery, was hoisted off its proper

wheels, and set upon railroad wheels, after which a locomotive, after puffing a little to collect its energies, like a man about to dive into a *tremolo* on the violin, started off in double quick time, like a modern overture.

I had two companions in the *banquette*, who smoked pipes continually. This was not very agreeable to me, so I crept out on to the driver's seat, where I sat, admiring the prospect, getting cinders out of my eyes, and calculating how I could best jump upon the roof of the next car, in case the train I was in should come in contact with an opposing one, until, about ten or eleven o'clock, we plunged through a short tunnel, and emerged—in Paris.

As we stopped at the depot, I heard a queer sound from the inside of our diligence-railroad car. I was quite puzzled. Was it vocal or instrumental? Was it music or more common sound? Peeping in, I perceived a young middle-aged lady, who had been my fellow-passenger, and who was making all sorts of moans and giggles, and exclamations towards something at a little distance. I looked, and beheld an elderly, plump dame, who seemed very anxious to approach and clasp her darling in her arms, but could not, on account of a gap, about eight feet wide, over which it needed something more than affection to carry a person of her solidity and weight. This difficulty was, however, removed, and mother and daughter, (for they stood in that relation) had full liberty to hug and giggle "ad libitum."

But as to describing Paris, I have no intention to do it. Not much music could be heard when I was there, and I had rather describe particular parts in connection with some musical topic, at another time. Also, I do not think it worth while to describe the journey to the banks of the Rhine. It might interest you, but would exclude something better from the columns of the "Gazette." On the borders of the celebrated river, you will allow me to be more free in description. Every place there is interwoven with the history of ancient song and ballad, and those who have done most for music have labored among the Germans and Swiss. It will be interesting to track the foot-prints which music in its progress has left on manners and customs, and to somewhat thoroughly investigate things and their causes in a portion of the old world, that our inquiries may aid in forwarding the cause on the free side of the ocean.

We introduced these delightful singers (the Hutchinson Family) to the notice of our readers upon their first arrival in this country, and we spoke then merely on report. We have since been permitted to judge for ourselves, on Wednesday night of last week, and again last evening, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Our expectations had been raised, but they were fairly outdone. We can hardly express the sense of exquisite gratification which these minstrels produced in our mind. We shall take the opportunity, in our next number, of stating more fully our opinion of their merits. Meanwhile, we can cordially commend them to the notice of all our readers who take pleasure in the associations of the highest sentiments of humanity, peace, benevolence, and liberty, with harmony the most delicious, and expression the most vivid and touching.—*London paper.*

From the Boston Journal.

### OLE BULL.

MR. EDITOR—Ole Bull has now left America and returned to his native land; he came before the American public, bringing with him from Europe the reputation of the most distinguished violinist of the age. That reputation alone was sufficient to ensure him the most favorable reception; and when the elegance of his form, with the softness and refinement of his manners, were seen, no wonder the rush to his concerts, and the praise which was so unbounded. I had seen the journals of our principal cities teeming with his applause, and distinguished individuals no less lavish in theirs; even the accomplished, much-cherished authoress of the north, poured forth her strains in unqualified rapturous praise of his performances. Never were my imagination and desires more alive to any subject of the kind, than personally to witness the execution of so transcendent an artist. But how such a thing was to be brought about puzzled me not a little. A young man in the flush of life, ever ready to snuff the redolent gale and grasp its sweets, might disappear long enough to visit the city, and no remarks would follow; but for one well stricken in years to pretend that "the frost above had not quenched the flame beneath," could gain no credit. However, in the event of things, it was announced that Ole Bull would give a concert at one of our public anniversaries, and I could no longer resist the temptation.

The time came, and Ole Bull made his appearance before a well-filled house, and an apparently intelligent audience, who received him with a shout of joy. All which had been said of his symmetry of form, and suavity of manners, seemed to be fully realized; a breathless silence ensued. At length he applied his bow to the viol, which seemed to electrify every listener, when he exhibited the most wonderful power over the instrument imaginable. To describe the manner in which he ran his fingers over the finger-board, from the open strings to within an inch of the bridge, and although in a desultory manner, yet invariably producing perfect sounds, at times giving that delightful and tremulous shake of a note, so difficult, and which so few can perform; at others, bringing forth the sweet and delicate sounds of the lute stop in a manner altogether unprecedented, is beyond the power of any one. At length came the close, and all retired seemingly satisfied and delighted. Well, I was delighted too, but not with music. I was disappointed, and yet surprised and astonished beyond measure, for I had witnessed in him that which I had not thought it possible to have been performed. But it would be absurd to call it music; almost as well might random sounds be denominated such. If I am right, then, in saying that in his whole performance the soul and life of music was wanting; what is it that has caused his great popularity. Some one of your correspondents has heretofore said that much consisted in his fine manly form and gentlemanly deportment; no doubt he was correct; but may it not in part be owing to the character of the musical taste of his auditors?

Mrs. Child has done much to give him celebrity, by winging his praise upon silken pinions to every part of the Union; but it is to be observed that she starts in her flight, by saying, that "she never thought herself fond of music until she heard Ole Bull." Here then, I think, is the true solution; precisely such is the character for musical taste of nearly, if not quite all his admirers; that is, they had no particular relish or taste

for melody, or if they had any natural taste, it had not been so cultivated but that they received his eccentric wiles for the acme of musical skill. Notwithstanding the wonderful power which Ole Bull exercised over his instrument, I am fully persuaded that he was deficient also in musical taste; otherwise he would not have neglected the compositions of the first Italian and German masters for his own. He doubtless indulged the belief that, because he could execute wonders with his violin, he also could with his pen. He was not aware that there was no necessary connection between execution and composition; the two faculties might be united in the same person, but it would be altogether accidental, and of very rare occurrence. Ole Bull is not the only one who has fallen into this error. Pardon me, sir, and all the admirers of the vocalist Russell, if I say that he is not free from the same charge; while his voice and manner has pleased, the monotony of his music has disgusted. Had Ole Bull employed a suitable person to have made selections from the most distinguished masters, and confined himself to their compositions, he would not only have pleased all who now praise him, but no amateur would have retired from his concert without being delighted and refreshed.

### AMATEURS AND STRAW.

Translated from the German for the Gazette.

I don't know why, but I never think of empty straw, without having amateurs come into my mind; and I cannot think of amateurs, without being reminded of straw. I do not mean those little amateurs, children, who begin to practice and enjoy the newly-acquired art of singing or playing. Neither do I mean those family amateurs that, by skilful or tasteful song, help to make home agreeable and pleasant. Who is such a barbarian, that he will not surrender himself to the influence of those arts, which at once refine the mind, and cause time's pinions to wave more swiftly? Who does not like a well-sung song, or a piece from some good master, correctly executed upon some passably good piano, or the reading, with soul and expression, of some good piece of poetry?

But I cannot like that kind of amateur-ship, or dilettantism, that seems to be first drilled into some children, as an India-ink figure is pricked into one's arm, and which seems to grow with their growth, and to become more rude and unbearable as they grow stronger. This dilettantism, in its earlier stages, amuses us with somersets and such-like exhibitions of skill, and at a later period with similar turn-overs, and springs, and writhings in music, or poetry, or the dance. The spirit of amateur-ship may claim to have relationship with art, but it is not connected with it at all. It is rather a howling ghost, that came from nowhere, or a worse place. In the north of Europe, this parody on good was born, and has still great power. When invited to take tea with a company of dilettanti, I have always carried a mountain on my breast for two days previous. In north Germany, amateurs seem to breed in crowds, so many, that I fancy I see them creeping upon every piece of bread and butter, and that with every morsel of meat, I swallow a dilettant, or, as I should say, a *delinquent*.

Let me relate to you, dear readers and readeresses, how I spent an æsthetic, dilettanti-hearing, tea-drinking evening. It was in a certain house, in a north-German town of some importance.

Mrs. L—, in whose house this murderous affair took place, was known as a beauty of the third degree, her tea as beautiful in the first degree, her husband as

very fat, and her bread and butter as very lean. But she had a niece, with eyes black as night, cheeks fresh as the morning, lips glowing as mid-day, and a heart mild as the evening. So, when invited by the aunt, I usually accepted the invitation, for the sake of spending an agreeable evening with the niece.

On the occasion mentioned, I had hardly sat a minute, before it was announced that an amateur-declamatory-musical entertainment had been arranged for the amusement of the company. I felt in a moment that I was becoming deadly pale, and had just strength enough to say to a well-educated lady next to me, that the man who discovered amateurs was a great benefactor to mankind. "The man who discovered them? You mean *invented*," she replied. The battle began.

A cousin of the family, an amateur by profession, had written a prologue. Two sheets of paper towered, like a couple of centuries, in his hand. I inwardly made my will, in case I should die under the infliction, and then prepared to listen. That cousin was a murderer cousin! He stood there, like the front of a procession, rivulets of sweat running from his face and head—he must have had lungs like a rhinoceros, that he did not split them. It would be impossible to kill him. At length, like a sturdy Vulcan, he bellowed out the last word, and it came rolling over our heads like thunder. "Bravo! bravo!" cried all the hearers.

Next came a daughter of Mrs. L—, who sang Matthison's "Adelaide," music from Beethoven. Now this song, with its music, belongs among the softest shadows of poetry and tone. It seemed as if a knife went through my heart, when the first word came out of her throat, as if it was blown with stentor strength through a fish-horn! At the refrain, "Adelai-de," she laid her head, like the leaf of a table, on her left shoulder, and sang the word in such an uncertain, trembling way, that I thought the good Adelaide would choke.

"Superb! superb!" cried all.

"O," said the well-educated lady, "if Beethoven could only hear this!"

"I would not give much for the ears of the singer, in that case," replied I.

Now another daughter about ten years old must declaim something, just a little thing—Schillers' "song of the bell!" I would have given a half million, at that moment, for a mild stroke of paralysis, or anything to destroy the sense of hearing. The little one began,

*"Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango!"*

"What does that mean, translated?" inquired the well-educated lady.

"It means," said I, *"the living I annoy, the dead I plague, and the thunder storm I parody!"*

"Ah," replied she, "Schiller was a very moralizing man."

Unfortunately, all the company knew "the song of the bell" by heart, and the speaker could only remember about half of it. At the place

"For error's brief,"

one of the ladies present looked at her husband, who was, in fact, rather short, and at the line

"Repentance long,"

she stretched out her arms, as if to show how long repentance was. At the end, all exclaimed, "Charming! charming!" "Yes," said the well-educated lady, "the 'Bell' is a fine epigram, and one can learn a great deal of natural history from it." "Yes," added I, "and it should be studied by all members of the fire commission, and by roof-makers, for whom it contains considerable useful information."

Two ladies next showed their ability, by declaiming the dialogue between two queens, in "Maria Stuart." In one place, the lady who was speaking made a sudden gesture, throwing the hands quickly apart. The whole company involuntarily followed suit, and the sensitive Mrs. K——, fairly stretched her mouth wide open!

My sorrows were not at an end. Our hostess played a piece on the guitar, and sang something from Zuma-teeg, accompanying herself on the instrument mentioned. She bent quite over the guitar, and made so much motion with the elbows, that you would think she had fallen into the water, and was trying to swim. At the words, "the dead ride fast," she became so excited, that I expected every moment to see her fly out of the window. "Beautiful! fine!" applauded the company.

Last, two children danced the "Gavotte," in which they wriggled and twisted, like a couple of worms, come up to the surface of the ground to exercise.

"Ah," said the well-educated lady, "how enchanting is youth, and how elastic!"

"Do you dance?" inquired I.

"In my earlier years I practiced it as a branch of gymnastics," replied she.

This picture of an exhibition of amateurs, dear readers and readeresses, is not a whit too highly or too strongly colored, and the comparison to a threshing of empty straw is a very mild one, for the clapping and thumping, produced by the process of separating the ear or grain from the stalk, is the finest music, when put in contrast with the anxious and painful cry of furious dilettanti.

And now my heart begins to feel heavy, that I have treated the good, innocent straw so slightly, and caused it to be of such low repute. Straw resembles a man who has lost his all; an honorable, good person, bowed down and crushed by misfortune. Straw is related to the family of the grains, which is one of the most famous in nature.

How blooming and beautiful was this unfortunate straw, when young and green in the field! All praised it, young and old made pilgrimages into the country to look at it, and rejoiced in its growth and prosperity. Poets sang of it, and merry maidens made crowns and garlands of the nearly ripe stalks and ears.

Behold, my friends, this stalk of straw. It is a type of mankind. As long as it remains uncut in the field, when the kernels of grain have grown heavy, it modestly bows its head toward earth, as low as its fellows. But let the grain, by any accident, fall out, so that nothing is left in its head, it suddenly becomes straight, exalted, and proud above all others.

Then again, learn something from the way we treat straw. As long as it possesses, or owns something, we prize it; but when we have roughly taken from it its little all, we despise it, and treat it with contempt. Why should straw be anything more than straw? Why, if you consider the different kinds of straw, you will find them excelling, in some respects, even the human race. Did the wheat straw ever say to the oat straw, "I am high-born, and you are of the common people?" Did barley straw ever even say to the tares among it, "I am better than you?"

I would recommend to you, dear reader, to lay the straw well to heart. Copy its mildness, and clothe yourselves with its humility. Think of those golden, arcadian days, when a loving heart and a thatched roof were all that was necessary to make one happy. I do not know as you have ever seen a loving heart and a straw roof in nature, for since so many conflagrations

have taken place, both have been banished, on account of their liability to take fire.

But it is a fact, that in former days such things existed. They say, that in the Berlin museum, they still preserve one of those loving hearts.

It will not make you wonder, that I love the straw roofs so much, when you consider that we poets, and authors, and journalists, are the near relatives of roofs, seeing that we live immediately under them. With straw roofs, all love-in-a-cottage poetry had to vanish. For how could true love exist under slates, tiles, or shingles?

In former days the lightning flashed from the clouds and consumed its offering, which was a very romantic thing. But now, all houses have conductors of iron, and all hearts have conductors of gold, so that no sort of electricity can touch them. But for all that, there were never so many domestic thunder storms as just at present. I believe then, that love sustains itself longest in the neighborhood of straw. Therefore it is a pity, that love is not in the heads of ladies, instead of their hearts, for then their bonnets would surely have a conservative influence.

### SACRED SINGING.

Sacred singing is mentioned by Paul and James as a divinely appointed means of sustaining a devotional frame of mind. "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." There are times when singing or listening to the singing of sacred psalms and hymns is one of the most effectual means within our reach of enabling the christian to hold on his course and resist temptation. One of these undoubtedly is, when the soul is unusually elevated by the spirit of God. It is the peculiar province of sacred poetry and sacred singing, to lend their aid in giving expression to these higher emotions of the soul; in leading it up the high steeples that were inaccessible before, and bearing it, as on angelic wings, to the regions of bliss above. How much comfort has the pious Watts afforded christians by his inimitable poetry. How many saints have gone to heaven with his lines upon their lips, soothed and cheered in entering the dark "veil between," with the strains of sacred melody.

Nor is singing to be confined to the season of unusual elevation. It may be employed when we feel the want of that elevation, and as a means of securing it. Singing with one's own voice has a powerful tendency to direct our thoughts and emotions into the same channel with the sentiments we sing. Sacred singing may be properly employed, also, to render religion more a social and familiar subject. Religion has been too much crowded on one side; it has been shut out of the parlor, out of what the world calls good society. How can it be restored to its place? It may come in, to a great extent, by the door of sacred singing. Reader, welcome it by this door. Welcome it to your social circles, to your firesides, your closets and your hearts.

And still another important end may be gained by the course commanded by the apostle. There are many christians, especially young christians, who feel the need of occasionally unbending their minds from severe thinking and reading, and allowing it a course of joyous and free action. And here is a strong temptation offered to engage the christian in "foolish talking and jesting," which Paul says are "not convenient," or *unbecoming*, or of running the giddy round of the numerous follies of an unthinking world. Sacred singing

meets this desire of the young christian; it comes to his relief, and teaches him that religion is not wanting in any solid good or substantial joy which his nature craves.—*Christian Reflector*.

### JOHN STANLEY

Was born in London, 1713. His father had a lucrative situation in the London post office. When two years of age, he became blind by falling down with a China basin in his hand. The basin breaking, a pointed fragment cut through one of his eyes, which occasioned the loss of the other. Having attained the age of seven, he began to learn music, not because he had discovered the smallest propensity for it, or because his father was musical and fond of the art. The father was advised to have his son instructed on the harpsichord, as an amusement suited to his condition, that, being unable to receive pleasure through the sense of sight, he might from the sense of hearing. His first teacher was Reading, organist of Hackney, under whom, however, he continued only a few months, during which time he made no progress from the difficulty experienced in understanding the instructions of his teacher. Discovering, however, great pleasure in the occupation, his father placed him with Dr. Green, organist at St. Paul's.

Under this scientific master, Stanley made most rapid progress, and attained so great proficiency, that when eleven, he was chosen organist of All-hallows, Bread street. At fourteen, he was appointed organist of St. Andrews, Holborn, in preference to a great number of candidates; and at sixteen he was elected by the honorable society of the Middle Temple, one of their organists. These two last-named places, he retained until his death. (All of the places mentioned above are in London.)

Stanley had great facility in teaching, and from patience in instructing, and his address, was always much beloved by his pupils. "Few persons," observes Dr. Burney, "have passed a more active life in every branch of his art, than this extraordinary musician, having been not only a neat, pleasing, and accurate performer, but a natural and agreeable composer, and an intelligent instructor." He continued to teach until the death of Handel, when he entered into an engagement with John Christopher Smith, (Handel's pupil,) to carry on the oratorios for fourteen years. At the end of that time, Smith retiring from the musical world, Stanley engaged Mr. Linley for the same purpose, and was honored with the patronage of their majesties. In 1785, his health being much impaired; he retired from business, and died, May 19, 1786.

He was a most cheerful and lively companion, of a placid and serene temper, and perfectly contented with his situation. He was often heard to say, that he would not receive his sight, if it was in his power. He felt himself, he said, perfectly happy under his present circumstances, and should have so much to learn and unlearn, that all would be uncertainty and confusion.

The loss of sight was amply compensated by the acuteness of his hearing, and the extreme sensibility of his touch. He could find his way through the narrowest lanes of London; could ascertain the size of an apartment by the sound of his voice, and recollect the voices of those whom he had not seen for years. He was fond of riding, and an excellent judge of horses, discovering the proportions by feeling, and judging of paces by the ear. He once prevented a friend from purchasing a horse that was lame, discovering, without sight, a fault his friend had not noticed.



## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, APRIL 27, 1846.

When we commenced the publication of the Gazette, we determined in some way, to get it to the notice of every leader of a choir, and every teacher of music. We find this, however, easier said than done. We dislike begging, in any form, but we hope our readers will excuse us, if we ask them to mention its existence, when convenient, especially to persons occupying the above-mentioned stations. If we have one wish more than another, it is to number every leader of a choir among our subscribers. Equally desirous are we to have our paper read, and written for, by teachers of music; always excepting that large class, who already know more than Mozart, Mendelssohn, Pestalozzi, or all the best known writers on this side the ocean put together. We have so humble an opinion of our own abilities, that, if we knew our paper had to undergo an examination from many such teachers, we verily fear our pen would be so much affected with the "shakes," our "imp" would be unable to read the copy.

In many of the notices given us by the press, considerable stress seems to have been laid upon the fact that ours is a *small* sheet. If any one thinks it unusually small, we wish they would compare the amount of matter in it, with that usually contained in papers, exclusive of advertisements, taking into the account that it is quite as much work to "set" the music as all the paper beside. Our intention, at first, was to have devoted a page to advertisements, but we find all the room is wanted for other things. We may occasionally print advertisements on an extra sheet and inclose it with the paper.

We beg leave to repeat, that our papers have been, and will be, mailed in Boston on every other Monday. If any do not receive them regularly, it must be owing to miscarriage, or mistake.

We have received a communication, to the end that critical notices of concerts, and of musical publications, would be acceptable to a large class of readers. We doubt it. The musical periodicals of Europe are almost exclusively occupied with those two items. The musical newspapers generally contain eight pages, about three of which are devoted to reviews of sheet music, musical works, &c.; three pages to criticisms of various concerts; one and a half pages to advertisements; and about half a page to short items, most of which, however, refer to the same subjects, viz: new publications, and concerts. There is a large class in some of our large cities, who would be much edified with such a paper, or we should rather say, be much benefited by one, if they would read it; but it is unfortunately the case, that "concert goers" in our cities do not need instruction. Nature has endowed them with such a clear perception of the beautiful, and with such a perfect judgment with regard to music, that a paper devoted to their improvement would be quite superfluous. We speak not theoretically upon the subject; the thing has been repeatedly tried both here and in other cities; but every paper which has started with such an object in view, has died from want of patronage. In Europe, where they are not so highly favored in natural gifts, many lovers of the fine arts read, for the express purpose of forming a correct taste, and so such papers are sustained; but barely sustained, however, even there. We give our readers a minute account of the kind of music which is performed in the Boston concerts; we

are not sure that anything farther than this would do much good. The most we could say, would be that the pieces were well or ill sung, and our readers can easily imagine the effect both ways, if they choose. We do not attend all the concerts ourselves. Some we could not attend if we would, and others we would not, if we could. If we should give a critical notice of each, therefore, we should, in many instances, have to depend on our daily papers. In these, for such information, we have no confidence. We have so often detected them in such errors in their criticisms of concerts at which we were present, that we cannot trust their accounts of those which we do not hear. We suppose that an impartial criticism of a concert, by a competent writer, would be instructive to those who were present at the concert. We were never able to reap much benefit from critical remarks on performances which we did not hear.

With regard to criticisms of musical publications, if one thing more than another is needed to advance the interests of music, it is *impartial* reviews of such publications. The time, however, has gone by, when anything a newspaper says respecting a book, will be believed. If an editor praises a book, he is supposed to have been bribed; if he condemns it, it is set down as prejudice, or ascribed to something worse. Unfortunately, these surmises are too often well founded.

In some of the best journals, we have seen the most extravagant praises of musical works, which a child acquainted with the subject could not but pronounce worthless; and the most unqualified condemnation of works worthy of praise. There can be no doubt but that a five dollar bill has been the "motive editorial" in the first case, and prejudice, or the interests of a rival publisher, in the second. If we thought every one would believe us sincere, we should be willing to review all works of importance which come under our notice. But as we know that, whatever we say, a selfish motive will be ascribed to us, we shall say but a little with regard to any publication, beyond informing our readers of the fact of its publication. Gross humbugs, however, will always form an exception to this rule. We assure our readers, that if we know our own hearts, a hat full of gold would not induce us to make statements with regard to any work, which we do not believe to be strictly true.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A correspondent inquires, "How shall we correct the fault in singers of getting below the pitch?" Persons sing below the pitch, or fall from the pitch, when singing, from different causes:

1. Obtuseness of the ear.
2. Disease of the organs of sound—as a cold, &c.
3. Fatigue.
4. Fear or timidity.
5. Carelessness or inattention.

In the first case, nothing can correct the fault but patient and persevering cultivation of the musical sense of hearing. Persons who flat from this cause, should sing less, and listen more, and practice the scale slowly and carefully with the aid of an instrument in good tune. In the second case, it is very obvious that the person must wait until health is restored before singing. In the third case rest will be found a good remedy. In the fourth, courage. How to make the careless attentive, depends somewhat on circumstances. Moral suasion, if possible, if not, perhaps, a little of the rod may be applied with success. This is, as we believe, by far the

most common reason for falling from the pitch, viz: carelessness or inattention; and we have often found that calling the attention to the subject was sufficient to correct the evil. It is proper also to mention to singers the principal physical causes of falling from the pitch, viz: relaxation of the organs of sound, or inattention to breathing. If the organs be held carefully in one unaltered position, and the breath be steadily expelled, there can be no deviation from the pitch. Singers should be most careful to hold the organs of sound, the mouth, throat, &c., steady, firm, and unmoved. This is important not only with respect to intonation, but also with respect to purity of tone.

We never knew a person who sang in good tune, who had not had the advantage of an instrument in the training of the voice. There may be such persons, but we have not met with them. It is much more difficult to sing the scale in tune than is generally imagined. A careful, slow practice of the scale, with instrumental aid, is the only way, so far as we know, by which a correct intonation may be obtained or preserved.

MESSRS. EDITORS—In your paper of March 30, is a tune called "Wenham," which so much resembles another tune composed by some other author, and never made public, that I send it to you as a proof, that when composers, great or small, are accused of plagiarism, they may be, and doubtless often are, unjustly accused. I am sure that the author of Wenham never saw the tune here inclosed, and as sure that the last-named tune was composed before Wenham was seen or heard.

I wish also to ask your opinion in relation to "Avison," in the Gazette of March 30. Do the tenor and treble, in the last two parts of the last measure of the third line, speak grammatically? Does that passage sound good? A good chord succeeds a bad one—or is that which I call *bad*, good by reason of a certain *law*?

Would it not be well to insert an incorrect composition, occasionally, (as you will doubtless have enough of such for the purpose, if you invite the public to write for your Gazette,) and remark on the inaccuracies. It may quicken the careless who have knowledge, and discourage attempts to compose music of those who write without the least expectation that there are *laws* for the government of musical compositions.

Respectfully,

ANTHONY.

When we set about composing a tune, we always write those ideas which occur to us at the time, as best expressing the sense of the words for which we are writing. We never trouble ourselves about the possibility that we may use an idea some one has used before us. If we succeed in making a good tune, we accomplish our object, although we may chance to get a measure or two like some other piece. To our mind, nothing appears more silly than the indefatigable labors of those who are continually on the search for similarities between "such a measure in such a tune," and "such a measure in such a song," &c. Plagiarism we consider no better than theft; but such "resemblances" as that between the tunes above mentioned, always have been, and always will be, found in the works of the best writers.

With respect to the passage in "Avison," such progressions are used by the best writers, and are, therefore, correct. We do not like them, and should not use them in our own compositions.

When our "harmony" has progressed far enough, we shall insert pieces which are erroneous, and give those who feel interested in that department, an opportunity to correct the errors. In this connection we will venture the remark, that the larger part of the musical contributions we have received, indicate an entire ignorance on the part of the authors, of the simplest rules of harmony. Although the melodies are good, the other parts plainly show an inability to appreciate the effect



produced by two or more parts moving together. It is not possible that any one whose ear is in the smallest degree correct, can allow that a consecutive fifth is "endurable;" and yet many of the pieces referred to, use them as freely as good writers use consecutive thirds. It is by no means certain that one perfectly acquainted with the laws of harmony, will always write good music. It is absolutely certain, that those ignorant of them, never will.

*The articles A, THE, &c.*—A correspondent requests us to give the proper pronunciation of these words. We readily comply with his request.

In looking into Worcester's Dictionary, (the only one we happen to have at hand) we find the following direction: "A, pronounced a as a letter, but \* as a word." The first mark, (a) denotes the long or name sound as in fate, pain, player, &c.; the second mark (\*) denotes the obscure sound as in liar, rival, &c. The article a, of course, should have the obscure, and never the long sound. In the words abate, atone, away, &c., the first a should also always be the obscure sound.

The same author gives the article the two ways, viz: the, and the; so that this word is sometimes pronounced one way and sometimes the other. If we look into the books on elocution, we shall find some little difference in the rules laid down. Russell, than whom we know of no better authority, says: "The, before a word beginning with a vowel, should be pronounced with the same sound of e as in relate; before a word beginning with a consonant, it should have the obscure sound, as in the second syllable of the word eternal; but never the sound of broad a.

Mr. Russell has published a small work entitled "Elements of Musical Articulation," which settles all these questions, and which should be in the hands of every singer. It may be had of Wilkins & Carter, Boston.

*Amen.*—We are also desired to give the pronunciation of this word. The a in amen should receive the Italian sound of the letter, or as in father, psalm, &c. This is according to all nations, we believe, for we never heard of any person that had the least pretensions to musical taste, that in singing pronounced with long a, or ay-men. It would be indeed quite ludicrous to hear such a piece as the last chorus in the Messiah, sung to ay-men.

G—, N. Y., April 10, 1846.

*Messrs. Editors*—If it is the duty of the church to have music as a part of her sanctuary services, it is clearly her duty to have it acceptably performed. Choirs are sometimes cautioned against singing to please the ear. It is true, to please the ear should not be made an end, but a means to an end.

Music, through the bodily ear, exerts a potent influence over the human soul. If the obvious design of sacred music is to be answered, an agreeable impression must be made upon the ear. This is in perfect keeping with the injunction to "sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also." If, while ministers of the gospel urge upon their choirs the duty of singing "with the spirit," they would more generally urge upon their congregations the duty of providing means whereby they may be instructed to sing "with the understanding also," they would in the end, find their singing much more edifying. Let not these remarks be understood as giving undue importance to a matter merely external. The duty of spirituality in singing, cannot be too

strongly enforced. Yet a tasteful performance of church music, the result of discipline and practice, is as compatible with spirituality on the part of a choir, as are talents and learning, with piety on the part of a clergyman. But how far short does the musical service of many congregations and choirs come of pleasing either God or themselves! Without judging the hearts of others, it is difficult to perceive how such barbarous attempts at singing, as may be heard every Sabbath day in some churches, can be acceptable with the Master of assemblies.

Messrs. Editors, I know not what Babel jargon you may have heard in your times, but methinks if you could be taken from your seat at the organ, some Sabbath day, and set down blindfolded within hearing of some choirs I wot of, you would verily think you had been transported into the midst of a horde of *New Zealand cannibals*! It is easier for some persons to complain than to commend. But what grievous sins lie at the door of those churches, who, having the means, refuse to employ them for a reformation! Those churches that uniformly have good music, may need to have their minister preach and pray against pride, and a lack of spirituality; but what shall be done unto such as have neither good music nor spirituality, and but for their own listlessness might have both?

It is my prayer that your paper, so auspiciously commenced, may continue, and be instrumental in making music in the churches what it should be, "A sweet smelling savor in the nostrils of Jehovah."

Yours, in harmonious bonds,

W. T.

### BACH'S WORKS.

1. *Harpsichord exercises, opus 1.* This work consists of six suites, the first of which came out in 1726, and the others successively till 1731.

2. *Harpsichord exercises, opus 2;* consisting of a concerto in the Italian style, and an overture in the French manner.

3. *Harpsichord exercises, opus 3;* "consisting of various preludes to the catechismal and other hymns, composed particularly for judges of such works."

4. *Six choral melodies,* "to be played on one organ with two rows of keys and pedals." In the second of these chorals the melody is given to the pedals.

5. *Air with variations for the harpsichord.* This admirable work consists of thirty variations in canons in all intervals and movements, from unison to the ninth. For this model, according to which all variations should be made, though for reasons easily understood not a single one has been made after it, we are indebted to Count Kaiserling, formerly Russian ambassador at the court of the elector of Saxony. The count was a great invalid, and had many sleepless nights. He had in his employ a celebrated musician named Goldberg, who lived in the house with him, and frequently passed the night in an adjoining room to play something to him when he could not sleep. The count once said to Bach that he should like to have some harpsichord pieces for Goldberg, which should be of a soothing and rather cheerful character, that he might be a little amused by them in his sleepless nights. Bach thought he could best fulfil this wish by variations, which, on account of the constant sameness of the fundamental harmony, he had hitherto considered an ungrateful work. These variations became under his hand a model work, the only model of the kind he has left us. The count always called them his variations. He was never weary of hearing them, and for a long time afterwards, when

the sleepless nights came, he used to say, "Dear Goldberg, do play me one of my variations." Bach received from the count for this work, a golden goblet full of Louis d'ors.

6. *Five canon variations on a Christmas hymn.*

7. *Musical offering,* dedicated to Frederick II. of Prussia, theme received from the king, of which we have already spoken.

8. *Instruction in the art of the fuge.*

9. *Three collections of choral hymns,* each part containing one hundred hymns, mostly from the author's annual compositions for the church.

10. *Four similar collections* published at a later period.

11. *Six preludes for beginners* on the piano.

12. *Fifteen two-part inventions,* for do.

13. *Fifteen three-part inventions,* for do.

14. *Twenty-four preludes and fuges,* in all keys, for inquisitive musical youth. Part I.

15. *Twenty-four do,* much more difficult, forming Part II.

16. *Chromatic fantasia and fuge.* This is unique, and never had its like.

17. *A fantasia for the piano.*

18. *Six suites of piano pieces,* commonly called the English suites, because composed for an English nobleman of rank.

19. *Six suites of piano pieces,* commonly called: French suites, because composed in the French taste.

20. *Six sonatas for the harpsichord,* with violin obligato.

21. *Many single sonatas* for the harpsichord, with accompaniments for the violin, flute, viola da gamba, &c.

22. *Concertos for the harpsichord,* with orchestra accompaniment.

23. *Two concertos for two harpsichords,* with stringed instrument accompaniment.

24. *Two concertos for three harpsichords,* with an accompaniment for four stringed instruments.

25. *A concerto for four harpsichords,* with an accompaniment for four stringed instruments.

26. *Grand preludes and fuges* for the organ, with obligato pedal.

27. *Preludes on the melodies of choral hymns,* for the organ, with organ obligato. In number, about 100.

28. *Six sonatas or trios,* for the organ, with pedal obligato.

There are few instruments for which Bach has not composed something. In his time, it was usual to play in the church, a concerto or solo upon some instrument, while the congregation were passing to the altar, to receive from the minister the elements, at the communion. He wrote many such pieces, but most of them are lost. Two principal instrumental works of another kind have been preserved, viz:

29. *Six solos for the violin,* without accompaniment.

30. *Six solos for the violoncello,* without accompaniment.

### VOCAL MUSIC.

31. *Five complete annual series of church music,* for Sundays and all holidays.

32. *Five compositions for passion week.* One of these has a double chorus throughout.

33. *Many motets,* for single or double choruses.

34. *Twenty-one church cantatas.*

35. *Two masses for five voices,* with orchestra accompaniment.

36. *A mass for double chorus;* one of the choruses being accompanied by stringed, and the other by wind instruments.

37. *A passion, for double chorus.*

38. *A sanctus*, with orchestra accompaniments.

39. *A rural cantata*, with recitations, airs, duets, and chorus.

40. Many oratorios, masses, magnificat, single sanctus, compositions for birth and saint's days, funerals, marriages, serenades, and some Italian cantatas.

But a small portion of Bach's works were published during his life time. Many are still hoarded up in the libraries of Germany, and every year some, not before discovered, are making their appearance in print.

Messrs. EDITORS—I have thought the following scrap of history in relation to music, (and other things,) might be interesting to some of the readers of your valuable "Gazette."

"The ancients," says Tytler, "before the invention of alphabetic writings, found their hieroglyphical mode extremely unfit for two most important purposes; the recording of historical events, and the promulgation of their laws." "It was therefore necessary to adopt some other method of record and publication; and none other was found so suitable as poetical compositions. Poetry or song was therefore in all nations the first vehicle of history, and the earliest mode of promulgating laws; for nothing was found equally capable of striking with force the imagination, and impressing the memory. The earliest poetry of all nations is devoted to the celebration of the praises of their gods, and to the commemoration of the exploits of illustrious heroes. When society has made some advancement, and laws are established, a legislator, observing with what avidity the songs of the bards are listened to; how universally they are circulated, and how tenaciously retained, judiciously avails himself of the same vehicle for the publication of his laws." "Plato in his *Minos*, informs us, that the first laws of all nations were composed in verse, and sung."

"Apollo is recorded to have been one of the first legislators, and to have published his laws to the sound of his harp, that is, set them to music." "That this mode of promulgation was in use among the Greeks, the word *nomos*, which signifies both a *law* and a *song*, is direct proof." "Aristotle expressly says, that before the use of writing, it was customary to keep the laws in remembrance by singing them." "The laws of the ancient inhabitants of Spain were all in verse; as were likewise the laws of Tuisto, the first legislator of the ancient Germans." And is it not more than probable, that Moses delivered the laws God gave him, to his assembled people, in song? Resp'y yours, A. S.

## HARMONY, NO. VI.

The rule for figuring a base requires that figures expressing the intervals which the other parts form with the base, be written under or over the base note. As triads consist of three sounds, in four-part compositions, either the *chief note*, *third*, or *fifth* must be doubled, i. e. the same sound, or its octave, must be used for two of the parts. 3, 5, 8, or 3, 5, 3, or 3, 5, 5, is, therefore, the figuring for a triad; 3, 5, 7, for a chord of the seventh; 3, 5, 9, for a chord of the ninth; 3, 5, 4, for a chord of the eleventh; 3, 5, 7, 9, for a chord of the seventh and ninth; 3, 5, 9, 4, for a chord of the ninth and eleventh; 3, 5, 7, 4, for a chord of the seventh and eleventh; 3, 5, 6, for a chord of the thirteenth; 3, 5, 7, 6, for a chord of the seventh and thirteenth; 3, 5, 9, 6, for a chord of the ninth and thirteenth; 3, 5, 4, 6, for a chord of the eleventh and thirteenth; 3, 5, 7, 9, 6, for a chord of the seventh, ninth, and thirteenth; 3, 5, 7, 4, 6, for a

chord of the seventh, eleventh, and thirteenth; 3, 5, 9, 4, 6, for a chord of the ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth; 3, 5, 7, 9, 4, 6, for a chord of the seventh, ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth.

The figures 3, 5, and 8, may be, and generally are, omitted in the figuring of chords; consequently the base of a triad is usually not figured at all. The base of a chord of the seventh, is usually figured 7. The base of a chord of the ninth, 9; of a chord of the eleventh, 4; of a chord of the thirteenth, 6; of a chord of the seventh and ninth, 7, 9; of a chord of the seventh and eleventh, 7, 4; of a chord of the seventh and thirteenth, 7, 6; of a chord of the ninth and eleventh, 9, 4; of a chord of the ninth and thirteenth, 9, 6; of a chord of the eleventh and thirteenth, 4, 6; of a chord of the seventh, ninth, and eleventh, 7, 9, 4; of a chord of the seventh, ninth, and thirteenth, 7, 9, 6; of a chord of the ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth, 9, 4, 6; of a chord of the seventh, ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth, 7, 9, 4, 6.

It will be seen that in figured bases, figures greater than 9, are not often used; but instead of 10, 3 is taken; for 11, 4, &c.

## CONCERTS IN BOSTON.

April 4. HANDEL AND HAYDEN SOCIETY.—Oratorio of Moses in Egypt. Some of the solos were accompanied by Madame Lazare, on the harp.

April 5. HANDEL AND HAYDEN SOCIETY.—The same repeated.

April 6. COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT TO MR. WHITING, late of the Howard Athenæum. Programme, Part I.—1, Love's young dream, (Mæder,) Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Mr. Frazer. 2, Air and var. on the Oboe, Senor Ribas. 3, Ballad, I will love thee to the last, (Montgomery,) Mr. Frazer. 4, Song, from Bohemian Girl, I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls, (Balfé,) Mrs. Seguin. 5, Song, from La Sonnambula, As I view now, (Bellini,) Mr. Seguin. 6, Ballad, Thou art lovelier, (Maria Hawes,) Mrs. Mæder. 7, Trio, from the Mountain Sylph, This magic wore scarf, (Barrett,) Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Mr. Frazer. 8, Blue Beard, A Serio-Comico, Ludico-Tragico Opera, (John Parry,) Mr. Whiting. PART II.—1, Duett, from Norma, Take them, I implore thee, (Bellini,) Mrs. Seguin and Mrs. Mæder. 2, Solo on the Corno Inglese, The heart bowed down, (Balfé,) Senor Ribas. 3, Ballad, The three ages of Love, (Loder,) Mr. Frazer. 4, Bravura, from the Barber of Seville, Tyrant, soon I'll burst thy chains, (Rossini,) Mrs. Seguin. 5, Ballad, O, tis sweet to think, Mrs. Mæder. 6, Trio, The Lass o' Gowrie, (Scotch melody,) Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Mr. Frazer. 7, Song, from the Postillion, Primo Basso, Sir, am I, (Adam,) Mr. Seguin. 8, Finale, Nid noddin, (Mæder,) Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Mr. Frazer.

April 7. MADAME LAZARE, from the Conservatoire, Paris. Programme, 1, Grand duo, Harp and Piano-forte, (Labarre,) Madame Lazare and Mr. Hayter. 2, Ballad, Cathleen Mavourneen, (Crouch,) Mr. Delavanti. 3, Adagio Religioso, for the violin, (Ernat,) by Senor Ribas on the Oboe, with Organ accompaniment. 4, Song, I'm Queen of the Fairy land, (Knight,) Miss Stone. 5, Fantasia, Harp, from Robert le Diable, (Labarre,) first time, Madame Lazare. 6, Trio, Harp, Piano, and Oboe, from Norma, (Bochsa,) Madame Lazare, Messrs. Ribas and Hayter. 7, Cavatina, Voi mirate, in si bel giorno, (Ricci,) Miss Stone. 8, Solo, Corno Inglese, The heart bowed down, (Balfé,) Senor Ribas. 9, Song, Largo al Factotum, (Rossini,) Mr. Delavanti. 10, Fantasia, Harp, from the Siege of Corinth, (Labarre,) Madame Lazare.

April 8. MISS ANNA STONE.—Programme, 1, Solo, Violoncello, Mr. Groenveldt, accompanied on the piano by Mr. Hayter. 2, Cavatina, The forest queen, (Nelson,) by Miss Stone. 3, Song, Mr. Jones. 4, Harp Solo, Mad. Lazare. 5, Song by Miss Stone, Gratias agimus tibi, with clarinet obligato, by J. K. Kendall. PART II.—1, Duett, Miss Stone and Mr. Jones, When thy bosom, (Braham.) 2, Solo, Clarinet, Mr. Kendall, Fantasia on two popular airs. 3, Song, by an Amateur, Fairest Maiden, (Schubert.) 4, Solo; Harp, Mad. Lazare. 8, Song, Miss Stone.

April 11. COMPLIMENTARY, MRS. WM. H. SMITH.

Programme, 1, Serenade, Sleep gentle lady, (Bishop,) Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Frazer. 2, Song, Non pia andria, (Mozart,) Mr. Seguin. 3, Song, Di tanti palpiti, (Rossini,) Mrs. Seguin. 4, Solo, Clarinet, Mr. Groenveldt. 5, Ballad, My sister dear, (Auber,) Mr. Frazer. 6, Duett, Meet me by moonlight, (A. Lee,) Mrs. Seguin and Mr. Frazer. 7, Quintette, With wonder I'm astounded, (Auber,) Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Frazer, and Mr. W. F. Johnson. PART II.—1, The Lass o' Gowrie, (C. Martyn,) Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Mr. Frazer. 2, Barcarole, Young Agnes, (Auber,) Mr. Frazer. 3, Comic Duett, A B C, Mrs. Smith and Mr. Seguin. 4, Solo, Violoncello, Mr. Groenveldt. 5, Song, old maid's lament, To-day I'm sixty-two, W. F. Johnson. 6, Aria, the Primo Basso, (Adam,) Mr. Seguin. 7, Finale, Ah, do n't mingle, (Bellini,) Mrs. Seguin.

April 12. HANDEL AND HAYDEN SOCIETY.—Moses in Egypt.

April 14. OPERA CONCERT, MR. AND MRS. SEGGIN, MR. FRAZER.—Opera Don Pasquale.

April 15. MR. EDWARD L. WALKER.—Programme, 1, Ov. to Magic Flute, on the organ, G. F. Hayter. 2, Song, Thou art lovelier, (M. B. Hawes,) Miss Julia L. Northall. 3, Fantasia on Believe me if all those endearing young charms, (Walker,) E. L. Walker. 4, Cavatina, Come Dolce, (Rossini,) Miss Julia L. Northall. 5, Introduction and var. on Mermaid's Song from Oberon, (Walker,) E. L. Walker. PART II.—1, Ballad, Bells upon the wind, (Bishop,) Miss J. L. Northall. 2, Grand Fantasia on American National Air, (Walker,) E. L. Walker. 3, Ballad, Maiden wrap thy mantle round thee, (Phillips,) Miss Anna Stone. 4, Rondo des Hirondelles, (Walker,) E. L. Walker. 5, Spanish Song, What Enchantment, (Signor le Blanco,) Miss Northall. Mr. Walker played upon his Patent Harmonic Grand Piano-forte.

The "opera concert," mentioned above, was advertised as a "musical novelty." We hope such novelties will often occur. There are two classes of music lovers in the community; those who will go to the opera, and those who will not. Without stopping to decide which are right, it is evident that the latter party lose the hearing of a great deal of good music for "conscience sake." We do not suppose that any are prejudiced against the music of operas. There cannot either be much cause of complaint against the words, which in many operas are meaningless, and in others are good, though we could wish more substantial ones affixed to many beautiful melodies, which are rather degraded by the connection. The text of many operas is as good as that of some oratorios we could name. There are many, then, who would like to hear operas, but do not like to go to the theatre to see them. Opera concerts, where there are neither dresses nor scenery, and no more acting or gesticulating than in dialogues at a school exhibition, must suit everybody; and if this species of entertainment should get to be the fashion, we are mistaken if public singers do not find themselves as well rewarded, pecuniarily, as when they sing in a theatre. It is a point much overlooked, but we believe of great importance, to have the words which accompany music, of an elevated, or at least innocent character. We like also to have the subject good. Thus when a fine song is put into the mouth of a pirate, or of a libertine, we do not like it. One's mind at once begins to excuse or extenuate; we either approve the bad man's conduct, or do not disapprove it so much as before. If there's a single wrong thought introduced into the mind of each one who hears a song, then that song does not do good, but evil, and it should either be sung no more, or its words and subject should be changed.

In "opera concerts," as in others, we hope that care will be taken, (and we believe it must be taken to secure the favor of a large portion of New England people,) to bring forward something which will make people love virtue a little better after the performance than before.

## NOW PLEASANT 'TIS WITH FRIENDS TO DWELL.

1st TENOR.  
Allegretto.

E. R. RUSSELL.

1. How pleasant 'tis with friends to dwell, Where nature's charms a - bound; To rove among her ru - ral haunts, And gaze on scenes around.  
 2. 'Tis sweet to saunter o'er the plain, And pluck the flow-ers fair; Then sit beneath the cool - ing shade, And breathe the fragrant air.

3. 'Tis sweet to look on blush - ing skies, Where glows the eve - ning star; To ramble in the syl - van grove, When night's queen beams a - far.  
 4. 'Tis sweet to roam a - mong the hills, And view the land - scape o'er; To glide along the rush - ing stream, And hear the cas - cade roar.

5. 'Tis sweet to climb the rug - ged cliff, And see the tim - id deer Go slake his thirst at lim - pid lake, Then bound a-way in fear.  
 6. 'Tis sweet to study na - ture's works, And see God's skill dis-played; With one accord they all pro-claim, "To Him be hom - age paid."

cres.

A - way to the wild - wood, No long - er de - lay, No long - er de - lay, No long - er de - lay, Let us hie to the

wild - wood, a - way, a - way, a - way, No long - er de - lay, no  
 wild - wood, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, No long - er de - lay, no  
 wild - wood, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, No long - er de - lay, no

**NOW PLEASANT. Continued.**

long - er de - lay, no long - er de - lay, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a-way, a - way.

a - way, a - way, a - way,

a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a-way, a - way.

This musical score is for the hymn 'NOW PLEASANT. Continued.' It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'long - er de - lay, no long - er de - lay, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a-way, a - way.' The melody is simple and repetitive, with a final cadence on the fourth staff.

**WALLACE. L. M.**

H. F. CRISTY.

Come, weary souls, with sin oppressed, Oh, come, accept the promised rest; The Saviour's gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloom - y fears a - way.

This musical score is for the hymn 'WALLACE. L. M.' by H. F. CRISTY. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'Come, weary souls, with sin oppressed, Oh, come, accept the promised rest; The Saviour's gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloom - y fears a - way.' The melody is simple and repetitive, with a final cadence on the fourth staff.

**AURORA. C. M.**

REV. J. WALKER.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high; To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eyes, To thee lift up mine eyes.

This musical score is for the hymn 'AURORA. C. M.' by REV. J. WALKER. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high; To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eyes, To thee lift up mine eyes.' The melody is simple and repetitive, with a final cadence on the fourth staff.

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE

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## Miscellaneous.

### EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD BOOK.

#### NUMBER ONE.

In general, to pass by what is not pertinent to this design, sense and experience confirm these following properties of sound.

1. All sound is made by motion, viz: by percussion with collision of the air.
2. That sound may be propagated, and carried to distance, it requires a medium by which to pass.
3. This medium, to our purpose is air.
4. As far as sound is propagated along the medium, so far also the motion passeth; for (if we may not say that the motion and sound are one and the same thing, yet at least) it is necessarily consequent, that if the motion cease, the sound must also cease.
5. Sound, where it meets with no obstacle, passeth in a sphere of the medium greater or less, according to the force and greatness of the sound; of which sphere the sonorous body is as the centre.
6. Sound, so far as it reacheth, passeth the medium, not in an instant, but in a certain uniform degree of velocity, calculated by *Gassendus*, to be about the rate of 276 paces, in the space of a second minute of an hour. And where it meets with any obstacle, it is subject to the laws of reflexion, which is the cause of echos, meliorations, and augmentations of sound.
7. Sound, i. e. the motion of sound, or sounding motion, is carried through the medium or sphere of activity, with an *impetus* or force which shakes the free medium, and strikes and shakes every obstacle it meets with, more or less, according to the vehemency of the sound, and nature of the obstacle, and nearness of it to the centre, or sonorous body. Thus the impetuous motions of the sound of thunder, or of a cannon, shake all before it, even to the breaking of glass windows, &c.
8. The parts of the sounding body are moved with a motion of trembling, or vibration, as is evident in a bell or pipe, and most manifest in the string of a musical instrument.
9. This trembling, or vibration, is either equal and uniform, or else unequal and irregular; and again, swifter or slower, according to the constitution of the sonorous body, and quality and manner of percussion; and from hence arise differences of sounds.
10. The trembling, or vibration of the sonorous

body, by which the particular sound is constituted and discriminated, is impressed upon, and carried along the medium in the same figure and measure, otherwise it would not be the same sound, when it arrives at a more distant ear, i. e. the tremblings and vibrations, which may be called undulations of the air or medium, are all along of the same velocity and figure, with those of the sonorous body, by which they are caused.

The differences of sounds, as of one voice from another, &c., besides the difference of tune, which is caused by the difference of vibrations, arise from the constitution and figure, and other accidents of the sonorous body.

11. If the sonorous body be requisitely constituted, i. e. of parts solid, or tense, and regular, fit, being struck, to receive and express the tremulous motions of sound equally and swiftly, then it will render a certain and even harmonical tone or tune, received with pleasure, and judged and measured by the ear; otherwise it will produce an obtuse or uneven sound, not giving any certain or discernable tune.

Now this tune, or tuneable sound, i. e. an agreeable cadence of voice, at one pitch or tension. This tuneable sound, I say, as it is capable of other tensions towards acuteness, or gravity, i. e. the tensions greater or less, the tune graver or more acute, i. e. lower or higher, is the first matter or element of music. And this harmonic sound comes next to be considered.

### CHINESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

In the museum of Chinese curiosities now open in this city, is a sample of all the musical instruments in use in the Celestial Empire. The following, from the catalogue of the museum, comprises a description of the principal ones. As we intimated, in No. 1, a live Chinese professor of music is one of the "curiosities."

No. 194. *Kam* or *Kia*, "the lute." This is more esteemed than any other musical instrument of the Chinese; partly on account of its antiquity. A native writer says it is called *Kam* (to prohibit) because "it restrains and checks evil passions, and corrects the human heart." It is made from the wood of the *woo-tung*, or *Dyandria cordifolia*, its strings are of silk, and it is said to discourse most excellent music; but the difficulty of playing upon it is so great, that "every tune that a Chinese learns costs him the labor of several months."

No. 196. *Chang*. A smaller species of lute than the *Kam*. It has sixteen strings, and is generally seen in the hands of blind musicians who use their long finger nails or some substitute, as a plectrum.

No. 197. *Pi-pa*. The balloon-shaped guitar. This is also made of the *woo-tung* wood. The plain upper surface is left without varnish, and is let into the rounded back. The strings are of silk, as were those of the ancient lute used in Europe, and the *pi-pa* is said by Mr. Lay to correspond exactly to the harp of Pythagoras in the outline. It is one of the most common accompaniments to the voice of ballad singers.

No. 198. *U-Kam*. The full-moon guitar. "This is made of the *Suan-che* wood, and has four strings which stand in pairs and are unisons with each other. The table is not coated with varnish, lest it should hurt the sound. Our violins never acquire their purest tones

till they have lost the best part of their varnish; would it not be as well to take a leaf out of the Chinaman's book, and bestow all the ornament upon the neck and back, but leave the sounding-board untouched?"

No. 200. *Sam-sen*. Three-stringed guitar. "This is made of the *Suan-che* wood, its sounds are low and dull, and it is played as an accompaniment to the *pi-pa*. The body is covered with the skin of the *tan* snake, of which the natural vestment is divided by cloudy lines of brown and yellow into compartments. The jerkin of this snake, we see, helps to make melody after its decease, and its liver is much prized by the dealers in medicines."

No. 201. *Ee-sen*. The two-stringed fiddle. The rebeck of the Chinese. Some *Ee-sens* are made merely of a stick of bamboo passing through a hollow cylinder of the same material, but this one is of rather better construction. "One end of the cylinder is covered with snake skin, and the other is left open. The bow is in all its original simplicity, being a piece of rattan or bamboo, with its ends drawn toward each other by a small bundle of horse-hair which passes between the strings, and it requires no little practice to keep them clear of one while being drawn over the other, as they are near together. As it is a cheap instrument, it is in the hands of a great many learners, who fill up the vacancy of their leisure moments by grating the strings of this scannel coagulation of silk and wood. In better hands, however, its notes, though shrill and piercing, are by no means contemptible. It will be seen that this instrument embodies the principle of the violin, which is comparatively a modern instrument, its great powers and capabilities being first pointed out by Tartini. The Chinese were in possession of the idea ages ago, but while the Italians labored to give the original draft every perfection it was unsuceptible of, the eastern Asiatics left theirs to enjoy its primitive simplicity."

No. 202. *Tai-Kam*. The bass fiddle. This is very much like the *Ee-sen*, except that the drum is made of cocoa-nut shell instead of bamboo, and its notes are gruffer. These two instruments are almost the only ones among the Chinese that are played with a bow.

No. 203. *Taoong-Kam*. The wire-strung harmonicon. The strings are beaten with small slips of bamboo, and in skillful hands emit sweet music.

No. 205. *Chai-kok*. The clarion. This instrument is made of thin copper, and the upper part of the stem slides into the lower to enable the performer to modify the sounds, which are very grave.

No. 206. *Wang-teh*. The Chinese flute. "This is made of bamboo, bound with silk between the apertures to preserve the wood from cracking, and helps doubtless to sweeten the sound. It is with this, as with the guitar and lute, that the Chinese dame cheers and beguiles the lonely and unexciting hours of her seclusion."

No. 207. *Ho-toong*. Trombone trumpet. The sounding tube of this instrument is capable of being lengthened and shortened at the will of the performer. Its sounds, like those of our trombone, are not very agreeable alone, but form a proper relief to the shriller instruments when blown in concert.

No. 208. *Sang*. This is a collection of tubes varying in length, so as to utter sounds at harmonic inter-

vals from each other, thus embodying the principle of the organ stops, and with the wind chest, into which the tubes are inserted, forms the embryo of that magnificent instrument. Very few of the Chinese of the present day understand the use of this instrument, which was used in ancient times in the performance of religious rites.

No. 218. *Wai-Koo*, "flat drum." "This is much used by blind singers, who saunter through the streets in the night. These singers are also the tellers of old stories. Many of them are poor female children, early trained to this business, by which they procure support for their parents, sometimes, as well as for themselves."

No. 220 and 221. *Heang-teh*. "This possesses all the essential parts of the clarinet, except the finish and the sweetness of its sound. It is a great favorite among the Chinese, who are so charmed with its loud and deafening sounds, they make it the principal on all occasions, either of joy or sorrow. It is heard at funeral processions, it takes a part at marriage entertainments, and leads in the musical companies both at the theatre and in the temple."

No. 222. *Nam-Sing*. Bell used by Buddhist priests in their worship. Among the instruments of percussion used by the Chinese, the great bell claims the first place, as all other instruments were tuned by this. It was also used in ancient times as the standard of weight and measure. The Chinese bell has no clapper, but is struck with a wooden hammer. It is seen in all the principal temples, hung in a large wooden stand, and is struck upon at vespers, and at other times, when prayers are offered up. The bell is an eastern invention, and was used many centuries before it was known in the west.

No. 224. *Pin-koo*. The low drum. This and the *pong-koo* are used together in a chorus, the singers beating them with small bamboo sticks. They give out a peculiar clinking sound, not generally agreeable to the ears of others than Chinese, till use and association, ingredients in taste, have made it so.

The omitted numbers are mostly gongs. The catalogue says, "The gong is a favorite instrument with the Chinese. The large ones are heard in their morning and evening devotions, they precede processions of all kinds, and drown all other noises in bands of music."

### SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

In order that children should learn how they should rest, play and jest, writers for the young give a mass of rules and regulations, and put the same in rhyme. Hundreds of such anxious songs of joy may be found, and all life and vigor in children's minds would be scared away by them, did they not fortunately possess the talent, at certain times, to be inattentive. Take, for instance, a stanza of a song, which people lay in the mouths of children, when the hours of study are over:

Our leisure hours have come at length,  
Then let us merry be!  
For pleasure gives for labor strength,  
Our blood flows healthily.  
  
And comrades, be our pleasure free  
From anger's bitter war,  
In God our joy should ever be,  
For we his creatures are.

Now let us look at several lines of this song. "Our leisure hours have come at length," is a very fine thing for a man to say, who dries the sweat from his brow after a hard day's work; but to make children thus puff and groan at their light labor, is laughable. A child

has, at first, no task, but to be obedient. Then come little accessions of knowledge, which please as well as instruct. The mother relates little stories of bible history; then come the tasks of writing and learning to reckon; but to what properly brought-up child are such studies uninteresting? It is, to be sure, some labor to be attentive; but the more attentive a child is, the more pleasure that child has.

"Then let us merry be!" It is an ugly habit with many grown-up people, to say, they will be astonishingly happy, to-morrow, or next week, or to-day from eight to ten o'clock. They ought to know better; for the mere expression of the intention to be happy, already damps the pure happiness which it is intended shall be enjoyed. The poet is right, who says that when no spark of joy falls from heaven, to light and warm the heart, the fire will remain unkindled, for all the blowings and puffings of the heart-possessor. But these foolish people not only give notice that they intend to enjoy themselves on a certain occasion, but they make all kinds of wearisome preparations to that end. So that commonly, when the feast, or party, or whatever it is, is over, they are ready to say, "Thank Heaven, we have lived through it." Children, however, are not happy intentionally, but are happy, merely because they are happy.

"For pleasure gives for labor strength," &c. Here we have a physiological fact, which is rather prosaic, or, rather, savors of hypochondriacism. Here the healthy, gleeful children are reminded, before they commence their so-called pleasure, that it is only allowed them because they can work better after it, and they are trained to be sober, thinking utilitarians, so as henceforth to think, every time they play ball, "This is useful in developing the various parts of the body." A good laugh must not be avoided, because it strengthens the appetite and the constitution, and weeping is allowed occasionally, because thereby the eye is rinsed, and the sight made clearer! \* \* \* \* \*

But why spend so much time on a piece of child's poetry? The writer of the present song no doubt meant well, but the effect that this and a hundred others have, this poetic constable watch over the harmless joys of childhood, ought to be combated. Not many can write good songs for children. Give them dry and sedately-wise things, and they will give the shortest kind of criticism, a gape; and if you try to correct the propensity, you will be obliged to confess, though the children may not be able to withstand you in argument, that they are the best judges of what is best for them.—FRANZ HORN.

### GREAT ORGAN IN NAUMBURG.

*A short history and description of the great organ in the State Church in Naumburg, on the Saale.\**

The organ in the St. Wenzel's Church in Naumburg, is considered one of the best in Germany, and has attracted much attention.

In the records of the town, we find that in 1613, a new organ was built by Joachim Tzschugk, of Planen. It had ten pairs of bellows and thirty-seven stops, and to accommodate the taste of that time, various *play-things*, as the bird song, tremulant, drum, star, &c., which latter were most used in the services on Christmas. On the 4th of December, 1616, Samuel Scheide, a very distinguished organist, took charge of the instrument.

\* In the southern part of Prussia, about thirty or forty miles from Leipzig.

In 1695, Theisner of Merseburg was engaged to repair the organ, and remove it to another part of the church, but seems to have been neither diligent nor faithful in the task. We find that the repairs were first completed in 1705, and in 1734 we find negotiations going on with Hildebrand of Leipzig, again to put the organ in order.

In 1740 the bargain was closed, the organ to undergo a complete renovation, and Hildebrand to have 2050 thalers, and the old works.

In September, 1746, the work was thoroughly revised by Sebastian Bach, and Gottfried Silbermann, the greatest organist, and the greatest organ builder the world has seen. They expressed themselves well satisfied with the alterations, and praised Hildebrand for his diligence.

Hildebrand seems not to have got much good from the old organ, as he found the pipes much eaten up with saltpetre, and the wood in bad condition.

In 1763 repairs were again necessary, especially to the reed stops, the weakest part of any organ. Schweinefleisch, (Mr. Pork, if translated) of Leipzig, was the one engaged, and received 250 thalers (about 185 dollars) for the job. Repairs were again necessary in 1787, and 1810. Later, the wind chests being considerably worm-eaten, the organ was again put in order by Beyer, of Naumburg, and contains now fifty-two sounding stops, three rows of keys, nearly three thousand pipes, and seven pairs of bellows. It combines great power with sweetness of tone.

The stops at present are:

- |                    |                      |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Principal.      | 1. Bordun.           |
| 2. Quintaton.      | 2. Principal.        |
| 3. Bombard.        | 3. Hellflöte.        |
| 4. Octave.         | 4. Geigen-principal. |
| 5. Gedact.         | 5. Flauto traverse.  |
| 6. Spitzflöte.     | 6. Clav-soline.      |
| 7. Trompete.       | 7. Prestant.         |
| 8. Prestant.       | 8. Gemshorn.         |
| 9. Spitzflöte.     | 9. Gedact.           |
| 10. Gedact.        | 10. Quinte.          |
| 11. Quinte.        | 11. Octave.          |
| 12. Weipfeife.     | 12. Waldflöte.       |
| 13. Octave.        | 13. Silflöte.        |
| 14. Cornett.       | 14. Mixture.         |
| 15. Mixture.       |                      |
| 1. Tibia, major.   | <i>Pedal.</i>        |
| 2. Principal.      | 1. Posanne, 32 feet. |
| 3. Rohrflöte.      | 2. Posanne, 16 feet. |
| 4. Quintaton.      | 3. Sub-bass.         |
| 5. Viola di Gamba. | 4. Violon, 16 feet.  |
| 6. Gemshorn.       | 5. Principal.        |
| 7. Fugara.         | 6. Octave bass.      |
| 8. Prestant.       | 7. Violon, 8 feet.   |
| 9. Rohrflöte.      | 8. Trumpete.         |
| 10. Octave.        | 9. Quinte.           |
| 11. Mixture.       | 10. Octave, 4 feet.  |
|                    | 11. Octave, 2 feet.  |
|                    | 12. Mixture.         |

Music in Boston is certainly on the advance, for even the dogs begin to criticise and discriminate. We were at the house of a friend the other day, where there was a little, frisky, pet poodle dog. The little fellow was amusing himself quietly enough, when his mistress began to sing a particular song. At the very first notes, he raised his head and listened, then sprang to the piano, stood up by it, and yelped most melodiously until the song was concluded. During other songs he remained quite indifferent, but let a single measure of this one be performed, and the canine amateur would put in his accompaniment. We were told, that whether he was in the room, or a distant part of the house, the same effect was produced; and that even when apparently asleep, a few notes of "Come, O come with me," would cause him to commence his vocal exercise.



## THE FORMAL PRINCIPLE.

It seems to me, that in the teaching of the present day, the formal principle is neglected. Help, who can! By the *formal* principle, I mean that by which the scholar is brought forward in a rapid and thorough, but yet pleasing manner, by which he has the pleasure of discovering new principles, and of enjoying, in practice, what he has learned. The pupil receives the instructions of the teacher—does not have them drilled into him. He is not a machine, but a reasoning human being. This principle is the kernel and marrow of the Pestalozzian system of instruction. Every one has a certain musical capacity. It is the business of the teacher to extend and build up this natural musical talent, and his duty to do it in the best way. Much has been said and written during the last forty years, by German and Swiss instructors, of the new method. Nageli first brought it into notice, by his "Singing Instructions," and was followed by Natorp, Koch, Kubler, Fischer, Jacob, Erk, Schardlich, Karow, and many others.—There was a time, when there seemed to be a burning zeal in the schools, to make skilful, self-relying singers of children. Now, the case is different. In many schools the efforts have been relaxed; in some the way, once so full, is comparatively empty. A careful observer would notice this in our musical literature. How many collections of songs appear! how little is written about the way of teaching! This is a sure sign that the practical part of the subject suffers. I notice that the *figures* have vanished. The *FIGURES*! How short was their life! I was never a friend to the method of writing tunes in figures, but I have always honored the *spirit* of the system. It was a good *teaching* spirit, striving to make a difficult thing plain. It was unfortunate that the wrong way was taken. The *figure* teachers believed that there was a treasure in the nature of children, which they sought to bring to light. That was their *merit*; it was their *misfortune*, that they did not work in the right way. Now, teachers seem to have thrown away the wrong tools, and taken the right, but with such weak and nerveless hands, that the beautiful treasure seems to be sunk mountains deep. Numberless schools testify to the fact. The notes, to be sure, are put before the pupils, but more as hints to remind one of what the melody is, than as things to be read and studied. The teacher sings or plays the air, the scholars sing it after him, and that is all.

How came this fall? How came the formal principle to be set in the background? Was it laziness? lukewarmness? sloth? Far be it from me to make such imputations! Not in the *persons*, but in the *thing*, we must seek a reason of the retrogression of the cause. It was allowed, that a knowledge of the principles of music was important, as a part of general education; but it was found, that when words were joined to tones, a fountain was opened, imparting religious and moral improvement, and which would not only refine the child, but fill the heart with cheerfulness and joy. It was found that the song-world with the world of feeling, music and religion, song and labor, are bound together, or stand in close relationship. It was found that study in all divisions and grades of the school, could not go along well without an occasional cheering song, that the German language contained a sufficiency of beautiful words, adapted to good music, to serve for all occasions, and that the children could learn them by rote, as the gift of remembering music is universally possessed. It was found, lastly, that it was very difficult, or next to impossible, to bring the mass of children so

far, that they could sing by note, what they sang so readily, when learned by rote. What wonder, then, that the singing of songs was made the most important thing, and singing by note thrown away, not, to be sure, by all, but by many. Was it right? No. It was not right to close the whole kingdom of tone, because its innermost recesses could not be explored. But, although I would have the study of the principles not neglected, I would not omit the practice of songs, but rather unite the two.—ERNST HENTSCHEL.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—We not unfrequently meet with persons whose ideas of *musical effect* are quite aptly illustrated by the following humorous anecdote, related to me by our friend W., of the city of —:

Mr. I., a foreigner, and having but little acquaintance with the English language, was employed as organist in one of the churches of that city. The leader said to him one time, "Mr. I., you know how to read our language sufficiently well to understand the hymns we sing; now you should take the hymn book before you, and endeavor to play according to the style and sentiment of the hymn." Accordingly, the next Sabbath the hymn book and singing book were duly placed side by side. The preacher had announced and read the hymn, and the choir were singing it accompanied as usual, when all on a sudden they were thrown into confusion, and nearly disconcerted, by a horrid *growling* from the organ. The sounds produced were quite *unearthly*. On being seated, the leader inquired why he did so. With countenance highly animated, and index finger toward the book, he exclaimed with great sincerity, "I see *tundher* in 'em!" W. T.

The Paris correspondent of the *Courier des Etats Unis* writes that an Indian nabob is on a visit to Paris, where he is about to give a grand ball. This personage is much sought after by all. The estimation in which he is held is each day on the increase. The nabob went to London, and from thence he came to Paris, for the purpose of returning a visit to some English ladies, who had been to see him at Calcutta. Such is the way with the English and the Indian nabobs. Voyages of some four or five thousand leagues seem to them mere child's play. This is the second time that our Indian has been to Paris, and it is said that it will not be the last. The amiable travelers who have been to visit him, in his Asiatic domains, speak in the most enthusiastic terms, of the magnificence of his hospitality. According to them, nothing can equal the luxury which this nabob, who is one of the richest merchants of Calcutta, displays about his person. He is, as I have said, one of the richest merchants of Calcutta,—a city which numbers almost as many inhabitants, and ten times as many millionaires as the richest capitals of Europe. He has, in the Faubourg of Tchausinghe, a palace of Grecian architecture, decorated with truly eastern splendor, and which realizes the marvelous descriptions in the Arabian Nights. He has, therefore, been astonished at nothing in London or Paris; he has looked almost with disdain upon the royal habitation of Victoria; he has gone over with indifference the apartments of the Tuilleries. In order to give you some idea of his pomp, said an English lady, at the last soiree of Lord Cowley's, let me inform you that in his saloons, the chains by which the lustres are suspended, are of massive gold. This wonderful nabob is music mad, and although he is from fifty to sixty years old, he has engaged a music teacher in Paris. Monsieur Balfe is giving him some

lessons. He is very fond of exercising his vocal talents in society. As soon as he enters a saloon, he places himself at the piano, and invites some lady to sing a duett with him. The invitation is gladly accepted, and after the duett the gallant nabob expresses his thanks to his partner by the offer of a cashmere shawl. Such are his musical manners; he sings only at this price—a cashmere for a duett. It is a thing generally understood, that there is no such thing as refusing them. You can easily imagine whether our saloon singers are at all reluctant to unite their voices to that of this magnificent Indian virtuoso.

Now as cashmeres are inseparable from everything the nabob does, a report has been spread that he will make a present of a cashmere to each of the ladies invited to his ball, and who may honor the festival with their presence. This news has put all the fair sex of Paris in commotion. Never were notes of invitation so ardently desired, or sought for with so much eagerness. It amounts to a perfect frenzy. Our exquisites have lost both appetite and sleep in consequence. If the invitation does not come, they seek one by every possible means. Everywhere the nabob meets with nothing but winning smiles, engaging words, and ingenious flatteries. The greatest ladies of the Faubourg St Germain and St Honore carry their attacks even so far as to make the first advances; they send their cards, and even go so far as to enter their names themselves, at the house of the nabob, Hotel Bristol, Place Vendome.

Perhaps, they say, it is not altogether proper; but, with a stranger, who has no very accurate ideas of our customs, we should not adhere too rigorously to the laws of etiquette. Besides, this will not amount to anything; doing so once will not establish the custom. It is not every day that we come across a nabob, especially one who gives away cashmeres. M. de L., speaking of this forgetfulness of custom, and their conduct towards the nabob, says they practice the *shawl dance*.

We shall refer to this ball if it comes off, and, if possible, give a list of the ladies who may receive a price for their presence at this festival.—Atlas.

## THE TWO SOLILOQUIES.

## 1.—SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD PHILOSOPHER.

"Alas!" exclaimed a silver-headed sage, "how narrow is the utmost extent of human knowledge! how circumscribed the sphere of physical exertion! I have spent my life in acquiring knowledge, but how little do I know! The farther I attempt to penetrate the secrets of nature, the more I am bewildered and benighted. Beyond a certain limit all is but confusion or conjecture; so that the advantage of the learned over the ignorant consists greatly in having ascertained how little is to be known.

It is true that I can measure the sun, and compute the distances of the planets; I can calculate their periodical movements, and even ascertain the laws by which they perform their sublime revolutions; but with regard to their construction, to the beings which inhabit them, of their condition and circumstances, whether natural or moral, what do I know more than the clown?

Delighting to examine the economy of nature in our own world, I have analyzed the elements, and have given names to their component parts. And yet, should I not be as much at a loss to explain the burning of fire, or to account for the liquid quality of water, as the vulgar who use and enjoy them without thought or examination?

I remark that all bodies, unsupported, fall to the ground; and I am taught to account for this by the law of gravitation. But what have I gained here more than a term? Does it convey to my mind any idea of the nature of that mysterious and invisible chain which draws all things to a common centre? I observed the effect, I gave a name to the cause, but can I explain or comprehend it?

Pursuing the track of the naturalist, I have learned to distinguish the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and to divide them into their distinct tribes and families; but can I tell, after all this toil, whence a single blade of grass derives its vitality? Could the most minute researches enable me to discover the exquisite pencil that paints and fringes the flower of the field? Have I ever detected the secret that gives their brilliant dye to the ruby and the emerald, or the art that enamels the delicate shell?

I observe the sagacity of animals; I call it instinct, and speculate upon its various degrees of approximation to the reason of man. But, after all, I know as little of the cogitations of the brute as he does of mine. When I see a flight of birds overhead, performing their evolutions, or steering their course to some distant settlement, their signals and cries are as unintelligible to me as are the learned languages to the unlettered mechanic; I understand as little of their policy and laws as they do of Blackstone's Commentaries.

But leaving the material creation, my thoughts have often ascended to loftier subjects, and indulged in metaphysical speculation. And here, while I easily perceive in myself the two distinct qualities of matter and mind, I am baffled in every attempt to comprehend their mutual dependance and mysterious connection. When my hand moves in obedience to my will, have I the most distant conception of the manner in which volition is either communicated or understood? Thus in the exercise of one of the most simple and ordinary actions, I am perplexed and confounded, if I attempt to account for it.

Again, how many years of my life were devoted to the acquisition of those languages, by the means of which I might explore the records of remote ages, and become familiar with the learning and literature of other times! and what have I gathered from these but the mortifying fact, that man has ever been struggling with his own impotence, and vainly endeavoring to overleap the bounds which limit his anxious inquiries?

Alas! then, what have I gained by my laborious researches, but a humiliating conviction of my weakness and ignorance? of how little has man, at his best estate, to boast? what folly in him to glory in his contracted powers, or to value himself upon his imperfect acquisitions?"

## 2.—SOLILOQUY OF A YOUNG LADY.

"Well!" exclaimed a young lady, just returned from school, "my education is at last finished; indeed, it would be strange, if, after five years' hard application, anything were left incomplete. Happily that is all over now; and I have nothing to do but to exercise my various accomplishments.

Let me see!—as to French, I am mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more fluency than English. Italian I can read with ease, and pronounce very well; as well at least, and better than any of my friends; and that is all one need wish for in Italian. Music I have learned till I am perfectly sick of it. But now that we have a grand piano, it will be delightful to play when we have company. I must still continue to practice a

little; the only thing, I think, that I need now to improve myself in. And then there are my Italian songs! which everybody allows I sing with taste, and it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particularly glad that I can.

My drawings are universally admired, especially the shells and flowers, which are beautiful, certainly; besides this, I have a decided taste for all kinds of fancy ornaments.

And then my dancing and waltzing! in which our master himself owned that he could take me no further!—just the figure for it, certainly; it would be unpardonable if I did not excel.

As to common things, geography, and history, and poetry, and philosophy, thank my stars, I have got through them all! so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but, also, thoroughly well informed.

Well, to be sure, how much have I fagged through; the only wonder is, that one head can contain it all!"

It was rather dangerous to dispute the word of Napoleon in politics, and also in respect to the arts. Once he created enmity between himself and the tragedian Lemerrier, by a severe criticism on a play which he had written. Pretty much the same thing happened with Cherubini. While brigadier general, Napoleon made some observations about the music of the great composer, and complained particularly that it was too learned, and not *singable*. Cherubini, somewhat incensed, exclaimed, "General, it is your business to fight, and win battles. Let me talk of music, which I understand, and you do not!" Napoleon neither forgot nor forgave this reply, as was shown by the following occurrence. Paesello and Mehul were great favorites with him, both on account of their talents and their excellent characters. When Paesello, hitherto his chapel-master, left France, the general at once offered the situation to Mehul. Everybody believed that the composer would grasp such a brilliant gift at once. But what was Bonaparte's astonishment, when Mehul formally declined the offer. "Only on one condition," said he, "can I become your chapel-master." "And that is—" interrupted Napoleon. "I must be allowed to share the honors of the place with Cherubini." "Cherubini! don't name him to me," cried the general, "he is a nose-wise fellow, whom I cannot bear." "He is, it appears, so unfortunate," replied Mehul, calmly, "as to have displeased you. But for all that, he is the master of all of us in our holy art. Besides, he is in poor circumstances. He has a family. I really wish he could be restored to your favor." "I tell you," repeated the great little man, "that I will have nothing to do with him." "Well, general," replied Mehul, "I must then repeat my words, that it is my firm decision to decline your offer. I am a member of the Institute. He is not so. I could not bear to have any one say of me, that I take advantage of the favor with which you regard me, that I grasp everything for myself, and deprive a more worthy man of what is rightfully his."

As Napoleon would not yield, it became necessary to seek another person for the place, and Lesueur was at length chosen.

The waltz, known as "the Desire," usually attributed to Beethoven, was not composed by him, but by Schubert. Several other similar waltzes are not in the collections of persons who possess, as they believe, the complete works of Beethoven, and it is very doubtful whether the waltzes in question ever came from him.

**MUSIC A PEACEMAKER.**—One of the most delightful characteristics of music, is its pacific tendency. It may be employed as a grand mediator, or peacemaker, among men. Harmony of sound produces harmony of feeling. Can it have escaped the observation of any reflecting man, when present at a crowded musical festival, what a heterogeneous mass of human beings was before him? Competitors in business, rivals almost sanguinary in politics, champions of hostile creeds, leaders of conflicting schools in art or philosophy; in fine, a collection and full assortment of contraries and antagonisms; and yet the whole company is fused into one by the breath of song! For the time being, at least, enemies are at peace, rivals forget their contests, partisans lay aside their weapons, and the bosoms that harbored acrimonious or vindictive feelings, over which time seemed to have no power, are softened into kindness. All respond alike, all applaud in the same place; and men whose thoughts and feelings, an hour before, were as far asunder as the poles, or the east is from the west, are brought as near together in feeling as they are in space. Who will deny homage to an art that can make men brethren even for an hour? If music has such power over men, is it not evident that it will have still greater power over children?

## MUSIC AND POETRY.

In the elder days of the world, and later, in what might be termed "the flowery age," in the times of Pericles, Aspasiens, and Alcibiades, the general term "music" embraced both poetry and song. These two sister arts were so blended, or similar, that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other.

Which is the eldest, poetry, or music? It is probable that language, in a great measure, came from imitating natural sounds. The differing tones of the voice, with its various degrees of rapidity of utterance, suggested music and oratory. The probability that language, in part, sprang from the imitation of natural sounds, is made almost a certainty, when we notice the *tone* of various words. Thus, we say, the *thunder rolls*, both words expressing the sound made by thunder—the *brook ripples*—the *leaves rustle*—the *waves dash* and *roar*—the *doves coo*—the *beetle whirrs*—the *winds whisper*, or *moan*.

In common speech, we have already the elements of rhythm, melody, and harmony. It is, therefore, hardly to be doubted, that poetry is the elder of song, and if this is not granted, the two arts are at least twin sisters. Where words in their structure will not express a feeling, we use certain tones, which really belong to the department of music, and which, applied to the word, give it its proper signification. The idea of the two arts being originally one, reminds one of Plato's story of human spirits being separated into two parts, in their fall from heaven, for which reason the separated portions are always seeking each other. Thus music and poetry will eternally have affinity.

To which of the two shall we give the preference? To neither. The true composer uses poetical tones, the true poet composes in verse. In old times, poets were musicians, and musicians poets. Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, and, in the present times, the Italian improvisiasts, are examples of the two arts united. Wherever a talent for both arts existed in one individual, words always called forth corresponding tones. It is well that one should help the other, for when a composer embarks upon the boundless, obscure sea of feeling and tone, he needs words as a guiding star.

May not a poet be led, through music, to think of the corresponding words? Why not? It is no doubt difficult, in many cases, to follow the lead of tones, but it is still not impossible to do it, and the assistance of a musical composition may be very efficient in creating new ideas in the poet's mind. Attempts have been made, to fit words to certain celebrated compositions. As, for instance, a poet wrote words to fit a fugue, composed by Mendelssohn. These attempts have been crowned with success, and others of the kind no doubt will be.—*From Th. Haupt.*

## EXTRACTS

*From papers received by the steamship Caledonia.*

*Philharmonic Society.*—The first trial of this society took place on Thursday, March 12th, and was devoted to Beethoven's mass in D. major. Signor Costa appeared for the first time, as conductor of this magnificent band, and astonished even his friends by the power of his baton. His conception of Beethoven's work seems to us truthful in the extreme, and his power of communicating gradations of thought to the band is marvelous. A moderate conductor may signify piano, or forte, but Signor Costa treats the grand orchestra as though it were a single instrument under his fingers, enforcing the utmost delicacies of style, as well as the effects indicated by the engraver. The first concert on Monday, the 16th inst., Haydn's symphony, No. 9, and Beethoven's "Sinfonia Erioca," were the principal pieces; in addition to which were given a concerto from Spohr, the overture to Oberon, two vocal pieces, a duett from the Stabat Mater, and something from "The Two Days" of Cherubini. Under Signor Costa's management, everything went finely. It was only too long. It might have been said to commence like a feast, and end like a funeral. The Germans, who are famed for endurance, and appreciation of good music, think two hours is half an hour too long for a concert, and regard the English "bills" as monstrous.—*London paper.*

*Forensic Singing Classes.*—It is stated that under the authority of the heads of the honorable societies of two of the inns of court, a system of class singing is about to be introduced among the members of the Inner and Middle Temple, under the guidance of the organist and others of the Temple Church, with a view to enable them "to thoroughly understand, and be able to take a part in the choral services of the church, whereby the amens, responses, versicles, psalms, and portions of the services, and even of the anthems, should be performed in a manner more consistent with public worship." It is proposed that there shall be given a thorough course of instruction in the elements of music, management of the voice, art of reading music, and singing at sight. It is also proposed that the method of chanting the services and anthems of the church shall be fully explained, and the compositions of the first masters, ancient and modern, practiced, including madrigals, choruses, glees, &c.—*Ibid.*

Her majesty has appointed Mrs. Anderson, an eminent pianist, teacher of the Princess Royal.

Md. Pasta, the celebrated singer, has just lost her husband, from whom she recently separated, and who was allowed by her a pension of £500 per annum.

During a concert at Manchester, several months since, the staging, on which the orchestra was stationed, gave way, and all the musicians, fifty or sixty in number, executed an unexpected passage—that to the floor. Luckily, but one person was injured.

*Vieuxtemps*, while in Frankfort on the Maine, changed his religion from catholicism to protestantism, and gave a concert for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum.

The forty "Singers of the Pyrenees," (of whom an account was given in No. 1 of the Gazette,) have visited Egypt, where they were treated with much favor by Mehemit Ali. They intended traveling through Syria, to Constantinople.

*Wilhelm Bach*, one of the last descendants of Sebastian Bach, died lately at Berlin, aged eighty-nine years. For some time previous to his death, he had received a pension.

*Righetta Merli*, of Lucca, a blind girl, six years old, has attracted much attention in Rome, on account of her extraordinary musical talent. She learns and plays, by ear, the hardest pieces of the masters of the modern school. She also composes.

Signora *Marietta Albani*, who lately created much enthusiasm in Leipsic, has given three soirees in the saloon of the *Hotel de Russie*, which is, by the way, a great deal too small for her Titan-like voice. She drew forth immense applause, encoring, &c., but very little of that material which, taken at the door, is so consoling to the sight of a concert-giver. The reason is soon told. We have never come across one, who understood the arrangement of a concert so little, as the secretary of the lady in question. One morning there appeared in the papers a little notice—"This evening, a *soiree musicale*, in the saloon of the Hotel de Russie, by Signora Albani," without any previous announcement, without even telling where, or how, or at what price tickets could be procured. Carelessness, gross carelessness! In a city of 400,000 inhabitants, a notice should appear a week before, and the whole programme be printed at least two or three times. Besides this, Signora Albani brought no letters of introduction, did not even visit an editor, because she went on the principle of depending altogether on her own talents for success. All this is very fine and good, but at the present day will hardly ensure success, since the greatest performers are not ashamed to flatter and make court to the writers of much-read newspapers, to invite them, make presents to them, &c. The might of gold, since some musicians have become rich, has poisoned the innocence of artistical life, and made, of critics a sorry, dependant set. Or else has the world so far turned upside down, that only the rich have talents, and can succeed to posts of honor and profit? The smallest, meanest journalist connected with the German press, dares to ridicule the work of a well-educated, talented, but poor composer, while he lauds to the skies the insignificant, silly productions of some rich booby. Where is the Hercules, who will cleanse this Ægean stable? He must be rich and independent, this Hercules, or he will be destroyed.

But to return to Signora Albani. One of our musical (?) news collectors felt highly affronted, because the proud singer did not at least send him a couple of tickets, and fell upon her, tooth and nail. Whoever has passed for something for some years, will always find admirers. For the number of unthinking persons is great, immensely greater than that of those who think for themselves. The public was (no great honor to the public) somewhat set against the Signora, in consequence of the article in the offended gentleman's paper, and she found few hearers. It was necessary to undeceive the Berliners, more for their own sakes than for that of the singer, who was already gone to Hamburg. The Berliners were undeceived, and the thing had the effect of bringing a good deal into the papers.

The royal concert master, *Ganz*, and the composer, *H. Truhn*, took it upon themselves to arrange a concert, which was given on the third of December, in the royal play-house, under the direction of *L. Ganz*, after which she was engaged in the Italian opera in this place.

I believe some account of *F. Schneider's* twenty-fifth year (or *silver*) jubilee, has been given in this paper. His oratorio, "The Last Judgment," has been heard in Berlin a great many times, and has produced about fifteen thousand dollars (mostly given for benevolent purposes.) The old master directed the performance, which was in the garrison church. The house was filled to overflowing. After the concert, there was a dinner in *Kroll's* hall, on which occasion *Miss Tussack* crowned the composer with laurel, and various songs and pieces of poetry were heard.—*Al. Zeitung.*

At the concert of the London Harmonic Society, March 20, the programme was arranged chronologically, the dates of the various compositions ranging from 1545 to 1800. The chorus at this concert consisted of five hundred singers.

*The Beethoven Quartett Society.*—A meeting took place on Monday evening, in Harley street, and called together such a musical audience as can only be found on extraordinary occasions. This society was formed for the purpose of bringing before lovers of music those quartetts of Beethoven usually called posthumous, which, up to the present time, were only known by name, even to professors. The quartetts were first attempted in Queen Square, by Willey, Goffrie, Hills, and Hancock. They were afterwards played with much better effect, by Sivori, Thirlwall, Hill, and Rousselet. This season they are performed by Sivori, Sain-ton, Hill, and Rousselet, and the ideas of the composer are so perfectly carried out, that the pieces are regarded by some as the greatest achievements of the great master. Among the members of the profession present on the evening mentioned, were noticed Moschelles, Sir G. Smart, Costa, Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Wallace, Thirlwall, Kroff, Novello, Guynemer, Neate, Goffrie, Muhlenfeldt, Orger, Barret, G. McFarren, Salomon, Griffiths, Ella, J. L. Hatton, Lindley, Master Thirlwall, Bridgetower, J. W. Davidson, Begrey, Griesbach, and T. Cooke.

During the year 1845, 492 pieces of music were published in France.

The archbishop of Paris has appointed a commission to attend to the improvement of church music. It consists of five priests and the organist of the church of Notre Dame, *F. Danjou*.

The piano forte virtuoso, *Emil Prudent*, from Paris, has created quite a sensation in Madrid. The German pianist, *Sigismund Goldschmidt*, has met with good success in Paris.

The well-known instrument maker, *Adolph Sax*, in Paris, has agreed to give two instruments, as prizes, on the 30th of July, of each year, for the two best pieces of military music presented. Also, on the 1st of May, there is to be a trial of skill between military musicians, the prize to be given to those who can play the best on instruments invented or improved by Sax.

Died, on the 3d of February, at Vienna, *Joseph Weigl*, nearly eighty years old. He had composed twenty-two operas, many ballets, &c., two oratorios, and much church music.

In the second concert for the season, of the Paris Conservatory of Music, were performed, "Confirma Hoc," from Jomelli, the forty-second symphony of

Hadyen, in G. major, symphony No. 2, (D. major,) from Beethoven, march and chorus, Dervish chorus, from the "Ruins of Athens," by Kotschue, music by Beethoven, and a flute concerto from Tolou, played by Dorus.

Strauss is appointed court ball-music-director, in Vienna.

A singing society, (men's voices,) in Cologne, is busy in forming a "German-Flemish singing alliance."—Fourteen of the most distinguished Flemish societies have been enrolled, and if, as is hoped, the greater cities on the Rhine join in the enterprise, the first German-Flemish singing festival will take place some time in June, with from 1200 to 1500 performers.

The brothers Schubert, from Dresden, (violinist and violoncellist,) have been giving concerts with great success, in Hague. Each were presented, by the queen, with a diamond breastpin, besides a respectable sum of money.

Giuseppe Verdi, the celebrated Italian composer, died, lately, in Venice.

On the 10th of February, in London, Sophocles' play of "Antigone" was read, and the music Mendelssohn had fitted to it, was performed, before the court.

On the 18th of February, the three hundredth anniversary of the death of Luther, in Wittenberg, Mozart's requiem was performed, in honor of the day. Friedrich Schneider conducted on the occasion.

Fraulein Lisa Cristiana, a lady violoncello player, has given a number of concerts in Hanover, Brunswick, &c., meeting with great success.

Violin Strings.—A Mr. Kilian, at Zurich, has invented quite a new kind of violin strings, which he casts, and which are said to excel all others. They are rendered solid by being mixed with some kind of varnish; they very rarely get out of tune, and do away entirely with the necessity of using rosin.

Since Paganini's performance on the G. string, the G. string mania has become universal. Legions of artists have traveled, on self-producing, enchanting, mystifying, and gold-acquiring tours. But a goodly portion of them have gained just as little gold as honor.

"Who is Paccini?" asked, lately, a curious friend. No wonder, for there are, beginning with Rossini, at present multitudes of "ini's," and it will soon be necessary to have an "ini" dictionary, according to Walter Scott's method, with a lithographic portrait of each particular "ini."

Who is Paccini? Well, the composer—(hear! hear!) of the "Last Days of Pompeii," with an instrumental earthquake, a canon, in a thousand parts, and various motetts, of all sorts of convulsions and motions.

"If he can't invent, he can make noise enough," was the substance of a remark of Rossini, as he heard with me this pot-pouri of the favorite composer. He was putting together, he told me, also some "last days." "You shall see," said he, "how tastefully my Pompeians will dance down into their ashy graves. Think of something like the last melody in my 'William Tell,' or the dance-music in the 'Thievish Elster.' I am not become a member of the Parisian Academy in vain, and will now begin to make tremendous noises."

I advised the great master to make a spring over to Murcia, to try the effect of an earthquake. It would never do to let Pompeii go down any other way, as Vesuvius was completely used up in Masaneillo. He thanked me politely, and went out, promising to profit by my advice.—STRADELLA.

The delight which music affords, seems to be one of the first attainments of rational nature. Wherever there is humanity, there is modulated sound. The mind set free from the resistless tyranny of painful want, employs its first leisure upon some melody, however barbarous. In those lands of unprovided wretchedness, which recent naval investigation has brought to the knowledge of the polished world, though all things else were wanting every nation had its music; an art of which the rudiments accompany the commencements, and the refinements adorn the completion of civility; an art in which the inhabitants of the earth seek their first refuge from evil, and may at last find the most elegant of their pleasures.—DR. BURNET.

Mattheson, whose quarrel with Handel has already been noticed, was a composer of more knowledge than taste, of which no higher proof need be given than the following. Late in life, in arranging as part of his own funeral anthem, Rev. 4; 3: "And there was a rainbow round about the throne," he contrived to make every part form an arch, by a gradual ascent and descent of the notes on paper, in plain counterpoint, which appearance to the eyes of the performers, he probably thought would convey the idea of a rainbow to the ears of the congregation.

The following is a specimen of advertisements which frequently appear in the Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung. We insert it gratis, 1st, to gratify the curiosity of our readers; and 2d, to give the advertiser a chance to obtain a situation to his liking, on this side the big pond, if he can.

"A first violin player, who is an excellent solo player, as well as a good orchestra leader, and who at present fills the office of concert master at a court, wishes a similar situation somewhere else. Having by his concert-giving travels, as well as by his compositions, already earned an honorable reputation, he will be in every particular a great acquisition to whoever obtains him. For particulars inquire at this office."

#### CONCERTS IN BOSTON.

April 25. MRS. FRANKLIN (COMPLIMENTARY).—1, Overture to Magic Flute, on the organ, G. F. Hayter. 2, Ballad, Sleeping I dreamed, Mrs. Franklin. 3, Duett, Misses Garcia. 4, Song, Mr. Jones, The Merry Bugle. 5, Violin Solo, Mr. Weinz. 6, Be thou exalted, Mrs. Franklin. 7, Duett, Cava Bella, Mrs. Franklin and Miss Stone. PART II.—1, Song, Miss Garcia. 2, Song, Miss Stone, Where is the rover. 3, Violin Solo, Mr. Weinz. 4, When with love hearts are beating, Mrs. Franklin. 5, Chinese Ballad, Fa-fe-fum, Mr. Jones. 6, Quartette, Mild as the moonbeams, Mrs. Franklin, Misses Garcia, and Mr. Jones.

April 28. SENOR DE RIBAS (COMPLIMENTARY).—1, Duett on the organ, Misses Garcia. 2, Fantasia on the oboe, Senor Ribas. 3, Ballad, Mrs. Franklin. 4, French Song, Signo de Begnis, J'ai de l'argent. 5, Solo, harp, Mad. Lazare. 6, Cavatina, Miss Garcia. 7, Solo, Corus Inglese, Senor Ribas. 8, Duett, Miss Garcia and Signor de Begnis, from Mosca. PART II.—1, Duett, Misses Garcia, I would that my love. 2, Solo, violin, Mr. Weinz. 3, Italian Tarantella, Signor de Begnis. 4, Recitation and Cavatina. 5, Solo, harp, Mad. Lazare. 6, Duett, Miss Garcia, and Signor de Begnis, in Italian. 7, Fantasia, Senor Ribas, on the oboe.

Besides these two concerts, there have been several "entertainments," by Mr. Brougham, at the Melodeon, consisting of songs, anecdotes, &c., illustrative of Irish manners, and several concerts by a band of "Ethiopian," and several by a company of "Shaker Vocalists."

Mr. John Paddon, one of the oldest and most successful teachers of music in this city, died suddenly, at his residence in Cambridge, on Monday, April 27, aged 70.

#### NEW MUSIC.

By George P. Reed.

M. Marien Galopp.  
M. Brigand's March. F. H. Brown.  
M. Queen Victoria Band March. F. H. B.  
M. Dresden Polka. Adler.  
E. Cecilian Rondo. Lemaire.  
E. Two waltzes by Beethoven.  
M. Herwig Waltz.  
M. Soldier's Dream. March. F. H. Brown.  
D. Two romances, No. 2. W. Mason.  
D. Dance des fees. Hiller.  
D. Bradlee's Grand March.  
Six Songs, by Telford—1, Convicts Lullaby; 2, It is o'er; 3, Lass of Northmaven; 4, Byron's Farewell; 5, Tirana espagnole; 6, My home and thee.

By Oliver Ditson.

M. Novelette Quickstep. Barrus.  
E. 101 Preparatory Studies, book I. Czerny.  
M. Baden Baden Waltz. Reissiger.  
Complete Collection of Beethoven's Waltzes, book I. Czerny.  
D. Distant Drum. Bishop. Song.  
E. Isle of Founts. Haliburton.  
M. Olden time and the present time. H. Russel.  
M. O give me the home of my childhood. Parker.  
E. Twinkle, twinkle, little star. Green.  
M. Fa-fe-fum and Ho-ang-ho. Chinese Song. J. Jones.  
M. O thou who lovest to hear. Sacred. Hewitt.  
E. O talk not to me of fair Italy's sky. Covert.  
M. The Snow Birds. Petercilia.

By C. Bradlee & Co.

Melodies by the Harmoniums—1, I forget the gay, gay world; 2, We come again with song to greet you; 3, She sleeps in the valley; 4, Farewell, to-night we part; 5, The mountain wave; 6, Serenade. Carolina Melodies—1, Nancy Paul; 2, O where is the spot that I was born on; 3, Sailing on the ole canal; 4, Ride on, dorkies; 5, De skeeters do bite; 6, Clem Brown; 7, Miss Julia is a handsome gal.  
M. Julia, by O. Shaw.

By C. H. Keith.

E. I love thee, dearest brother. Swift.  
M. Sir Harold the hunter. Gibson.  
Emmett's Banjo Melodies—1, Dar he goes, dat's him; 2, My old dad; 3, Cornfield Green; 4, Schoolmaster abroad; 5, De old banjo; 6, Blue tail fly; 7, Rock Susander; 8, Pompey O' Smash; 9, Letder breeches; 10, De banjo nigger; 11, De wild goose nation; 12, Back action spring; 13, Walk jawbone; 14, Jolly raftsmen.  
Songs and glees, Baker Family—1, Family; 2, Farewell; 3, Parting requiem; 4, Independence; 5, The happiest time is; 6, Gertrude; 7, Hurra for thee; 8, Burial of the Indian girl; 9, Death of Washington; 10, Inebriate's lament; 11, Sailor's grave.  
E. Bird's Dance. Whipple.  
M. Charles River Quickstep. Knäbel.  
M. Half past eight. Knäbel.  
M. Talma Quickstep. Twiner.  
M. Delta W. Starkweather.

Music published in New York & Philadelphia.

M. Rose-leaf Waltz. Harrison.  
M. Philadelphia Polka Waltz. Conner.  
M. Lancaster Museum Waltz. J. B. Muller.  
D. Fantasia, muette de portico. Rosellen.  
M. Am. Polka Quadrilles. Conner.  
M. Gipsev Maid. Elrlington.  
D. The portrait, sweet semblance. Benedict.  
M. List while I sing to thee. Massett.  
D. Had I met thee in thy beauty. Peters.  
D. My dearly cherished Home.  
D. Who wants a charming young wife. Avery.  
D. The Swallows, French and English. David.  
E. List thee, dear girl. Meiere.  
M. They little know the charms. Benedict.  
D. When this enchantment. Balfe.  
D. My song shall be of thy loving kindness. Sacred. Mendelssohn.  
E. On the banks of the old Salt River. Peters.  
M. The heart's first dream of love. Benedict.  
M. To win the love of thee. Meigner.  
Dreams of the past—six songs. Duggan.

D. difficult—E. easy—M. medium, or between hard and easy.

## THE SHIP BUILDERS' SONG.

WORDS BY J. G. WHITTIER.  
MUSIC BY A. N. JOHNSON.TREBLE.  
Bold, energetic, fast.

1. The sky is red - dy in the east, The earth is gray be - low; And spec - tral in the riv - er mist,

2. Gee up! gee ho! the pant - ing team For us is toil - ing near; For us the rafts - men down the stream

3. Up! up! in no - bler toil than ours, No crafts - men bear a part; We make of na - ture's gi - ant powers,

4. Ho! strike a - way the bars and blocks, And set the good ship free! Why lin - gers on these dus - ty rocks,

5. God bless her! where - so - e'er the breeze Her snow - y wings shall fan, A - side the fro - zen Heb - ri - des,

Our bare white tim - bers show. *ff* Up! let the sound of meas - ured stroke And gra - ting saw be - gin;

Their in - land barg - es steer. *ff* Rings out for us the axe - man's stroke, In for - ests old and still;

The slaves of hu - man art. *ff* Lay rib to rib, and beam to beam, And drive the trun - nels free;

The young bride of the sea. *ff* Look! how she moves a - down the groves, In grace - ful beau - ty now!

Or sul - try Hin - dos - tan! *ff* Wher - e'er in mart or on the main, With peace - ful flag un - furled,

The broad axe to the gnarl - ed oak, The mal - let to the pin! The broad axe to the gnarled oak, The mal - let to the pin!

For us the century circled oak Falls crashing down the hill, For us the century circled oak Falls crashing down the hill.

Nor faithless joint, nor yawning seam, Shall tempt the searching sea, Nor faithless joint, nor yawning seam, Shall tempt the search - ing sea.

How lowly on the breast she loves, sinks down her virgin prow! How low - ly on the breast she loves, Sinks down her vir - gin prow!

She helps to wind the silken chain Of commerce round the world! She helps to wind the silken chain Of commerce round the world!

## AGAWAM. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sove-reign will de-nies, Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:-

2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev-ry mur-mur free; The blessings of thy grace im-part, And make me live to thee.

3. O, let the hope that thou art mine, My life and death at-tend; Thy presence through my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

## MAMERSLY. C. M.

H. F. CRISTY.

How helpless guil-ty na-ture lies, Unconscious of her load; The heart unchanged can never rise To hap-pi-ness and God.

## WARNER. S. M.

A. N. JOHNSON.

*Sempre piano.*

1. The day is past and gone; The eve-ning shades ap-pear; Oh, may I ev-er keep in mind, The night of death draws near.

2. Lord, keep me safe this night, Se-cure from all my fears; May an-gels guard me while I sleep, Till morn-ing light ap-pears.

3. And when I ear-ly rise, To view th'un-wea-ried sun, May I set out to win the prize, And af-ter glo-ry run.



# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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## Miscellaneous.

### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN EUROPE.

NUMBER FOUR.

Before passing into Germany, it may be as well to think a little about the French language, and French music. The former is no doubt very useful, and being considered very refined, it is not for me to say anything against it. Nevertheless, it is not a good language to sing in, nor are its words full and well-turned enough to be very suitable for oratory. I can hardly conceive of a hero addressing his troops in French, and cannot realize that Napoleon was one of the *parlez-vous-ers*. There are many good players in the kingdom, and also good vocalists, who sing well in their own language, but might, perhaps, do better if they were acquainted with Italian. In Paris, as good music as there is in the world may be heard. Great performers naturally seek reputation in great cities. In judging of the quantity of musical talent in a certain country, one must weigh the whole of it, great and small. There is, no doubt, more music in Germany than in either France or Italy, and, reckoning in this way, our own country has a higher rank than one would suppose, although it is still far behind those on the other side of the water, in the more advanced departments of the science. I believe that music is destined to be more useful in America than anywhere else.

It is a singular sensation, having passed over an imaginary line, the boundary of two countries, to feel that you are among quite a different people from those you saw half an hour before. It seemed strange enough to me, when arrived at Saar Louis, the frontier Prussian town on the Paris and Mainz route, that I could find hardly a person who could speak French. The conductor of the diligence, a very attentive gentleman in a blue blouse, seemed the only friend I had left, and after he had duly cheated me, and taken his leave, I felt that I was literally alone among strangers. However, I did not much care, as there was a sort of gratification in being so near my destination, and there was a safe feeling in my pockets, now that I was among Germans, of whose good nature, morality and innocence, I had read so much. Imagine me, then, in a very tranquil state of mind, seated in the corner of the *schnell-post*, (a German diligence, literally, "fast post." English travellers, however, generally render it, "snail post.") My

carpet bags were stowed under the seat, my umbrella was in the sacking which is attached to the roof, inside, to receive such articles, my fare was paid, my passport signed, and nothing was left but to look at things, and observe men and manners. How could I help feeling happy and contented? My companions inside were as follows: in one corner was a shriveled old man, with a Jewish look, whose tobacco pouch hung up by the window, and whose pipe hung down upon his bosom. Near him was his daughter, a young lady of a general appearance, whose youth was contrasted with the age of an old woman next her, also appearing like old women in general. Opposite me was a young fellow about seventeen or eighteen years of age, who wore the uniform of a Prussian soldier, covered and defended by a brown linen blouse. He was a fair specimen of a large part of the army of Prussia. In that country, every youth is compelled to serve for one or more years, in order that he may afterward be enrolled in that effective militia, which constitutes so strong a part of the national system of defence. In a region like Germany, lying between France, England and Russia, each of which would like to slice off a piece now and then, if they could, it is evident that more attention must be given to the means of national defence, than in our own isolated country. The various kings, grand dukes, electors, princes, &c., of the confederation, would occasionally like to appropriate each other's territories, were they sure that moral suasion would be the only means of defence used. In arming their subjects to repel invasion, the German potentates have to provide against one thing—the weapons which repel foreign invasion are equally efficacious in dethroning monarchs at home. It is necessary, then, to impress the minds of all subjects with the idea, that their rulers are the best in the world, and that resistance to their will can only be productive of evil consequences. This is done in various ways. It is a favorite practice, in all the states, quietly to slip into prison, or to exile those who like to think for themselves. In Austria, large bodies of troops are raised at one end of the empire, and sent to the other, so that if an insurrection breaks out, they fight with a will against those for whom they have none of that love arising from living in the same district. In addition to this, all schoolmasters and priests teach, from will or necessity, obedience to the powers that be, and people are trained up to think dancing and eating the "chief end of man," so that they may be imbecile, and have no will to resist oppression. In Prussia, such things cannot be done. The Rhine-landers had a taste of a sort of liberty under Napoleon, and "our good king" has not been able to take it all away. So an opposite, and more rational method has been pursued, that of treating people so well that they will have no desire to rebel. As this policy is evidently pursued from necessity, and not from choice, it is carried no farther than absolute necessity requires. Education is in a forward state, the arts flourish, and every one is treated something like a human being. The church, however is in connection with the state, and preachers, there is good reason to believe, do little or nothing in the way of condemning the sins of rulers, which, indeed, would be rather hazardous, as their pay comes from government.

Popular songs have a great, it is not too much to say a *mighty*, influence, in exciting and keeping alive the so-called patriotism of the Teutonic race. Great poets have written multitudes of songs, which great composers have set to music, and which inculcate love to "fatherland," calling on young men to die for *freedom* and their country, praying that "Father Frederick William" may be prospered, or something of the kind. What the word *freedom*, which is sprinkled so freely in those patriotic songs, means, I do not know, but it seems to come as naturally into the mouths of those who are defending a despotism, as in those of the persons who struggle to sustain universal suffrage and liberty of conscience. "Die for freedom and my king!" It's very consoling to *think* so, but the sacrifice is oftener for "my king" than for "freedom." Children learn these songs with their A B C's, and sing them until they become part of their thoughts and dispositions. Go among the mountains of Tyrol, and perhaps you will hear some peasant singing, as if he *felt* the sentiment—

"Ach! Wir haben unseren Kaiser so gern!"

"Ah! We love our emperor so much!"

ending with the usual "*Doi didl, doi didl*." Hayden's "God save the Emperor," has had no small effect in retaining tyranny.

When the Prussians, under Blucher, entered the field of Waterloo, it is said they went *singing* into battle. What they sung, I do not know, but they probably fought for *liberty*, which, if the word means anything, was rather unreasonable, seeing that, according to all accounts, they were freer under Bonaparte than under their own king. When the same soldiers, on their return, came in sight of the Rhine, what caused the shout, "Am Rhein," to echo through their battalions? The association between a national song, and the river, the subject of it. At this day, the well-known "Rhine Song," "O no, they shall not have it, the free German Rhine!" has all the effect of a fortress in defending the ancient river. Music, in its connection with poetry especially, has worked, and still works mightily for good and evil in Germany. It would not be hard to show that the present moral aspect of a part of the country may be accounted for on musical principles.

But I have taken a tremendous leap from my quiet corner in the *schnell-post*, and must nestle back again. Suffice it to say, that music is a powerful engine, for good or evil, as its influence is directed. Hence the responsibility of those who have anything to do with the science. We musicians may do our country great service, and it will be the fault of future and present American composers and teachers, if they do not raise an awful rattle around the cars of tyranny and oppression, at home and abroad, and do not assist with might and main in rearing that beautiful edifice of true freedom, which we hope yet to see raise its towers above the clouds of faction and disunion, where they may glitter in eternal sunlight. So—so, softly, steel pen, whither are you flying? Remember, the days of Milton are past, and men or spirits can no longer sail through the air "on mighty pens." If you go on in this way, I must send you to congress, where you may chase those American eagles which generate so rapidly in the brains of young orators, and which, did the cap-

tol's walls or the newspaper reporters allow it, would, probably, go rushing across the ocean in the projected balloon track, ready for action, star-spangled banner in beak, and each claw sharpened, with the intention of maltreating the British lion, until he should squeal like a rat in a vice, or of bearing him bodily from his native soil, (poor fellow,) much as the crow in the fable carried away the sheep. As I was saying, I sat in the corner of the diligence. My companions were quite garrulous, much to my edification, for never a word could I understand. After several hours' ride through a rather interesting country, crossing a small river on a boat propelled by pulling at a wire stretched from bank to bank, passing through a wood, and various frugal, dirty villages, we entered into night and thick darkness, and your humble servant dropped asleep.

### EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD BOOK.

#### NUMBER TWO.

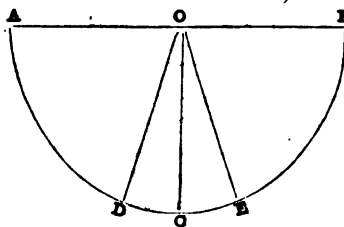
The first and great principle upon which the nature of harmonical sounds is to be found out and discovered, is this: that the tune of a note (to speak in our vulgar phrase) is constituted by the measure and proportion of vibrations of the sonorous body; I mean, of the velocity of those vibrations in their recourses.

For, the frequenter the vibrations are, the more acute is the tune; the slower and fewer they are in the same space of time, by so much the more grave is the tune. So that any given note of a tune is made by one certain measure of velocity of vibrations, viz: such a certain number of courses and recourses, *e. g.*, of a chord or string, in such a certain space of time, doth constitute such a certain determinate tune. And all such sounds as are unisons, or of the same tune with that given note, though made upon whatsoever different bodies, (as string, bell, pipe, *larynx*, &c.) are made with vibrations or tremblings of those bodies, all equal each to other. And whatsoever tuneable sound is more acute, is made with vibrations more swift, and whatsoever is more grave, is made with more slow vibrations; and this is universally agreed upon, as most evident to experience, and will be more manifest through the whole theory.

And, that the continuance of the sound in the same tune, to the last, (as may be perceived in wire strings, which, being once struck, will hold their sound long,) depends upon the equality of time of the vibrations, from the greatest range till they come to cease; and this perfectly makes out the following theory of consonancy and dissonancy.

Some of the ancient Greek authors of music took notice of vibrations, and that the swifter vibrations caused acuter, and the slower, graver tones. And that the mixture, or not mixture of motions creating several intervals of tune, was the reason of their being concord or discord. And, likewise, they found out the several lengths of a monochord, proportioned to the several intervals of harmonic sounds; but they did not make out the equality of measure of time of the vibrations last spoken of, neither could be prepared to answer such objections as might be made against the continuity of the sameness of tune, during the continuance of the sound of a string, or a bell, after it is struck. Neither did any of them offer any reasons for the proportions assigned, only it is said that Pythagoras found them out by chance.

But now, these (since the acute Galileo hath observed and discovered the nature of pendulums,) are easy to be explained, which I shall do, promising some consideration of the properties of the motions of a pendulum.



Hang a plummet C on a string or wire, fixed at O. Bear C to A; then let it range freely, and it will move towards B, and from thence swing back towards A. The motion from A to B, I call the course, and back from B to A, the recourse of the pendulum, making almost a semi-circle, of which O is the centre. Then suffering the pendulum to move of itself forward and backward, the range of it will at every course and recourse abate, and diminish by degrees, till it come to rest perpendicularly at OC.

Now that which Galileo first observed, was, that all the courses and recourses of the pendulum, from the greatest range through all degrees till it came to rest, were made in equal spaces of time. That is, *e. g.*, the range between A and B is made in the same space of time with the range between D and E, the plummet moving swifter between A and B, the greater space, and slower between D and E, the lesser; in such proportions, that the motions between the terms AB and DE are performed in equal space of time.

### COMMEMORATION OF HANDEL.

In a conversation between Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam, Watkin Williams Wynn, and Joah Bates, Esq., commissioner of the Victualing Office, the beginning of the year 1783, at the house of the latter, in London, after remarking that the number of eminent musical performers, of all kinds, both vocal and instrumental, with which London abounded, was far greater than in any other city of Europe, it was lamented that there was no public periodical occasion for collecting and consolidating them into one band; by which means, a performance might be exhibited on so grand and magnificent a scale as no other part of the world could equal. The birth and death of Handel naturally occurred to three such enthusiastic admirers of that great master, and it was immediately recollected, that the next year would be a proper time for the introduction of such a custom, as it formed a complete century since his birth, and an exact quarter of a century since his decease.

The plan was soon after communicated to the governors of the Musical Fund, who approved it, and promised their assistance. It was next submitted to the directors of the Concert of Ancient Music, who, with an alacrity which does honor to their zeal for the memory of the great artist Handel, voluntarily undertook the trouble of managing and directing the celebrity. At length, the design coming to the knowledge of the king, it was honored with his majesty's sanction and patronage. Westminster Abbey, where the bones of the great musician were deposited, was thought the most proper place for the performance. Application was made to Mr. James Wyatt, the architect, to furnish plans for the necessary decorations of the Abbey; drawings of which having been shown to his majesty, were approved. The general idea was, to produce the effect of a royal musical chapel, with the orchestra terminating one end, and the accommodations for the royal family, the other.

The arrangement of the performance of each day was

next settled. At his majesty's instigation, the celebrity was extended to three days, instead of two, which he thought was not sufficient for the display of Handel's powers, or fulfilling the charitable purposes, to which it was intended to devote the profits. It was originally intended to have celebrated this grand musical festival on the 21st, 22d, and 23d of April. The 21st being the anniversary of the funeral of Handel, part of the music was so selected as to apply to that incident. In consequence of the sudden dissolution of parliament, however, it was thought best to defer the festival to the 26th, 27th, and 29th of May.

Impressed with a reverence for the memory of Handel, no sooner was the project known, but most of the practical musicians in the kingdom eagerly manifested their zeal for the enterprise; and many of the most eminent professors, waving all claims to precedence in the band, offered to perform in any subordinate station, in which their talents could be most useful. By the latter end of February, the plan and necessary arrangements were so far digested and advanced, that the directors ventured to insert in the newspapers the following advertisement:

"Under the patronage of his majesty. In commemoration of Handel, who was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 21st of April, 1759. On Wednesday, the 21st of April next, will be performed in Westminster Abbey, under the management of the Earl of Exeter, Earl of Sandwich, Viscount Dudley Ward, Viscount Fitzwilliam, Lord Paget, Right Hon. H. Morrice, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, bart., and Sir Richard Jebb, bart., directors of the Concert of Ancient Music—some of the most approved pieces of sacred music, of that great composer. The doors will be opened at nine o'clock, A. M., and the performance will begin precisely at twelve.

And on the evening of the same day, will be performed, at the Pantheon, a grand miscellaneous concert of vocal and instrumental music, consisting entirely of pieces selected from the works of Handel. The doors will be opened at six o'clock, and the concert will begin exactly at eight.

And on Saturday morning, April 24th, will be performed, in Westminster Abbey, the sacred oratorio of the *Messiah*.

Such is the reverence for this illustrious master, that most of the performers in London, and a great many from different parts of the kingdom, have generously offered their assistance; and the orchestra will consist of at least four hundred performers, a more numerous band than was ever known to be collected in any country, or on any occasion whatever. The profits arising from the performances, will be applied to charitable purposes. The directors of the Concert of Ancient Music have opened books to receive the names of such persons as are desirous of encouraging this undertaking, and will deliver out the tickets for the several performances, at one guinea each. No person will be admitted without a ticket, and it is hoped that those who mean to subscribe, will do it as early as they conveniently can, that proper seats may be provided for them."

In order to render the band as powerful and complete as possible, it was determined to employ every species of instrument that was capable of producing grand effects in a great orchestra and spacious building. Among these, the sacbut, or double trumpet, (probably the trombone,) was sought; but so many years had elapsed since it had been used in this kingdom, that, neither the instrument, nor a performer upon it, could easily be found. It was, however, discovered, after much useless inquiry, not only here, (London,) but by letter on the continent, that in his majesty's military band there were six musicians who played the three several species of sacbut—tenor, base, and double base.

The double bassoon, which was so conspicuous in the orchestra, and powerful in its effects, is likewise a tube of sixteen feet in length. It was made, under the direction of Handel, by Stainsby, the flute maker. The

double base kettle drums were made from models of Mr. Asbridge, of the Drury Lane orchestra, of copper, it being impossible to procure plates of brass large enough. The tower drums, which, by permission of the Duke of Richmond, were brought from the Tower of London to the Abbey on this occasion, are those which belong to the ordnance stores, and were taken by the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709. These are hemispherical, or a circle divided; but those of Mr. Asbridge are more cylindrical, being much longer, as well as more capacious than the common kettle drum, by which he accounts for the superiority of their tone to that of all other drums. These three species of kettle drums, which may be called tenor, base, and double base, were an octave below each other.

The excellent organ which was erected at the west end of the Abbey for the commemoration performances only, is the workmanship of the ingenious Mr. Samuel Green, of Islington. It was built for the Cathedral of Canterbury, but before its departure for the place of its destination, it was permitted to be used for this memorable occasion. Mr. Bates, the conductor, played the organ; the keys being, by ingenious machinery, attached to the keys of a grand piano, at which Mr. Bates was seated, in full view of all the performers. This piano was nineteen feet in front of the organ, and twenty feet seven inches below the perpendicular of the keys by which it is usually played.

In describing the disposition, discipline, and effects of this most numerous and excellent band, the merit of the admirable architect who furnished the elegant designs for the orchestra and galleries, must not be forgotten, as, when filled, they constituted one of the grandest and most magnificent spectacles which imagination can delineate. All the preparations for receiving their majesties, and the first personages in the kingdom, at the east end; upwards of five hundred musicians at the west, and the public in general, to the number of between three and four thousand, in the area and galleries, so wonderfully corresponded with the style of architecture of this venerable and beautiful structure, that there was nothing visible, either for use or ornament, which did not harmonize with the principal tone of the building, and which may not, metaphorically, have been said to be in "perfect tune" with it. Besides the wonderful manner in which this construction exhibited the band to the spectators, the orchestra was so judiciously contrived that almost every performer, both vocal and instrumental, was in full view of the conductor.

Sub-directors were appointed, to diminish the trouble of the noblemen and gentlemen who had projected the undertaking, as well as that of the conductor. This was effected with great diligence and zeal, not only in superintending the business at the doors of admission, and conducting the company to their seats, which fell to the share of Dr. Cook, Dr. Ayrton, and Messrs. Jones, Aylward, and Parsons, all professors of the first class, but in arranging the performers and conveying signals to the several parts of that wide-extended orchestra, departments which fell to the lot of Dr. Arnold and Mr. Dupins, organists and composers to his majesty, and Mr. Redmond Simpson, eminent professors of great experience, who may be said to have acted as adjutant-generals on the occasion—Dr. Arnold and Mr. Dupins having been placed over the vocal choir, and Mr. Simpson in the centre, over the subordinate instrumental performers.

Few circumstances will, perhaps, more astonish veteran musicians, than to be informed that there was but one general rehearsal for each day's performance; an indisputable proof of the high state of cultivation to which practical music is at present arrived in this country; for if good performers had not been found ready made, a dozen rehearsals would not have been sufficient. A week before the performance, however, Mr. Bates called a meeting of volunteers, particularly chorus singers, with whose abilities he was unacquainted, or of whom his assistants could not speak with certainty. At this meeting, although a hundred and twenty singers presented themselves, only two were rejected as incompetent.

The performers on this memorable occasion consisted of 1 conductor, 4 assistant conductors, 48 first violins, 47 second violins, 26 tenor violins, 21 violoncellos, 15 double basses, 13 first hautbois, 13 second hautbois, 6 flutes, 26 bassoons, 1 double bassoon, 12 trumpets, 6 sacbutts, or trombones, 12 horns, 3 kettle drums, 1 double kettle drum, organ.

VOCAL.—Treble, 7 solo, 51 chorus; alto, 3 solo, 45 chorus; tenor, 3 solo, 80 chorus; base, 5 solo, 79 chorus. Six only of the trebles were ladies, the rest were boys. All the alto were men, (counter tenor.) Four of the base, four of the alto singers, and one of the first violin players, were clergymen.

The first performance, consisting of miscellaneous selections from Handel's sacred music, took place at the Abbey on Wednesday, the 26th of May, 1784, commencing at 12 o'clock, in presence of the king, nobility, and in all four thousand spectators. The second performance, consisting of selections from his operas, was given at the Pantheon, Thursday evening, May 27, by two hundred of the best of the performers of the previous day, under the lead of Mr. Cramer. The third performance, the Messiah, was given in Westminster Abbey, Saturday morning, May 29.

These performances having given such entire satisfaction to all that were present, and becoming of course the general subject of discussion and praise, excited a great desire in all lovers of music, and even of splendid spectacles, who were absent, to be enabled to judge and speak of transactions so memorable, from the convictions of their own senses. But even these were not more eager in wishing there might be a repetition of the performances, than those who had already attended them. Luckily for all parties, the wishes of their majesties coincided with those of their subjects, and as the scaffolding was still standing, and the band not yet dispersed, two more opportunities were given for the display of Handel's wonderful powers, and the gratification of public curiosity. The fourth performance took place on Thursday, June 3, and the fifth on Saturday, June 5; the fourth consisting of selections from Handel's sacred music, and the fifth being a repetition of the Messiah.

The performances at this commemoration were on a scale never before attempted, and which excited the wonder and admiration of the age. Concerts on a much larger scale are now quite common, both in England and on the continent.

At these five performances there was received for admission tickets, £12,736 12s. 10d. (\$57,000) of which was given to the Society for Decayed Musicians,\* £6000 (\$27,000) and to the Westminster Hospital £1000, the remainder being consumed in expenses, except £286, which remained in the treasurer's hands.

\* Musicians too aged to support themselves.

## MUSIC IN BERLIN.—AUGUST MOSER.

Mr. A. Moser, second son of our veteran, the royal chapel-master, Carl Moser, has returned, after an absence of some years. During this time he studied, under the direction of De Beriot. While yet a child, he had drawn much attention, and raised many expectations in this, his native city, and at his return, everybody awaited, with much impatience, his first appearance in public. While in Belgium, Paris, Algiers, and by the Rhine, much had been said in praise of his performances. His first concert took place on the 4th of October, in the hall of the Academy of Singing. In it he played a new violin concerto, by De Beriot. In this first piece, he exceeded, by far, all the ideas which had been formed of his ability. He showed that he possessed all the means to be a violinist of the first rank, and that nothing was wanting to set him in the first rank of musicians, but a natural, poetic temperament. A mountain, with its gigantic masses of rock, its glaciers, its eternal snow, its thundering cataracts, and its brooks that leap glancing over the cliffs, to be rent into spray and mist, which raises the mind to great and majestic conceptions of the all-creating spirit, shows in its structure that it did not gradually and peacefully attain its elevation and grandeur. Volcanic forces, which sent its masses breaking and crashing through one another—a dire revolution in nature raised its summit above the clouds, and moulded the form which pleases us by its quiet beauty. So the soul of the true artist must be shocked and torn. His heart must suffer the assaults of passion, and the storms of life must beat upon him, until an asylum is found within him for peace, and he can look back in calmness and with pleasant memory, on those convulsions, whose operations he knows, as calculated to better and strengthen the character. Then one has material for poetry, for composition. Mr. Moser is yet young, and time may yet supply what fails to make him a true poet. But he plays like a master. First and foremost, he produces a full, free, ringing tone, and his execution is very clear and distinct. He carries these merits into *cantabile* passages, as well as loud and brilliant ones, to go through which, he possesses, not only just enough skill, but more than enough, so that he combines ease and elegance with accuracy. One does not know which is most worthy of praise, the performances of the left hand or the right. Mr. Moser is a violin virtuoso by excellence, whom no difficulty frightens. The concerto from De Beriot was, like all the compositions of this great master, tasteful and elegant, without being very deep or original, but without trivialities. Besides this piece, Mr. Moser performed a divertimento on a theme of De Beriot, arranged by himself, a transcription (as he named it) theme from Donizetti's *Lucia*, and an interesting fantasie on a theme from the Freischütz, in which he played the melody of the hunter's chorus upon one string, accompanied by the second horn in the orchestra. This last piece gained great applause. The favor with which the three concerts of Mr. Moser were received, was as cheering as it was well earned. In the second concert he played another composition of De Beriot, in which he overcame great difficulties. He was assisted by Madame Fassmann and Miss Tussek, of the royal opera. These ladies assisted in obedience to an order of the king, the regulations of the opera house forbidding any singers to assist in concerts, unless such an order is obtained. Many have thought it was putting the king into rather small business, to make him the recipient of so many petitions as naturally must come from concert

givers, and it is probable his majesty will soon tire of it, and hand over the power to the superintendent of the opera. Miss *Tascek* sang with skill and precision, an air from *Mercadante*, and a song "on the Danube." Madame *Fussmann* pleased all listeners with an Italian romance, a song from *Truán*, and a ballad, "Lord Guy," by the same composer. In the third concert, Mr. *Moser* played an original rondo, "Souvenir d'Afrique," containing many interesting movements. The whole, however, is a little too long, and the parts do not hang well together.

Mr. *Moser* gave his farewell soiree in the saloon of the Hotel du Nord. He played the violin in one of the first six quartets of Beethoven, (in B flat,) in one of the G minor quintets of Mozart, and in one of the septets of Beethoven, leaving out some parts of the latter. In all these pieces, he showed himself to be a first-rate performer, though deep, poetic feeling, was wanting, a deficiency his more mature years may supply. Mr. *Moser* the elder plays such music with a great deal more spirit and feeling. G. *Schumann*, in this soiree, played Beethoven's sonata in F minor with much feeling, which, however, bordered on affectation. The young *Moser* intends making a professional tour to Scandinavia.

### CLARA WIECK.

This young lady, who is reckoned among the distinguished pianists of Europe, was taught by a method so unusual, that we think a short account of it cannot but be interesting to our readers. It differed in all respects from the common methods of instruction, and in some particulars it was wholly novel.

Her musical instruction began at the age of five years, and was continued for nearly two years on the instrument alone, without the use of notes. She was first taught the keys, and the fundamental chords in all of them; and she then practiced the scale in all the varieties of the keys, and in all directions. She next learned to play by heart, with correctness and perfection, more than two hundred little exercises, which were composed expressly for her; and she also learned to transpose them with facility into all the different keys. In this manner she acquired complete mastery of the mechanical part of playing, and also a good ear and good time. It was not until she had accomplished all this, and in her seventh year, that she was made acquainted with the notes; which, thus prepared, she of course found an easy task, and soon learned to read music. She now passed directly by all the usual elementary exercises, and took up studies by Clementi, Cramer, Moscheles, the sonatas of Mozart, the easiest and most comprehensible ones of Beethoven, and such other compositions as would have a tendency on the one hand to give a deeper and more serious tone to the mind and the imagination, and on the other, to promote a good, natural, and regular mode of fingering.

This course of instruction was rigidly and strictly pursued, assisted by a regular daily practice; which, however, was never carried to weariness, much less to exhaustion, as in some cases. The method and the practice combined, effected that rapid, but by no means hurried advancement, and that early perfection of her talents, which place her in the high rank she now enjoys among the piano forte virtuosos of the present day. The whole was accomplished without injuring her health, and without dimming the cheerful happiness of youth by fretting anxiety or over-exertion.—*Musical Magazine*.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MAY 25, 1846.

The "Extracts from an old book," although from a work considerably more than a century old, present the subject of the theory of sound in so plain a manner, that we have concluded to transfer them to our columns, altering, however, the punctuation somewhat, and substituting small letters for capitals at the commencement of the substantives.

We inserted in our last, the article, "The two Soliloquies," as a perfect illustration of the effect of knowledge and ignorance upon the character. How meek the learned sage! how conceited the boarding school miss! We have often seen these two characters exemplified among musicians and lovers of music. Mozart, on his death bed, said it was hard to die just as he was beginning to understand something about music! He was thirty-six years of age when he died. At twelve he had doubtless made greater proficiency than most, even of those who make music their business, in their whole life time, and yet he was only beginning to understand his art when he died! Who that has been long engaged in music, has not met with multitudes, who, without having ever devoted a dozen hours to its study, have, in their own estimation, made infinitely greater progress in music, than Mozart thought he had? The best educated musicians, whose acquaintance we have chanced to make, either at home or in Europe, have considered themselves far short of perfection. In criticisms on other's performance, and in expressing opinions in disputed points, they were ever ready to admit the possibility of mistake. We do not remember ever to have met with musicians distinguished in any branch, whose abilities and performances were satisfactory to themselves, although exciting the admiration of all around them. We say we never were acquainted with a distinguished musician, who was thus satisfied. We have seen musicians enough, who were infinitely better satisfied with their own ability, than Handel, Mozart, or all great composers put together.

Harmony, No. VII, was accidentally omitted in our last. In the tune Warner, in No. 8, the sixth note in the third line of the tenor, (over the word "keep,") should have been G.

We can easily imagine that our lessons in harmony will puzzle those just commencing. We can only present a bird's eye view of the subject. At best, it is hard to understand, and can be comprehended only by concentrating the mind upon the subject, and patiently following it to its close. It is impossible properly to illustrate it in the little corner devoted to it here. We take the liberty to say that we are preparing a text book upon the subject of harmony, in which we shall make its principles as plain as we know how to explain them.

TO AGENTS, and all forwarding subscriptions.—Please write names plain and distinct. To ladies' names, prefix Mrs. or Miss. Don't forget to mention the state your town is in, for our knowledge of geography is limited. There are one hundred and eighteen Washingtons in the United States, and we cannot possibly guess which is intended. So of other towns. If you forward a bill on a bank a thousand miles from Boston, don't let it be literally *rag* money, but a piece of paper that will last until it gets back again.

We make the following additional extracts from the catalogue of the Chinese Museum. The museum is in the Marlboro' Chapel, and is well worth a visit from the curious.

"To make the museum still more attractive, there are two Chinese attached to it, one of whom, T'ao Chaoong, speaks English, and is ready to give visitors any information in his power. The other, named Lekaw-hing, was a teacher of music in his native land, but having acquired the habit of smoking opium, and not being able to give it up while there, left his country for that purpose, and has succeeded in his undertaking. He will occasionally favor visitors with a Chinese song, accompanying himself on some of the musical instruments." \* \* \* \* \*

"As lovers of pleasure, the Chinese have always had great respect for music, one of its principal promoters; and for tones and rhythm, the two essential elements of music and of song, they manifest great fondness. 'Indeed, it appears that the ancient sages of China were not only extremely fond of what they esteemed good music, but that they believed it to have a powerful influence over the morals of the people. It is said that Confucius was so powerfully struck with the music of the great Shun, that for three months after he heard it, he knew not the taste of his food.' Their writings on the subject of music, though hard to be understood, are very numerous; and they contain records of the art, in the earliest periods of their history, accompanied with drawings and descriptions of their instruments. Many of the most ancient are now disused, and according to their own account, their music at present is far inferior to what it was in the golden ages of antiquity."

The rules for writing instrumental music among the Chinese, change somewhat, according to the instrument employed; thus, the lute requires a very different system of notation from the guitar; and both from the rebeck. In the notation adopted for the lute, 'each note is a cluster of characters; one denotes the string, another the stud, a third informs you in what manner the fingers of the right hand are to be used, a fourth does the same in reference to the left, a fifth tells the performer in what way he must slide the hand before or after the appropriate sound has been given, and a sixth says, perhaps, that two notes are to be struck at the same time.' On account of this clumsy mode of notation, but few Chinese learn to play the lute scientifically."

Boston, April 30, 1846.

Messrs. Editors.—Some remarks in your excellent paper of April 27, (an admirable number, by the way,) on the necessity of 'coupling good words with music, sensibly affected me when I first read them; and as I re-read them, they seemed to say, "The Musical Gazette" desires not only to do no harm, but actually to do good; its labors are not devoted to a party, in the common acceptance of that term, neither are they designed to "put down," or to build up, an individual merely, but its principles are founded upon truth, and hence designed for the good of each, for the good of all.

I understand the "Gazette" to say, The love of truth moves me, the best good of my readers I would consider, and I acknowledge, and love the maxim, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." The remarks to which I allude, were found in connection with remarks upon the "opera concert of April 14," and suggest, or lead to some other thoughts, which one who intends to be a reader of every number of the "Gazette,"

will, in part, express; and if you deem them worthy a place in your paper, they are at your service.

That music *pleases* most persons, all will admit; that it is universally *beneficial*, many seem ready, almost, to deny. Of its pleasing effects upon the mind, almost everybody is able to testify from personal experience, but, inasmuch as all pleasure is not necessarily *profit*, the question is pertinently asked, Are the pleasurable, the happyfying effects of music, beneficial, or really useful? This is a question of importance, a question which we, as moral beings, cannot too frequently ask in relation to all the pursuits of life. Whether it can be satisfactorily answered, as applied to music, is the subject now before us. One might directly reply to this question, by saying, Yes, music benefits, as well as pleases; it does good, as well as confers pleasure. That answer, however, will not, and should not, of itself, satisfy us. American minds (yankee especially) are not yet quite ready to believe the *pope* infallible, even in matters pertaining to his *professed* profession. We demand of him and all erring men a reason for that which they would have us acknowledge and own as truth. But to the answer. In the first place, music is, in itself, as free from immoral taint, as the pure atmosphere of heaven—in its nature pleasing, or it would not so generally enlist, or hold our attention. It is harmonious, and loves not the presence of noise and tumultuous confusion. When man is most happy and truly conscientious, then he is the boon companion of sweet sounds; be he fretful and angry, he can, while in that state, find no sympathetic chord in music. Should music enter his mansion at such a moment, his anger must immediately depart, or music, the visitor to solace and cheer, as soon be turned out of doors. "Anger," says Solomon, "may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools." So one may find in the breast of a musician, the terrible emotion spoken of, but it is in there, only while music is out. The sweetest singer, and the most able, will afford us no song, while in anger. A wrangler may sing, but only while he forgets his unhallowed passions. Could you search his heart, at the moment he sings, you would not find anger there; if its seeds are there, they are dormant, the life-giving principle is inoperative the while. Those seeds will not germinate under the influence of music. Anger will not show its uncomely countenance until the song has ceased, and the unholy passion is recalled by thoughts similar to those which afforded it a medium for its first entrance. We have heard of an "enraged musician," but he was not musical at that moment. Music is orderly and concordant in its effects; it is made of harmony; and can harmony dwell in a madman's heart? Does the robber delight in the music of the birds which flit across his path? or will the assassin listen to a song of praise to God? (if he do but listen, his intended victim is safe.) Does the incendiary love the music hall? The murderer, the incendiary, ask not of any a song to nerve their arm for deeds of death. No, to the intoxicating beverage, found in yonder gaudy saloons, wretched rumshops, alias the gates of hell, which yawn so widely and so frequent—to these men go for strength to do what the fiends of the pit, without their aid, in vain attempt to persuade men to commit.

Music is, as says an elegant writer, sometimes perverted to the ministry of sin. It is so, when heard in the battle field, &c. But under the influence of music, no man meditates deeds of wrong, as a legitimate cause of music. Music is accountable for no man's sins. Its natural tendency is to good, to good only. But, Messrs.

Editors, if these remarks are too long, or, in another sense, too short, you can make no further use of them. If acceptable, and they find a place in your paper, the writer will venture the remainder, or conclusion of the "discourse," at some future day.

Truly yours,

ALPHA.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Why is it, that in Burrows' Thorough Base Primer it says, "In the chord of the 2d inversion of the 7th, the octave of the root must not be doubled or heard in the upper parts," and in our modern collections of church music the root is invariably introduced in the chord and the octave of the actual base left out, just the reverse of the rule?

The Primer is wrong, and the modern collections are right. The phrase "The octave of the root must not be doubled," and many similar expressions used in the book referred to, are not only incomprehensible, but rank nonsense. An English author accuses writers on the theory of music with designedly mystifying the subject. When reading works abounding in expressions like the above, we feel inclined to the same opinion.

A subscriber asks if it is necessary to write exercises in harmony, attending to the resolution of discords, avoiding consecutive fifths and octaves, &c. &c., in order to learn to play church music on the piano and organ.

On account of the above, and many similar inquiries, we depart so far from our intended custom, as to insert an advertisement of a work, which is designed to teach the art of playing church music upon the instruments mentioned. Being the author of the work ourselves, we do not intend to puff it, but simply remark that it was written after our patience was worn threadbare, in repeated attempts to teach from previously existing works. The idea of forcing pupils to go through the exceedingly difficult and abstruse study of harmony, in order to learn the easy and simple art of playing plain church music, is absurd. Who would think of compelling a child to write a composition, before he knows how to read, or in order that he might learn to read? The two things are precisely similar. Who would think of troubling one just learning to spell, with rules about etymology, syntax and prosody? Let him learn to read what others have written first, and then it will be time enough for him to learn to write books himself, if he wishes. Learn to play what others have written first; then, if you wish to learn to compose music yourself, nerve yourself for the task, and commence the study of harmony, being assured that that study bears the same relative position with regard to "the art of playing church music upon the organ and piano," or "thorough base," that the highest branches of the mathematics do to the first lessons in arithmetic. It is by no means necessary that one learning to play church music, should be troubled with the rules about consecutive fifths, the resolution of discords, &c. If he learns to play the music as it is written, he will certainly resolve the discords properly, and play everything else properly, if the composer of the music has written it correctly. If the music is not written correctly, it is the composer's fault, and not the player's.

A subscriber suggests that more chants among our music would be acceptable.

It is impossible to have the same variety in chants, as in metre tunes, nor is there the same necessity for it. We should, nevertheless, be very happy to insert chants which really possess merit, and which are not precisely like those contained in every collection of music, if we knew where to get them. Although we are fond of this species of church music, and have been accustomed to

use it in church for many years, we have never happened to be sufficiently inspired to write chants ourselves. A few have been contributed to this paper, but, without exception, they have contained consecutive octaves, or something worse. We cannot insert pieces in which the fundamental laws of harmony are violated, by whosoever contributed.

Patent grand Aeolichord Piano Forte, a new invention, by S. W. DRAPER, made by Lemuel Gilbert, 416 Washington street, Boston.

This piano has three strings to each key, one being placed above the two, common in square pianos, and tuned an octave below them. Being above the two strings, the hammer barely touches the longer string. Some think it does not touch it at all, but that the long string sounds from sympathy. A damper, extending the width of the piano, rests upon the long strings, and is thrown off by a pedal, so that when the pedal is not raised, the long strings do not vibrate, and the piano is like one without the aeolichord. The tone produced by the aeolichord is very sweet, and it forms a very pretty addition to the piano. We at least see no possible objection to it.

### ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.

Some years ago, the genial Reinthaler set forth the theory, that the practice of songs was all that was needed in common schools, and endeavored to make good his position, by referring to the wonderful performances of the children of the "Martin's-stift," (St. Martin's School,) over which he presided. In the preface to the second edition of "The King's and the People's Joy in the Lord, forty-two Songs, by Karl Reinthaler, 1840," he says, "The children of my institution are among the poorest and most destitute of the city (Erfurt) and province, thus from nature not so bright, as the children of most village schools. In spite of all this, those only five or six years old, in the first quarter of their school life, can already sing a dozen free songs, (juvenile songs,) and join with the others in singing perhaps fifty (!) chorals, which are used in the religious instructions. This astonishing result can easily be attained in any common school, if people will not span on the horses behind the wagon, that is, teach the notes or figures, both of which are in a common (or peasants') school, quite impracticable."

I myself wavered for some years between Reinthaler's instructions, and the results of my own experience. I began to think that the formal principle must be laid aside. But after suffering for awhile under this idea, I came to what I believe the right conclusion. One should sacrifice neither the practice of songs, nor the study of the reading of music, but *unite* the two methods. In proclaiming this truth, I have met with no opposition, which I take for a good sign; but I wish that teachers would agree with me in word, as well as deed. If you do not agree with me, reader, I should like to break a lance with you, for the good of the cause.

Objections are not wanting, against the proposed union. One of the weightiest is, that the separate course of melody and rhythm, is dry and uninteresting. Every exertion of the mind, when naturally and properly directed, and when the result will be an increased power of mind, has a great attraction for a child, if the subject in hand be even of quite an abstract nature. The followers of Pestalozzi have shown this to be uncontestedly true, and all find it to be true who skillfully teach any of the sciences. This truth is also of great use in teaching music. A child may be very much in-



interested in the necessary exercises. Only these exercises must be of the right kind. The teacher must also be master over what he teaches, and be able to strike different intervals correctly, and must have a correct ear. He must be firm in time, must have command of his instrument, (violin or piano,) and, above all, must have patience and mildness, and should possess the rich treasure of a seldom clouded cheerfulness. The scholars must at least be disciplined enough to spare the teacher the pain of being insulted by those who seem street loafers by profession, what in this time of emancipation may easily happen, and must be a great interruption.

So—good exercises, good teacher, orderly scholars! Then there will be interest enough, and those thus faithfully exercised will sing songs much better than those who have not sung without words.

I will now, in a few words, tell how I arrange the course of musical studies in my school. The lower classes sing songs by rote, and all kinds of light exercises, but without notes. The middle classes sing also songs by rote, but with some help from the notes, in order to become acquainted with which, they go through the easier part of the course of study of the elements.

It is important that the scholars always look at the notes, and that they beat time, not by striking in the air, but on their desks. Both these things help a great deal, even though the scholars do not understand about the notes. The greater part of the members of singing societies sing in the same way, though without the audible beating of time. In the middle classes, too, are practiced exercises in *hearing*, i. e., I sing or play different sounds, and require my pupils to name them. In the upper classes, the scholars sing songs with notes, where they can, and any place they cannot master, may be helped out with the instrument used. Beating time is always continued. Many scholars will learn a good deal without telling, and when you, at last, devote a part of your time to the more difficult exercises, it will be gratifying to know, that your pupils cannot only sing songs well, but understand the art they practice.—  
ERNST HENTSCHEL.

### A DEAR FIDDLE.

During the reign of Louis XV. of France, a German nobleman came, on some embassy, to his court, and brought in his train Georg and Nikolaus Strzitzky, two virtuosos of high standing at that period.

Georg, who played very finely on the violin, as well as on the horn, had an instrument unworthy of his talents, and the attempt to procure another was in vain. The count made great effort to obtain one of *Maura*, a virtuoso who happened to pass through Paris, but, though he made him very handsome presents, he could not bring him into the right humor to part with his beloved *Cremosa*.

But just as the count and his party were in extreme perplexity, a master was found, who was becoming too old and decrepid to play, and who had in his possession a violin, made by Jakob Steiner, which was a great deal better than the *Cremosa*.

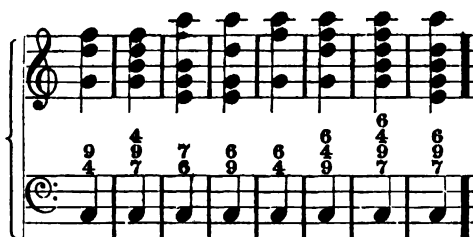
When his excellency had heard one piece performed on the instrument, he cried, "Good, good, my friend! You play very finely. Let us have a little talk together. How much will you take for your violin?" The poor man, in confusion at the thought of losing his instrument, mentioned some errors into which his now unskilful hands were apt to lead him, and remarked, that he should probably never be able to play again with acceptance on another violin. "O," said the

count, "our bargain is then not at an end. Listen. How much do you need to support you, a year? Say, will you be contented with three hundred florins for your violin, and the privilege of living hereafter with me, receiving each year a new suit of clothing, every day taking your meals at my table, with a measure of wine daily, together with, yearly, two casks of beer, wood and light free, besides ten florins every month, and if you wish to marry, twelve *schafel* of fruit (grain, &c.) each year?"

The violinist had no wish to marry, but accepted the proposal of the count, on condition that his old cousin Taciana should receive six *schafel* of fruit per annum, as long as she lived. This was agreed to, and the old musician lived for sixteen years in the family of Count Lichtenstein. His cousin survived him four years, so that the whole cost of the violin may be reckoned as 8333 florins of the currency of that time, or about 10,000 florins (\$4000) as money is held at present.

### HARMONY, NO. VII.

What chords are the following?



NOTE.—In our last, we said that the figures 3, 5, 8, might be, and generally were, omitted. The chord of the thirteenth is an exception. It is often figured 6, 5, although perhaps 6 is the proper figuring. In chords containing the eleventh, the 3d is generally omitted. In four-part compositions, of course only four sounds are wanted. The third or the 5th, or both, may be omitted, in any chord which contains more sounds than are wanted. Either may also be omitted, and the chief note be doubled instead, as in the chord figured 4, above.

The idea seems to prevail among students of music, that the proficiency they will make depends altogether upon their teachers; and that they themselves have comparatively nothing to do. If they employ a good teacher, they will certainly become good performers, whether they obey his instructions or not. It was formerly supposed to be the teacher's duty to *point out* the right path, and the pupil's duty to *walk in it*. At the present day, many seem to expect teachers will take their pupils in their arms and carry them to the top of the hill of learning, without giving said pupils any trouble whatever. It is now generally conceded that every one can learn to sing, and that every one can learn to play any instrument; *perseverance* having vastly more to do with the learner's progress, than natural talents or skilful teachers. To the notice of the hun-

dreds who are ready to conclude that it is not in them to learn music, we commend the following anecdote—especially to the notice of those who are learning to play the piano:

**PERSEVERANCE.**—The Chinese tell of one of their countrymen who had been making strenuous efforts to acquire literary information, who, discouraged by difficulties, at length gave up his books in despair. As he returned to manual employment, he saw a woman rubbing a crowbar on a stone; on asking her the reason, she replied that she was in want of a needle, and thought she would rub down the crowbar, till she got it small enough. The patience of the aged female provoked him to make another attempt, and he succeeded in obtaining the rank of one of the first three in the empire.

### MOZART'S OPINION OF HANDEL.

Mozart regarded Handel as the highest among all composers. He was as intimate with the chief compositions of this master, so unsurpassed in his particular field, as if he had long been the director of the London Academy for the preservation of ancient music.

When the Abbot Stadler, after Mozart's death, arranged his musical manuscripts, he found many proofs of his constant study of Handel's works.

Mozart said, "Handel knows best what produces effect. Where he wants it, he strikes like a thunderbolt."

Mozart's predilection went so far, that he composed a great deal in Handel's manner; of which, however, little has ever been printed. According to Stadler, he used also subjects from Handel's works in his famous requiem; thus the theme to the Requiem and to the Kyrie are taken from him.

He went farther than most of our present amateurs; he valued and cherished not only Handel's choruses, but many of his arias and solos. He says, "Although Handel sometimes suffers himself in them to go on in the manner of his times, yet they are never without meaning."

Even in the opera of *Don Giovanni*, Mozart wrote an air in Handel's manner, marking it thus in the score; this air, however, is always omitted in the performance.

Handel's greatest cotemporary, John Sebastian Bach, said of him, "He is the only one, whom I should like to see before my death, and who I should like to be, if I was not Bach!" When this was told to the greatest composer after him, Mozart, he exclaimed, "Truly, I would say the same, if I could have a voice where they are heard."

A meeting of the American Musical Convention was notified to meet in New York, May 12. We attended for the sake of reporting speeches, &c., for the Gazette. But sixteen members presented themselves, who, after a few minutes' conversation, adjourned to meet in the fall.—A course of lectures to music teachers will be given in Hartford, Ct., commencing June 9, by Messrs. Mason and Webb, of Boston.—A musical convention will be holden at Saxton's River, Vt., June 16 and 17. Mr. Woodbury, of Boston, is expected to be present.

**INSTRUCTIONS IN THOROUGH BASE**, an easy method for learning to play church music and other four-part music, upon the organ, piano forte, and other keyed instruments. By A. N. Johnson. This work professes to impart the ability to play church music, by the common-sense method of progressive exercises, which are to be *played*, not written. The work differs from other works on thorough base, in the fact that everything relating to the art of *writing* music is omitted, as foreign to the subject. Published by Geo. P. Reed, 17 Tremont Row, Boston; Frith & Hall, 1 Franklin Square, New York; and for sale by music dealers generally. It can be easily ordered through any bookseller who orders books from New York or Boston.



## MY OWN SWEET NATIVE VALE.

GEO. J. WEBB.

TREBLE.  
Allegretto.

1. Oh, the sun - ny peaches glow, And the grapes in clus - ters blush; And the cool - ing sil - ver streams From their syl - van fountains rush;

2. Hark! hark! those thrilling notes! 'Tis the nightingale com - plains; Oh, the soul of mu - sic breathes In those more than plaintive strains;

3. Oh! the flow - ers fair may glow, And the juicy fruits may blush, And the beauteous birds may sing, And the crys - tal streamlets rush;

TREBLE.  
Allegretto.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

There is mu - sic in the grove, And there's fragrance in the gale; But there's naught so dear to me, As my own sweet na - tive vale.

But they're not so dear to me, As the mur - mur of the rill, And the bleating of the lambs, On my own sweet na - tive hill.

And the verdant meads may smile, And the cloudless sun may beam; But there's naught beneath the skies, Like my own sweet na - tive home.

As my own sweet na - tive vale, As my own sweet na - tive vale; But there's naught so dear to me, As my own sweet na - tive vale.

On my own sweet na - tive hill, On my own sweet na - tive hill; And the bleating of the lambs, On my own sweet na - tive hill.

Like my own sweet na - tive home, Like my own sweet na - tive home; But there's naught beneath the skies, Like my own sweet native home.

# **REVUE. Saviour, source of every blessing.**

L. MASON.

**Female Voices. VERSE.** **1st TREBLE.** **FULL CHOIR. TREBLE.**

1. { Saviour, source of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays; }  
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise. } 2. Teach me some me-lo-dious meas-ure.

**2d TREBLE.** **ALTO.**

**1st ALTO.** **TENOR.**

3. { Thou didst seek me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; }  
 { Thou, to save my soul from dan-ger, Didst re-deem me with thy blood. } 4. By thy hand re-stored, de-fend-ed,

**2d ALTO.** **BASE.**

**Female Voices. VERSE.** **FULL CHOIR.**

Sang by rap-tured saints a-bove; Fill my soul with sa-cred pleasure, While I sing re-deem-ing love.

Safe through life, thus far, I'm come; Safe, O Lord, when life is end-ed, Bring me to my heav-en-ly home.

## **REVUE. 7s.**

L. MASON.

D. C.

D. C.

D. C.

D. C.

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee. }  
 Let the wa-ter and the blood, From thy side, a heal-ing flood, } Be of fear and sin the cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.  
 Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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## Miscellaneous.

### ALL-HALLOW EVE:

#### A FAIRY STORY WITHOUT A MORAL.

"Misther McCauley!"

"Mcself."

"And if it's yerself, wait till I overtake you," said Phelim Dougherty, as the two neighbors were returning home, after putting the last delicate finish to Terence O'Mattock's winter potato heap, by thatching it with straw, potato tops, and dirt. "Is it a sprig of witch elm ye have over yer doot, yetst?"

"Sorra a bit; and by the same token, the morning 'll see as much."

"And it is n't meself, no, nor a dog, nor me pig, I'd have sleep within yer walls this night."

"And it's I that 'll sleep as sound this night as any, and that believes the witch elm is all a foolishness and a silliness."

"But did n't I see once a piece of the same on yer wall, and did n't I—"

"But I was n't a protestanter this; and, Phelim, it seems to me, that the 'good people' and the witches niver come near a man that has n't a taste of howly wather on him. Besides, is n't it the clargy that say there niver was a witch, nor a mermaid; and sure now, have ye iver seen anything but a drunken spalpeen that iver said he saw the fairies?"

"Whist, now, it's may be they're nearer than we think. But I believe the good people are a civil and obliging folk, if you only let them alone. And did n't I see once, and it's my two eyes I 'll believe sooner than anything else."

"And are ye sure that ye saw him, Phelim?"

"Have I two eyes? It was with Patrick Mahoney we were, taking a noggin of buttermilk, and a crate of praties, to make the night short and pleasant. And Pater the Scotchman, sis he, 'a grain of barley for the fairies.' And just thin, of a suddint, he looked frightened like, and did n't I see something fly up from his face, and out at the windy hole, and did n't he tell me himself that he saw some sort of a straddle-bug on his nose, and did n't his nose itch for a day after?"

"It was a beetle, mayhap."

"Mayhap not; but Jim the piper was there, and he tould a story of a man that would niver believe in the good people, and they made him into a flying baste of burden."

"Till us the story, thin."

"Troth, it's not me that can well remember the same. But jist stip into my house, and I 'll tell ye. It's a nice, illigant cabin I have, and a good wife, and kind to the childer. It was Timmy McDoolen who said, when his honor came to see him, 'Bridget, honey, drive the pigs out of the parlor, and lay down the door for a table.' It is n't my wife will have the likes of that. See now, it's a fine kitchen I have. His honor's plough horse in one corner, and we sleep in the other; thin there's a fine stone for the fire, and the smoke is so warm and comfortable! Thin there's a ladder for the kinder to go up, and a garret for them and the hens. But this is the piper's story."

### THE CAVE OF SHADOWS.

There was a spalpeen came to the village of Kilbeag, whose name was Murphy. He came from Dublin, and knew how to read and write, and do arithmetic to the rule of six. Besides, he could talk Latin like a priest. It's him would not believe in the good people, and it's may be because they do n't stay in the city, for want of the grass and the moon. Now it's not far from Kilbeag is a hill, on the edge of a wood, and after sundown many's the time was heard quaar sounds, and music, and soft singing, coming out of the hill. Niver a soul would go by the hill in the night; though it's meself who thinks the fairies will niver hurt good and peaceable people. But this Murphy would niver believe the first word that it was inn'ything unnathural or extraordinary. And if you do n't believe it, says I, "says the piper," may be you'd like to go to the hill, some night, and hear for yerself. "May be I like to slape better," sis he, "than be up in the night after rats, or mice, or fairies, or toads, or snakes, or any other reptiles that St. Patrick, rest his soul, drowned in the sea, and that's the reason there's so many aals in the locks and rivers." "And may be it's easier," said I, "to spake so much about niver fearing what you niver saw, than to go and sit a few hours on the rock at the hill; but it's I that thinks you are afraid to go." "Niver a fear have I," sis Mr. Murphy, "and if ye 'll turn me out a comfortable glass of the crayther, to keep me from catching cold or the rheumatiz, I 'll go this very hour." "That same will I do, and give ye the bottle for company, sis I, (says Jim the piper,) and so it's may be an hour before sundown, he went to stay till past twelve o'clock, and I saw no more of him till two days after. "Well," sis I. "Whist," sis he, "I saw them." "You saw them?" "Yes," sis he, "and they're English fairies." "How do you know that same?" "It's because one of them said so, and because they speak with niver a bit of the brogue. They live sort of lonely like in the hill, for the regular Irish fairies will not associate with them. But it's clever, gintlemanly, fine people they are, barring the bit of hard tratement they gave me, which I do n't mind, seeing the sights that I saw, and the sounds that I heard, which made me feel quite innocent and good like." "Till us the story," sis I. "That I will," sis he, "but it's not too many times I wish to spake; so come to my house this evning, and bring six with ye, and I 'll tell it for yer edification." So in the evening he began—"As I went along, the afternoon, with my good conscience and the bottle for com-

pany, I felt quaar and strange, which is quite unusual to me. As I passed Jim Byrne's cow, she gave me a look, as much as to say, 'I know the road ye're going,' and Patrick Shea's pig squealed, and a gray cat ran across the path; which last did not seem unnathural, seeing that she was chasing a rat. As I was passing the bog, there sat a bird on a tree near by, and I thought he was singing,

"Whirr-a-whirr,  
How do you dare!"

or some such thing. But, thinks I, it's nothing bad I'm doing, and Terence Murphy is not the man to be afraid of shadows, or cats, or birds. Whin I came to the hill, the sun was about down, and, thinks I, if I'm to stay here the night, I 'll see about the hill, how it looks in the day; but first, I took a drink from the bottle, and sat down a bit on the great stone to rest, for I was tired with the way, and a little drowsy like. Presently I began to go about, and on the north side it was all like any other hill, and on the east side was the dark wood; but the red sun shone in, and made it light, and pleasant like. On the south side it was the same, as the north side, but to the west I spied a little hollow, with bushes in it, and as I began to go down, I slipped, and away went I, and where do ye think I went to? Sure I do n't know to this day, but in the quarest and curiousest place in the world. It's very little that I thought of the place just thin, by reason that I lost my senses intirely, and only thought, 'O Terence, where are you now!' But jist soon I looked up, and above me I saw the hole I fell through, and that so high that I could niver git the half way to it. But by reason of the light from the west, the place was not quite dark, and presently I could see quite well. It was a large room, as large as the largest church in Dublin, only not so high. The walls were made of blue, and purple, and crimson, and green stones; and as I went along, what should I see on the floor but what seemed like chairs, and tables, and glasses, and—I'd tell ye, but I niver saw the like before, and how should I know the names of them? Only, whin I went to touch them, my hand went through them, and it felt like putting it through a piece of fog. But whin I looked again, there they were, as whole as iver. And the curiquest thing was, along on the niches, and a sort of shelves on the wall, were what seemed shadows of little men, and quaar little men too, with peaked caps, and little square rid caps, and no caps at all; some with bright blue coats, and some with shining red and crimson, and the beautifullest slippers and boots! But whin I touched them I could feel nothing at all. They seemed all fast asleep. But, sis I, as it began to grow darker, what if they wake! The thought made me trimble! So, as there was no hope to climb up through the sky hole, what should I do but hide. There was a piece of the wall stuck out at a corner, and as I tried to climb over it, off I pushed a little man with a crimson peaked cap, and golden bells on it. Sorra a bit of sound did he make, nor wake up either, but struck on the floor heels up, and stood on the tip of his peaked cap, as stiff as a sentry soldier. There he stood like a post, and me looking on, behind the rock, shivering and shaking. But it presently became dark—dark—and I thought I had rather be with the fairies in the light

than darkness; and thin I could hear the wind roar above the ground, and there seemed a tempest there; for you must know," said Phelim Dougherty, "that it was in March that Mr. Murphy tould this."

"But how could a stormy night come after a red sunset?" inquired Mr. McCauley.

"That I can't say; but Mr. Murphy said—After a while, it seemed a little lighter, and thin a little lighter still, and thin I heard something like little people yawning, and thin (I was down behind the rock all the while,) I heard this one and that one jump down on the floor, until the whole seemed awake. Soon I heard beautiful music, and a door opened at the far end of the cave, and as fine a little gentleman as iver ye see came out, and with him many others almost as fine as he, and the music grew louder, and thin died intirely away, and the gentleman, that I took to be king, or chief, or the like, said to one of the little fellers, "Fly up, and see what the weather is above." Thin he called out, "But who has made this opening in the top of our cave? Have the mortals found out our secret, or would our envious neighbors injure us by letting the cold air in, while we slept in the winter? We must see to it, and have it closed before the morn." "The night is windy and dark, and the spirits of the storm spread a pall over the sky," said the one he had sent, as he came back. "A song and a charm, then, comrades, that the moon may shine mildly on the flower roots and the trees.

Hark! do n't you hear them spreading and sprouting? We elves have work to do ere the May. There's sorrow to soothe, and the good to cheer, and the bad to smite with dismal fear." It's beautiful English that he spake, but I can't remimber the whole. So the fairies all gathered around the chief or king, or whatever he was, and he seemed quiet suchal like with them. It was such a fine sight, that for the soul of me I could n't help looking over the stone, though it was my heart was in bodily fear, list they should see me. There was the king, so kind and pleasant looking, at the head of a long table, and near a hundred little men, with faces as fair as a rose leaf and bright as a pink, and all with the little merry eyes! "Here's good cheer to ye after the winter's sleep," says the chief, and he rapped on the table, when, *hullabaloo!* the table changed into the beautifullest little garden that iver was, with a river in it, and what the wather was I don't know, but it was swate and refreshing. There were flowers, and trees and ground, and it's of sugar or something they were, for the fairies were mightily plased with the taste. Little birds, of yellow gold, or bright ruby, or the like, were about the trees, and sang; and a circle of twinkling stars were up in the air, and niver a candlestick to put them on, and gave light. But pretty soon, rap, rap! wint the chief's hand, and *whish-away!* out wint the stars, that made the roof look like rainbows, where it hung down, like glass isicles, and off wint the garden, and the limonade river, and back came the table, and the mild light, that I could niver tell where it came from. "A song, a song, Meandel, that all sadness may vanish, and joy reign in the fairy circle. Let each take his instrument, that the harmony may be rich and full. Where is Nitin?" "Not here, not here," went round the circle, and the little bright eyes began glancing here and there in the cave. I thought they saw me, but for the life of me I could not help looking. But there all the while stood the little feller, fast asleep, on the top of his cap. It was so kind of unnathural like, he could n't wake. "Nitin, Nitin!" shouted the little people, and what a laugh they had whin they saw him, and came around

him! And it's surprised he was, whin he opened his bright twinkling eyes, and found himself with the tip of his toes pointing to the roof. It's a ta-totum perhaps he thought himself, for he began spinning and whirling round, till he'd narely worn a hole in the floor with his cap. Thin, with a spring, he was on his feet again, and I concated he cast a glance at me; but they all flew back, and began to tune their instruments for the music. It was strange instruments they had, but I niver saw the like, and I do n't know the names. Nitin took two little drumsticks, and sat down by the side of the wall, and began to hammer away on various stones that were there, whin they sounded like an organ, only finer and sweeter. Thin they all played together; and the like I niver heard, and if ye had heard the same, niver a note more would ye blow on yer pipes till ye were a dead man. But when they had played a little while, sometimes loud and harsh, sometimes so soft it was like the little brook that makes no sound when it's gliding, then Meandel, that was, may be, the head singer, began a song, and sometimes all joined in a chorus. And this it was:

MEANDEL.

O, Eolus singeth so lusty and loud,  
When the moon looks out from the straggling cloud;  
Lening, dashing, hurrying by,  
The night-wind moans in the forest tree;  
And midway betwixt the earth and sky,  
The sprites of the storm ride vauntingly.

CHORUS.

Sprites of the storm and wild midnight,  
Hide not the moon, and her silvery light!  
Fly to the west, while our song we sing;  
The tempest saddens the elfn king.

MEANDEL.

O, Eolus singeth so softly and clear,  
When the crocus and snow-flake awake to hear;  
Swaying on the rocking bough,  
The birds all sleep, and their dreams we know;  
And silent beneath the waters blue,  
The silver fish list to the breeze's flow.

CHORUS.

Sprites of the storm, &c.

MEANDEL.

O, Zephyr breathes softly and tranquil at eve,  
When the cave of shadows we fairies leave;  
Gliding through the air sereno,  
We sail along to the haunts of men;  
And busy we are, though seldom seen,  
Except by the flowers in mountain glen.

CHORUS.

Sprites of the storm, &c.

Whin they had sung this, thin one played on this instrument, and another on that, until I was quite entranced and carried away with the swateness of sound, and sis I, "Ye're the very best players I iver heard!" Then did n't they laugh, and did n't I see the little twinkling eyes looking at me! But for the soul of me I could n't keep still. Thin the king took up a little wand he had with him, and threw it, and hit me on the nose with it, when it immediately grew out into a *bake* like a bird's. Thin he whistled, and what should I do but fly up into the air, and come down close by him. But the thing I was, that I don't know; for I was a little thing, no larger than a weasel, but with soft, silky hair, and wings with fine feathers. Thin I had a red and gold cloth on my back, for the king to ride on. Pretty soon says the king, "It's calmer now, and time for our troop to go." And sure, as we came above the ground, and I don't know how we came, but we were there, the sky was almost clear, and the moon shining brightly. Thin away, hurry scurry, we flew, and it's merry the good people were, and we came close by yer

house, and one of the *fairies* kicked on the windy, as perhaps ye heard. Thin away, away over the woods and the fields, and the villages, we wint. Sometimes one would fly down, and move a pebble from above a flower stem, so it could rise; thin some would light on the trees, where the birds slept, and seem to whisper to them, whin they would sing merrily for a minute or two, and then *schirr!* away wint the fairies. Once we passed into a room where a child was asleep, and it seemed sick and unquiet as it lay. But the elves stood around, and it loved to look at their bright coats and bright eyes, and they threw flowers and little stars at each other, and laughed, and the child laughed, too, and clapped its hands, and thin turned and slept soundly. "He'll be better to-morrow," said the king, and away we flew again. At one place there lived a musician. So what should the elves do, but become musquitos, and begin to dance on his pillow, and play on fiddles and flutes. In another place there was a rich man, that loved his gold more than himself. Here they opened his strong chest, and began to ride around the chamber on sovereigns, and shillings, and pence, till he groaned and kicked like a man with the nightmare. At last they threw all the pieces at him, and cracked the windy as they passed through. So around we wint the whole night, plasing and tasing. I noticed that the fairies seemed to like all that were good and had a warm heart, but made ugly and provoking dreams for those that liked to injure others. It's far and wide we wint, for we flew as swift as the swallows. We made a king and the whole royal family sneeze together. We found a fat praste, and he dreamed that he was on his back, and a whole church resting on his stomach, the organ, with a great face to it, looking out of the windies and growling at him. So towards morning, we came near back to Kilbeag, whin the king gave me a great slap on the ear; and that's the last I remember, till I found meself sitting on the rock on the hill, with the bottle beside me, as I was the last evening. Thin I wint round to the west side of the hill, and could find no bushes, and no hollow. And that's all I know of the fairies."

"Did Mr. Murphy find the bottle empty by his side?" inquired Mr. McCauley.

"So he said," replied Mr. Dougherty.

"I thought so," remarked Mr. McCauley, as he went out of the door of the cabin. \*

Dr. Good, an English writer, gives the following as the manner in which the 118th Psalm was probably sung, in the Jewish temple service. He regards it as written by David, for a thanksgiving ode, on the successful termination of the wars in which he had been engaged, to be sung by the assembled Israelites, with the priests, David himself taking a part:

*General Chorus, or House of Israel.*

O give thanks unto the Lord! for he is good;  
Because his mercy endureth for ever.

*Chorus of Priests, or House of Aaron.*

Let Israel now say,  
That his mercy endureth for ever.

*General Chorus.*

Let the house of Aaron now say,  
That his mercy endureth for ever.

*Chorus of Priests.*

Let them now that fear the Lord say,  
That his mercy endureth for ever.

*King David.*

I called upon the Lord in distress:

The Lord answered me, and set me in a large place.  
The Lord is on my side: I will not fear;  
What can man do unto me?  
The Lord taketh my part with them that help me;  
Therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.

*Chorus of Priests.*

It is better to trust in the Lord  
Than to put confidence in man.  
It is better to trust in the Lord  
Than to put confidence in princes.

*King David*

All nations compassed me about:  
But in the name of the Lord will I destroy them.  
They compassed me about:  
Yea, they compassed me about;  
But in the name of the Lord I will destroy them.  
They compassed me about like bees:  
They are quenched at the fire of thorns:  
For in the name of the Lord I will destroy them.  
Thou hast thrust sore at me,  
That I might fall: but the Lord helped me.  
The Lord is my strength and song,  
And is become my salvation.

*Chorus of Priests.*

The voice of rejoicing and salvation  
Is in the tabernacles of the righteous:  
The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

*General Chorus.*

The right hand of the Lord is exalted:  
The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

*King David.*

I shall not die,  
But live, and declare the works of the Lord.  
The Lord hath chastened mine sore:  
But he hath not given me over unto death.  
Open to me the gates of righteousness:  
I will go in to them, and I will praise the Lord:

*Chorus of Priests, opening the gate, before which the congregation had hitherto been standing.*

This is the gate of the Lord,  
Into which the righteous shall enter.

*King David, (having entered with the congregation.)*  
I will praise thee:

For thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.

*Chorus of Priests.*

The stone which the builders refused  
Is become the head stone of the corner.  
This is the Lord's doing;  
It is marvelous in our eyes.

*General Chorus.*

This is the day, which the Lord hath made;  
We will rejoice and be glad in it.

*King David.*

Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord;  
O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity.

*Chorus of Priests.*

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord:  
We have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

*General Chorus.*

God is the Lord, which hath showed us light:  
Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns  
of the altar.

*King David.*

Thou art my God and I will praise thee:  
Thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

*General Chorus.*

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good:  
For his mercy endureth for ever.

# ANECDOTES FROM THE GERMAN.

An Italian nobleman fought fourteen duels to establish his favorite point, that Dante was a greater poet than Ariost. On his death-bed he acknowledged to his confessor that he had never read a syllable of either in his life. Wonder if people ever fly into a passion in discussing musical works which they have never seen?

Dionysius the elder, king of Sicily, wrote poetry. His courtiers praised his verses to the skies; but Philoxenos, a learned man, condemned them. This enraged the tyrant so much that he sent the philosopher to the galleys. His friends, however, soon succeeded in obtaining his release, and Dionysius again invited him to his table. Not long after, the king, after dinner, read a poem he had written, and demanded Philoxenos' opinion of it. Without giving the king an answer, the sage turned to the body guard, and said, "Please carry me again to the galleys." Ignorant composers hate criticisms.

A priest being called to see a sick man, who was said to be possessed with the devil, took with him his nephew, a somewhat simple youth, who was studying for the clerical profession. He charged the young man to observe his way of speaking, and imitate him closely in his manner, that he might commit no foolish blunder. As they entered the chamber of the sick man, he called out, "Who is this saint?" "I am not yet a saint," piously observed the priest, "but hope, with God's help, some time or other to become one." "Who is this ass?" continued the possessed, turning to the nephew. The candidate, meekly hanging his head, replied, "I am not yet an ass, but hope, with God's help, some time or other to become one!"

A servant, having awkwardly upset a dish of soup, upon the costly dress of a lady who was seated at the dinner table, consoled her by saying, "Never mind, never mind, ma'am, it's of no consequence; there's a whole kettle full left!"

A Jewish spectacle merchant invited a young man to purchase a pair. "What can one see through them?" "Everything, sir, everything you wish to see, and that, too, clearly and distinctly," replied the Jew. The young man took the spectacles, set them upon his nose, and looked at the merchant and several other Jews that stood near him. "These are most villainous glasses," said he; "while looking through them one can see nothing but rogues." "Impossible!" cried the Jew, with a look of great astonishment. "Let me try them once," continued he, recovering somewhat from his surprise.—Taking the spectacles, he put them on, and looked for a moment or two steadily at the young man, then, with wonder still depicted upon his countenance, he turned to his Jewish brethren, and said, "Well, I declare, the gentleman is right."

A man who was singularly unfortunate in everything he undertook, in the height of his misery declared his belief that if he had been a hat maker, everybody would have been born without heads.

A close old gentlemen required of his servant a recommendation to the end that he could whistle well, and if one applied for the place, possessing every other qualification, he would not employ him, if he lacked this. At length some one asked the cause of this singular requisition. "When I send my servant to the cellar after wine," was the answer, "of course I send him alone, but I require him to whistle all the time he is in the cellar, that I may be sure he is not drinking the wine himself."

Music is a wonderful science. How came it on the earth? Is it the invention of man, or was Martin Luther right in calling it "the noble gift of God?" If God is its author, why did he bestow it upon man? For the dance? for the battle field? Judge ye who know its infinite resources, who have witnessed its legitimate fruits. One of the wonders of Europe is an organ, one of the stops of which imitates the musical sounds which the human voice produces. Travelers from far and near turn aside to see this wondrous sight, and to admire the skill which framed the curious machinery. Who placed a similar instrument in the throat of every human being, and for what purpose? When music is universally cultivated as it should be, the world will see and understand why "He who made the world" bestowed the power of song upon the human race. We believe sacred music possesses a power for good few have ever conceded to it. It is painful to witness the manner in which this holy art is treated, and the estimation in which it is held, among a large portion of the christian world. Not the least painful circumstances connected with it, are the obstacles, trials, and even persecutions, which those must encounter who sincerely make it their aim to bring this fallen art back to the position it was made to occupy. Such must indeed possess the spirit of missionaries; and be actuated by the motive so beautifully set forth in the following lines:

## "LIVE TO DO GOOD."

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

Live to do good; but not with thought to win  
From man reward for any kindness done;  
Remember Him who died on cross for sin,  
The merciful, the meek, the rejected One;  
When He was slain, for crime of doing good,  
Canst thou expect return or gratitude?

Do good to all; but, while thou servest best,  
And at thy greatest cost, nerve thee to bear,  
When thine own heart with anguish is oppress'd,  
The cruel taunt, the cold averted air,  
From lips which thou hast taught in hope to pray,  
And eyes whose sorrow thou hast wiped away.

Still do thou good; but for His holy sake,  
Who died for thine, fixing thy purpose ever  
High as His throne, no wrath of man may shake,  
So shall he own thy generous endeavor,  
And take thee to his conqueror's glory up,  
When thou hast shared the Saviour's bitter cup.

Do nought but good, for such the noble strife  
Of virtue is, 'gainst wrong to venture love,  
And for thy foe devote a brother's life,  
Content to wait the recompense above;  
Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,  
In mercy strong, in vengeance only weak.

Why is a composer like a field officer? Because he is never without a staff.

Why was Mozart like a mesmeriser? Because he was a compose-er.

What great piano player most resembles a sheaf of wheat? Dreyshock (dry shock.)

Who is the meanest musician the world has produced? He who was every peg a ninny (Paganini.)

Why was not John the Baptist like an important part of a hautboy? Because he was not a reed shaken by the wind.

If a man treads on his neighbor's corns, why is that like the rapid performance of a piece of music? Because it is a press toe (presto) movement.

Upon what musical instrument am I now performing? A conun drum.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, JUNE 8, 1846.

Mr. Francis Hazeltine, of Chicago, Ill., is appointed general agent for this paper, with authority to appoint other agents.

For the first year we did not expect more subscribers than we have already obtained; consequently our first numbers are exhausted. Nos. 1 and 2 are all gone. Of Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, we have a few left. With No. 8 we commenced issuing an additional thousand. If our list continues to increase as heretofore, we shall reprint the first seven numbers, so that future subscribers can receive the back numbers, if they wish.

We could make quite a story of the adventures of some of our agents. We have been much surprised, as well as amused, at the number who think a musical paper quite useful for those who do not know much, but as for them! the man does not live who can tell them anything about music which they do not already know! How much we would give for one good long look at one of these wise men. We've seen Mendelssohn, Liszt, and many others who are considered the greatest among living composers and performers; but we should like, for just once, to take a peep at a man who knows everything about music!

We have received almost enough music from various parts of the country, to last for six months. We request, we implore our friends not to send us music for the mere sake of seeing it in print. Do not send us anything which will not compare with the best published music.

Most of the German school music books contain, in the preface, a short dissertation on some important point. We have published some of them, and in future numbers shall perhaps publish more. We translate them literally, without professing to subscribe to all their assertions. Of this character were "Elementary Instruction," in No. 9, "The Formal Principle" and "Music and Poetry," in No. 8, "Singing and Temperance," in No. 5, &c. &c.

**THE CHRISTIAN MINSTREL**, a new System of Musical Notation, with a Collection of Psalm Tunes, Anthems, and Chants. By J. B. Aikin. Philadelphia, T. K. & P. G. Collins.

This work contains the usual number of hymn tunes, anthems, and chants. Of them we do not intend to speak, as they for the most part are taken from collections with which singers, in all parts of the country, are already acquainted. The notation deserves particular notice. The author says he found the old system erroneous in five particulars, viz:

1. In the improper position of the letters on the staff, and the consequent multiplication of the letters and scales one half.
2. In the multiplication of the number of scales one half, by the introduction of the minor scale.
3. In the use of flats and sharps as a signature, or sign of the key, instead of the word *key*, itself.
4. In nine varieties of measure, or modes of time, instead of two.
5. In a uniformity in the shape of the notes.

(1.) To correct these faults in the common notation, in Mr. Aikin's book the first line of the staff is C, in

every part, instead of being E in the upper parts, and G in the base. By this, learners are saved the trouble of learning the clefs, which in this work are dispensed with. (2.) Nothing is said about the minor scale, and pupils are therefore saved the trouble of learning it. (3.) The tunes have no signatures, but instead, the words "key of G," "key of A," &c., are written over each tune. Upon the old plan, Mr. Aikin says pupils are compelled to memorize the following facts:

1. If there is one sharp at the beginning of a tune, the key note, *doe*, is on G.
2. If there are two sharps, the key is on D.
3. If there are three sharps, the key is on A.
4. If there are four sharps, the key is on E.
1. If there is one flat, the key is on F.
2. If there are two flats, the key is on B.
3. If there are three flats, the key is on E.
4. If there are four flats, the key is on A.
5. But if there are neither flats nor sharps, the key is on C.

(If there is no typographical error in the above, Mr. A. is not very familiar with the old system.)

Mr. Aikin says his method "relieves the pupil from the difficulty of learning and retaining the complex method here presented."

(4.) The work under consideration has but two kinds of measure, and only one variety of each kind, 3-2 and 2-2. (5.) In the old system the notes are uniform in shape, i. e., all round. In this, patent notes, i. e., a different shape for each syllable, are used.

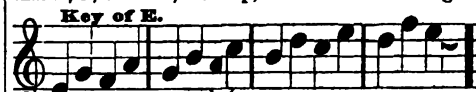
The work is got up in as good style as the best collections of church music, and contains 352 pages. We give Mr. A. credit for sincerity, and believe he thinks he has simplified the art of singing. In his preface, he says, "the difficulty of acquiring music by the old system renders the collections of music heretofore published comparatively useless." If this is so, a notation which will do away with these insurmountable obstacles, would certainly be a great public benefit. We say if this is so. That it has destroyed many a magnificent air castle. Our experience as a music teacher has been confined to Boston. We must express our conviction, that either the inhabitants of Boston are far superior to other people in natural talents, or the right understanding of the common notation forms no obstacle worthy of notice.

We believe that a new method is often brought before the public and praised to the skies, when the author knows it is all humbug. The Christian Minstrel is evidently not one of this class. Its editor certainly believes he has made an important improvement. In our opinion, however, he is greatly in error. Those things which he esteems so difficult, the children in the Boston public schools learn with the utmost ease. In seven years' experience in teaching music in these schools, the idea never entered our heads that there was any difficulty in understanding them, even with children, ten or twelve years old, and we don't believe Boston children are brighter than children anywhere else. We think they would smile, if told they could not remember the position of the letters on the staff, because they are arranged in two ways; or that they could not remember the number of sharps or flats required in the different keys. We apprehend those items are hardly worthy of being named in comparison with what they are obliged to commit to memory in their other studies.

The idea of annihilating the minor scale, because it is hard to learn, is certainly novel. It would be as hard to prove to our ears, that the minor scale has no exist-

ence, as to prove that Old Hundred has none. If there is a minor scale, why not learn it?

The strangest thing in the system, is that which dispenses with the signatures. How any one can possibly sing the following passage correctly, without knowing that F, G, C and D, are sharp, we are at a loss to imagine:



Let us, with a joyful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind.

Mr. A.'s idea is, that the singer need know nothing about the sharps. It may be said that it can be sung correctly, by thinking of the syllables. This is true, but the operation which the mind must perform in thinking of the syllables, is far more difficult than to remember the places of the sharps and flats.

We have got to No. 10 of our paper, and have been called upon to notice three new notations! How many more will appear before the end of the year, we know not. We are convinced that all who are laboring to alter the notation, are spending their strength for nought. A new set of figures would not make arithmetic easier, because the difficulties to be encountered in learning arithmetic, are in the exercises of the mind, not in the form of the figures. The difficulties in learning to sing, are not at all connected with the understanding of the written characters, and alteration of those characters can make it easier to learn to sing.

## HARMONY, NO. VIII.

In thorough base it is customary to name the chords after the letter which is the chief note; thus, if a triad has C for its chief note the chord is named "the triad of C."

It is a principle in both harmony and thorough base, that the same letters always form the same chord, no matter what position the letters are placed in. The letters C, E, and G for example, always form the triad of C, however placed, and however many parts are used. All the following chords are consequently triads of C.



Using four parts, and two staves, base and treble, write the triad of C, in every possible position.

Do the same with the triads of D, E, F, G, A, B.

We have been requested to insert the tune Jaffrey, and criticise it. We readily comply with the request. The 8th and 9th chords are incorrect, because the alto and tenor form consecutive primes, i. e., in these two chords the alto and tenor are alike. In the 9th and 10th chords the treble and tenor form consecutive octaves, and the alto and base also form consecutive octaves. In the 19th and 20th chords the treble and base form consecutive fifths. These progressions are strictly forbidden by the rules of harmony—consecutive primes and consecutive octaves because they virtually make two parts into one, and consecutive fifths on account of the harsh effect produced by them.

The above are all the positive errors in the tune under consideration. There are other passages which do not sound well, though not strictly against rule. It does not sound well for a major third to be doubled. In this tune this is done in the 3d, 4th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 10th,



13th, 15th, and 21st chords, and those chords do not sound well on this account. It does not sound well for a chord to be without a fundamental (or chief) note, as is the case with the 10th. It does not sound well for the leading note (the seventh of the scale, in this case G sharp) to descend, as is the case in the 23d chord. The leading note should ascend one degree, unless some valuable end can be obtained by allowing it to descend.



Consecutive primes, fifths, and octaves, progression which it is universally conceded do not sound well in four-part compositions.

### FROM LATE EUROPEAN PAPERS.

So many hundreds of new piano forte pieces are continually issuing from the press, that one may well suppose composers are getting short of suitable names. A piece has just appeared in Germany, entitled, "The Tobacco Cantate, by Muller." Also three pieces called "Variations on three verses in Matthew."

In Gustrow, (Germany) a tradesmen's singing society, which has been in existence for five years, was recently incorporated. Its object is the moral elevation of tradesmen, and their clerks and assistants. The meetings for practice are held twice a week. Each member pays eight schillings admittance fee, and six schillings a month afterwards. The director for the present year is a bookseller.

As the city council of Bremen refuse to make an appropriation for the support of the opera, the trustees invite all the friends of the stage to pledge ten dollars each for five years, towards meeting the deficiency in the receipts. They hope in this manner again to establish the opera in that city.

The Berlin Academy for men singers, has offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best composition for men's voices, with solos and chorus. The piece must be at least three fourths of an hour long.

Died, in Weimar, the violinist and chamber musician, *Theodor Muller*. He was born in Leipsic, in 1798. His father was the well known composer and organist of the Leipsic St. Nicholas Church, August Eberhard Muller, afterwards chapel master at Weimar. Theodor's first instruction was from his parents (his mother was also an excellent pianist and organist;) he then studied the violin with Spohr, and harmony with Hummel and Gotze. He is the author of many violin pieces, overtures, &c. In the revolution, he served as a volunteer in the army. With him the family is extinct.

Died, in Tours, *Pierre Cremona*, formerly leader of the orchestra at the comic opera, Paris. He was born in Aurillac, and at eight years of age was a fine violin player. At sixteen he went to Frankfort, and became the leader of the orchestra there. Afterwards he traveled through Poland to Russia, was appointed chapel master by the emperor of Russia, and soon took charge of the opera in Moscow. After the burning of Moscow, he traveled through Germany to Paris, where he became the leader at the comic opera. In 1830 he went to Tours as director of the Philharmonic Society in that place, which office he filled until his death.

A German named *Felicien David* is creating much notice, from a symphony of his composition entitled "The Desert." He is already ranked with Mozart and Beethoven. More recently he has composed an oratorio called "Moses on Mount Sinai," which does not

seem to sustain his reputation. It is more than probable, however, that envy and jealousy have much to do with the severe criticisms with which the oratorio has been received.

A society (Musical Fund) for the assistance of distressed musicians and their families, has existed in London for more than a century, and has now accumulated a large fund. One has recently been formed in Paris, called "Association des Artistes Musiciens." At the third annual meeting, the fund was increased more than 15,000 francs. Three hundred new members were added. The whole number of members is 1700. Three new pensions, one of 300 francs and two of 200 francs, were granted. Societies in Lyons, Strassburg, Nantes, and other places, were received as auxiliary.

An English family, named Dustin, are traveling over the continent, giving concerts upon the saxhorn (so called from its inventor, Adolphus Sax, of Paris.) The father plays the soprano horn, and the four sons, the second soprano, alto, tenor, and base horns. This quintette is said to be very popular.

The following advertisement will be interesting, as showing the course through which pupils must pass in Germany, before they can claim the title, "professor of music."

#### PRAGUE CONSERVATORIUMS.

Pupils for this institution will be received in the course of the following summer. The following instruments are taught, viz: violin, violoncello, contrabass, flute, hautboy, clarinet, bassoon, horn, trumpet, trombone. The course occupies the pupil's whole time for six years, and embraces one of the above instruments, the piano, harmony, and the necessary literary branches. Natives of Bohemia receive this instruction gratis. Foreigners are charged thirty florins (\$12) a year.

[Signed by the directors of the Society for the improvement of Music in Bohemia.]

Specimens of Psalmody: designed to illustrate some of the varieties of style in church music. By the choir of the Central Church, Boston, under the direction of Lowell Mason. Wednesday evening, May 27, 1846, commencing at quarter before 8 o'clock. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly. In all wisdom teaching and admonishing one another. Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord, in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs."—Colossians iii, 16. See Clarke on the above verse.

The above is the title page of the order of exercises at a meeting in Central Church on Wednesday evening of anniversary week. The object of the meeting was to give to clergymen and others who visit Boston during that week, a practical illustration of church music as it ought to be. As a majority of our readers are deeply interested in the subject of church music, we give a somewhat extended account of the exercises. It may be well to remark that the choir of the Central Church is, beyond all question, the best in the country, some of the principal members having been associated as members of the same choir for ten or fifteen consecutive years, all of the time under Mr. Mason's direction.

The exercises commenced by a voluntary on the organ, after which the Rev. Mr. Richards remarked from the pulpit that it was hoped the audience would not consider the exercises in the light of a concert of sacred music, but rather as an illustration of the music in their ordinary Sabbath services. Exercises in which every one might and ought to worship God, by entering in spirit into the import of the words.

The words of the metrical hymns were, with one exception, from the Church Psalmody, and the music mostly from the Psalter, the hymn and music books used in the church.

We subjoin the heading of each piece, from the printed order of exercises, with the first line of the hymn.

The great object seemed to be to throw the organ, singers, and tunes into the back ground, and place the words prominently in the foreground. In other words, the object was to make the audience feel and remember the words, without noticing the instrumentality by which they were impressed upon the mind. To our mind this object was admirably accomplished. We were particularly struck with the perfect distinctness with which the words were spoken. With ordinary attention, the printed words were quite superfluous.

#### 1. Organ Voluntary.

2. Metrical psalm. *Direct worship. Prayer for God's blessing upon his people, and for the universal success of the gospel.* Tune, Olmutz: congregational, or suited to congregational singing. Arranged from a Gregorian chant. The Gregorian tones are the oldest specimens of church music extant, and may be traced back to the primitive ages of christianity. [The congregation are requested to unite in the singing of this psalm of prayer and praise, as an introductory devotional exercise.]

To bless thy chosen race.—Psalm 67, part 2.

3. Metrical psalm. *God only to be feared and worshipped.* Tune, Udina: requiring choir performance. Key of C minor, expressive of reverence, awe, majesty.—Psaltery, p. 200.

Thy glories, mighty God.—Psalm 76.

4. Metrical psalm. *Meditative, or descriptive. Remembrance of Christ, and blessings of the Sabbath.* Tune, Zanesville: congregational. In the style of a large class of English tunes. Expressive of triumph, joy, victory. Tenor and treble inverted in different stanzas.—Psaltery, p. 96.

Again the Lord of life and light.—Hymn 459.

5. Metrical hymn. *Set to music throughout, with verse and chorus passages, for choir performance.*—Psaltery, p. 276.

With joy we hail the sacred day.—Psalm 122, part 2.

6. Psalm 99. *The reign of the Messiah celebrated—Submission of his enemies—His exaltation, holiness, power and justice. The example of Moses, Aaron, and Samuel, are introduced to encourage us in worshiping and serving our God and Saviour.* Chanted.

The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble.  
He sitteth between the cherubim; let the earth be moved.

7. Metrical psalm. *All nations exhorted to adoration and praise. Tate and Brady's versification. There is often a dignity and strength about this old versification of the psalms, rendering them exceedingly appropriate for public worship, that we look for in vain among the more polished and perhaps euphonic modern hymns.* Tune, Iosco: congregational. Composed by John Huss, who was burnt as a martyr, 1415.—Psaltery, p. 51.

With one consent, let all the earth.—Psalm 100, part 1.

8. Metrical hymn, chanted. *Searching after God. From Watts's Miscellaneous Thoughts.*—Chant book, p. 143.

Thou maker of my vital frame.

9. Metrical psalm. *Confidence and Trust in God. Direct act of worship.* Tune, Palestrina: congregational. Arranged from Palestrina, the most celebrated of the old Italian composers, 1560.—Psaltery, p. 111.

No change of time shall ever shock.—Psalm 18, part 5.

10. Selection from 72d psalm. *The church refreshed by the influences of the Holy Spirit, and flourishing under the reign of her Lord.* "There cannot be," says Sherlock, "a more lively image of a flourishing condition than what is conveyed to us in these words." Music, for three voices and chorus, by Marco Portogallo, a celebrated composer, 1790.—Psaltery, p. 286.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass,  
As showery that water the earth.  
In his day shall the righteous flourish,  
And his name shall endure forever.

11. Metrical hymn. *Meditative. Christ a High Priest; his sympathy, mercy, and power to save.* Tune, Riga: for choir performance.—Psaltery, p. 109.

With joy we meditate the grace.—Hymn 91.

12. Metrical hymn, set to music throughout. *Good-*

ness of God seen in his works. Designed for choir performance—verse and chorus. Music unpublished.

Hail, great Creator—wise and good!

13. Metrical psalm, without rhyme. Psalm 121, from Cotton Mather's "Psalterium Americanum," 1718. Tune, Kuler, consisting of common chords only, by Ravenscroft, 1620: congregational. Parts inverted in different stanzas.—*Psalter*, p. 127.

I lift my eyes up to the hills:  
from whence should come my help?  
My help is from the eternal God,  
who made the heavens and earth.

14. Psalm 96. "By common consent of Jews and christians," says Bishop Horne, "we apply this psalm to the times of the Messiah. Men are exhorted to sing his praises; to declare his salvation; to acknowledge his supremacy; to give him honor, worship, and obedience, and to publish the glad tidings of his kingdom." Bishop Lowth observes of this psalm, that "nothing can excel in sublimity the noble exultation of universal nature in these verses." Of the last two verses in particular, he says, "Poetry here seems to assume the highest tone of triumph and exultation, and to revel, if I may so express myself, in all the extravagance of joy." Chant, by Rev. Dr. Aldrich, 1710. Treble and tenor inverted in alternate verses.

O sing unto the Lord a new song;  
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.  
Sing unto the Lord, bless his name:  
Show forth his salvation from day to day.

15. Selection from psalm 71. *Prayer for support in old age, and for a heart filled with the praises of God.* Anthem. The music, which is most beautifully adapted to the words, is by Nicolo Zingarelli, maestro di cappella, at St. Peters, Rome, 1806. For choir performance.—*Psalter*, p. 282.

Go not far from me O God,  
Cast me not away in the time of age;  
Forsake me not, when my strength faileth me.

O let my mouth be filled with thy praise,  
That I may sing of thy glory and honour all the day long.

16. Occasional hymn. *Prayer for peace.* Tune arranged from a Russian melody. Choir.—*Psalter*, p. 286.

God, the all terrible, Thou who ordainest,  
Thunder thy clarion, and lightning thy sword;  
Show forth thy pity on high where thou reignest;  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

17. Doxology. *Ascription of praise and prayer for the display of God's glory throughout the world.* Is there a more beautiful, comprehensive, sublime stanza in the English language than the following? or one that more fully expresses the strongest and most ardent desires of the people of God? Tune, Old Hundred: an old French melody, author unknown. Congregational.—[Let every one unite and sing.]

Bless thou, O God: exalted high;  
And as thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth displayed,  
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

Psalm 57, part 1.

As far as we could judge, the performance of the music was perfect; but we doubt whether any one thought either of the performance or performers. The words were all in all. Let a congregation be trained to give their exclusive attention to the words, and bickering and strife will soon cease with regard to the music of the sanctuary. Where the tune and tones of the voice are considered the chief end of this exercise, though Handel, Haydn, and Mozart conducted, the congregation could not be pleased. As well might the pastor try to adapt the tones of his voice to every one's whim. The matter of the hymn should absorb attention, not the manner of its performance.

OLD MUSIC.—It is well known that some of the finest collections of unpublished church music have long existed in the papal states, especially in Rome. It is said that the pope has recently appointed a commission to examine these valuable stores and to publish the best of them. The commission having made the examination, have announced the early publication of some of the music.

## ORIGIN OF METRICAL PSALMODY.

The leading feature of the Reformation was the rendering the expressions of devotion in a language the people could understand. Luther, who was enthusiastically fond of sacred music, and who composed both hymns and tunes, appears to have entertained the notion of a metrical translation of the Psalms into the vernacular language of his countrymen. The credit, however, of taking the first decided steps in introducing metrical psalmody, belongs to a widely different character. About the year 1540, Clement Marot, a valet of the bedchamber to Francis 1st, and the favorite poet of France, tired of the vanities of profane poetry, and probably privately tainted with Lutheranism, attempted a version of David's Psalms into French rhymes. The author had no design of obtruding his translation into public worship, and even the ecclesiastical censors so little suspected what followed, that they readily sanctioned the work, as containing nothing contrary to sound doctrine. Marot, thus encouraged, dedicated his psalms to his royal master, and to the ladies of France. After a sort of apology to the latter, for the surprise he was prepared to expect they would evince on receiving these "sacred songs" from one who had heretofore delighted them with "love songs," the poet adds in fluent verse, "that the golden age would now be restored, when we should see the peasant at his plough, the carman in the streets, and the mechanic in his shop, solacing their toils with psalms and canticles; and the shepherd and shepherdess reposing in the shade, and teaching the rocks to echo the name of the Creator."

There was much more prophecy in these lines of Marot than he probably intended—certainly much more than those who first read them anticipated. In short, Marot's psalms soon eclipsed the popularity of his madrigals and sonnets. Not suspecting how prejudicial the predominant rage of psalm singing might prove to the ancient religion of Europe, the catholics themselves adopted these sacred songs as serious ballads, and as a rational species of domestic merriment. They were in such demand that the printers could scarcely supply copies fast enough. In the festive and splendid court of Francis, of a sudden, nothing was heard but the psalms of Clement Marot; and with a characteristic liveliness of fancy, by each of the royal family and the principal nobility of the court, a psalm was chosen, and fitted to the ballad tune which each liked best. Prince Henry, who delighted in hunting, was fond of "Like as the hart desireth the water brooks;" the king sang "Stand up, O Lord, to revenge my quarrel;" the queen's favorite was, "Rebuke me not in thine indignation," which she always sung to a fashionable jig.

Meanwhile, Luther was proceeding in Germany with his opposition to the discipline and doctrines of Rome; and Calvin was laying at Geneva the foundations of a system of church polity more rigid and unadorned even than that contemplated by his illustrious fellow reformer. Both appear to have been disposed to supercede the old papistic hymns, which were superstitious and unedifying, with some kind of singing in which the congregation could bear a part. The publication of Marot's psalms taking place at the precise juncture when contemplating the introduction of some kind of hymns in the vernacular language, in connection with plain melodies easy to be learned by the common people, the French being the language of the canton, the reformer forthwith commenced the use of the French Psalm Book in his congregation at Geneva. Being set to simple and almost monotonous music, by Guillaume de

Franc, they were presently established as a conspicuous and popular branch of the reformed worship. Nor were they only sung in the Genevan congregations. They exhilarated the convivial assemblies of the Calvinists, were commonly heard in the streets, and accompanied the labors of the artificer. The weavers and woolen manufacturers of Flanders, many of whom left the loom and entered into the ministry, are said to have been the capital performers of this science. Thus was the poetical prediction of Clement Marot, relative to the popularity of his psalms, literally realized. By this time, too, the catholics had become painfully sensible of the danger of allowing the people to indulge in the sweetness of religious themes taken from the scripture, to be sung in the vulgar tongue. At length the use or rejection of Marot's psalms became a sort of test between catholics and protestants. Those who used them were considered heretics; those who rejected them, were esteemed faithful.—HOLLAND.

## HENRY RUSSELL IN LONDON.

Henry Smith was for some months employed as a vocalist at Dr. Johnson's far-famed tavern in Bolt court, Fleet street. Here he sang several songs which Henry Russell had rendered popular, and some five hundred gentlemen nightly encored his style of singing, and flattered him to such an extent that he was induced to give a public concert. Smith sang all Russell's songs, and was enthusiastically encored by a crowded house. He now at once emerged from Dr. Johnson's tavern into the Hanover square rooms! This was too much for Russell, who immediately obtained an injunction, restraining Smith from publicly singing the words or music of the songs entitled "The Ship on Fire," "The Dream of the Reveller," "The Maniac," "Man the life Boat," "The Gambler's Wife," "I'm Afloat," and several others. Smith defended himself on the ground that none of the songs named were original; the one called "I'm Afloat" being an adaptation of a song called "Beautiful Rhine;" "Man the Life Boat" being set to the air of a waltz by Strauss; "The Maniac" being an adaptation from Auber, and the "Ship on Fire," containing eight consecutive measures from a song in the opera of Amelie. The injunction was served on Smith just as one of his concerts was commencing. The matter is yet to be decided before a court of law, unless Russell shrinks from the heavy expenses in which it will involve him. A law suit would probably do him more harm than good, by rendering him extremely unpopular with the public. Sympathy is already enlisted in behalf of young Smith, who has undoubtedly been persecuted by Russell. Russell's popularity is on the wane, and these law proceedings against a poor, but talented young man like Smith have heartily sickened the public with the Henry Russell style of music. It is new to us, that any one has not the right to sing published songs, when and where he pleases.

INSTRUCTIONS IN THOROUGH BASE, an easy method for learning to play church music and other four-part music, upon the organ, piano forte, and other keyed instruments. By A. N. Johnson. This work professes to impart the ability to play church music, by the common-sense method of progressive exercises, which are to be played, not written. The work differs from other works on thorough base, in the fact that everything relating to the art of writing music is omitted, as foreign to the subject. Published by Geo. P. Reed, 17 Tremont Row, Boston; Frith & Hall, 1 Franklin Square, New York; and for sale by music dealers generally. It can be easily ordered through any bookseller who orders books from New York or Boston.

## O, EOLUS SINGETH.

TREBLE. SOLO, Meandel.  
Allegretto, ma non troppo.WORDS BY J. JOHNSON, JR.  
MUSIC BY WM. MASON.

ALTO. O, E - o - lus sing-eth so lus - ty and loud, When the moon looks out from the straggling cloud; Leap - ing, hur - ry-ing, dash - ing by, The

TENOR. O, E - o - lus sing-eth so soft-ly and clear, When the crocus and snow-flake a - wake to hear; Sway-ing on the rock-ing bough, The

BASE. O, Zephyr breathes softly and tran-qui at eve, When the cave of shadows we fairies leave; Gliding through the air ae - rene, We

CHORUS.

night wind moans in the for - est tree; And midway be - twixt the earth and sky, The sprites of the storm ride vaunt-ing-ly. Sprites of the storm and the

birds all sleep, and their dreams we know; And silent be - neath the waters blue, The sil - ver fish list to the breeze's flow. Sprites of the storm and the

sail a - long to the haunts of men; And busy we are, though sel - dom seen, Ex - cept by the flowers in moun-tain glen. Sprites of the storm and the

*ff* *p* *Ritard.* *A tempo.*

wild mid-night, Hide not the moon and her sil-ver - y light! Fly to the west, while our song we sing; The tem - pest saddens the ol - den king.

**PHILIPSBURG. 8s and 7s.**

C. E. CLARK, DANVILLE, N. Y.

**Allegro.**

Yes, we trust the day is breaking; Joyful times are near at hand; }  
 God the mighty, God is speak - ing, By his word in every land. } When he chooses, When he chooses, Darkness flies at his com - mand.

9 7 4    6 4    6 6    6 6 6 7    9 7 4    6 6 7

**SPRING. 8s and 7s.**

S. ELLIS, N. ORANGE, MASS.

Earth with land - scape bright as morn - ing, Just e - merged from win - ter's gloom, }  
 Hears a - gain the joy - ful warn - ing, And a - wakes from na - ture's tomb, } Yon - der for - est gay and smil - ing,

Waves a - gain its na - tive hue, And the mead - ows look be - guil - ing, Tinged with love - ly vio - lets blue.

**JAFFREY. C. M.**

1 2 3 4 5    6 7 8 9    10 11 12 13    14    15 16 17 18    19    20 21 22 23    24 25 26    27    28

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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## Miscellaneous.

### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN EUROPE.

NUMBER FIVE.

In my last, the diligence was passing through part of Prussia, but in such darkness that it was impossible to see any of the beauties of the landscape, even if one was awake and disposed to use his eyes. At dawn we were in a fine region, diversified with steep hills, valleys and streams, showing signs of excellent cultivation. There were vineyards, where it would seem impossible for anything to grow, on places so steep that one could hardly walk up without support. A vineyard is "built" something in this way. Bough trellises, composed of posts, four or five feet high, and eight or ten feet apart, are connected by two slats, nailed across. On these the vines are trained, never being allowed to grow high, but pruned in such a way that all the sap, as far as possible, goes to the production of fruit, instead of foliage. A vineyard has a very pretty appearance at a little distance, and its care may be considered a refined employment. Vineyards in some parts of Germany, however, are the opposite of refined, cabbages and such things being cultivated between the trellises.

During the morning, at a place somewhere in Hesse Darmstadt, a great part of the passengers departed, and, I believe, the driver, whom I have forgotten to describe. Suffice it to say, that he was a lank man, with sandy, bushy whiskers, conforming to the idea that we generally have of a Connecticut tin pedlar. He was clothed in a sort of livery, which emblem of servitude seemed totally at variance with his personal appearance, and over his shoulder was slung, by a handsomely knotted cord, a horn, on which he played occasionally, whether for his own amusement or for that of the passengers, I do not know. His first blast had rather a startling effect upon me, for he played a little air which I had often heard sung at home. The impression that he was a yankee stage driver, who had changed his country for some inexplicable reason, was completely dispelled, for who ever heard a New England stage driver playing regular tunes on his horn?

A few years ago, all the German post offices belonged to the duke of Thurn and Taxis, whose head quarters were at Regensburg, (Ratisbon,) in Bavaria. Several states bought, for large sums, the privilege of regulat-

ing their own mails, but a goodly portion of all letters are still carried by persons in the employ of the same family. A great many postillions were employed, and I am told that they used to practice the horn considerably, and sometimes all present in Regensburg would be assembled at the post office, to blow their trumpets together. I do not know whether the custom still exists, but it probably does, and will give any one a pretty good idea of the tumult when Gideon and his men brake the pitchers and sounded their trumpets.

The old Jewish gentleman and I were left alone in the schnell post. Both of us were sufficiently disposed to be communicative, but we unfortunately possessed no words which could serve as a medium for conversation. In a pleasant village, we shipped a gentleman who could speak French, when we got along better. Just then, on some blue hills at a distance, could be seen several houses, the residence, I was told, of several noblemen; and below them flowed a river, which was no other than the ancient, the noble, the *free* German Rhine, the theme of many a story, and many a song. There is scarcely a spot on its banks which is not distinguished by some historical sketch, or more by a legend or ballad. In an hour we were in Mainz, on the banks of the Rhine, which looks vastly less romantic when flowing past a city than when flowing through a poetic imagination. Mainz is an ancient city, founded about the time of Drusus, the celebrated Roman general. Being at one end of the beautiful portion of the Rhine, many strangers, in these days, make it a stopping place, giving business to a number of fine hotels, which are near the river. It is a strongly fortified place, and garrisoned by Austrian and Prussian soldiers. In the uniform of the former, a white, or cream colored coat is a prominent feature, the same as a red coat is in the British army, and in the dress of the latter, blue is the predominating color. As I had little opportunity to see the city, allow me to pass with you directly through it, and over the bridge of boats which crosses the great river, to the depot of the Frankfort and Mainz, or *Taunus* railroad. A ride of an hour or so, over fertile, level fields, will bring us to my place of destination. Listen by the way to a tale about *Heinrich Frauenlob*, a minstrel of the middle ages, who hailed from Mainz. His name signifies "praise the ladies," and as it indicated the character of his poetry, the fair sex are said to have idolized him, and to have poured libations of wine and tears over his bier.

A *Schultheiss* and *Burgermasters* were the highest officers of a city, but their powers and ranks varied so much at different periods, that it is impossible to tell their exact station.

"But say, friends," said Gottfried, as it began to grow dark, "where can we find, to-night, God willing, a good night's rest?"

"I should think," replied Heinrich, "in St. Goar."—"What are you thinking of, brother?" said the painter, "we shall find better quarters in Oberwesel, near its seven stone virgins."

"Always something about the ladies," said Gottfried, smiling; "the ones in question, however, would be more social, or at least more talkative, were they made of something else than stone."

It was not long before the three friends were passing through the old antique gateway of Oberwesel, which famous town showed, by its strong walls and fortifications, at once its importance and warlike character.

The inn "Zum Grossen Roland" received the tired riders and their horses. In the "Grossen Roland" everything and everybody shone with brilliant colors and gay clothing. Throngs of people were thrusting themselves in and out. Every room seemed full of guests, eating and drinking, and it was with considerable difficulty that the friends at length obtained a little attic chamber for themselves.

"It seems here," said Gottfried, "exactly as in Nierstein. One would think that we carry festivity with us, and go about from one wedding to another."

"Wedding," hiccuped the half tipsy ostler, who lighted their way up the crazy stairs, "wedding—no wedding, your honors, but a festival at the city hall—as the masters, so the servants—jubilee in the whole town."

Hardly had the friends seated themselves, to enjoy a glass of Engcholler, (an agreeable Rhine wine of the neighborhood,) when they heard, upon the creaking stairs, heavy, important-sounding steps, and the chamber door was thrown wide open, disclosing the host, who, after respectfully ushering in a corpulent, pompous personage, decorated with all the insignia pertaining to the servant of the city council of Oberwesel, remained standing in the doorway.

"Since his newly elected excellency, the *Schultheiss*," began the official, with great gravity, "the most fear-worthy *Burgermasters*, and the honorable city council of this famed city, have understood how that two wandering masters of the noble arts of singing and playing have just arrived; since, further, such arts are well fitted to honor the day, therefore our newly elected *Schultheiss*, the two fear-worthy *Burgermasters*, and the honorable city council, send the aforesaid masters assurances of their favor, and invite them to the town-select-election-evening's entertainment, at the town-house, with the request that they will add to the pleasures of the occasion, by song and play."

After a short consultation, the young men followed the messenger, and after being duly stared and wondered at in the streets, arrived at the town-house.

The lofty hall was richly decorated, flowers and ribbons being used in profusion. Over the table where sat the council, appeared a picture of the last judgment, with the saved and lost. On both sides were portraits of the emperor, Frederick II., to whom Oberwesel owed its prosperity, in a great measure, and of King William of Holland, who gave it freedom. On the side walls, were, first a picture of Susanna and her accusers, before the judgment seat of Daniel, and lastly, the likenesses of the high civil officers who had preceded the present in the government of the town.

At the upper end of the table, which extended, in the middle, the whole length of the hall, sat the newly elected *Schultheiss*, in his festival dress. At his right, as a citizen of the free state, was the Count of Katzenellenbogen, and at the left, Knight Hartwig, of Schonberg. Next to these honorable guests were the two *Burgermasters*; next were seated the remaining members of the town government, and the table was filled

with the higher orders in the society of Oberwesel, who were waited on by a host of servants, and stared at by as many "common people" as the sides of the hall would hold.

As the three friends entered, they heard the tones of a harp, interrupted by frequent bursts of applause. At a sign from the Schultheiss, the new comers were assigned a seat near the performer. As the guests filled their cups and drained them to the toast, "Long live Master Rainbow," they whispered to each other, and examined the musician with critical glances. He had a singular, and somewhat unpleasant look about him. His misshapen head sunk down between his shoulders, and upon his breast. It was drawn a little to one side, as if by some nervous attack. His deep-set, grey eyes, gleamed obliquely from under thick, overhanging eyebrows. His remaining features were not without life and animation, but the perpetual smile that rested upon them, did not add to their beauty. Evidently not a little vain of the applause he had received, he returned the greetings of his new neighbors with an air of great condescension; a bearing which was sufficient to determine the friends not to trouble themselves any more about him. Gottfried and the painter were soon engaged in agreeable conversation with their neighbors, two fair daughters of Oberwesel, and Heinrich, lost in a reverie, looked vacantly before him.

After a little consultation with the Burgermasters, the Schultheiss arose, and informed the audience, that the council had decided to offer a prize, a cup, ornamented with the weapons of the town, to be given to the one who should prove himself the best singer and player; and that the Count of Katzenellenbogen, the Lord of Schonberg, and the eldest Burgermaster, were appointed judges on the occasion.

At a signal, the ringing of a bell, the strife commenced. Rainbow, without asking, took the precedence, as if it belonged to him. His introduction showed a well-practiced hand. It was, however, intended merely to astonish, and was, therefore, filled with all sorts of ornaments and cadences. The same was true of his singing. He seemed to delight in springing from one extremity of his voice to the other, now using the lower base tones, now the higher tones of the falsetto.

As his last chord was heard, accompanied with much applause, he threw a triumphant, almost compassionate glance, at those who were to follow him.

"My best picture," cried the painter, "if you win the prize!" Frauenlob begged Gottfried to precede him. After a few chords upon his lute, the singer began the ballad, which tells of seven beautiful maidens who were turned into stone. As it cannot be given in English poetry, allow a prose version of the story.

In the days of chivalry and romance, there lived, in a strong castle which overlooked the Rhine, seven maidens of wondrous beauty. These sisters were fairer than lilies and roses. Indeed, though they might be compared to a cluster of flowers, yet nothing not human could compare with their exceeding loveliness. You may well think that the maidens did not remain unobserved. From all parts of the country came young knights, anxious to show their valor and skill, and to win the hearts of the beauties that shone like seven stars from the castle on the rock. But, alas! soft hearts do not always go with fair faces. In a spirit of wicked coquetry, the fair ones returned contempt for love, and tantalizing answers to the passionate suits of their admirers.

At length, weary of such treatment, and angry at the ill success of their efforts to win by gentle means, a band of knights encamped around the castle, and, after seven bloody days' fighting, captured it, with its fair inmates. It was agreed that chance should determine to whom each captive should belong. By the joyous feast, and amid the clinking of the wine cups, the lots were drawn; and as they made ready for the marriage ceremony, the fortunate ones to whom the maidens had fallen, asked for their brides. "In the court behind the castle," said the maid of the ladies, "they are waiting to know their fortune." The knights followed her to the court, and found there, not the brides—but their statues! A taunting laugh sounded from the Rhine, and there, in a little skiff, the maidens were seen, already almost at the opposite shore.

The curses of the disappointed knights rolled over the river; but a fiercer sound came from heaven, where storm clouds were heaped in appalling blackness.—Thunder echoed from cliff to cliff, and lightning darted incessantly through the air.

Alarmed and penitent, the sisters cried to God amid the gushing rain, "Save us, Lord, save us! Is it thy will that death shall meet us, while yet so young?"

The knights saw a flash descend on the boat in the stream, which was immediately broken, and scattered on the waves, which soon closed upon those whose hands they had hoped to possess.

But as the darkness passed away, and the sun shone upon the hills along the river, the maidens, changed into rough stone, arose from the waters. And they still are there, a danger to the boatman, and a warning to those who trifle with affection.

A scornful laugh, from Rainbow, accompanied the applause which followed this ballad, peculiarly attractive to the inhabitants of Oberwesel, because of their neighborhood to the scene of the tale.

The look, and the masterly style of Heinrich, hushed the audience at once to the deepest silence. He sang the praise of woman, around whose character he seemed to throw a flood of radiance and beauty. Unbounded applause, accompanied by the smiles and approving glances of the flattered daughters of Eve who were present, rewarded the singer, and foretold his victory.

The judges arose, amid the sound of trumpets, the servant of the council advanced, with uplifted staff, towards the singers, and directed Heinrich to ascend to the judges' seat.

"Much honored master," said the Schultheiss, as he presented the victor with the prize, which rested upon a salver covered with flowers, "to you belongs, in the opinion of the honorable judges, the prize. Take it, and may it be a pleasant memento of our Oberwesel."

A triple blast of trumpets and horns resounded, as Frauenlob, with the words "health and prosperity to Wesel," raised the cup to his lips; and "Long live Frauenlob!" echoed, in answer, amid the arches of the ancient hall.

The painter and Gottfried, delighted, embraced the youth as he returned to his place. The evil-eyed Rainbow was, however, nowhere to be seen.

It was already late, and the comrades, thinking of the next day's journey, silently withdrew, during the preparations for the dance. As they entered the antechamber of the dancing hall in their inn, they descried the vanquished singer, who was drinking amid a crowd of peasants, whom he had been amusing with drinking and love songs.

"Is that you, fellow?" cried the half-tipsy singer, "curses and plague be on you! you have stolen the prize from me." And he advanced, with clenched fists, amid the applauding murmurs of his pot companions, toward his rival.

"Go to bed, and sleep it off," replied Heinrich, coolly, "you can do me no harm." As he turned to leave the chamber, Rainbow raised his arm to strike. The painter seized it, and Gottfried placed himself as a barrier before his friend. The peasants sprang forward to assist their companion; and though the swords of the trio kept them for a moment at bay, there was little room for the swing of weapons, and there might have been serious results, had not just then a stentor voice cried "Hold!"

Every arm sank, as if lamed. All eyes were directed to the door, in which the pompous servant of the council, with uplifted staff, was entering. "You," cried he, sternly, to Rainbow, "you dare to disturb the peace and quiet of this free city, and especially on this festival day! You have our permission to leave it, immediately, and you may thank this respectable occasion that you escape so easily."

Pale from anger, unable to speak a word, the harpist grasped his instrument, and rushed into the street.

After a short night's rest, the three companions pursued their journey down the Rhine. \*

From the Western Episcopalian.

### ON SACRED MUSIC.

Very erroneous opinions prevail with regard to the design of sacred music, in connection with the public services of religion. It is not intended, as many seem to imagine, for the entertainment of the hearers; the place and the occasion are equally repugnant to such an idea. And yet no doubt it should be so conducted as not to be disagreeable to the ear, but the reverse, else the real end in view will not be attained. It is not designed to arouse the congregation from physical and mental torpor at certain intervals during the service, when they may be supposed to require such a stimulus. Neither is it introduced for the purpose of filling up agreeably a pause in the religious exercises, that the minister may have a moment of rest, and the congregation a short relaxation from the severities of devotion. Its aim is far higher and nobler than any one or all of these. Its design is to produce a deep and lasting moral impression upon every soul present, to convey religious truth to the mind and heart, clothed in the most attractive garb and accompanied with the thrilling and almost irresistible tones of an earnest and commanding elocution. In this respect it is eminently calculated to become a powerful auxiliary to the minister of the gospel, in dispensing the word of life.

Another and equally important design of sacred music in public worship is to quicken, animate and enliven the feelings of devotion, as well in those who hear as in those who sing; to give wings to the soul in her ascent to the mercy-seat on high. "It was," says the judicious Hooker, "for the raising up of men's hearts and the sweetening of their affections toward God, that the prophet David, having had singular knowledge, not in poetry alone, but in music also, judged them both to be things necessary for the house of God; and left behind him for that purpose a number of divinely-indited poems; and was further the author of adding unto poetry melody in prayer, in which consideration the church of Christ doth likewise at the present day retain it as an ornament to God's service, and an help to devotion."



When choice devotional compositions are suitably sung, appropriate words and appropriate musical sounds unite their powers; and if both the one and the other separately assist devotion, surely their united effect must be great. This was sensibly felt by Augustine, when, on entering the church of Milan, he heard the Ambrosian chant. "The sounds," said he, "flowed in at my ears; truth was distilled into my heart; the flame of piety was kindled, and my tears flowed for joy." I regard the psalmody of the church as an *act of worship*, which we should aim to perform in the most solemn, impressive, and devotional manner. I regard it as a highly important *means of grace*, and we have abundant evidence to prove, that when engaged in, as all religious exercises should be, with deep and lively devotional sensibility, it is a most efficient auxiliary to religion. At the same time, it must be confessed that far less frequently than it ought, does it accomplish the high purposes for which it was designed, and which it is adapted to produce. This, however, is not owing to the feebleness of the instrument, but to the mistaken notions, the thoughtlessness and the indifference of those who employ it.

Let it not be supposed that all which goes under the name of christian psalmody is calculated to inspire devotional feelings. In order to render the music of the sanctuary what it ought to be, something more is necessary than a knowledge of its elementary principles, and the possession of a musical ear or of a musical voice. In singing the songs of Zion, there should be a distinct enunciation of the poetry. The bible requires that all the services of God's house, and of course the psalmody, should be of such a nature and so conducted as to promote edification. But how can the singing be performed to edification, when the words are so indistinctly uttered, or so run into each other, as not to be heard, and if heard, not understood? For all the purposes of edification, the words accompanying the music might in a vast majority of cases, as well belong to an unknown tongue. It should be remembered that the poetry is not added for the purpose of giving greater effect to the music, but music proposes to add something to the poetry. It proposes to assist in enforcing the sentiment by a distinct and impressive enunciation. The words therefore are entitled to our first attention and to the most commanding position, and the music should occupy an important, but yet secondary post. How often now is all this entirely overlooked by those who conduct this part of public worship? The music, in too many instances, is everything; the poetry nothing.

In order to a correct and forcible enunciation, care should be taken to observe the *natural pauses* in the poetry; otherwise the sense will be obscured and lost. Special regard should also be paid to *accentuation*. Those syllables which usage requires to be accented in reading, should receive such a marked stress of voice, as to render them perfectly distinct to the hearers, even though to effect this, it should be necessary to transgress the common laws of musical accent; while those syllables which are unaccented should be passed over lightly, even though they happen to fall upon the accented parts of the measure. The *emphasis* required by particular words, is necessary to be distinctly marked in singing, in order to give full effect to the sentiment. Equally important is *expression*. This is giving to music that particular force and feeling which the sentiment requires. Judicious expression is indeed the very soul of vocal music, and can only be the result of natural feeling combined with a refined taste, and correct

judgment. Expression does not relate so much to particular words in a sentence, as to the precise idea and sentiment conveyed by the whole sentence. It is true, the appropriate expression of the whole is conveyed in a degree by appropriate emphasis on particular words; but it is not simply the *words* which demand emphasis, but the *thought*. There is a style of singing appropriate to the expression of every sentiment. But the sentiment varies essentially in consecutive verses of the same hymn, and sometimes in consecutive lines of the same verse. Now you cannot change the tune to correspond with all these changes of thought and feeling. The particular tune must be selected in reference to the general character of the hymn; but the object may in a good degree be attained by varying the style of performance. In order to this, the singer should of course fully comprehend the sentiment which he is about to express. And what is still more important, he should strive to enter into the true spirit of the thought. To sing effectively he must sing with *real emotion*. There are singers whose voices may be tuned to as sweet harmony, and who can pour forth strains as exactly modulated, and of as great extent of compass, as the notes of an organ—and with as little feeling too. Without the kindlings of the spirit within, music can neither be performed, nor listened to with any effect. We must realize the sentiment we would express. We must enter fully into its import. We must make it our own, reproducing it as it were from the deep fountain of our own hearts, and then express it under the influence of the holy feeling it inspires.

#### TELEMANN,

One of the greatest of German musicians, born at Magdeburg, 1681, like Handel, discovered an early passion for music, and while he was at school, had, like him, made great progress in the art, contrary to the inclinations of his friends; but though he played on almost every kind of instrument, and had attempted to compose an opera at twelve years of age, yet, in obedience to the positive commands of his mother, on whom, as his father was dead, he was solely dependent, at about the age of twenty he solemnly renounced his musical pursuits, though with the greatest reluctance, and set out for Leipsic, in order to study the law in that university. In the way thither, however, he stopped at Halle, where, he says, "from my acquaintance with Handel, who was already famous, I again sucked in so much of the poison of music as nearly to overset all my resolutions. Handel was now sixteen years of age, somewhat younger than myself. After leaving him, I persevered in the plan prescribed by my mother, and went to Leipsic to pursue my studies, but, unfortunately, was lodged in a house where I perpetually heard music of all kinds, which, though much worse than my own, again led me into temptation. A fellow student finding among my papers a psalm which I had set to music, and which, in sacrificing all my other illicit attempts at composition, had chanced to escape oblivion, he begged it of me, and had it performed at St. Thomas Church, where it was so much approved, that the mayor desired I would compose something of this kind every fortnight; for this I was amply rewarded, and had hopes, likewise, given me, of future advantages of much greater importance. At this time I happened to be reminded of the solemn promise I had made my mother, for whom I had a great reverence, of utterly abandoning all thoughts of music, by receiving from her a draft for my subsistence, which, however, I re-

turned, and, after mentioning the profitable and promising state of my affairs, earnestly intreated her to relax a little in the rigor of her injunctions concerning the study of music. Her blessing on my labors followed, and I was now half a musician again. Soon after, I was appointed director of the opera, for which I composed many dramas, not only for Leipsic, where I established the college of music which still subsists, but for Loran, Frankfort, and the court of Weissenfels. The organ of the new church was then just built, of which I was appointed organist, and director of the music. This organ, however, I only played at the consecration or opening, and afterwards resigned it as a bone of contention for young musical students to quarrel and scramble for. At this time the pen of the excellent Kuhnau served me for a model in fugue and counterpoint; but in fashioning subjects of melody, Handel and I were continually exercising our fancy, and reciprocally communicating our thoughts, both by letter and conversation, in frequent visits we made to each other."

According to Telemann's dates, all this must have happened between the years 1701 and 1703, when Handel, quitting Halle, arrived at Hamburg, a place too distant from Leipsic for frequent visits between these young musicians; Halle being but twenty-four miles from Leipsic, while Hamburg is at least two hundred.

The chapel master in Frankfort on the Maine, in Germany, has been in his station for twenty-five years. It being customary, among the Germans, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of everything, the completion of the quarter of a century of Mr. Guhr's service was the occasion of a jubilee, which well deserves description. There were three acts (as the account from which we translate says,) to the festivities. First, at noon, towards a thousand people assembled in the great saloon of the Weidenbusch hotel, to welcome the hero of the occasion. A double file of ladies, dressed in their best, bordered the way to the decorated seat he was to take. The orchestra of the theatre, that of the instrumental society, a glee society, and a number of other singers, stood ready, and as the chapel master entered the hall, greeted him with the full power of instruments and lungs, while a shout of "long live Guhr!" resounded, with the music, through the room. After an address, by Mr. Reger, several presents, consisting of a silver lyre, with seven strings, upon a pedestal, and surrounded by a wreath of silver laurel, with twenty-five golden berries, and an elegant garden table and chair, were brought to view. At the end, a "fest cantate" was performed. All the windows were darkened, so that at the entrance of Mr. Guhr the effect might be increased by the sudden flare of a great number of gas lights. An "arch of triumph" was the most striking thing that met the eye. It was adorned with emblems of the art, and in the back ground was seen a colossal Apollo, resting on the clouds. The hall was also adorned by transparencies of the old masters.

In the evening there was a banquet and ball, and several evenings after, an opera was given, for the benefit of the chapel master.

Numerous presents were received; among them, silver cups, a staff to beat time with, albums and other articles, in such abundance, indeed, that it was said a small fair might be instituted, with them for stock.

How much of real affection or respect there was in these ceremonies, it is difficult to say, as a good share of those who arranged the festival, depend for the comfort, if not the safety of their situations, upon the individual they flattered.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1846.

## THE PIANO.

We have had it in contemplation for some time, to write a series of articles on piano-forte playing, calculated, especially, to direct and assist those in the first year of their progress, and also to remove some difficulties which lie in the way of those who are commencing to teach. *How* to write this series, is the question. We can give all the principles of playing, in the form of an essay, which will make the true method clear, and answer most of the objections to that method. Such an essay would, no doubt, be interesting to those pretty far advanced in the study of music, and to readers of cultivated minds, who like to come at a truth by the shortest way, though that way be arid and difficult, over rocks and through brambles. We hope, however, that these articles will meet the eye of many young players, who have not, generally, the patience to follow a writer through a series of abstractions. This class do not like to take the dry and dusty highway, in passing from place to place, but rather prefer the by-path, which leads through field and wood, among the flowers and by the streams. We cannot blame their taste, nor help thinking that they often arrive at the place of destination full as soon as the highway traveler, from the increased celerity which *pleasure* gives to their footsteps. It seems best, then, on the whole, to write in a familiar style, so that all may understand; and if we make anything too plain, we hope to be forgiven. It is not pretended that our way of teaching is the *only* way, or that the theory we advance is advocated by every great teacher. As very little of it, however, is original with us, it is due to the distinguished sources from whence it came, to say that persons practicing in the way we recommend, have become some of the very best players in the world. We think that Liszt, Thalberg, and Mendelssohn, would endorse the opinions which we are the medium of imparting to our readers. We have been so highly favored as to hear the performances of a number of pianists who rank in the first class, and of reading and hearing criticisms on them, by persons in whose judgment we have great confidence; and in every instance, so far as those players violated the principles which we were taught to think right, just so far they were condemned by the critics; and just so far as they held to those principles, so far they were approved and applauded. Thus much in defence of our theory.

While feeling grateful that we have been led in the right way, it only remains to put aside all undue assumptions of merit on our part, to acknowledge the services of our excellent teacher in Germany, to whose care, patience, and good taste, we owe most of our knowledge of the instrument we teach.

Do not expect, after this preface, to hear anything wonderful. The principles of gravitation, of attraction, and expansion, are all very simple, and so are those which draw tones from the piano.

## THE PIANO-FORTE TEACHER.

## CHAPTER ONE.

"Father, father, where are you?" cried Charlotte May, as she burst into the entry, threw her books and bonnet on the table, and in a moment looked into the parlor, the study, and the dining room.

"Here I am, my daughter," said a pleasant voice by the window, where the speaker was screened by a book

case from the view of the impatient girl; "here I am; what's the matter?"

"O father, mayn't I—please to let me learn to play," replied she, her face glowing at once with excitement and exercise.

"Learn to play," said he, pretending not to understand her; "why, I think you are pretty skillful at all kinds of games, now."

"No, father, you know what I mean; I want to learn the piano."

"How can you learn the piano, when we have none in the house?"

"Well, but, father, you can get one."

"That's true. Suppose you go up to the manufactory, and ask if they will give you one."

"But I must have some money, you know."

"How much?"

"I don't know. How much do piano fortes cost, father?"

"I presume you can get a good one for two or three hundred dollars."

Charlotte's countenance fell. She had never thought of the expense, and the idea that the gratification of her wish would cost so much to her parents, was an unpleasant one. However, it was not the purpose of her father to discourage her. When he first saw her animated countenance, and heard her first question, he was more than half decided. Indeed, he and Mrs. May had already had some consultations on the subject which was now brought so abruptly to his notice. But he wished to give his daughter the idea, that it was no trifling thing to commence a course of lessons; so that, feeling the importance of the subject, she might be more willing to make the exertion requisite to become a correct player. In pursuing his questions, he endeavored to ascertain whether her wish sprang from a real love of music, or whether it was a desire which would vanish at the first hard lesson.

"What put this notion into your head?"

"Why, two or three of the girls at our school take lessons, and it sounds so beautifully when they play; that is, one of them thumps on so hard, and gallops over the notes so fast, that I don't like her playing. Her mother says she is too flighty, and don't mind her teacher. But the others *do* play sweetly; it sounds just like singing, father. I was at Ellen Gay's when her teacher came in, and he told me that he thought I could learn very correctly. He didn't say *easily*, but I should be willing to work hard. I thought, as I was coming home, how beautiful it would be to learn pieces and play to you in the evening, when you are at home; and then I could learn the psalm tunes that they sing on Sunday, and you and mother and I could sing them, just like the choir. But if it's going to cost so much I don't know as it's worth while."

Mr., or rather Dr. May, was pleased at several things in his daughter's reply. First, the discrimination she showed between *music* and mere execution on the piano, betokening a refined taste. Second, the willingness to labor to attain a favorite object. Third, the pleasure expressed in the wish to make her attainments conducive to the pleasure of others. And fourth, in the disinclination to let music interfere with other things, or be a source of unnecessary expense. He was pleased, not only because he saw signs of a mind correctly balanced, but because he believed Charlotte possessed perseverance enough to make a good player, whatever her natural capacities might be. Indeed, a piano-forte teacher, accustomed to observation in this respect, can

generally guess pretty nearly what will be the progress of any person with whom he is acquainted, even before that friend has touched an instrument, in the way of practice. So necessary are those qualities, which impel persons forward in other pursuits, to the successful study of music. And vice versa; the powers of mind and character, which a careful and thorough course of musical study develops, are of no little aid in other departments of science, and in the common walks of life. The father promised his daughter to think and consult on the subject, and to give her his decision in a few days.

Dr. May was a man with not a very brilliant intellect, but with a great deal of common sense, and accustomed to form an opinion for himself, on all subjects, without borrowing the component parts of that opinion from others. Thus, in the present case, he did not *first* inquire what was the general practice in society, with reference to the musical instruction of the young, but made that one of the last considerations. As his reasoning is likely to be correct, let us follow the operations of his mind, in the hope that others, who debate on the same subject, may be assisted thereby. It is necessary to premise, that both he and his wife had a moderate knowledge of music, having sung in the choir of their church until within a few years. The children of parents who can sing a little, by the way, usually learn with more ease, other things being equal, than those from unmusical families.

"I consider," thought the doctor, "that this daughter of mine, with her immortal spirit, is a gift from God, to remain under parents' care and authority for a while, that they may educate her, and develop every faculty as far as they may, chiefly that she may fill a high station of usefulness while she lives. I have not the gift of prophecy, and cannot tell where she may be, or what she may be called to go through, in after life. So it seems best to use every means and make her as perfect as possible, well assured that a well-balanced mind and character is equal to every emergency. In this scheme of education there are several departments to be attended to. First, her intellectual capacities, in all their variety, must be expanded. I notice that every one has occasion to reckon, to compute time, to argue, to remember conversations, dates, incidents; that every one finds advantage in the choice use of language; in being able to fix the mind on anything; in having, as it were, a map of the world in the mind, to refer to. Therefore I let my daughter study arithmetic and algebra, commit to memory pieces of prose and poetry, cause her to read, to become acquainted with grammar and geography. In order to make rapid progress in these branches, it is necessary that she should confine her mind to what she is about; should be diligent, and persevering. These half-moral qualities, developed in school, will, by a collateral action, prepare her to triumph over many serious obstacles in her future career. Had my daughter been born blind, or deaf and dumb, it would have been a great affliction. But since it is not so, it is clearly my duty to educate her faculties. She must learn to distinguish colors, forms, proportions, distances; in other words, she must become acquainted with drawing and painting, and geometry. She must be able to discern different tones of voice, and the varying ones of instruments, and be accustomed to listen to every variety of sound, so that, even in walking across a field, around which birds and insects are flitting, her mind may not be unemployed. She must be mistress of her voice; in short, she must go

through processes by which the muscles and nerves of the eye, the ear, and the mouth must be under good control. Her taste, too, must not be neglected. She must be made to love study and schools, and prefer every refined and beautiful thing, else her education will be a failure. In order to accomplish this, the dryer portions of study must be mixed with something interesting. Her moral tastes must not suffer. When she wishes to do a thing with an unselfish end, she must be encouraged. It is cause of great gratitude, that we have succeeded so far, that she loves most studies, and loves her school; in which latter effect we have to thank, not a little, the songs which have lately been in use during school hours, the singing of which raises the spirits and purifies the blood, and the moral sentiments of the words of which have a gentle, almost imperceptible, but I believe powerful effect, in moulding the character. If Charlotte practices the piano in a proper way, she will call into exercise patience, perseverance, concentration of thought, the ability to keep time; in short, it will be a good training of the mind. Another advantage will be, she will have all that time usefully employed which is not necessary for rest, or active physical exertion, thus rendering her less liable to become a tattler or a gossip, which I hope the taste which music aids in refining will also prevent. The tones which I hope she will be able to produce, may drive away many moments of gloom from our family. So—"said he, as he took his hat, and stepped out to see a patient—but we will not follow him nor his soliloquy. We hope to prove, in other places, that piano playing is not the useless accomplishment it is said to be, and that those good, sensible, but uncouth philosophers, who would run a plough through their refined neighbor's flower garden, and put a wash tub in his parlor, are a little out of the way.

One sunny afternoon Charlotte found the book case in the sitting room moved into a corner, and a handsome piano, with a green cloth spread nicely over it, in its place.

HENRY LITOLFF is a young piano forte player, who is just now awaking a great deal of interest in Europe. A short account of him may not be uninteresting. He was born in London. His mother was an Englishwoman, his father a French soldier. He began to learn the piano when twelve years old. His teacher was not a very skillful one, but still he made such progress, that Moscheles, accidentally becoming acquainted with his abilities, was interested to such a degree, that he took charge of the young artist's education. Remaining three years under the care of this excellent instructor, he attained a high rank as a player, and a good knowledge of composition. Afterwards, before bringing his talents before the public, Litolf practiced and studied, for three years, quite alone, in a little town in France. Having thus gone through a thorough course of preparation, he made his first appearance in Paris, in the conservatory, where his performances were highly approved. From Paris he proceeded to Brussels, where he also awakened quite a sensation. The young musician next made a journey to Warsaw, but could not play, owing to a sickness, which affected him to such a degree that he was obliged to give up playing, and during three years filled the station of chapel master in the national opera house. Afterward, before his recent concerts in Berlin, he was dangerously ill with a complaint of the chest.

He has composed a concerto in B minor, which is spoken very highly of, as a work of art and genius. \*

"What news from the stars, to-night?" said Sultan Muzma to his astrologer, as he stood on one of the turrets of the palace, now gazing at the heavens, now casting mystic figures on his horoscope. "A strange thing, your highness," replied he, "sixteen musicians were born yesterday, and all in the dominions of Muzma." "Sixteen musicians! That is too great an affair to be lightly passed over. Go," said the sultan to a slave, "call Abelodraphan, the oldest counsellor of my court." When the sage arrived, and had heard the strange tidings, Muzma inquired whether it was not best to order a general illumination, in token of gratitude to Alla for the distinguished gift which had descended on the country. "Request the astrologer to inquire, whether these musicians will be learned in their profession, and whether they will know aught else but music," said the wise man. "The constellations," replied the astrologer, "denote considerable talent, but give no great promise of a high degree of industry, nor of great attainments in other respects." "Then," added Abelodraphan, "I would humbly advise, that all the infants should be found, and cast into the Tigris. According to the doctrines of metempsychosis, they will then become singing birds, and still delight the ears of your subjects with song. Whereas, if you let them live, there is no telling the trouble, and dissension, and discord they will make. For I have noticed, that while diligent and learned masters of the art are always humble, and live in good will toward one another, half-instructed musicians are vain and quarrelsome, while an ignorant artist is but half a man, and had better be a bird."

#### FROM LATE EUROPEAN PAPERS.

Mr. Robert Brooks, jr., of St. Albans, Eng., has invented an apparatus called the "clavic attachment," to be affixed to that part of the violin called the finger board. The ordinary finger board of the violin offers no assistance to the performer. His ear is his only guide, and if that is not sensitive, unmusical sounds are produced. With the old finger board, the violin student must devote months of arduous attention, before he can "stop in tune," and, in many instances, a naturally good ear is spoiled by its habituation to false intonation. This alloy has been greatly felt and lamented. Mr. Brooks has removed perhaps the greatest obstruction to the study of the violin. The clavic attachment consists of a perforated board. In each perforation is a key, supplied with a string which causes it to rise after being pressed on the spring. Each key is placed with mathematical precision over that part of the string from which the notes are produced; hence false intonation is impossible.

SOME OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED PERFORMERS NOW BEFORE THE EUROPEAN MUSICAL PUBLIC.—*Liszt*, the prince of pianists, by birth a Hungarian, now about thirty-six years of age. *Rubini*, the prince of tenor singers, an Italian, about sixty years of age. The present year he has retired from the stage with a princely fortune. The managers of the queen's opera, London, have endeavored to tempt him from his retirement for one season more, by sending him a written contract, with the salary left blank, to be filled by himself with any sum he thinks proper. *Jenny Lind*, a wonderful soprano singer, a young lady, and a native of Sweden, now performing in Berlin. She was engaged at an immense price, to perform in London, but broke her engagement, assigning as a reason, her ignorance of the English language. *Madame Peyer*, a won-

derful pianist, a German, now performing with astonishing success in Brussels. *Thalberg*, *Chopin*, *Herr*, the best composers for the piano, and celebrated performers on that instrument. *Moscheles*, a distinguished pianist, a German, but for many years resident in London. *Lablache*, the best living base singer. He is an Italian, and weighs nearly five hundred pounds. *Clara Novello*, the best English soprano. *Mendelssohn*, a German, thirty-nine years of age, a superior organist and pianist, and the best living composer. *Vieux temps*, esteemed the greatest of living masters of the violin. He has recently published two concertos for that instrument, which have created a great sensation on the continent. *Meyerbeer*, a German, and a distinguished composer, now resident at Berlin, where he is conductor of the king of Prussia's opera.

*Dragonetti*, the celebrated performer on the double base, has recently deceased in London, at the age of about ninety. Mozart's Requiem, Rossini's Stabat Mater, and one of his own compositions, were performed in honor of his memory. He was undoubtedly the greatest performer on the double base that ever lived. To his brilliant example we owe the many fine performers, who, seeing what was to be done, were stimulated to the trial of their own abilities. He was for many years the principal double base performer at the royal opera, and his loss is severely felt by those with whom he has been so long associated. Dragonetti possessed an inexhaustible store of fun, and was most jocular in his habits; but the way in which he indulged in his humor was superlatively droll—an indescribable *patois* of three or four languages, jumbled up together; for although he resided in London for nearly a half century, he never could master the difficulties of the English language, and gave up the attempt as a bad job. He had a great horror of mice, and the following laughable incident occurred to him on the occasion of his being engaged at one of the great musical festivals: Dragonetti arrived late in the evening. Previously to the announcement of the festival, the inns were crowded with guests, and great was Il Drago's consternation on being informed that a mattress on the floor of an attic was the only accommodation that could be afforded him. On retiring to his dormitory, his double base, of which he never lost sight, was his first care. Taking it from its case, he ascertained that it had suffered no damage in the transit. He then addressed himself to repose. Just as he was thinking of going to sleep he heard the scampering of his tiny tormentors in every direction. Up started Il Drago from his pallet, reflecting that there were no friendly bed-posts to raise him above the arena of his foes, seizing a portion of his dress not nameable to ears polite—whisk, whisk, right and left, round and about he wielded his weapon; away scampered his enemies, and down sank our friend, exhausted with the effort. On the eve of dozing off he was again assailed with the war-cries and tramp of his foes; and the same scene was repeated again and again. No sooner did Il Drago disperse the invaders, and seek repose after his victory, than they threw out their light skirmishers again.

At last, infuriated by their attacks, hopeless of rest, worn out and nearly vanquished, in the madness of despair he sprang for his mattress and seized his double base. In a moment a torrent of unearthly sounds echoed through the house; his object was effected, for his enemies fled, and at the same time every bell was in motion, and night-capped heads appeared from every door. Our friend, exhausted by his exertions, had retired to his pallet, and made no sign; the commotion subsided,

and Il Drago slept in peace. The morning came, and the usual inquiry was made if he had rested comfortably; the landlord wondering that he had not been disturbed by the unearthly noises which had frightened all the inmates from their propriety, and banished sleep from their eyelids. Dragonetti said nothing until his return to town, when the details of his adventure with the mice, in *his own patois*, caused many a hearty laugh.

From the Boston Journal.

In some interesting "musical sketches" which were furnished some years ago, by M. Mainzer, the author gives some valuable information relating to the musical taste of the peasantry in the Tyrol, and in Saxony—where a certain degree of scientific musical education forms a part of the scheme of popular instruction—where the same men who guide the plough and wield the flail, may be found, on Sundays, executing, with a wonderful precision, the difficult works of modern composers. "It was to such men," observes M. Mainzer, "that Sebastian Bach, on Sundays, intrusted the execution of the hymns, motets, offertories, and graduals, composed within the week—works which artists recognize as presenting the greatest difficulties; and more than one musician would, doubtless, be embarrassed, if called upon to execute them at sight, though an age of musical experience has passed since their creation."

He gives an interesting anecdote, illustrating the wonderful accuracy of some of these performers, and explaining the manner by which they acquire great skill in keeping time. Claudius, the author of the popular song, "*Am Rhein, am Rhein da wachen uns' re Reben*," chanced one holiday to be in a village church among the mountains of Thuringia; they were performing there a mass with fugues. He relates how much he was astonished with the precision of their performers, and their unshakable firmness in time. He approached the organist, and begged to be permitted to touch the organ. The other, surprised, looked at him suspiciously, as if he would measure the stranger's capacity. It was only after the repeated entreaties of an important personage—the churchwarden of the parish—that he quitted his seat, only yielding his place key by key, finger by finger. Claudius attempted to throw out the performers in their time; in an instant they were aware of the absence of their organist. Each kept one eye attentively fixed on his music desk, from time to time glancing stealthily with the other towards the organist, smiling maliciously the while. After all was over, the astonished Claudius approached an old man who was among the first violins, and asked him how they had been able to acquire such precision of time. "It is by *threshing*," replied he; "if there are two of us, we keep a time of two beats; if three, that of 3-4, or 3-8; if four, that of common time; if six, that of 6-4, or 6-8; and if it happens by chance," added he, with a sardonic smile, "*that a flail comes in out of time, it does not disconcert us*."

We are also told that there exists in Germany particular bodies of craftsmen, among the members of which music is cultivated with more than common zeal. Such is the case, for instance, in some porcelain manufactories at Echernach, at Metloch, on the banks of the Sarre. The miners are, in particular, distinguished by their knowledge of music. But what surprised M. Mainzer most, was to find the art cultivated in places where the people were entirely deprived of the means of instruction. He was told of a man who, without having ever had the least instruction in music, had

learned it alone, and seemed to have fed his children with it at an age, when most children are fed on milk only. This man, named Grassl, resided in a secluded place not far from Salzburg. He describes the visit to this musical family as follows:

"On our road to the dwelling which had been pointed out to us, we heard some Tyrolean songs, often accompanied on the *Zitter*. At last we arrived at the cottage; it was shut up. We knocked in vain; no one answered us. The whole family, Grassl, his wife, and children, were out on the mountains, occupied in their daily work—that of finding aromatic herbs and wood. This man, who had no other means of subsistence than the sale of simples, procured with such hard labor by himself and family, had himself built, with the aid of his wife and children, the little cabin they inhabited; and at evening, when they came home, bending under their burdens, they took a frugal meal, and then betook themselves to the study of music, by way of repose and diversion after the labors of the day. Grassl learned the gamut and the time table, and fathomed the principles of art, without any other assistance than his own wonderful perseverance. Little by little, he began to play on the violin, the bassoon, the clarinet, the flute, the octave flute, the trumpet, the keyed trumpet, the horn, and the trombone. Nor is that all; this naturalist in music has inoculated his children with all he knows.

The queen of Bavaria, who possesses estates in this district, wished, like ourselves, to know this interesting family. She arrived, with her suite, about six o'clock in the evening. The little family had not returned from its rural labors—some were foddering the cows, some were digging up potatoes. The queen had them collected, and when they arrived, without taking time to change their clothes or clean themselves, they ranged themselves round their table; and the poor children, with earth on their hands and sweat on their foreheads, began to perform the 'Bavarian Troops' March,' the 'Salzburg Waltz,' the 'Chamois Hunter's Air'—some on stringed, some on wind instruments; sometimes on brass instruments only. A little boy on a chair, only five years old, played the double base."

Grassl subsequently made the tour of the continent with his family, and acquired much money and renown by exhibiting the musical talents of himself and family before sophisticated and heartless audiences in large and populous cities.

### CONCERTS IN BOSTON.

May 12.—MR. MAEDER'S ANNUAL CONCERT.—At this concert a piece by Czerny, for sixteen performers, was played upon eight pianos, with two performers at each.

May 9th, 16th, and 23d.—First, second, and third concerts a la Musard, under the direction of Mr. Blessner. Musard is a Frenchman who has made himself very popular in Paris, by his ingenuity in getting up concerts of light, pleasing, popular, and, in some instances, frivolous music; marches, glees, waltzes, jigs, etc. The concerts of Mr. Blessner are on the same plan, and have thus far been given on successive Saturday evenings. The programme of the second concert contained one overture, two polkas, five quadrilles, three gallops, and several waltzes and songs.

June 13.—COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT TO ANTHONY PHILIP HEINRICH, (with an orchestra of sixty and chorus of fifty performers, the whole under the direction of A. P. Heinrich.) PART I.—1, Tecumseh, or the Battle of the Thames, a martial overture, for full orchestra. Introduction, the Indian War Council. Allegro Eroico. Indian War Dance. Advance of the Americans.

Shirrmishing. Battle, and fall of Tecumseh, A. P. Heinrich.—2, "Imoinda," an Indian love song, Miss Stone, A. P. Heinrich.—3, Cavatina, Una voce poco fa, Mrs. Shirley, Rossini.—4, Song, the Parting, Miss Stone, A. P. Heinrich.—5, "Coro di Cacci," or hunting chorus, "The Yager's Adieu," with orchestral accompaniment, vocal soli parts by Miss Stone, Miss Emmons, Mrs. Rametti, and Mr. Richardson, A. P. Heinrich.—PART II.—1, Overture to the Pilgrims, (full orchestra, with trumpet obligato by Mr. Bartlett,) comprising the following tableaux: 1, Adagio Primo, the genius of Freedom slumbering in the forest shades of America; 2, Adagio Secondo, she is awakened into life by those moving melodies with which nature regales her votaries in her primeval solitude; 3, Marcia, the efforts of power to clip the young eagle of liberty; 4, Allegretto Polacca, the joyous reign of universal freedom and universal intelligence, A. P. Heinrich. 2, We wander in a thorny maze, a sacred song, from the Oratorio of the Pilgrims, Miss Stone, A. P. Heinrich.—3, Song, I dearly love the sea, Mrs. Franklin, G. F. Hayter.—4, Duetto Scherzante, The Valentine, Mrs. Franklin and Miss Stone, A. P. Heinrich.—5, Overture, Der Freischutz, Von Weber.

Mr. Heinrich was born in Bohemia, in 1781. He was bred up for the mercantile profession, and became ultimately the principal of an extensive banking house, the branches of which were in Prague, Vienna, Trieste, and Naples. Mr. H. from his early youth was of an adventurous spirit, and the possession of immense wealth left him at liberty to follow the promptings of his will. His extensive commercial business frequently rendered it necessary for him to travel, and on one occasion he visited the island of Malta, where the passion for music seems first to have taken decided possession of his soul. He there met with the cremona (violin) which from that moment became his constant and cheering companion. Mr. H. next visited Lisbon, and from thence sailed to America. Although an amateur, he was appointed the director of the music at the Southwark Theatre in Philadelphia, which situation he filled with great ability. Difficulties, however, occurred, and he retired from the theatre. At this period he received the news that his house and its corresponding branches had failed, and he was a ruined man. He did not repine under this heavy misfortune, for music stepped in between him and sorrow; and his cremona became dearer than ever. He crossed the Alleghanies on foot, and for twelve months dwelt in a log house in Kentucky, with no companion but his fiddle, living upon roots and water. He then went to London, where for several years he played the violin in the orchestra of Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres, studying hard the while, and publishing works which made his name known in the great metropolis. His poverty, however, was a certain bar to the production of his important works, and once again he sought the friendly shores of America. Since this time Mr. H. has visited his native place, and traveled through Austria, Hungary, and France. For some time past, he has resided in New York; previously, in Boston.

Besides the above concerts there have been one or two by the Ethiopian Serenaders. The concert season is, of course, about over.

INSTRUCTIONS IN THOROUGH BASE, an easy method for learning to play church music and other four-part music, upon the organ, piano forte, and other keyed instruments. By A. N. Johnson. This work professes to impart the ability to play church music, by the common-sense method of progressive exercises, which are to be played, not written. The work differs from other works on thorough base, in the fact that everything relating to the art of *writing* music is omitted, as foreign to the subject. Published by Geo. P. Reed, 17 Tremont Row, Boston; Frith & Hall, 1 Franklin Square, New York; and for sale by music dealers generally. It can be easily ordered through any bookseller who orders books from New York or Boston.

**MOSET.** "O, all ye nations, praise the Lord."

DR. CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1553.

1. O, all ye na-tions, praise the Lord, His glo-rious acts pro-claim; The ful-ness of his grace re-cord, And mag -

The ful-ness of his grace re-cord,

The ful-ness of his grace

The ful-ness of his grace re-cord, And mag -

ni - fy, And mag-ni - fy his name. 2. His love is great, his mer-cy sure, And faith-ful is his word;

re-cord, And mag-ni - fy his name.

ni - fy,

ni - fy,

His truth for - ev - er shall en - dure, shall en - dure; For - ev - er praise, For - ev - er praise the Lord.

His truth for - ev - er shall en-dure; For - ev - er praise the Lord, For - ev - er praise the Lord.

His truth for - ev - er shall en - dure; For - ev - er praise the Lord.

His truth for - ev - er shall en - dure; For - ev - er praise the Lord.

**THE MINNOWS.**

WORDS BY J. JOHNSON, JR.

1. Down in the meadow 's a murmuring brook; There swim the minnows, come, sister, and look. Hither and thither, ever they go; Now they are straight, and now like a bow.

2. What though the minnows be humble and small, In the clear streamlet there's room for them all. Safe from the angler, from hook and from net, Fishes, our brook is the place for you yet.

3. When you are larger, why then you must go; Careful! good fishes, you 've many a foe. Still when you 're weary, come hither again, This is your home, in the wild mountain glen.

**JUBILATE DEO.**

H. WILSON, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.



1. O, be joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands; || serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his | pres-ence | with a | song.
3. O, go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise; || be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | name.
5. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;



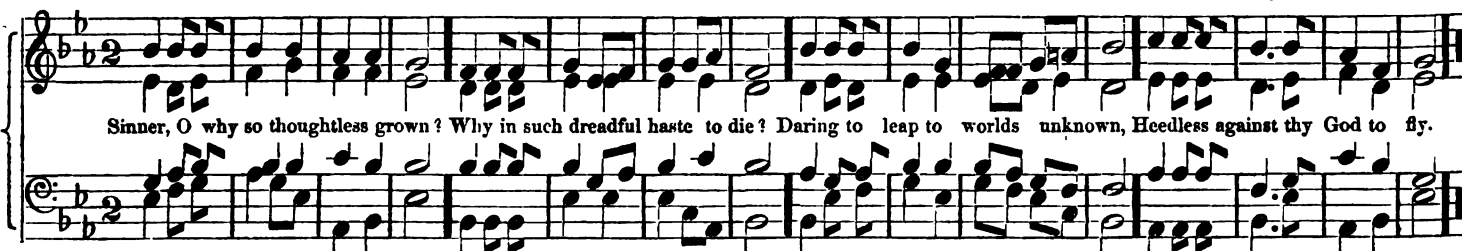
2. Be ye sure that the Lord, | he is | God; || it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his | people, and the | sheep of his | pasture.
4. For the Lord is gracious; his mercy is | ev-er | lasting; || and his truth endureth from gene - | ration to | gen - e - | ration.
6. As it was in the beginning, | is | now, || and ever | shall be, | world without | end. || A | -men.

**WOART. L. M.**

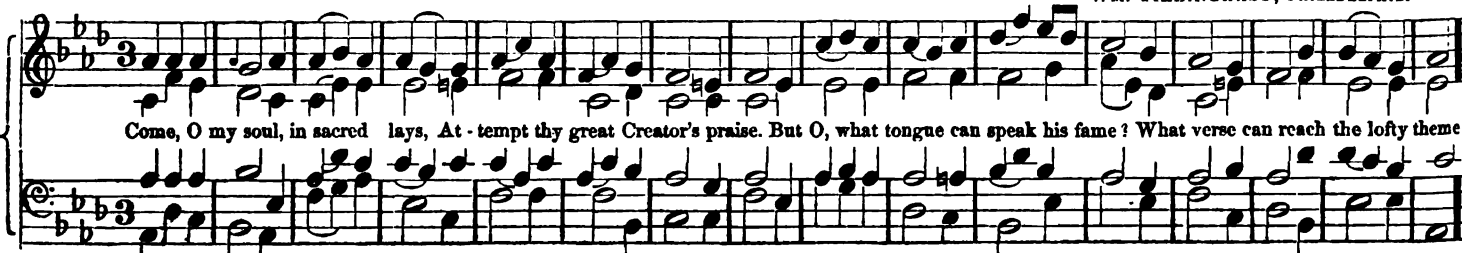
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**GLOVERSVILLE. L. M.**

WM. TILLINGHAST, PHILADELPHIA.





# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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## Miscellaneous.

From the *Revue Musicale*.

### MUSICAL LIBRARIES PRESERVED AT ROME.

The immense number of singers employed in the pontifical chapel, and of composers, Belgian, French, Spanish, and Italian, who wrote for the principal churches of Rome, together with the importance which in Italy, more than in any other country, is attached to the preservation of works on art in every department, has occasioned an accumulation of manuscript compositions and treatises on music, in the various public and private libraries of that capital, more extensive than can easily be imagined. Most of these would afford materials in the highest degree interesting to the historian of music; but, unfortunately, many have been destroyed or lost in the various foreign invasions, which, commencing with the sacking of Rome by the French in the sixteenth century, have from time to time desolated the states of the church; and the lost records are the more important and more to be regretted, as they contain the earliest specimens of music in several parts. The injury is irreparable, there existing no other copies of those venerable remains of antiquity.

The history of French music is hence particularly affected. The establishment of the papal chair at Avignon had occasioned many French composers to be employed in the pontifical chapel as early as the fourteenth century. A manuscript bearing the signature of Cardinal D'Aquileia, and dated 1st April, 1447, proves even that under the pontificate of Nicholas V., the ten chaplain singers of his chapel were all natives of France, their names being Richard Herber, Pierre Grosse-Tete, Jean Postel, Clement Lagache, Jean de Viset, Pierre Landrich, Pierre Frebert, Jean de Marseille, and Lucas Varnier. The chaplain-singers were almost uniformly composers also; it is highly probable, therefore, that the archives of the chapel contained at that time motets and masses composed by the above musicians. At all events, the Abbe Baini, in his life of Palestrina, states that the works of Guillaume Dufay were then in the highest repute among the services of the pontifical chapel.

When the duke of Burgundy stormed and plundered Rome, nearly all the precious books and manuscripts contained in the several archives were committed to the flames; a few volumes in daily use, and therefore not

locked up in the book-cases, were alone saved from destruction. Fortunately these few volumes contain a mass of curious and valuable specimens, by which we may be enabled to form a judgment of many composers hitherto known only by name, or by some few and unimportant fragments. The names of the composers whose masses and motets are to be found in the quiral manuscripts, are Alexander Agricola, Jean Abbat, Noel Baudouyn, Busnois, Firmin Carron, William Dufay, Jean de Billhon, Francis de Layolle, Josquin Despres, Philippon, Mathurin Foresteyn, Gascongne, Gaspard, Jean Ghiselin, Moyes Corrado, Hilaire, Jaques Horeecht, Jean Martin, Vincent Mison, Antoine Normant, Jean Ockeghem, Pintelli, Pippelare, Guillaume Prevost, Prioris, Pierre Roselli or Roussell, Bartolomeo Escobedo, Giovanni Tinctoris, Vacqueras, Dommarto, and Eloy. The volumes containing these works are marked 14, 16, 17, 19, 22, 23, 34, 35, 36, 39, 41, 45, 49, 51, 54, 62, 120, 121, 125, 128, 129, 130, 143, 146, 147, 157, 198.

The series of compositions for the pontifical chapel, and the several churches of Rome subsequent to the storming of that capital already referred to, is preserved nearly unbroken, and their number, notwithstanding occasional depredations and losses, is immense.

On the death of Cardinal Sigismond Chigi, 30th April, 1678, Innocent XI. appointed the Cardinal Felix Rospigliosi protector of the chapel, a post which gave him full and entire command over all its furniture, music included. Either from curiosity or some other motive, Rospigliosi ordered all the archives to be removed from the chapel to his own palace, where they were kept ten years, notwithstanding the representations and remonstrances of the college of chaplain-singers, who endeavored incessantly, but in vain, to procure their restoration. When Rospigliosi at length died, in 1688, his successor, Cardinal Carpegna, was obliged to have recourse to the thunders of the church and the terrors of papal excommunication, against all who should detain the missing manuscripts; after some time therefore they were returned to the quiral, but not before several were lost or mislaid.

Among the treasures preserved in the archives of the vatican chapel are the following works of Palestrina, all hitherto unknown beyond its walls: three masses for four voices; four ditto for five voices; three ditto for six voices; two motets for five, ten for six, and eight for eight voices; a *magnificat* and a *stabat mater*, both for eight voices; the first Lamentation of Jeremiah for four voices, and a *libera* also for four voices. Besides these, there are a multitude of the compositions, mostly unpublished, of Arkadelt, Ferrabosco, Annimuccia, Roger Giovanelli, Francisco Soriano, Vincenzo Ugolini, Virgilio Mazocchi, Benevoli, Ercoleo Barnabei, Antonio Masini, Beretta, Lorenzani, Domenico Scarlatti, Ottavio Pittoni, and many others; as well as a collection of *misereres*, and other pieces appropriate to the service of the holy week, and composed by all the great masters who have belonged to the chapel from the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century.

When the French forces entered Rome in 1798, notwithstanding the care of the commissaries who were charged with the collection and preservation of the

monuments of art, many depredations were committed. Fortunately for the musical archives of the pontifical chapel, M. Mesplet, now inspector at the conservatoire at Paris, being one of the commissaries, contrived to preserve them from destruction, or even pillage. Two small apartments in the chapel of the vatican, called *custodie*, and containing the books in daily use, were by him sealed up, and the seals were not removed till after the departure of the army. As for the grand archives which were deposited in some upper rooms of the quiral, converted into the residence of one of the consuls of the new Roman republic, they were looked upon as things of no value, and left undisturbed.

The archives of the vatican church are not less interesting to the musician than those of the pontifical chapel; from the commencement of the sixteenth century down to the present day this church has numbered the most celebrated composers of Italy amongst its *maestri di capella*, and the services written by them have been preserved with the utmost care. The only loss of importance that has befallen the library of this church took place about the year 1770, when a dishonest librarian stole nearly one hundred volumes of manuscript scores and rare theoretical works. One of the most valuable treasures in this library, is a volume containing historical and biographical notices of the most celebrated *maestri di capella*, both of Rome and other countries, collected by and in the hand-writing of Ottavio Pittoni, from which collection the abbe Baini gleaned many of the materials for his life of Palestrina. In this library is also preserved the original manuscript of the treatise on counterpoint, written by Giovanni Maria Manini for the use of the school over which he presided so long, and which produced so many distinguished composers.

The church of Sta. Maria Maggiore possesses also some very interesting manuscripts; among them three masses, written in forty-eight real parts, divided into twelve choirs, are particularly remarkable. One of these, composed by Horatio Benevoli, was sung by a hundred and fifty professors in the church of Santa Maria supra Minervam, 4th August, 1650; another, written by Giovanni Battista Giansetti, was performed in the same church, 4th August, 1676; and the third, the production of Gregorio Balabene, in 1800. This church was also robbed of about an hundred scores toward the commencement of the present century.

The library of the church of St. John in the lateran ought to be very rich in music, inasmuch as the greatest composers of the Roman school have, from time to time, been attached to its choir; but, like most of the other Roman churches, it has been stripped of many of its treasures, either by the dishonesty of keepers, or the continual removal of the books, particularly in the time of Jerome Cinti, who was master of the chapel from 1734 to 1759. However, many interesting and choice specimens of the above school are still to be found there.

The two houses of jesuits in Rome, that of Jesus and that of St. Apollinaris, once possessed musical collections of great value; unfortunately, on the suppression of the order, they were dispersed. The books, manuscripts, and scores, were indiscriminately plundered, and

sold as waste paper. A canon, named Massajoli, bought for a mere trifle near three thousand pounds weight of valuable books and scores belonging to the Hungarian college of St. Apollinaris.

The libraries of S. Lorenzo in Damaso, S. Lorenzo in Lucina, Sta. Maria del Popolo, and S. Andrea della Valle, exist no more; they have been entirely ruined during the several occupations of Rome by foreign armies.

Many private libraries, founded by cardinals, or other individuals of high rank, contain musical works of great interest and value. The Barberini library may be particularly quoted; in it are three manuscript treatises on music, written by the celebrated Pietro Francisco Valentini, the most learned writer of canons which Italy has produced. In the Chigi library, amongst other rare things, is an epitome of the history of music, in manuscript, written by a learned musician named Antonio Liberati. The libraries of the abbés Santini and Bainsi also contain many rare and curious works.

From this rapid sketch it will be easily perceived, that in Rome only the history of Italian music, and particularly that of the Roman school, can be written, because, there alone the necessary documents and materials are to be found; but such is the littleness of mind and self-importance of the parties to whom the custody of these treasures is confided, that it is next to impossible to get access to them. They are all shut up in book-cases which are never opened, and even their titles are not discernible, the backs of the volumes being turned from the visitant!

One anecdote will be sufficient to show the jealousy with which the libraries of Italy, and more especially of Rome, are shut against the literary inquirer. Feeling the great importance of Pitoni's biographies of the maestri di capella, and anxious of course to make extracts from it for a dictionary of musicians, M. Fétis applied to the abbe Bainsi to ascertain whether a friend, whom he named, and who was then in Rome, could have access to the book. The answer was, "It was not to be thought of; it was impossible. That he himself, wishing to verify a fact which he found amongst extracts formerly made by himself from the very same work, but of the accuracy of which extract he felt some doubt, had been refused, and even told by the librarian, that no such book existed!"

The same difficulties abound everywhere. In Naples, the library of the royal college contains the works of all the masters of the conservatorio, a complete collection of Alessandro Scarlatti's original manuscripts, and the original scores of every opera that has been performed at the theatres royal from the time of their foundation. But the whole is shut up in a suite of rooms from which every stranger is excluded, and which even the librarian himself hardly ever enters. In fact, all the Italian librarians completely verify the fable of the dog in the manger.

[The present year the pope has ordered these collections to be thrown open to the public.]

"I don't think I have any ear for music," says a learner, "I can't sing unless two or three sing with me."

"I don't think I have any capacity for walking," says a hypochondriac, as he is taking his first promenade after a long sickness, aided by the arms of two friends, "I cannot take a step without support."

The two cases are very similar. Let both stump on for a while with support, and they will be able to go without it. \*

#### MESMERISM AND MUSIC; OR, PATHETISM AND MUSIC; OR, THE PATHETISM OF MUSIC.

A mystical heading, you will say, to be followed by a chapter containing a respectable quantity of moonshine. So be it. Moonshine is good in its place, and so is pathetism. In the meantime, we do not intend to write a defence of any particular theory. Having had our attention lately directed to the subject, in consequence of witnessing the experiments in a set of public lectures, so many comparisons, analogies, and facts were presented to our mind, that we thought it worth while to put them on paper.

What was called mesmerism, has since been termed animal magnetism, and lately pathetism, which last seems to us the best name.

We believe in pathetism, and for these reasons. It is an admitted fact, that many persons rise in sleep, and in their somnambulant state accomplish things which would be impossible for them, while awake. Now, if a room-mate gets up in the middle of the night, and attempts to walk out of the window, or ascends to the roof, and promenades on the ridgepole, or lifts a heavy weight, which he could not stir in ordinary circumstances; if another friend, in a similar situation, swims a river, or reads, writes, and draws in the dark, or with his eyes bandaged, sings beautifully, answers questions in a surprising manner, or, with his eyes open and fixed, appears to be insensible of the strongest light which can be brought to bear on his usually delicate optic nerve—we conclude at once, that our two friends are somnambulists, and do not think highly of the mental perceptions of those who will not believe, on such evidence. So, if we happen to be in a lecture room, and see two, four, or a dozen persons, with their eyes shut, to appearance asleep, performing physical or mental feats perfectly impossible while awake, we conclude that the persons before us are somnambulists; and it seems just as easy to conceive, that persons may become sleepers or dreamers through the operations of a skillful pathetiser, as through the influence of undigested suppers, feather beds, too warm or too light covering, &c. We have seen persons in a lecture room read with their eyes shut, sustain the shock of a magnetic battery, so strong that no waking person could endure it, have seen teeth drawn without producing even an acceleration of the pulse, or a quiver of the eyelids, and in one instance where the dentist (asleep) had a bandage over his eyes, and, among other strange things, have heard persons sing with a clearness and skill which it seemed impossible for them to obtain, while awake. As we are acquainted with half a dozen persons who have been put to sleep, and as many who have put others to sleep, we have their testimony as to the reality of the state, and know that no deception was practiced, in their cases, at least. So we cannot avoid the conclusion, that persons can be put into a somnambulant state, by artificial means. The unsuccessful experiments of ignorant or empirical operators, will not change our opinion, as we believe the art is an intricate one, and not to be studied except thoroughly. But what has all this to do with music? Wait a minute. There are several theories as to the way in which an artificial somnambulant state is induced; but the one that we take as the basis of comparison, is the following. There exists in the intellectual and physical constitution of man, certain sympathies. The sight of certain things, or persons, excites, through the medium of the eye, pleasure or pain, though we can discern no

visible connection between those objects and the brain. Many instances have occurred, in which two persons, relatives for instance, have such a sympathy, that when one is sick, the other is also taken ill, though not exposed to the same injurious influences. We all know what power some people have, by the eye, to strike fear into an opponent. These, and many other things which might be named, prove that there is a relation between certain persons or things, by which one has a power over the other, or by which one feels what the other does. Now, such a relation may be established between two persons, that one, either by application of the hands, or by a look, or by talking to the other person, or by directing the mind towards that person, with the intention of producing sleep, can place him or her in a somnambulant state. Several things are necessary, to produce this relation. The person to be affected must be willing to be controlled by the other, who must have a certain kind of temperament, if we understand right, differing from that of the one influenced. It is also necessary, perhaps essential, that there should be some knowledge, or at least suspicion of the effect intended to be produced, as the imagination, as it is called, is a great aid in the operation. When this relation is once established, the subject is completely under the control of the operator, and will obey his will implicitly. What is wonderful, he has command of all emotions in his subject, and can change the whole mind and character, for the time being, as he wishes. Thus, at the thought of a lecturer, we have seen half a dozen people laugh, weep, sing, be angry, benevolent, selfish, vain, or devotional.

Whether the theory of sympathy (and antipathy) is the right one, we are not competent to affirm; but, judging from effects, we should say it was. It is worthy of notice, however, that the operator, in order to produce a certain effect, first wishes in his mind, to produce that effect, then makes use of some mean, as touching with the hand, or speaking, when the subject becomes immediately affected.

Now it is unquestionably true, that music produces striking effects upon the minds of hearers. *How* does it produce these effects? Some would say, by pathetism. This may be, and, for a moment, suppose that it is so. In order to make a relation, say between a choir and organist and a congregation, by which the latter can be impressed, during the time of singing, with certain feelings, several things are necessary. The congregation must be willing that the choir should impress them with certain feelings, must be attentive, of course not occupied in criticism, and should know, or think, that the performers intend to produce the effect expected. The singers, on their side, should intend to produce such effects, and, while careful to sing with skill, should be more careful to feel the sentiment of the words, while the leader or organist should have his mind as much on influencing the minds of his hearers, as on pleasing their ears. An organist should not certainly play light music, or that which has worldly associations, for, though he may please, his playing can be of no moral use.

But if the theory be not true, it is evident that music, in some way, affects the minds of a congregation. And, at any rate, it is necessary that singers should think of something else than merely singing correctly, (without neglecting that,) should intend to benefit their hearers, and that organists should not confine their efforts to providing a sort of pleasing concert. A congregation should be willing to be benefitted, should not all be musical critics, and should believe that the choir sing to

worship God, and incite good feelings in the hearts of the assembly. Many good members of churches would be not a little frightened, could they realize how much harm, to themselves and others, they do by the habit of finding fault with the music; saying, as it were, "Do me good if you can." They would not feel justified in thinking such language to the minister, and why is it right to be spiteful toward those who have the power on the one hand, vastly to aid the pastor, or on the other, to destroy the whole effect of the sermon, either by inappropriate music, or a careless, frivolous style of performance. \*

## EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD BOOK.

## NUMBER THREE.

And here it is to be noted, that wherever in this treatise, the swiftness or slowness of vibrations is spoke of, it must be always understood of the frequency of their courses and recourses, and not of the motion by which it passeth from one side to another. For it is true, that the same pendulum under the same velocity of returns, moves from one side to the other with greater or less velocity, according as the range is greater or less.

And hence it is, that the librations of a pendulum are become so excellent and useful a measure of time; especially when a second observation is added, that, as you shorten the pendulum, so the librations will be made proportionably in a shorter measure of time, and the contrary if you lengthen it. And this is found to hold in a duplicate proportion of length to velocity. That is, the length quadrupled, will subduple the velocity of vibrations; and the length subquadrupled, will duple the vibrations, for the proportion holds reciprocally. As you add to the length of the pendulum, so you diminish the frequency of vibrations, and increase them by shortening it.

Now therefore to make the courses of a pendulum doubly swift, i. e., to move twice in the same space of time in which it did before move once, you must subquadruple the length of it, i. e., make the pendulum but a quarter so long as it was before. And to make the librations doubly slow, to pass once in the time they did pass twice, you must quadruple the length, make the pendulum four times as long as it was before, and so on in what proportion you please.

Now to apply this to music, make two pendulums, fasten together the plumbets, and stretch them at length. Then, being struck and put into motion, the vibrations, which before were distinct, will now be united (as of one entire string) both backward and forward. Which vibrations (retaining the aforesaid analogy to a pendulum) will be made in equal spaces of time, from the first to the last, i. e., from the greatest range to the least, until they cease. Now, this being a double pendulum, to subduple the swiftness of the vibrations, you do but double the length.

And here you have the nature of the string of a musical instrument—resembling a double pendulum moving upon two centers, the nut and the bridge, and vibrating with the greatest range in the middle of its length, and the vibrations equal even to the last, which must make it keep the same tune so long as it sounds. And because it doth manifestly keep the same tune to the last, it follows that the vibrations are equal; confirming one another by two of our senses; in that we see the vibrations of a pendulum move equally, and we hear the tune of a string, when it is struck, continue the same.

## THE CHOIR.

BY WILLIAM B. TAFTAN.

I went to chapel some few Sundays since  
In Chatham street, New York; a stranger there,  
And yet at home within those hallowed walls  
Where all are welcome. It was early yet,  
So I awhile surveyed the edifice,  
Admiring at the growth of piety,  
Or growth of that fair city, which had changed  
Its theatres to temples. Soon the seats,  
Spacious, and free to poor and rich alike,  
Were filled. The holy man of God his place  
Ascended; silence reigned and hearts seemed hushed  
At consciousness that Jesus was within;  
When presently the choir, whose ample place,  
Unwonted, was behind the sacred desk,  
And in full view of worshippers, began;  
*His dies! the Friend of Sinners dies!*

In low  
And sweetly plaintive notes, in which I thought  
The very soul of harmony spake out,  
Did many voices, well attuned, reply  
Subduingly—*Here's love beyond degree!*  
So rich, so melancholy, and so soft  
The strains that rose and fell upon the ear,—  
So fitly modulation of the tones  
Was married to the language, blending sense  
With melody, and to the heart and head  
Conveying truly, sweetly, mournfully,  
The import,—that my soul was satisfied,  
And yet was troubled. Could I help but go  
With the sad story?—could I help but hear  
The voice of Salem's daughters, as they wept?—  
Or could I then resist the plaintive call:  
"Come, saints, and drop a tear or two for Him  
Who groaned beneath your load!"—could I refrain  
From joyful tears, as the triumphant burst  
Gave token that the God had left the tomb,  
And risen, Conqueror and King?—

I gazed  
Upon the leader of this wondrous power  
Of minstrelsy concentrate, as he sat  
Midst of the choir, upon the farthest seat,  
And highest—the spirit he of music  
Personified. His frame, obedient to  
The stirring impulse of the mellow sounds,  
Involuntarily bent, now at the close,  
Symphonious, and now to full extent  
Expanded, as pealed up the harmony,  
While every nerve and every fibre seemed  
Compelled to the sweet service. He, I saw—  
Blest necromancer—had infused his soul  
Into the soul of each, and each as one,  
Gave voice,—one master spirit moving all.

It speeds devotion, when intelligence  
And skill, and piety, in concord join,  
Producing music. Softened by its power,  
The heart flows forth, and meekly entertains  
The gospel message. Let not tuneless choirs,  
Where life is not, nor melody, nor taste,  
Essay the lofty praises of the King:—  
For to his shrines should such false fire be brought,  
'T would mar the sacrifice. How heavily,  
How wearily would grieved Devotion's wing  
Bear then! New unction must the soul require,  
If thus disturbed, to worship God aright.

Somebody, in one of the daily papers, some time ago, remarked that it was his belief hand-organ players came from nowhere, as he never could ascertain the native land of one, nor of his instrument. The organs are extensively manufactured in the black forest, in the south-western part of Germany, and not far from Switzerland. Whether the players all come from thence, is doubtful. Perhaps we may catch one, some time, and write his biography. \*

A violin virtuoso, in his travels, stopped, for the purpose of giving a concert, in the town of T—. As two or three days must elapse before he could have the use of the concert hall, he called on the principal violin player in the place, who being of a congenial disposition, the two were soon on familiar terms with each other. On the evening previous to the concert, the virtuoso had shown the other the music he intended to perform, and in particular directed his attention to a certain movement in one of the pieces. "On this," said he, "I always depend for the principal effect. It never failed yet of procuring for me thunders of applause." The violin player begged the loan of the piece, and spent the whole of the next day, playing it over, in a retired room, in presence of his dog, whom he would violently kick, every time he came to the beautiful movement. The concert evening came, and the hall was crowded. At length the *chef d'œuvre* of the evening was commenced, and a breathless silence pervaded the room. Soon began the celebrated movement, when the musician's dog, who had accompanied his master to the concert, set up a yell, which would have done honor to an Indian, and went howling and yelping out of the room, almost breaking up the concert. To this day it remains a mystery in T— what there was so extremely offensive to canine ears, in a movement universally admired by animals of the genus homo.

In some places in the southern states books are so scarce that it is the custom to *line* out hymns, that is, the minister reads a line, and the congregation sing it, when he reads the next, and so on. The slaves (to whose accommodation the galleries are frequently devoted,) are so accustomed to this way of singing, that they seem to think the tune incomplete without the intervention of *spoken* lines. Laughable exemplifications of this constantly occur. A gentleman, who was in the neighborhood of a high fence, heard what seemed to be an animated conversation on the other side, which curiosity induced him to listen to. There seemed to be several persons assembled, who appeared to be holding a sort of meeting. Directly the first line of a hymn was given out, and all sang it with right good will. It was followed by the other lines; when the gentleman, climbing on the fence, to obtain a better view of the congregation, was surprised to find that it consisted of one man, who was digging a ditch, and at the same time giving out lines and singing them at the top of his voice.

Many of the slave melodies are well known at the north, but not much is said about their sacred music. Many of them sing all common psalm tunes with accuracy, and in addition there are verses evidently original. When you hear them you are half inclined to laugh at their queerness, and yet cannot but be affected at the sincerity and thrilling tones of the singers. Here is a specimen:

"Oh, Satan he came by my heart,  
Throw brickbats in de door,  
But Master Jesus come wid brush,  
Make cleaner dan before."

Another, (spoken) "My soul leap, and my soul dance,"  
(sung) "My soul leap, and my soul dance."

A man, hearing the oft-repeated anecdote of some great organist imitating a thunder storm so perfectly as to turn all the milk in the neighborhood, said that he was once in the cathedral of Strasburg when Abbe Vogler was playing on the organ, and that he imitated a battle so perfectly that a lieutenant of the Prussian army, who was present, ran in the greatest trepidation and hid himself in the cellar.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, JULY 6, 1846.

Experience has shown us one thing of which we were previously ignorant, viz: that with the utmost care and punctuality on our part, papers still oftentimes fail of reaching their destination in time, and sometimes of reaching it at all. Where our subscribers have received their papers out of time, they may be sure the fault has been with the mails, for in no case have we failed to mail them at the appointed time, nor will any accident, short of our printers' office burning up, prevent us from the same punctuality in future. Where the papers do not come at all, of course we cannot be sure that our mail writer has not accidentally omitted the name, although we hardly believe such a thing possible, as he is an experienced hand at the business. When papers fail to come, from whatever cause, we will cheerfully send the missing number, as soon as notified of the omission.

The communication of Alpha, in No. 9, commences with a paragraph which may not be understood by those who are remote from the meridian of Boston. He says:

"The Musical Gazette desires not only to do no harm, but actually to do good. Its labors are not devoted to a party, in the common acceptation of that term, neither are they designed to 'put down,' or to build up an individual merely, but its principles are founded upon truth, and hence designed for the good of each, for the good of all."

We presume many of our more distant readers see nothing very suprising in the fact that the Gazette desires "actually to do good;" much less in the fact, that it "desires to do no harm." We doubt not, however, that many lovers of music in our own immediate vicinity are indeed astonished to see a paper in existence, the sole aim of which is, in its humble measure, to promote the cause of music. It is a long time since a musical periodical has been published in this region, which has had any other object in view than "putting one individual down" and "building another up."

"Its labors are not devoted to a party." Many of our readers may not know what a musical party is. We are not sure we comprehend the matter clearly, but presume the following is a fair specimen of the manner in which they sometimes originate. One man sees that a book of a particular description is needed. Possessing the requisite qualifications, he writes one and publishes it. Being adapted to the end for which it was designed, it finds a ready and rapid sale, and its author, perhaps unexpectedly, finds himself making money. Another, noticing its success, writes a similar book, with the hope of also making money, but possessing neither talent nor qualification for the task, his book is far inferior to the first, and if left to its own merits, will never find purchasers. He therefore resorts to other means to make it sell, and forthwith proceeds to do everything he can to bring the first mentioned book and its author into discredit, and his own and himself into favor, with the public. A favorite instrument for the accomplishment of this purpose, is, slanderous articles against the successful author and his work, in the public prints; for, unfortunately, most of them will, for a consideration, publish such articles, without inquiring whether their statements are true or false. If these articles create a newspaper discussion, then the party is formed, and the sovereign people range themselves, some on one side and some on the other.

If, however, as is generally the case, no notice is taken of these articles, or of any of the "would be" author's manoeuvres, all hope of forming a "party" in the place where both are well known, is abandoned; but in some mysterious way, the intelligence that a large portion of the musical community are in favor of one book and opposed to the other, is extensively circulated, and it is not unfrequently the case that we hear of the musical circles of a country village being divided in favor of "musical parties" which never had any existence.

We are much obliged to "Alpha" for his favors, and hope they will be neither few nor far between.

The question has been asked, whether we are willing to exchange with other papers. We answer yes. We care not how much our exchange list is extended. We are desirous of collecting musical intelligence from all parts of the country, and particularly of "keeping the run" of the state of music in every state. There is no other way for us to do this, than to gather up the little scraps of information which our exchange papers contain.

Speaking of musical intelligence, we notice that the publishers of daily papers, when they make extraordinary efforts to procure "news," always boast of what they have done, although their efforts prove fruitless; vide, those New York papers, whose express from Halifax failed of reaching New York with the steamer's news, before the regular express from Boston. We think our readers ought to know that for the sake of procuring early and correct intelligence of the doings of the American Musical Convention, which met in New York in May, we incurred the expense and trouble incident to a journey from Boston to New York, but found (as noticed in No. 9,) no doings or proceedings to report. For a similar reason, we attended the convention in Hartford, Conn., and with better success, as our report in to-day's paper indicates.

The music in this number may be sung to any common metre hymn of four verses.

We occasionally find that names on our list are spelt wrong. We record all names, verbatim et literatim as we receive them. Agents will confer a favor by being a little more particular on this point.

## THE PIANO-FORTE TEACHER.

CHAPTER TWO.

## THE CHOICE.

Our object in selecting Mr. May and his daughter as the subject of several chapters, has been to give an example of that kind of pupils, who are so favored in the constitution of the mind, nerves, and muscles, that they are *sure* to make respectable progress; that is, if not hindered by the neglect, or unwise interference of friends and parents. As if to make the circumstances as favorable as possible, the piano selected happened to be a good one. We say *happened*, because it was a matter of chance. The doctor would have been wiser, if he had left the selection of the instrument to a teacher. The quality of the piano practiced upon has much to do with the progress of a learner. It is always best, in every point of view, to have a good one at the outset. A person with weak, slender fingers, requires something with a hard touch, that is, as a general thing; and every pupil should have a piano that will keep in tune. Some persons, on the contrary, provide poor, cheap pianos for themselves, or friends, on the ground that "they will do to learn on," intending to buy new ones when they have made considerable progress.—This is an error, something like that of a person who

should attempt to learn to write, using an old, worn-out pen, on the ground that it would "do to learn with." By a bad piano, the touch and the ear are injured. One does not learn so agreeably, nor so fast, and the cost of such an arrangement may very likely exceed that of a better one. Those unacquainted with teaching, are apt to judge of a new piano by the case, or at the utmost, by the tone, without reference to action. It is always safest to have the opinion of a competent teacher. But, as we said, the selection in question was a good one.

The piano being ready, the next question was, who should be the teacher. A most important query, truly, for on its solution depended the waste or improvement of much valuable time. We have no wish to belabor our companions within the bounds of the musical profession. There are, however, in this country, (and in Europe also,) many who pretend to be teachers, that are, in plain language, quacks and imposters. Among them are some who really think they are competent, (with good hearts, but lean heads,) and others who, in true yankee spirit, enter into this business without the tiresome preliminary of a course of preparation. We do not think that any of the class ought to complain, if we warn learners and friends against them. If they lose scholars in consequence, so much the better for regular teachers. At any rate, it seems too bad for a young man, or a young lady, or a child, to toil on through the dry, musty mazes of practice, for six months or a year, and at the end find out that they have been going as near to the right way, as a northeast course is to the way to the south pole.

In this class, it is not intended to include some, who, by experience and observation, have become good teachers for beginners. That very course of observation was an "education" for the station they fill, and, in some instances, no doubt sufficient, without an extended practical knowledge of the art of playing.

As Dr. May and family, with three or four friends, were sitting around the tea table, a discussion was held upon the "teacher question," in which Charlotte was allowed to take a full part.

"Charlotte tells me she is going to learn the piano," said Mrs. Holbrook, "have you decided on a teacher?"

"We have not," replied Mrs. May. "Husband and I have had several conversations on the subject, but cannot yet make up our minds. The chief difficulty is, that we are not acquainted with any teachers, and do not know how to judge of the capacity of those whose advertisements we see."

"I know two or three," said Mrs. H. "There is Miss Adams, and Miss Brown, and Mr. Waddell, and——"

"Mr. Jones," added her husband.

"Monsieur Jolivet," suggested Miss Snow, opposite him.

"Miss Blake," continued Mrs. H., "and Disklman, the German. Those, I believe, are all that I know." Mrs. H. had good reason to know a number of teachers, for her daughter had taken lessons of three or four. Her mind was not exactly made after the model of the laws of the Medes and Persians, but the frequent change could not be attributed entirely to that.

"Suppose we take up your list in detail," observed Dr. May. "What sort of teacher was Miss ——, whatever her name was, the first one you mentioned?"

"Miss Adams, you mean. Why, we thought she was a pretty good one. To be sure, she had taken lessons only a quarter, but we thought she would do for a beginner."

Wrong, good lady. It requires as much skill and care to direct a beginner, as to watch the progress of a more advanced pupil. One must commence teaching at some time, and at that time be without experience. But if one commences at the end of the first quarter's study, he or she will probably lack knowledge as well as experience.

"We thought that Julia (she was the one who was taking lessons,) did not get along very fast, and at the end of the quarter she stopped. Next we tried a gentleman teacher. We heard Mr. Waddell play one evening, and Julia thought he played pretty pieces; so we thought we would try him. Well, he gave her a quarter, but she did not seem to make much progress, and so we thought she might leave off, as she was going into the country for a week or two, and that was a good excuse. Mr. Waddell used to sit by her side when she was playing, but hardly ever gave her any directions, and did not even count time for her."

How wise foolish people are in this world! What on earth, Mrs. H., could you tell about the progress of your daughter in three months? There were a dozen things about which you could form no judgment—Then, after your girl had stopped taking lessons, you should have looked out for a good teacher, and not for a gentleman teacher. There is a prejudice against female teachers, arising from the half-way instructions of the one-quarter tribe, which operates unfavorably on the reputation of those better informed. Then why did you choose one because he played pretty pieces? Was that any sign that he was skilled in the instruction of others? Teaching is as much an art as playing. Then again, your judgment about not speaking often to his pupil, though perhaps just towards Mr. Waddell, was not correct in the main. A car, or carriage, belonging to some circus, has just passed through the street. It is drawn by twelve beautiful cream-colored horses, who trip along as freely and easily as if they were at large in the pastures. Yet they carefully avoid every obstacle, and glide with ease among the confused mass of carts, wagons, and carriages, that throng the way.—The driver seems merely to hold the reins; I cannot perceive that he is at all concerned about the navigation of the crowded thoroughfare. Still I know that with gentle touches of the finger on this or that line, he produces all the graceful effect which I admire so much. So a teacher, by gentle touches, may produce great results, the mode of operation being invisible to those who are not practically acquainted with the art. Poor human nature! Were you better, we teachers should have less vexation and sorrow than at present.

"Next we tried Mr. Jones, who cannot play the piano himself, though he is quite a skillful performer on the violoncello. Julia said she wanted somebody that could play the lessons she was learning, and so we got Miss Blake, who plays quite well. I do not know how she will succeed, but we can tell in a few weeks."

I wonder whether your daughter tries to learn, Mrs. Holbrook. That has something to do with it, as well as the teacher.

"Who is Monsieur Jolivet?" inquired Mr. Holbrook, addressing Miss Snow.

"He is a gentleman from Paris, sir, and has a good many scholars. I believe he can play very well, but I never heard him."

Americans, in their national humility, are apt to believe that foreigners know a great deal, without requiring proof. In Europe, the matter is just at the other extreme,

#### MUSICAL CONVENTION; OR TEACHERS' INSTITUTE AT HARTFORD, CT.

A teachers' institute was held at Hartford, Ct., on June 9th and the three following days, by Messrs. L. Mason and G. J. Webb, of Boston. Meetings were held daily from 8 to 12, from 2 to 5, and from half past 7 to 9 o'clock. Lectures were given on the manner of teaching music in classes, in which the superiority of the inductive method was clearly pointed out. The singing was from the Psalter and from the Vocalist, and was accompanied with critical remarks and directions from Messrs. Mason and Webb.

There were in attendance from Hartford and neighboring towns, upwards of 190 ladies, and 180 gentlemen, making a grand chorus of more than 350 voices. Among these were many voices of great power, compass, and excellence of tone. We think there could not have been less than twenty or thirty superior soprano voices—making a treble of such power and beauty as we have rarely before heard. The base and tenor were also powerful and excellent.

There were in the class upwards of twenty clergymen—a circumstance highly encouraging to the cause of church music.

On Friday morning, our junior editor had the opportunity of addressing the convention on the subject of our Boston Musical Gazette—which we hope may be followed by an increased subscription list from Connecticut.

On Friday evening, there was a performance of church music in the Central Church, which spacious building was filled on the occasion; the galleries being entirely occupied by the choir. Tickets were sold at twenty-five cents each, and the whole proceeds given to the support of orphans in the city of Hartford. The performance was highly creditable, and gave great satisfaction to a numerous and intelligent audience. The closing with Old Hundred was exceedingly grand. The music sung on this occasion was entirely sacred; nor was good taste offended by the introduction of glees and secular songs into a performance professedly of sacred music.

Nothing can have a more direct or powerful tendency than institutes like this; they are not only of great advantage to teachers, for whom they are principally designed, but members of choirs and others may derive much advantage, by thus giving their undivided attention to the subject of music, for several successive days, under the direction of able and experienced masters.

#### CONVENTIONS OF TEACHERS.

The annual convention of teachers of vocal music, connected with the Boston Academy of Music, will be holden at the TREMONT TEMPLE in BOSTON, commencing on Tuesday, August 18, 1846, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will continue in session ten days.

Lectures will be given by Messrs. L. Mason, G. J. Webb, A. N. Johnson, and G. F. Root.

1. Lectures on teaching; in which the most approved method of teaching vocal music, in classes, or common singing schools, will be explained and illustrated.

2. Lectures on the formation, delivery, and cultivation of the voice; and the proper use of vocalizing and solfeggio exercises.

3. Lectures on harmony; designed as an aid to the study of musical science.

4. The practice of church music; as chants, metrical psalmody, and anthems.

5. The practice of secular music; as madrigals, glees, and part songs.

6. The practice of some of the most approved chorusses of Handel, Hayden, and other celebrated composers.

The singing exercises will be accompanied with such critical remarks as may have a tendency to promote an uniform, chaste, and appropriate style. Attention will also be given to musical elocution, and adaptation.

Tickets of admission to all the above exercises, at five dollars each, admitting a lady and a gentleman, may be had of Messrs. Wilkins, Carter & Co., No. 16 Water street, Boston.

The above course will be repeated (so far as practicable) in CLEVELAND, Ohio, beginning on Monday, September 7, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continuing through the week. These lectures will be given by Messrs. Lowell Mason and G. J. Webb. Tickets of admission for a gentleman and lady, at three dollars each, may be had at the music store of S. Brainard, Cleveland.

The same course will also be repeated in ROCHESTER, N. Y., commencing on Wednesday, September 23, and closing on Wednesday, the 30th of the same month. These lectures will be given by Messrs. L. Mason, G. J. Webb, and A. N. Johnson. Tickets of admission, at three dollars each, may be had at Dutton's music saloon, 27 State street, Rochester.

MESSRS. EDITORS—We have not as a nation yet received a tithe of the benefit from music, that the art is designed to produce. Like the most healthful food, when properly taken, which nourishes the body and prepares it for its labors, music contributes to the benefit of man's social nature, bringing no "drawback" with it.

In harmony with the moral constitution man does not intentional wrong; if he break the moral law, he violates, of course, his own moral nature. Now, then, I do not say that the practice of music will surely prevent all men from doing wrong—(we do hear of selfish musicians, and have we not seen musicians who, "the people said," were very wicked persons?) yet I do say that music has in itself no tendency to lead into the paths of sin.

Its nature is full of harmony; it appeals with great force to the best social principles, yet gentle and tranquilizing; and its legitimate tendency is to arrange or re-arrange that which has been thrown into disorder by circumstances without, or by unhallowed thoughts within. Upon the young, whose minds are so full of susceptibilities, what an influence for good might music produce, if properly practiced. Look at yonder throng of boys; among them may be found those who, foolishly enough, value themselves upon their physical prowess, and who choose to prove it, by demonstrations full of pain to an honest beholder, the least result of which to the weaker party may be an aching face or a broken limb. Those boys are quarreling, they are noisy and turbulent, they meditate more evil. At this moment a strolling musician happens along; his instrument is in tune, and he turns from his hand organ a well known and favorite air. In an instant every boy is silent—each intent upon the music, forgets the threatening frown; the lowering cloud withdraws, and all are calm and peaceful. If a song be sung, in which good words are heard, more than probable those boys will part in peace, perhaps sorrowing that they meditated evil.



Accustom the mind to think of evil deeds, and with ill intent, and evil practice will soon succeed such thoughts; but every moment in which the mind of youth is fixed in innocent recreation, in a recreation which inculcates good morals, renders him better proof against temptation. Good habits induce a love of such habit. If then children and youth, and those of riper age even, can be taught music, and will spend some time every day, in singing, or practicing upon an instrument, just in proportion to their practice, if judiciously instructed, will the humane and good-natured sentiments of their hearts be fostered, and will grow.

Music holds the mind in a happy posture, (so to speak,) and while thus held, the softening, the humanizing, and elevating work, is going on. Music may be called a "downward" and an "upward leveler"—it puts down the rough and vulgar, and at the same time awakes the modest and vale-like, the noble and worthy, bidding these traits arise and fulfil their allotted duties.

Let all our songs be free from immorality and nonsense; they need not all be of a grave cast. Let no music be connected with improper words, and who can tell the benefit which our country would derive from a general cultivation of music?

Agreeable melodies will come into the mind of the singer, unbidden, while about his usual duties, and of course they come freighted with the words with which they were connected when he first learned the songs, whether they be good or evil. Melodies of the most captivating kind are just as ready to associate with questionable language, as with the best. Of, or in itself, music is no judge in that matter. Mankind must take care of that, or, I was going to say, it will take (bad) care of mankind. If, then, all pleasing melodies or tunes can be associated with good words, how often will those who have learned the music be found revolving in their minds, at least repeating upon their lips, good sentiments—the songs of youth will be repeated in age. The musical strain awakens in the mind the words of a hymn, far oftener than the words recall the melody. Music, in most cases, takes the lead, and the words follow. And here permit me to add, "Nail thy flag to the mast," Musical Gazette, in the truthful position you have taken, go on in thy heaven-directed course.

Yours, truly,

ALPHA.

Boston, June 5, 1846.

The article advertised below was formerly so much in demand among musicians, that it was generally supposed to be an inseparable companion of the art. We hope the advertiser will find no customers among our readers:

From the Mount Morris Whig.

#### NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY.

Believing order and system indispensable to a proper discharge of all duties, whether of social, business, or professional character, and having observed a great want of these requisites, more particularly in the social world, the undersigned has been induced to open an extensive slandering office, for the purpose of scienceizing, and reducing to a perfect system, a profession which has long been generally but very bunglingly practiced, and now announces to a scandal-loving public that anything, from a modest sneaking insinuation, to the most venomous and malignant falsehood, will be promptly furnished to order. Persons wishing to wound the feelings or destroy the reputation of a friend or any other one, cannot do better than to call. Having active and willing agents in almost every house in this village and vicinity, the subscriber can attend to any amount of business which can be presented. Sighs, groans, orphan's tears, and every other manifestation of human suffering, will be received in payment for services rendered. Call at the sign of the Broken Heart, on

DORATHA VENOM.

It is, perhaps, well known that Billings often wrote his own words. The following, to an anthem entitled "A Lamentation over Boston," written while Boston was in possession of the British, will serve as a specimen of his poetical talents:

By the rivers of Watertown we sat down and wept,  
We wept when we remembered thee, O Boston;  
As for our friends, Lord God of heaven preserve them and deliver them, and restore them unto us again,  
For they that held them in bondage required of them to take up arms against their brethren.

Forbid it Lord God, forbid that those who have sucked Bostonian breasts, should thirst for American blood.

A voice was heard in Roxbury, which echoed through the continent, weeping for Boston, because of their danger.  
Is Boston my dear town, is it my native place? For since their calamity, I do earnestly remember it still.

If I forget thee, yea, if I do not remember thee,  
Then let my numbers cease to flow,  
Then be my muse unkind,  
Then let my tongue forget to move,  
And ever be confined.  
Let horrid jargon split the air,  
And rive my nerves asunder;  
Let hateful discord greet my ear,  
As terrible as thunder;  
Let harmony be banished hence,  
And consonance depart;  
Let dissonance erect her throne,  
And reign within my heart.

About the beginning of the 13th century, the church in England and France, desiring to wean the people from the inordinate fondness for tales of chivalry which generally prevailed, and substitute in its stead the doctrines and traditions of religion, caused a metrical version of the bible, from Genesis to Hezekiah, to be made. By being executed in rhyme, and easy to be sung, it soon became popular, and produced the desired impression upon the minds of the people.

#### CONCERT.

June 24.—MR. TEMPLETON—REMINISCENCES OF THE GRAND OPERA.—Mr. T. prefaced each song with pleasant introductory remarks, interspersed with entertaining and amusing anecdotes. The performance might properly be termed a "musical lecture."

PART I.—Modern composers; their characteristics. Italian opera in England. Handel and Buononcini. Dean Swift's celebrated epigram. Origin of the French opera. The fathers of the French opera—Lulli, Rameau, Gluck, and Auber. Sketch of Auber. Fra Diavolo's deeds recorded; his victims; his standard.—Song, "My companions are warned," and "Proudly and wide," from the opera of "Fra Diavolo." Early life of Auber; his first opera. Sontag. The opera of Masaneillo. Solicitude of the fisherman for his sister. Song, "My sister dear," "Fra Diavolo" in Paris. Fureur among the dilettanti. Anecdote. Character of the marquis. The distinguished M. Scribe. Gallantry of the hero. Song, "Young Agnes." Introduction of Weber's music. The opera Freischutz. The libretto. Herr Kind. History of its production. Caspar and Adolphe. Song, "Through the forest." PART II.—Songs, "I love her, how I love her," from Gustavus; "Beats there a heart," from La Bayadere, "A hermit who dwells," and "As you through life's journey wander," from the Bronze Horse, with introductory remarks, as in the first part. In addition, by request, "Old Towler," and "Sally in our alley," were sung.

The Chronotype has the following:

Q. If a man stops a paper because it contains something differing from his own preconceived opinions, what does it prove him to be?

A. Either a prejudiced bigot, or an ignorant simpleton!

SALOMAN.—This gentleman, who afterwards engaged Hayden to give concerts in London, in his own country attended the prince—as teacher. After instructing him for some time, the prince said to him one day, "Well, Mr. Saloman, how do I get on?" "Please your highness," said Saloman, "der are tre stages of music.—First, der is pick out, read notes, count time, &c., not play at all. Second, der is play, but play very bad,—out of time, out of tune, noting at all. Now your highness has just got into the second stage."

An eastern editor has arrived at the conclusion that the act of carrying a big fiddle to church on Sunday, is a *bass* violation of the Sabbath.

#### NEW MUSIC.

By George P. Reed.

- D. Adelaide. Beethoven.
  - M. A Song of the Church. Bissell.
  - E. Love's Pilgrim.
  - E. Violets.
  - M. Vermont Grand March. Andrews.
  - M. Emily Waltz. Bricher.
  - E. Six duets, Gertrude's Dream, &c.
- Twelve pieces for a brass band of seventeen instruments, so arranged as also to be played by a band of eight instruments.

By Oliver Ditson.

- E. Sing to me, nightingale. Bartlett.
- D. Death of Osceola. Knight.
- M. Sleigh-bell Waltz. Bricher.
- D. Beauties of Semiramade. Calcott.

By C. Bradlee & Co.

- M. The Pleasant Spring. Curtiss.
- E. Duett, Spare the Child. Lull.
- M. Smile of my Mary. Bricher.
- M. Fly with me. Garbett.
- D. Musical Tourist, Lutzow's Wild Hunt, Rose of the Desert, Coro Euryanthe. Glover.
- M. Tunomination Quickstep. Lull.

In New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

- D. Vocal Beauties of the Opera, d'Eliser d'Amour, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Donizetti.
- M. A merry Christmas. Wallace.
- D. Breezes from the Wild Wood, No. 2. Heinrich.
- M. Heart's unfailing Truth. Miss Campbell.
- M. Brack-eyed Susiana.
- M. Ho, for the far-distant west. Hewitt.
- D. Indian Love Song. Heinrich.
- M. Oh, had she loved. Woolcott.
- M. Gen. Taylor's Grand March.
- M. Putnam Grey's Quickstep. Waldo.
- M. Alsacian Railroad Galop.
- M. Le Bijou Waltz. Kleber.
- M. Lancaster Galop Waltz. Muller.
- D. Souvenir de Raritan. Jacobsen.
- M. Les Foyous Quadrilles. Mine.
- M. Pirate's Chorus. Balfe.
- M. Mignonette Waltz. Benthien.
- M. Lauterbach Waltz. Kleber.
- M. Erosopic March. Pfeister.
- M. Japonica Waltz. Webster.
- M. Seventh Company Quickstep.
- D. Adelia Galop. Rohbock.
- D. Souvenir de Charleston. Siegling.
- M. Funeral March. Keller.
- M. Rose-bud, Rondoletto. Scherpf.
- M. Charlotte Waltz. Schmidt.
- D. Echo de Tyrol.

INSTRUCTIONS IN THOROUGH BASE, an easy method for learning to play church music and other four-part music, upon the organ, piano forte, and other keyed instruments. By A. N. Johnson. This work professes to impart the ability to play church music, by the common-sense method of progressive exercises, which are to be played, not written. The work differs from other works on thorough base, in the fact that everything relating to the art of writing music is omitted, as foreign to the subject. Published by Geo. P. Reed, 17 Tremont Row, Boston; Frith & Hall, 1 Franklin Square, New York; and for sale by music dealers generally. It can be easily ordered through any bookseller who orders books from New York or Boston.



## MY SOUL, INSPIRED WITH SACRED LOVE.

ARRANGED BY L. MASON.

SOLO. SOPRANO. *Andante.*

1. My soul, in - spired with sa - cred love, God's ho - ly name for - ev - er bless; Of all his

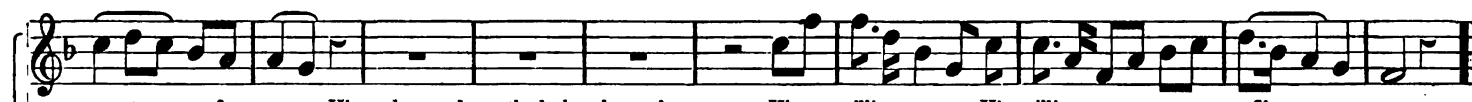


fa - vors mind - ful prove, And still thy grate - ful thanks ex - press.

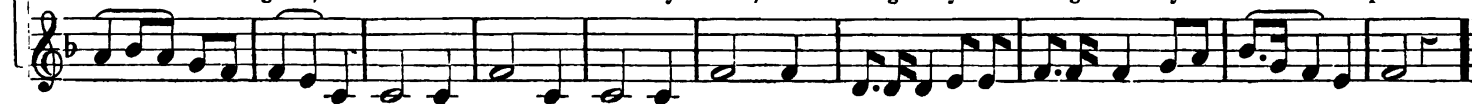
DUET. FIRST SOPRANO.



2. The Lord a - bounds with ten - der love, And un - ex - am - pled



acts of grace; His wak - ened wrath doth slow - ly move, His willing mercy—His willing mer - cy flies a - pace.



TRIO. FIRST SOPRANO.



3. As far as 'tis from east to west, So far has he our sins re - moved, Who, with a father's



3. As far as 'tis from east to west, So far has he our sins re - moved, Who, with a father's



3. As far as 'tis from east to west, So far has he our sins re - moved, Who, with a father's



tender breast, Has such as fear him al - ways loved, Who, with a fa - ther's tender breast, Has such as fear him al - ways loved.



tender breast, Has such as fear him al - ways loved, Who, with a fa - ther's tender breast, Has such as fear him al - ways loved.



**MY SOUL, INSPIRED WITH SACRED LOVE. Continued.**

**CHORUS. TREBLE.**



**ALTO.**




4. Let every crea-ture joint - ly bless the mighty Lord; And thou, And thou, my heart, With

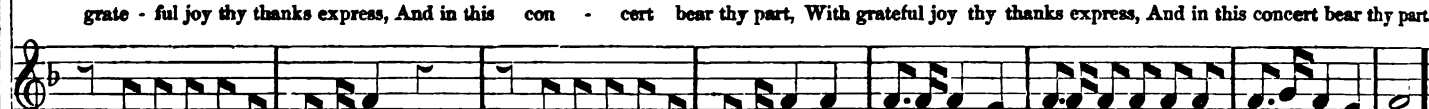

**TENOR.**



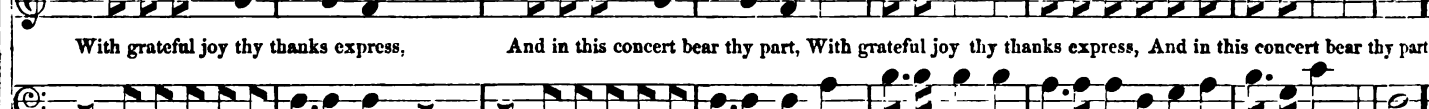
**BASE.**

grate - ful joy thy thanks express, And in this con - cert bear thy part, With grateful joy thy thanks express, And in this concert bear thy part.

With grateful joy thy thanks express, And in this concert bear thy part, With grateful joy thy thanks express, And in this concert bear thy part.


**ACCOMPANIMENT FOR ALL THE VERSES.**





# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE

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## Miscellaneous.

From the Manchester (England) Courier, of May 20.

### THE HUTCHINSONS' FAREWELL CONCERT.

Of all the assemblages which the Free Trade Hall has contained, we do not recollect one which the mind finds more pleasant in contemplation than that comprised within the walls of the hall on Saturday evening last, when the Hutchinson family gave their farewell concert. The occasion of this assemblage of all ranks and classes was indeed a simple one, viewed by itself; but its concomitants furnish matter for deep thought to all who care for their fellow-citizens, and for the moral and religious elevation of mankind generally. The thought may be a grave one, and by some its alliance with the subject on which we sit down to write may be disputed; but it was that which flitted across the tablets of the mind of many in the hall, and was daguerreotyped there for ever, as the eye glanced over the vast assemblage of every rank and age which lay stretched far out beneath. It was a triumph, that great congregation; a triumph of the spirit of peace and of love, of temperance and sobriety, and of music in the full exercise of its ennobling power. It was an astonishing sight to behold so many thousands attend to hear a simple trio of brothers, protectors of a confiding sister, whose talismanic influence lay not so much in the wildness or the novelty of their effusions, as in that sweet freshness and beautiful affinity of family voice, pouring forth in the simplest harmony words containing the noblest sentiments. It was at once the everyday world doing homage to philanthropy, and at the foot-stool of soul-aspiring sentiment and song conjoined. It was a cheering sight; may it often again be witnessed in our town.

We need scarcely to allude to the arrangements which were made by which almost the poorest classes were enabled to be present; the prices were such as might be expected from those who fixed them. As on the last two occasions when this talented band have visited the town, some hundreds have been unable to gain admission to the edifice in which they were singing, and long before the hour appointed for the commencement, not a few on Saturday night were fearful that the disagreeable circumstance might occur again, and they might be seen so early as seven o'clock, a full hour be-

fore the time, wending their way briskly towards the respective entrances for which they had tickets. Others having an eye to a good seat, were equally eager, and between the two parties so influenced, before half past seven the room gave promise of a large assembly. Before eight, the platform and stalls were filled by a most respectable audience; the galleries and side seats had but little spare room, and the promenade space was fast filling up. When the Hutchinsons entered the room, there must have been five thousand persons present, as before remarked, of all rank and ages. Some of the spectators were themselves "the observed of all observers," especially three railway laborers, who, dressed in their working habiliments, were seated near the platform in the front rank of one of the galleries, deeply interested and highly delighted with the proceedings. And while they thus sat, they little suspected that they were causing the milk of human kindness to swell forth in the secret thoughts of many who saw them, and inducing the heartfelt wish that more of their brethren would follow such a course.

The Hutchinsons on this, as on every occasion, were the only performers; they were the all and in all of the evening's entertainment. The concert was led off with that most appropriate song, so full of home associations and of yearnings after spots and faces they dearly love, "The cot where we were born," to which they will shortly return to tell of a kindly reception from the fathers and mothers of old father-land. As Abby's pure contralto and the fine counter-tenor of her brother John was wafted through the wide expanse, thought seemed suspended for a time, and all was hushed until the close, when hearty applause gave vent to the pent-up feelings. Charles Mackay's "Wait a little longer," was encored, and, without a pause, (for they understood their audience, and had made arrangements before entering the room,) the brothers commenced that system of acquiescence, which the company were not slow to perceive and stretch to its utmost limits. A glee, "Good morning," was given instead of the air just sung, and then followed the ballad-gem, "The lament of the Irish emigrant." How many hearts were there in which the sentiments would find a response! The song is peculiarly Judson's own; a sadly sweet melody; he sings it with exquisite skill, and purity of feeling and expression. The first part of Tennyson's "May Queen" introduced Abby, in a solo part. We feared that she would not be heard; but we have been informed that she filled the room surprisingly, and those who were not near enough to distinguish her features distinctly, yet heard her softest phrases; indeed, large as was the hall, we have not heard any complaints of indistinct hearing. A merited measure of approbation was awarded to her, and she acknowledged the compliment by rising again, and giving a comic ditty, which as highly amused as the other had interested. Then came the gem of the evening, "Excelsior," and perhaps it was never given with more brilliant effect in Manchester. The ventriloquial effects were perfectly deceptive, and you might easily have believed that,

"From the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell like a falling star."—*Excelsior.*

The effect was really entrancing. The second part

opened with "Westward ho," followed by the second and more pathetic part of the "May Queen." Abby gave it in her sweetest tones. It is scarcely needful that we especially enumerate more of the songs; suffice it to say that the programme contained the "Farmer's Song," the "Pauper's Funeral," the late Thomas Hood's two songs, "Get off the track," "King Alcohol," the "Maniac," and concluded with the "Old Granite State." To these were added, as returns for encores, a parody on "She's all my fancy painted her," the composition commencing with the air of our "National Anthem," and ending with "Yankee Doodle," "Down East," "The Crows," "Calomel," and one or two others. In the last piece, while singing

"We are all teetotalers,  
And have all signed the pledge,  
We are all teetotalers,  
And determined to keep the pledge,"

some ardent disciples of Father Mathew raised a round of applause; but a greater demonstration of feeling burst forth, when, immediately after, they sung

"We're a band of brothers,  
And will never go to war,"

in which all joined heartily. The singers acknowledged the courtesy with which they have been treated, by adding the following verses, as a finale to this, their farewell song:

"Now, farewell, friends and brothers,  
Fathers, sons, daughters, and mothers;  
Manchester people, and all others,  
In the father-land,

From our first appearing  
Have your smiles been cheering,  
And the thought endearing  
We shall cherish evermore.

If we ever meet you,  
We shall kindly treat you,  
And with 'Welcome' greet you,  
When you come to the yankee-land.

Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

And as the last echo of the parting sound died away, a hearty spontaneous burst of applause broke from all, and with it ringing in their ears, the Hutchinson family bowed and retired.

We understand that they visit Scotland before they return to the "Old Granite State;" but whenever they do give up their traveling life, and settle in the far west, they will carry with them the grateful recollections of all who have had the good fortune to associate with them.

[They were to give a farewell concert in Liverpool on the 3d of July, and sail for America on the 4th.]

An institute for instruction in musical composition has been opened in Weimar. Harmony, modulation, rhythm, single counterpoint, melody, working out of themes, form of modern instrumental music, double counterpoint, fugue, canon, instrumentation with orchestral examples, vocal music, vocal and instrumental music, the church form, lectures upon musical taste, musical history, the best method of practicing the various musical instruments, &c., constitute the course of study. The pupils have free admission to the grand duke of Weimar's opera, and the free use of his library.

## LONDON MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

## NUMBER ONE.

First and foremost among these societies is the CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC. This society was established in the year 1776, by a committee of noblemen and gentlemen, consisting of the earl of Sandwich, with whom the plan originated, the earl of Exeter, Lord Dudley, the bishop of Durham, Sir Watkins Williams Wynn, Sir Richard Jebb, the Hon. Humfry Morrice, and Hon. Mr. Pelham. They were soon afterwards joined by Viscount Fitzwilliam, and the earl of Uxbridge. The object of this society, as its name imports, was the performance of music which bore the stamp, not only of merit, but of age; and to secure this object, it was made a fundamental law of the society, that no piece, either vocal or instrumental, should be admitted into its bills, which had not been composed at least twenty years. This law, the observance of which precluded the directors from paying even to Hayden the compliment of having some of his own compositions performed when he attended as a visitor, has never been relaxed. The part of conductor of the concerts was assigned to Mr. Joah Bates, a gentleman devoted, like his constituents the directors, to the music of times gone by, and more especially to the compositions of Handel. Mr. Bates was a fine organ player, and had had a regular musical education, but had for some time held the situation of commissioner of the victualing office. The first concerts of the society were given in 1776. The terms for twelve weekly performances were five guineas, and the music for each concert was selected by the directors in rotation. For nine years the society kept the even tenor of its way, when a new and much more splendid and influential career was opened to it. The attachment of king George III. to music, and his admiration of the works of Handel, is well known. At the court concerts given at Windsor and the queen's palace, the compositions of that great master were constantly and almost exclusively performed. The Ancient Concert, the musical predilection of whose directors accorded so well with his own, held out to his majesty the opportunity of hearing the most sublime productions of his favorite composer performed in a style that had not, perhaps, been surpassed, even when their immortal author presided at the performances of his own oratorios. The directors of this concert were all members of his court; some of them the selected companions of his hours of relaxation and privacy; and the general body of the subscribers decidedly of the aristocratic grade. Influenced by these considerations, as well as by a desire to contribute to the advancement of his favorite art, in 1785 king George III. became not only the nominal royal patron of the Concert of Ancient Music, but a regular attendant at its meetings. From this period the society took the first rank among the musical associations of London; it received the additional appellation of the "king's concert," and all the etiquettes, then invariably attendant on the presence of royalty, were strictly observed. His majesty's private band, and the boys of the chapel royal, attended in the orchestra, in their full-dress liveries, and the royal family occupied a state box, to which they were regularly ushered by the director of the night, and from which alone applause or encore might proceed.

One of the first effects of the royal patronage, was a considerable increase in the number of subscribers to the concert, which, from somewhat more than two hundred, now swelled to three hundred and eighty-nine, ex-

clusive of the royal family, notwithstanding the price was raised to six guineas. This was natural. Hitherto, the ancient concerts had been frequented only by those who had a real taste for the kind of music performed there; but now to subscribe to the king's concert, was to obtain admission twelve times a year into the same room with the sovereign and his family; it gave a kind of stamp and impress of rank and fashion, and was coveted accordingly.

Mr. Bates held the office of conductor until his death in 1799, when he was succeeded by Mr. Grotto, who has occupied the station until within a few years past.

Recently, Prince Albert was appointed one of the directors of the sacred concert, and his influence has done much towards maintaining the high standing it has heretofore occupied. From the time of its commencement, the best professional singers and performers have been employed. Among the prima donnas, were Miss Harrop, (afterwards Mrs. Joah Bates,) in 1776; Madame Mara, in 1785; Mrs. Billington, in 1802; Miss Stephens, in 1813; Madame Malabran, in 1830.

The Sacred Concert, as in times past, is still the only musical society which is, to any extent, honored with the patronage of the nobility.

## HANDEL'S COMPOSITIONS.

OPERAS.—Almeria, Florinda, Nerone, Agrippina, Roderigo, Il Trionfo del tempo, Acige e Galatea, Rinaldo, Teseo, Amadige, Pasto Fido, Radamistro, Muzio Scaevola, Ottone, Floridante, Flavio, Julio Cæsare, Tamerlane, Roderlinda, Scipione, Alessandro, Ricardo, Ammeto, Siroe, Ptolomeo, Lotario, Partenope, Poro, Losanne, Orlando, Ezio, Arianna, Ariodante, Alcina, Atalanta, Ginstino, Arminio, Berenice, Taramondo, Alessandro Severo, Serse, Imeneo, Didamia—in all forty-three—the first three composed in Hamburg, 1704; the fourth in Florence, 1708; the fifth in Venice, 1709; the sixth in Rome, 1709; the seventh in Naples, 1709; and the remainder in London, 1710—1740.

ORATORIOS.—Deborah, 1733; Esther, 1783; Athaliah, 1733; Alexander's Feast, 1736; Israel in Egypt, 1738; Allegro ed il Penseroso, 1739; Saul, 1740; Messiah, 1741; Sampson, 1742; Semele, 1743; Susannah, 1743; Belshazzar, 1743; Hercules, 1744; Occasional Oratorio, 1745; Judas Macchabæus, 1746; Joseph, 1746; Alexander Balus, 1747; Joshua, 1747; Solomon, 1748; Theodora, 1749; Jephtha, 1751; Triumph of Time and Truth, 1751—twenty-three oratorios, composed while Handel resided in London.

SERENAS.—Il Trionfo del Tempo, composed in Rome; Acige e Galatea, in Naples; Acis and Galatea, Parnasso in Festa, and Choice of Hercules, in London.

CHURCH MUSIC.—Grand Te Deum for the Peace of Utrecht, 1713; four coronation anthems, 1727; several anthems made for the duke of Chandois, between 1717 and 1720—in all about twenty-three. Three Te Deums, one of which was on the occasion of the victory of Dettingen.

CHAMBER MUSIC.—About two hundred cantatas, the greatest part made at Hanover. Twelve chamber duettos, ten made at Hanover, and two in London.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—Music for the water. Concertos for different instrument. Sonatas for two violins and a bass. Harpsichord lessons. Twelve grand concertos. Twelve concertos for the organ.

Handel's untiring industry and remarkably fertile imagination is apparent in this catalogue of the numerous works, the handiwork of his pen.

DE MEYER, the celebrated pianist, is giving concerts at the west. The following, from the Cincinnati "Spirit of the Times," shows the editor's estimation of his performance. We have not heard him. He gave one concert in Boston, (which we could not attend,) at which he broke or sprained his finger, and was unable to give another:

"From the moment of his appearance, breathing was entirely suspended by the vast concourse of enthusiastic human beings present, who awaited in the most profound silence, broken only by the thunder of their beating hearts, (which could be heard several miles,) the moment which should agonize them with astonishment. He began; the first crash of the instrument took the nap entirely off the hat of a boy, who, like Zacchæus, 'climbed a tree' on the opposite side of the street. Again he touches it, and the silvery notes drop from his fingers like the gentle dew of heaven on a patch of cucumbers. Anon and you hear the 'leedle bits of notes,' brilliant as a diamond's flash, and about as big as a gnat's tooth, while with distended ears you eagerly bend forward to catch them, as, growing beautifully less, they die away in the distance. SLAM! CRASH!! BANG!!! THUNDER AND CATARACTS!!!! you are knocked into the middle of next week, and buried leagues deep among the wounded and dying—you're a gonner—while just before you 'kick the bucket,' soft strains, as if of paradise, steal over your sensibilities, affecting a resuscitation beyond the power of 'smelling salts,' and you 'come to,' and conclude to stay awhile. After you are fully restored, a grand scena puts you upon the railroad of delight, and carries you with lightning's speed to the seventh heaven of extacy, from which you are only brought down again by the life-like and terrific manner in which that classic extract from the great *Syrian poet Epaminondas* is executed—the glowing lines, at once startling and descriptive:

'The bull bellowed like thunder,  
And I ran like lightning  
And jumped over the fence  
And tore my trousers  
As though heaven and earth  
Was all coming together.'

Here was shown the mastery of the artist; the bellying of the infuriated bull, as, with tail erect, he courses across the field; the rain-drop pattering of the feet of the flying individual; the tremendous leap with which he clears the fence, and the fatal sound which carries to his agitated mind the conviction that his "trousers is tore," together with the rolling thunders of the "busting up" of heaven and earth, all conspired to form a "time" which sends the queen's English a begging, and lays the axe at the root of the lexicon."

## MUSIC.

Let all learn to sing, and, if possible, to play on instruments. If time is scarce, take time, and rely upon it, you will regain that time, both in increased mental and physical efficiency through life, so as to make up this time, and especially in *prolonging life itself!* Let children and youth more especially be encouraged to sing. The growing custom of relieving the tedium of the school-room by interspersing music, is admirable. Let it be practiced often through the day, throughout all the schools in christendom. It will greatly promote study, as well as cultivate this delightful and moralizing faculty, and also render the school-room attractive, instead of repulsive. It will keep alive this strong native passion, now allowed to slumber and finally die by disuse. As all

children have this faculty by nature, all can or could have become good singers and players if it had been early and duly cultivated. Let mothers sing much to their children, as well as strike up cheerful lays when about the house and garden, so as to inspire this divine sentiment in all about them, as well as thereby give unrestrained expression to those lively, buoyant, elevated, happy feelings, so abundant by nature in their souls. Song in woman is inexpressibly beautiful. She is pre-eminently adapted to pour forth her whole soul in strains of melting pathos. She is a better natural musician than man; and hence can diffuse in society those pure feelings and holy aspirations inspired by music—especially female singing. She can thereby charm her wayward children, and supplant the angry by the enchanting and subduing. When her children become fretful or ill-natured, she can sing them out of temper into sweetness more easily and effectually than by scolding or chastisement. One sweet tune, when they are wrangling, will quell wrath and promote love a hundred-fold more than whips. The former is irresistible, and tames down their rougher passions at once; the latter only re-inflames. Sweet music will hush still any crying child, and dispel anger as effectually as the sun fog. If mothers would sing their children out of badness into goodness—would sing to make and keep them good, and because they were good—how sweet and heavenly dispositioned they might render their children!

Music should therefore be almost an indispensable qualification and pre-requisite for marriage, and then be cultivated after marriage—even more than before; whereas domestic cares too often drown its happy notes. Home is the very orchestra of music. All women should be good singers and players, and may often avert the ill-temper and contentiousness of husbands, by frequently charming them with singing much. Angels live in song, and she approximates nearer to them than any other earthly creature. Let woman "cultivate this gift which is in her." Let children be encouraged to tune their young voices when about the house and fields, both singly and in concert, as well as persuaded to sing instead of contending. Let boys be encouraged to whistle, and play on instruments, and laborers make field and forest ring and echo with their lively, thrilling notes.—*American Phenological Journal*.

### MUSIC IN PARIS DURING THE WINTER.

The concerts of the conservatory formed the greatest attraction. The great pieces in each concert were, in the first, symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart; in the second, the forty-second symphony of Haydn, with the chorus of dervishes, in Beethoven's "Ruin of Athens;" in the third, the fourth symphony of Spohr; and in the fourth, Mendelssohn's symphony in A, together with Beethoven's symphony in B flat. Habeneck, the principal man in the committee who direct these concerts, is much opposed to bringing out new music. However, an oratorio from *Josse* was performed, which met with but little success. The text of the piece relates to the temptations of a hermit, (a queer subject,) who first prays, then is troubled with doubts and fears, then falls asleep, and is afflicted with dreams of infernal spirits, ghosts, &c. The words of Beethoven's chorus of dervishes were translated from the German by Maurice Bourges, who is engaged as translator by the society who give the concerts, and receives, besides a certain salary, a spare seat in the concert saloon. This last, by the way, is a subject of envy to the musical critics of

Paris, (those, probably, who write criticisms in magazines, &c.) who have free tickets to the concert-course. In consequence of the large audience, only two boxes in the second row were devoted to their accommodation. These boxes are constructed to hold six persons apiece. There are about thirty critics who make it a custom to attend the concerts, consequently from twelve to fifteen persons are crammed in each box, much like a parcel of herrings.

The dervish-chorus has created great enthusiasm among the Parisians, who wonder that such a gem could have been so long hidden from them.

Balfe's compositions uniformly fall through in the queen city, although received with favor in England and Germany. On the other hand, Berlioz, who is more skilled in making singular and tremendous sounds by means of the orchestra, than creating really beautiful music, is a great favorite with the Gallic race. He is now, probably, traveling in Germany. Many newspaper puffs have been sent after him, and if he succeeds well, it will probably be on this account, and not on account of the favor with which the Germans regard his music.

Sigmund Goldschmidt has been in great favor during the season. This Bohemian pianist attempts to unite the beauties of the old and new schools of playing, and succeeds very well in the union. He is considered as holding the highest rank among the performers of this season.

The Belgian composer *Lymnander*, his countryman, also a composer, *August Frank*, and a German young lady, *Fraulein Rupplin*, have contributed to the pleasure of the musical public, either by direction of concerts, or by singing in them.

Louis Philippe is a lover of old, classical music. Gluck and Mozart are his favorites. The court concerts take place usually on Tuesday, and are directed by Habeneck, who has, however, during the winter, been kept from his post a good deal by sickness. This bad health was the result of over exertion, as he has directed at once at the grand opera, the conservatory, and the court concerts, besides superintending studies at the conservatory, and giving lessons on the violin in that institution.

Monsieur Brandus, the proprietor of the "Gazette Musicale," gave a concert, during the season, to the subscribers of that paper. It was very well arranged, and was well received by those who attended. \*

Last year, the "manner gesangverein," (singing societies composed exclusively of men) of Belgium, challenged the "manner gesangverein" of the Rhine provinces of Germany, to a musical contest, which was accepted. The strife took place in Brussels. This year the Germans in their turn invited their Flemish (Belgian) brethren to unite in an annual Flemish-Rhinish musical association, to be composed of delegates from the "manner gesangverein" of Belgium and the Rhine provinces. The first meeting of this association will be held at Cologne, on the 14th and 15th of the present month, fourteen days after the great nether Rhine musical festival in Aix la Chapelle. The following Flemish societies have already accepted the invitation, viz: the Gombert Society of Brussels, the Melomanen and Orpheus societies in Ghent, the Scheldesohne and the Teutonia in Antwerp, the St. Gregory's Singing Association and the Philomel societies in Lyons, and the singing association in Syngnen. The performances at this festival will be under the direction of Mendelssohn.

YANKEE DOODLE IN AUSTRIA.—A European correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from Vienna, the capital of Austria, furnishes the following gratifying scrap of news:

Vieux Temps has been performing for some time in the imperial opera house, and his popularity in a city where music of every kind is so closely criticised, must be highly flattering to him. He is decidedly a great favorite, and is always warmly received. A few evenings ago I was present at one of his performances, and witnessed an occurrence well calculated to excite the enthusiasm of an American heart. Vieux Temps had finished a series of his pieces with the carnival of Venice; he was called out again, when he struck up Yankee Doodle with variations. This set the whole audience in a perfect uproar. "Amerikaner!" cried out one of the Austrians; "Bravo!" a hundred others; and you may well imagine that we Americans, three or four in number, found it rather difficult to sit still during this enthusiastic expression of feeling for our beloved country. At the close of the piece, the applause was unbounded. Vieux Temps was called out three several times before the curtain fell, and twice afterwards; the audience each time receiving him standing, and greeting him with rounds of applause, while nearly all the ladies in the house were clapping their hands to the best of their abilities.

There is a great difference between the works of what we call the old masters, and the modern school (or shoal) of compositions. Every one acknowledges this, but not every one understands how the difference came about, or what the difference is. I speak of piano forte compositions. The truth is, that music seems to have descended, in these latter days, from the head to the heart, and even, as some wickedly would have it, to the ends of the fingers. Whether music has not advanced, one can hardly say, but it is fair to suppose that it has. But we cannot say that a majority of modern composers think as deeply as their predecessors. Deep thought is not the fashion now-a-days. A beautiful temple stands upon a mountain. Some try to fly up to it, but naturally fail. Others go part way up the steep hill, and conclude that there is nothing in the temple worth a further scramble; so they make what show they can from the elevation already attained. Those who reach the top toil the hardest, and are the most fortunate, but are, unfortunately, out of sight of their lazy companions below. Hence the small popularity of classical music. Half-learned artists and amateurs may float upon the turbulent sea of passion here, and find excitement and pleasure. But the true musician tastes the soothing joys of paradise.—SOBOLSKY.

The music in No. 12 can be sung to any appropriate long metre hymn, not to a common metre, as printed in our last.

A VALUABLE RELIC.—It is stated in a London paper, that the celebrated pianist, Liszt, has become the owner of the piano forte of the great composer, Beethoven. This instrument is that upon which his celebrated symphonies were tried, and which has been played upon by Addison, Cramer, and Moschelles. Dr. Spina, a friend of the great master, came into possession of the piano at Beethoven's decease, and it has lately been presented by him to Liszt. The instrument was originally given to Beethoven by the Messrs. Broadwood, musical instrument makers of London. It is now owned by one who will value it.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, JULY 20, 1846.

It is now six months since we entered upon the joys and sorrows of editorial life. We commenced the publication of this paper under the impression that such a journal was needed, and that if a paper devoted to music could attain a general circulation it would be of essential benefit to the cause. We commenced it without expecting pecuniary reward for our labors; indeed much doubting whether, for the first year, it would pay its expenses. In fact, we thought a thousand subscribers as many as we could reasonably expect for a year, and we consequently published at first an edition of one thousand. Although we have obtained names enough to exhaust our first edition, we have not begun to get as many as we want. We should like a hundred thousand, and then, with the knowledge that our articles would be read by so large a number, and with money enough to carry out our plans, we would issue a paper well worth a dollar to anybody who feels the slightest interest in music.

We know not how our efforts thus far have been viewed. If any one has disliked our mode of conducting the Gazette, he has not told us of it, and we are left to conclude that our labors are not altogether unappreciated. Our readers should understand that we do not make a business of editing the paper. Our regular occupation is that of a music teacher, and our editing is all done at intervals when we should otherwise be at leisure. If we had nothing to do but to sit in our chair editorial and write, we doubt not but that we should enjoy ourselves right well. We are not sure, however, but our constant occupation in the various branches of teaching will keep us qualified to conduct the paper usefully, equally as well as more time devoted to the selection and arrangement of articles for it.

If any one thing more than another would gratify us, it would be to number among our subscribers a large number of the choristers and teachers of music in the country. With all respect, these two classes, as they exist throughout the country, have not yet reached the summit of musical improvement, although we are obliged to conclude that many of them think they have. With many of these classes our agents have met with no success, and we are puzzled to surmise the reason. He must take little interest in his choir, who grudges a dollar a year for a paper which we will venture to say will show him many things in relation to his duty which he never thought of, and greatly assist him in conducting his choir and the music of the sanctuary. We hardly know what to think of professed music teachers, who will not embrace such a source of improvement. They are either the veriest egotists, or they have a small opinion of us, or they grudge the expense. If such persons subscribed for any musical paper the case would be different. We wonder if there's a doctor in the country who does not take a medical journal, or a lawyer who never reads a law reporter. If there is, deliver us from trusting our health or our property to such hands. If we wished the services of a music teacher we should say, deliver us from one whose knowledge is derived exclusively from his own brains, who has not, and will not, inform himself of what others are doing in the world.

Several reasons have been suggested why our subscription list does not increase more rapidly. It is said that many publishers are opposed to us, fearing that

where our paper goes their books will not. Indeed a prominent author of church music, resident in New York, frankly told our agent that it would not be policy for him to encourage our paper, because, wherever it went, Boston books would sell, in preference to New York books. It strikes us that these gentlemen are in error. The author of a spelling book would not be injured, surely, by a paper which should urge upon the community the importance of learning to read. As little will the proprietors of singing books be injured by the extensive circulation of a paper which will urge the importance of a universal cultivation of music. We are much mistaken if we have thus far published anything which can give rise to the suspicion that we have anything to do with any class of books. We established our paper that a medium might be established through which useful knowledge can be communicated, not as an instrument for praising one class of books, or of condemning another. We are willing and shall be happy to notice all books which may be published; but we wish it to be distinctly understood, that in all instances we shall publish the truth so far as we know what it is. We shall not say that a good book is bad, nor a bad book good; but in all cases publish our own honest opinion. We also wish it to be understood that as conductors of this paper we are perfectly independent. We are under obligations to no one, nor are we dependent upon any one. We established it of our own free will, and we shall conduct it just as we think best—*notwithstanding* which, however, we shall thankfully receive suggestions from any one, as to how its usefulness can be increased.

We are told that if we would occasionally publish a slanderous article against Mr. Mason, it would procure us many subscribers. To us this is certainly a singular suggestion. Mr. Mason has been a citizen of Boston for twenty years, and has always sustained the character of an upright and honorable man, and a consistent christian. He ranks at the very head of the musical profession in this city, and is held in the highest estimation by the community. What good it would do to slander him we are at a loss to understand. Besides there is a paper published in this city, (the American Journal of Music,) which for the last three years has devoted a large space in its columns to the most venomous attacks upon Mr. M.'s professional, moral, and private character. These attacks have been slanderous, vile, and false enough to satisfy the father of lies himself. We should not think it necessary to enter upon a subject, which is so fully treated in the print referred to, even if our principles would permit us to fabricate such bare-faced falsehoods as have been published respecting the gentleman above named.

The greatest obstacle we have to encounter, in obtaining subscribers, is the great self-sufficiency of those who are engaged in, or interested in music. Many are so wise in their own conceit; they know so much; by taking twenty-four, or forty-eight lessons in music, they have so completely exhausted the whole subject, that anything for improving *their* knowledge is out of the question. We sometimes think that the most perfect judge of music in the world, (in his own estimation,) is the one who has devoted but a few hours to its study. While the one who most distrusts his own ability and judgement, is he who has spent a long life in exploring the resources of the art.

For the remaining six months we shall publish more articles of a practical nature than we have heretofore done. We have kept back such articles, because we do not wish to preach the same sermon twice, and have therefore

reserved them until our list of subscribers was larger. We shall, of course, be very glad to receive lists of names, (the larger the better,) for the last half year.

We experience not a little difficulty in finding agents enough, at least in some sections. We renew our request for agents, for whose services we are willing to pay liberally.

By invitation from the trustees, we attended the annual musical examination of the Rutgers Female Institute, in New York, on Friday, July 3. This institution numbers about four hundred pupils, between the ages of seven and eighteen. They are instructed in vocal music, by Mr. Geo. F. Root, one hour in each day being devoted to the exercise, at which time all of the pupils assemble in the large hall for the purpose. The examination was conducted by Mr. Root, in presence of the committee appointed to make the examination, and a large audience, composed of the friends of the pupils. Before commencing the exercises, Mr. Root remarked that no private instruction was given to the scholars, but all the explanations were made to the whole class, as then assembled, and consequently the audience must not expect that the pupils were perfect with regard to quality of tone, and those things which can only be imparted through the medium of private instruction. The main design of the exercise, as pursued in the institution, was to lay a foundation for future progress and excellence.

The pupils were first required to sing the diatonic scale in various ways, ascending and descending, first singing each sound four beats long; then two beats; then one beat; then two sounds to a beat; three to a beat; four to a beat; each sound eight beats long, *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, &c. The same exercises in the minor scale were next performed, with perfect accuracy. The pupils then sang the chromatic scale, ascending and descending, commencing at C, with surprising accuracy and distinctness, without accompaniment. After they had done this, we were somewhat startled at the direction to sing the chromatic, through two octaves, commencing at low G, a request, however, which was perfectly complied with, without the aid of the piano.

The pupils were next exercised upon the intervals, and although the most difficult were called for, such as from flat 7 to sharp 1, from sharp 4 to flat 3, &c., if we mistake not, they were in every instance sung without hesitation.

Exercises were then written upon the blackboard, with regard to which numerous questions were asked, answers to which were given in unison, and, so far as we could judge, by nearly every pupil present. A perfect acquaintance with every key as far as six sharps and six flats, major and minor, was apparent. At the request of one of the committee, exercises in two or three parts were written upon the board, calculated to test the pupils' ability to keep time. The result in this respect was perfectly satisfactory.

At the close, several difficult two-part solfeggios were sung by a semi-chorus of the older pupils, with wonderful facility. A few pieces with words from the Young Ladies' Choir, were also sung, and the exercises closed with two or three beautiful pieces which had been prepared for the commencement, which took place the following Friday.

This is the only examination we have attended, in which the pupils have devoted so much time to music, under a perfectly competent teacher. In the Boston schools in which music is taught, both public and private, but two half hours in the week are allowed for musical instruction; in the Rutgers Institute the same



time is devoted *every day*! We were prepared, therefore, to witness greater proficiency than we had previously seen in any school or seminary; and our expectations were more than realized.

Being obliged to remain in New York over the Sabbath, we attended church in the morning, at the Mercer street Church, where Mr. Root conducts the music. The singing was in every respect such as we like to hear; but in truth we seldom feel in a critical mood, when in church. The clergyman announced that in consequence of important alterations in the organ gallery, the house would be closed on the following Sabbath, and until further notice. Upon inquiry, Mr. Root informed us, that the organ is to be placed back in the tower, the floor of the singing gallery to be made level, and the keys of the organ are to be so placed that the organist will have the choir between himself and the organ. A desk, in imitation of the pulpit, is to project from the front of the gallery, for the keys, and the organist, who will face the choir, having his back to the minister. The action, communicating from the keys to the organ, is to run under the floor, leaving the room for the choir unincumbered. This arrangement is admirable, especially where the organist is the leader, as is the case at the Mercer street Church.

Returning from this church, we stopped for a few moments at Grace Church, by far the most beautiful house of worship we ever entered, and we have seen not a few in our life time. The services were about concluded, and we did not hear the choir.

In the afternoon, we attended the Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn. We confess our leading object in attending this church, was, to hear the choir, and the splendid organ which was recently finished for this church, by Appleton, of Boston. Mr. Zeuner is the organist. For some reason unknown to us, (unless that it was communion,) neither organist nor choir were present, but the singing was performed *senza organo*, by the congregation, among whom were an unusual number of fine voices.

Returning from Brooklyn we passed the far-famed Trinity Church, and noticing that the service was not concluded, we went in. We cannot, of course, pretend to describe this magnificent structure. The organ is the largest in America, but is not, we believe, quite finished. The choir organ is in a separate case, and projects over the front of the gallery. We heard one chant, performed by fine voices, and accompanied by a skillful organist, but it did not last long enough to allow us to judge of the effect of music under those lofty arches. We thought the treble and alto voices were boys, but as the detestable custom of hiding the choir from sight, prevails in New York, we could not be certain.

### GRAFTON COUNTY MUSICAL CONVENTION.

Messrs. Editors—I had the pleasure of attending the annual convention of the Grafton County Musical Association, at Haverhill, N. H., on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 23 and 24. I thought a word or two in relation to the musical exercises might be acceptable to your readers. Mr. L. Mason, of your city, was present, and took charge of the music; and the singing was mostly from the Psalter, a work which contains a greater variety of beautiful church tunes than any other that has fallen under my observation. With a fine choir, consisting of two hundred and fifty or three hundred singers, I need not tell you that the meetings were peculiarly interesting and instructive.

Being myself one of the choir, I may be partial, but if I mistake not we seldom hear a more effective chorus than on this occasion.

During the exercises, an excellent address on church music was delivered by Rev. Mr. Delano. I wish that on all such occasions there might be at least one address by a competent person. An address like the one at this meeting adds much to the usefulness and dignity of the occasion.

A concert was given, but of quite too mixed a character for my taste. I understood that the conductor himself did not approve such a mingling of sacred and secular—psalm tunes and songs.

The great advantage of such conventions seems to be the amount of instruction afforded to singers, and especially as it regards the best style and manner of performance. Singers are too apt to take up a book, and run carelessly over the tunes, without so practicing them as to bring out the effect designed. Many tunes that look comparatively easy are capable of an expression much deeper and more effective than a superficial observer would suppose. There were many illustrations of this remark in the course of the exercises, and it was not a little interesting to watch the countenances, as the true expression of a tune was gradually brought out.

I know of no means of improvement that I would sooner recommend to singers, than to hold such conventions for two or three days, provided some one fully competent can be procured to take charge of the music.

The convention at Haverhill was certainly highly successful and satisfactory, and the singers seemed to part with regret, with the kindest feelings, and with a deepened sense of the importance of the work of sacred praise.

We have before us some beautiful volumes, entitled "The Scot's Musical Museum," published in Edinburgh. Each number contains one hundred Scotch songs, as originally composed, as near as can be ascertained. A historical notice of each song is appended, as well as some speculations upon the origin of the peculiar style which pervades all the old Scotch melodies. We have taken the liberty to copy "Tarry Woo," one of the songs, thinking it may be new to our subscribers, although in reality so old that Burns could not trace its authorship. We were half inclined to render the words into pure English, but on the whole concluded to make a literal copy. The following notice accompanies the song:

#### TARRY WOO.

This beautiful song was copied from the third volume of Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany; but the name of its author has hitherto eluded research. Thompson has omitted this song in his Orpheus Caledonius, but the air appears in M'Gibbon's first collections. Burns was of the opinion that the first half stanza, as well as the tune itself, were much older than the rest of the words.

COUNTERFEIT PIANOS.—A few days ago we saw two pianos, to every outward appearance of Chickering's manufacture, with his name upon them in a perfect imitation of his plate. A trial of their qualities, however, showed them to be very inferior in touch and tone, and such as never yet came from that celebrated manufactory. Upon inquiry, we learned that they were made by Wilkinson & Coy, of this city, and sent to the New York auctions, where the fraud was discovered, and they were returned to Boston and sent to Mr. Chickering's warehouse. Perhaps there is no article with regard to which it is so important to consult a competent judge before purchasing, as a piano.

### NEW NOTATION.

EXPLANATION.—The ascent and descent of the scale are designated by the numerals, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. The lower scale or octave, is designated by an accent before the numeral, ('1). The middle scale is without a mark, (1). The upper scale is designated by the inverted comma before the numeral, ('2), while the scale still higher is designated by the apostrophe, ('1). Whole note, o; half note, v; quarter note, #; eighth note, #; sixteenth note, #; thirty-second note, #; whole note rest, —; half note rest, —; quarter note rest, —; eighth note rest, —; sixteenth note rest, —; thirty-second note rest, —; bar, |; double bar, ||; sharp, †; flat, ‡; natural, †; repeat, ::; pause, : (1#); staccato mark, (1#); point of addition, (1#). Instead of the tie, notes to be sung to a syllable are united by the hyphen (2#-3#). The letters after sharps or flats, at the beginning of the tune, are the letters of the scale that are affected.

Illustration. Scale extended to 5 of the lower, and to 5 of the upper.

'5# '6# '7# | 1# 2# 3# 4# 5# 6# 7# | '1# '2# '3# '4# '5#  
G A B | C D E F G A B | C D E F G  
Sol La Si | Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si | Do Re Mi Fa Sol

We cut the above from the Hagerstown (Md.) Unionist, in which paper it occupied an humble corner, and was without note or comment. It is, certainly, an ingenious method for expressing musical sounds with common types. It forms the *fourth* on our catalogue of new notations, which have been brought before the public since the commencement of our paper. The *first*, (noticed in No. 3), made its appearance in the Syracuse (N. Y.) Teachers' Advocate. Its author says he was thirteen years in arranging it. We have no types to represent his characters, or we would give an example of the system. The *second* was the figure notation noticed in No. 6. The *third* was the system used in the Christian Minstrel, noticed in No. 10. The *first*, *third*, and *fourth*, are original with their authors. So far as we know, they have never been tried to any extent, and therefore neither we nor anybody else can know for a certainty whether they will be successful or not. Our opinion of them is decidedly unfavorable; but we are willing to give the authors credit for study, perseverance, and ingenuity, and to await the result of a fair trial of the merits of the different systems.

The figure notation noticed in No. 6 was somewhat extensively used in elementary schools in Germany, some twenty or thirty years ago, but was soon laid aside, as worthless. Many books were published with the figure notation which are still to be found in abundance in the German music stores. This system has the present year been brought before the American public, in a work called the Boston Numeral Harmony. The preface to the book says, "With this system of musical notation, persons can be taught to read music in every possible key, in one twentieth part of the time necessarily required the other way." "Common singers can learn in one hour so as to read music at sight in all keys." "By this system, the great treasures of music are opened in a few lessons to the perfect comprehension of old and young. The elements thoroughly initiate the pupil into the science of music, laying aside all the PRACTICAL DIFFICULTIES of the old way. To learn music in round notes, and read well in all keys, is equal to acquiring a knowledge of the Latin language. To be able to read music perfectly in this way, requires less mental effort than to learn the common alphabet." The preface from which these modest promises are taken, closes with the following sentence: "Should this system contribute to the more rapid spread of practical musical knowledge, it will amply repay many years' study in arriving at a system which, on account of its simplicity, may be thought only the work of a leisure hour."

Signed, H. W. Day, R. F. Beal, INVENTORS! We have in our possession a number of German works published between the years 1814 and 1830, with the figure notation. While in Germany, we looked over something like a hundred different works with the same notation. We have carefully examined the Boston Numeral Harmony, and we pronounce the notation, in every particular, the same which has so long since been tried and rejected in Germany. Even in unimportant points we find no other difference between the book in question, and the German, than that the former uses clefs to show whether the part is base, tenor, treble, or alto, while the Germans merely placed the word base, &c., at the commencement.

We do not intend to enlarge upon the honesty of thus bringing forward an old and exploded system, claiming to have spent many years' study upon it, and to have been its inventors; neither have we anything to say with regard to the extravagant promises held forth in the preface—promises which every intelligent man knows to be without a shadow of foundation; but we merely wish to propound the following questions: If there is any merit in this system, would the Germans have laid it aside? If a moiety of the promises here made were true, in the course of the thirty years which have elapsed since it was introduced into Germany, would it not have superseded the present notation? And yet, among the cargoes of German music which are every year imported into Boston and New York, who ever saw a piece published with the figure notation? Of all the nations in the world, the Germans are the most noted for intellectual acumen. They have been the first to adopt every improvement in education, and their schools are deservedly considered models for the world. In no country does music and musical education receive a tenth part of the attention it does there. Is it credible, that they would lay aside a system by which persons can be taught to sing in one twentieth part of the time required to learn that which is now universally adopted throughout the length and breadth of the land?

So far as our acquaintance extends, "The World of Music," published in Chester, Vt., is, besides the Gazette, the only paper in the United States wholly devoted to music. It is an excellent paper, and well worthy of patronage. In a recent number we noticed a remark to the end, that it is a fixed rule with the editor to publish every piece of music sent to him. We think it stated, that a prominent object of the paper is, to give publicity to the compositions of native composers. We take this opportunity to state that this is by no means the prominent object of the Gazette. We wish to publish only music of positive merit, and although we shall be thankful enough for contributions of such a character, we must refer those whose chief desire is to see their productions in print, to our friend of the World of Music, who has more room for such things than we have.

In 1836, the Boston Academy of Music leased the old Federal street Theatre for five years, and altered it for a concert and lecture room, calling it the Odeon. At the expiration of the lease, they renewed it for five years, at double the rent paid under the first lease.—The second lease expires the present year. The proprietors refuse to renew the lease, and are altering the building back to a theatre. The teachers' class of the Academy will meet the present year in the Tremont Temple.

AN OLD FRIEND.—We occasionally catch sight of that most itinerant of all articles, "The Musical Bed." Its last appearance was in a Vermont paper, somewhat grown and altered, but with sufficient marks of identity, although credited to "English paper."

We once heard of an old lady, who, at the age of sixty, heard with astonishment that crows live a hundred years. Wishing to prove the statement, she procured a young one, intending to keep it and see if so be it would live so long. We have a number of subscribers upon our list who entered their names for six months, perhaps to see if so be the Gazette would live to attain such an age. Their subscription expires with the present number. We shall send the next number, and those who do not wish to continue will please return it, with their names upon the envelope.

A subscriber writes us that he is astonished that one who has been about the world as much as we have, should never have seen a man who knows everything about music, and thinks we are decidedly behind the times. He says there are more than a dozen such persons in the town in which he resides, and invites us to come and see a specimen. We'll be there anon.—Where's our valise?

We noticed an advertisement, which stated that the New York Sacred Music Society would make an excursion, per steamboat, to Newburg, and there perform the oratorio of the Seven Sleepers.

In a former number we made the remark, that the principal European musical journals are filled with criticisms of new music, and concerts. The following is translated literally from the principal German musical paper. The general remarks will answer for any civilized country, as well as Germany. It is a fair specimen of the criticisms common in German periodicals.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS. *Song for soprano or tenor voice, with the piano forte, by Gustav Lamm. Op. 1. Berlin. Challier & Co., in commission. Price 1-3 thaler.*

Though the expectation has been so often disappointed, every one takes up the first work of a composer, with the idea that it is something original and good. It is natural to believe that he will do the best he can; and it is his part to take care, that the estimate which the public put upon his effort be not too high. A critic is apt to be very charitable in his notice of a first composition. He reflects that "no master falls from the skies," and looks more on the young musician's intention than upon what that intention has produced. He inquires, whether there is an appearance of worthy and earnest endeavor, of love to the art, of an impulse to create. Or whether only vanity and self sufficiency has brought this new song, or sonata, or whatever it is, into the place where all may see, hear, and judge it. It is too bad, when, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, an opus 1 (No. 1 of a musician's composition) appears so atrocious as the one before us, of which we can only say, that it had better have been left unprinted, and that it leaves little ground to hope for anything worth having from Mr. G. D. Whoever takes this beautiful piece of Burns, so full of feeling and sentiment, and handles it in such a common-place way, utterly devoid of expression, satisfying himself with making it dance forward through a melody which in rhythm corresponds to the syllables of the text, with a harmony arranged according to rule, and not according to taste,

such an one has not great musical gifts, and lacks that poetical temperament, without which no one can make really good music. What must we think, then, of the one who will place a trifling thing, like that of which we speak, by the side of the excellent compositions which have already been connected with "My heart's in the highlands," and boldly enters the lists with their experienced and skillful composers? He certainly shows that he is wanting in judgment, in refined taste, and in respect for the public. Had Mr. D. no true, upright friend, who would hold him back from the publication of this thing? We are very sorry to have to greet a new work in this manner. But the profession has mores enough in it. Dilettantism makes itself larger than it should. In nothing is there such an excess of tyros, not to say of quacks and impostors, as in the field of composition, and especially in song composition. It is now necessary to make strict inquiry as to the worth of new musical productions, the more needful, as the art is becoming humbled and debased through the influence of bad ones. Will the one we have criticised look in the mirror we have held up before him? We doubt it. If he was self-sufficient enough to send forth his song, he is able to set aside all criticism, on the ground that it "sets his worth and talent far too low." Well! let him give us something better, if he can, and we will be the first to recognize his improvement.—Until he can do this, let him write as much as he will, only let him refrain from having anything printed. The public does not need his services; neither does the art.

A young man applied for the situation of school-master in a German village. The magistrate told him that it was a part of the school-master's duty to play the organ in the village church. "Are you qualified to do this?" "Oh, I can do it well enough; you need have no fears on that score; to be sure, I never have tried, but I've very often heard it played."

We notice in a German paper an advertisement of a book, entitled "Music in the Protestant Church Service as it should not be," a subject, we should think, upon which a pretty large book might be written.

A painter having completed the portrait of a musician, the friends of the latter were called in to give their opinion of the production. Of course they all found fault. This one pronounced one feature out of the way, another found another blemish; and there is no knowing how many imperfections they might have described, had they not been interrupted by the little son of the musician, who, on entering the room, immediately ran up to the picture, clapping his hands, and exclaiming, "My papa, my papa!" "How do you know it's your papa?" inquired the gratified painter. "Oh! because he's got a violin," replied the child. \*

INSTRUCTIONS IN THOROUGH BASE, an easy method for learning to play church music and other four-part music, upon the organ, piano forte, and other keyed instruments. By A. N. Johnson. This work professes to impart the ability to play church music, by the common-sense method of progressive exercises, which are to be played, not written. The work differs from other works on thorough base, in the fact that everything relating to the art of writing music is omitted, as foreign to the subject. Published by Geo. P. Reed, 17 Tremont Row, Boston; Frith & Hall, 1 Franklin Square, New York; and for sale by music dealers generally. It can be easily ordered through any bookseller who orders books from New York or Boston.

**I'M YOUNG AND I'M BLITHESOME.**

SCHULZ.

*Allegro.*

1. I'm young and I'm blithe-some, un-harmed by dull care; In all that's en-joy-ment I cheer-ful-ly share:

2. I'm sure there's no gain in con-sign-ing my life To clois-ters, or work-shops, or av-a-ri-ty's strife;

3. As-pir-ing for-ev-er to learn-ing, O shame! Or plan-nig and strug-gling for hon-or or fame!

4. I'm not to be tempt-ed with wealth or with lore; To hon-or and of-fice I nev-er shall soar;

There's no-thing I cov-et in sor-row and toil; My pleas-ures I nev-er with plod-ding will spoil.

Such non-sense I'm sure I shall nev-er com-mit; I leave it for those who are born with-out wit.

I'm sure there's more pleas-ure in ten min-utes glee, Than sage or phi-los-o-pher ev-er will see.

They'll nev-er de-ceive me—I know them too well; But mu-sic and pleas-ure for-ev-er shall swell.

**ENDERS. C. M.**

1. Oh, how I love thy holy law! 'Tis daily my de-light; And thence my med-i-ta-tions draw Divine advice by night, Divine ad-vice by night.

2. My waking eyes prevent the day, To meditate thy word; My soul with longing melts away, To hear thy gospel, Lord, To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3. Thy heavenly words my heart engage, And well employ my tongue, And through my weary pilgrimage Yield me a heavenly song, Yield me a heavenly song.

4. When nature sinks, and spirits droop, Thy promises of grace Are pil-lars to sup-port my hope, And then I write thy praise, And then I write thy praise.

## TARRY WOO.

1. Tarry woo, O tar - ry woo, Tarry woo is ill to spin; }  
Card it well, oh card it well, Card it well, ere ye be - gin. } When it's carded, row'd and spun, Then the work is haf - lens done.

But when wov-en, drest, and clean, It may be clead - ing for a queen.

3. Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,  
O'er the hills and valleys trip,  
Sing up the praise of tarry woo;  
Sing the flocks that bear it too.  
Harmless creatures, without blame,  
That clead the back and cram the wame,  
Keep us warm and hearty fou;  
Leese me on the tarry woo.

4. How happy is the shepherds life,  
Far from courts, and free from strife;  
While the gimmers bleat and bae,  
And the lambkins answer mae;  
No such music to his ear;  
Or thief or fox he has no fear;  
Sturdy kent, and coolly true,  
We'll defend the tarry woo.

2. Sing my bonny harmless sheep,  
That upon the mountains steep,  
Bleating sweetly as ye go,  
Through the winter frost and snow;  
Hart, and hynd, and fallow deer,  
No be half so useful are.  
Frae kings to him that ho'ds the plow,  
Are all obliged to tarry woo.

5. He lives content, and envies  
Not e'en a monarch on his throne,  
Though he the royal sceptre sways,  
Has not sweeter holidays.  
Who'd be a king, can only tell  
When a shepherd sings so well;  
Sings so well, and pays his due,  
With honest heart and tarry woo.

## VACATION SONG.

From the Musical Class Book.

WORDS BY J. JOHNSON, JR.

1. *f* Ho! ho! va - ca - tion days are here, *p* tralla! *f* We welcome them with right good cheer, *p* tralla! *f* In wis - dom's halls we love to be, But

still 't is pleasant to be free. Sing mer - ri - ly and cheer-i - ly, tral - la! Sing cheer-i - ly and mer-ri - ly, tral-la!

2. Ho! ho! the hill, the wood, the dale, tralla!  
The lake on which we used to sail, tralla!  
We greet ye all, with right good cheer;  
In thought unchanged, again we're here.  
Sing merrily and cheerily, tralla!  
Sing cheerily and merrily, tralla!

3. Ho! ho! ye songsters of the shade, tralla!  
A merry troop your haunts invade, tralla!  
Beware! our songs of merry glee  
Shall fright ye from the greenwood tree.  
Sing merrily and cheerily, tralla!  
Sing cheerily and merrily, tralla!

4. Ho! ho! the hours will quickly fly, tralla!  
And soon vacation time be by, tralla!  
Oh, then we'll all in glad refrain,  
Sing welcome to our school again.  
Sing merrily and cheerily, tralla!  
Sing cheerily and merrily, tralla!

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## Miscellaneous.

### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN EUROPE.

NUMBER SIX.

Frankfort on the Maine is a city which has been remarkable, for one thing or another, for some hundreds of years. It was founded, according to the best authority, during the reign of Charlemagne. This monarch, variously known as Carolus Magnus, der Grosse Karl, and Charlemagne, seems still to be held in veneration by the Frankforters. They have lately filled one of the niches at the side of the Maine bridge with his statue, which represents him as a pretty large man, with a long beard, a globe surmounted by a cross in his left hand, and a huge, poker-like sword, in the other. He was, in truth, pretty good and wise for an emperor; but if the rule should prevail, that everybody should be venerated according to his virtues and his wisdom, I doubt if kings and emperors would receive as much posthumous homage as they do now. The city stands midway in the fertile plain which forms the valley of the river Maine, or in that region formerly known as the Wetteran, which comprised, not only the plain just mentioned, but part of the neighboring mountain ranges of the Taunus, the Spessart, and perhaps the Hartz and the Odenwald. When the country was first known to the Romans, the region around the present location of Frankfort was pretty well "settled," but in a rather "unsettled" condition. The inhabitants were much troubled with incursions from the south, where a warlike people, called chatten (cats) resided, or existed. I am not sure that savages can, grammatically, be said to reside anywhere. These chatten, who were reputed to be descended from wild cats, were such troublesome neighbors that the dwellers of the plain were at length incited to leave the borders of the river, and go elsewhere in search of an unmolested abiding place. They accordingly moved down the Rhine, and pitched their tents on the first plain they came to, which was that where Cologne now stands. The chatten took possession of the vacated district, in company with the Romans, who had, somehow or other, as is apt to happen with such people, mixed in the disputes between the tribes, and taken to themselves the usual pay of such peace-makers. When these latter, however, began to build a wall among the Taunus mountains, for security against the tribes of the north, the children of the wild

cats, disliking to be inclosed, stepped over the other side, thus leaving the fertile valley in a state of "statu quo." When Charlemagne came upon the stage, being of an active and driving disposition, he engaged in numerous wars, which sometimes brought him into trouble, and sometimes other people. One of the former occasions, if an old legend is to be believed, was the occasion of the founding of Frankfort. He, with his army of Franks, had been defeated by the Saxons, and was in full retreat towards home, when he came to the banks of the Maine, over which river a thick fog was hanging.

Now it is rather unpleasant to wade into a stream, without being sure that you will find a safe passage; and drowning is not the most dignified death for a great man to die. So thought Karl, probably, as he gazed into the mist, which, as if in pity for his dilemma, suddenly lifted, and disclosed a shepherdess fording the stream with her flock. The emperor and his train followed suit, and the obliging mist re-closed, hiding the passage from the pursuing Saxons. On arriving at the bank, Carolus vowed to build a city on the spot where he stood. In the performance of this vow, a city was commenced, and named Franken-ford, or the ford of the Franks, which name, altered and abbreviated, it still holds. Whether this account is correct or not, I cannot say, but it is a fact in history that the passages of Karl's armies, and the position which the infant city held between the two portions of the empire which the emperor's heavy blows were welding together, contributed not a little to its growth and progress. It was, from the first, a commercial city, and its inhabitants have ever been more distinguished by their skill in driving bargains, than for their success and prowess in war. I remember reading of some Frankfort defeats, but have no recollection of any very glorious victory achieved by the citizens. It must be confessed, however, that the demeanor of the corporation towards those nobles and sovereigns who at various times distracted the country, was at once prudent and courageous, and worthy of great praise. This prudence, however, might sometimes be more appropriately termed cowardice. During the thirty years' war, which, several hundred years since, devastated the greater part of Germany, Frankfort remained neutral, until the visit of Gustavus Adolphus, who, with his sheepskin-clad soldiers was marching through the country, as leader of the protestant party. When he arrived in the neighborhood, he sent an officer to the city, to inquire whether the inhabitants were on the protestant or catholic side. The worthy council of the town replied, that they were afraid any participation in the conflict would injure their semi-annual fairs, and they had rather not commit themselves. On this, Gustavus drew his army into battle array, and, with the open mouths of his cannon gaping in view of the timorous merchants, sent another message of the same import. This time Frankfort was found to be soundly protestant, and the host were invited to pass through.

At present Frankfort enjoys the reputation of being a "Jews' hole," on account of the money-loving character of its inhabitants. The epithet, in its opprobrious sense, is partly deserved, for a goodly proportion of the honest burghers do like to cheat and overcharge stran-

gers, especially Englishmen; but there are some large-hearted people, and the well-arranged charitable institutions in various quarters, show that the government is liberal in its provision for the poor. The Jews, of whom some have been in the city at all periods during five or six hundred years, now constitute a third of the population, and own a good proportion of the city. They used to be oppressed to a degree that took away, seemingly, all earthly enjoyment except that derived from the possession of money, forming a *habitu* of covetousness from which the race are not entirely rid, though now enjoying almost perfect freedom. It is singular, that a great part, perhaps a majority, of the great musicians of the present day, are Jews. Liszt, Mendelssohn, Herz, Meyerbeer, Brahms, and, I believe, Moscheles, are descendants of Abraham. The children of Israel seem to be taking their harps off the willows.

If present appearances are to be believed, they may soon strike them in joy, because the fetters which have so long been around them, are broken. In Frankfort alone, there is no small quantity of musical talent among them. More of this, however, hereafter. In the last number of the "Sights and Sounds," we were on the Taunus railroad, between Mainz and Frankfort. This *eisenbahn*, as the Germans call it, is very well constructed, and has fine depots or stations. The ride from its termination into the city is quite a pleasant one, but as there's nothing especially musical about a ride, suppose we drop these preliminary observations, and consider ourselves safely housed, in the vicinity and shadow of the great dom, or cathedral, where we can study, and, occasionally, make excursions to gratify our ears and eyes.

If you wish to commence a course of study in Germany, it is well to consider beforehand what you wish to accomplish. Americans, whose thoughts have never been trammelled, as those in the old world are, are apt to consider themselves capable of doing anything and everything, and it is not a strange thing to find a teacher who feels competent to instruct in as many branches, I was going to say, as there are varieties of goods in a country store. I do not say this state of things is not the best, in many places. In a small village, there is not custom enough to sustain, at once, a dry goods store, a grocery, a hardware store, and a hatter's shop, so these must be united in one. So, in such a situation, there is not sustaining power enough to support a piano-forte teacher, a harmony teacher, a singing teacher, and a master of various wind and stringed instruments; so that, in some cases, it is no doubt best for one person to instruct in everything. Still it remains true, that "a jack at all trades is master of none," and a person, during a course of study, will succeed better, if he fixes his eye on some particular branch, in which he wishes to excel, and devotes the greater part of the time to that; at the same time remembering, that different branches, in music, have such a relationship, that a passable knowledge of all is essential to a correct, thorough, rapid progress in one. If you wish to fill a high station, decide whether you will be a great piano-forte player, or a great composer, or a great singer, a violinist, or a violoncellist of the first grade, a thorough-going organist, a teacher of singing, of composition, or of playing.

There are a dozen paths before you, each of which may lead to distinction, and, it may be, all to usefulness. In pursuing one track, you have a view of all the others; but he must be of leviathan size, and hundred-footed, who can take them all at once. \*

## THE PIANO-FORTE TEACHER.

CHAPTER THREE.

### THE TEACHER.

"But la!" exclaimed Mrs. Holbrook, "what are we talking so long for? Here is Mr. Williams, who was once a teacher himself, and knows more than any of us about music. I am sure he can tell you all about the subject."

"Indeed!" said Dr. May, "I am very glad that we may have such efficient aid. Pray advise us, Mr. Williams."

The person addressed was a respectable, mild-appearing man, of middle age, whose brown hands would not lead one to suppose that they moved often over the key-board of a piano, although an experiment would clearly prove the contrary. By industry and skill, assisted by a pretty good reputation, he had (a singular thing for a musician,) amassed *almost* a fortune, when his taste, or good sense, induced him to retire from the active duties of his profession, and secure to himself time for mental improvement. He bought a small farm, which he caused to be very well cultivated. Having imbibed a love of the beautiful with his musical studies, it was very natural that his refined taste should lead him to be a lover of flowers. His garden was a model for the country around, and in the care of it, together with that of his numerous fruit trees, he occupied a good proportion of his time, reserving, however, sufficient for a vigorous prosecution of studies in various departments of science, which was the more successful on account of the variety of his labors. When a musician, he had a few enemies, which an honest man can hardly help having, and a man who is fortunate in his business is sure to have, until he retires, and can no longer afford occasion for envy. Mr. W. was now almost universally liked, because his course interfered with no one. The children liked him, because of his strawberries and cherries; the older people liked him, because of his peaches and melons; the sick liked him, because of the grapes he sent them; the ladies liked—to view his flowers; and all liked him, because he was good-natured. He was a friend to education, went to two kinds of meeting on Sunday, and was on neither side in politics. The two last things, perhaps, were not to his praise, but they hindered him from having enemies.

By the way, it is not the least among the uses of music, *properly learned*, that it cultivates a refined, pure taste. There is a necessity for pleasure, or amusement, in this world. The old like it, and the young—keep it from them if you can! You will not try, if you believe, as we do, that our creator intended we should be happy, and that we should *amuse* ourselves at proper times. But among the pleasures of life there is a line, and on one side groveling, sensual delights, whose only tendency is downward; on the other, are calm, intellectual and sensible enjoyments, which raise the mind and soul toward the purity and innocence in which they were created. Good music, that which great minds approve, is seldom found on the wrong side of the line.

Mr. Williams had not intruded his advice at the commencement of the conversation, but gave it shortly and to the point when called for.

"It is true," said he, "that I have, at various times, come in contact either *at* or *with* most of the music teachers in the neighborhood. I know several very good ones, one as good as the other. But I should select for your daughter Mr. D."

"I do not understand you exactly about that," observed Mrs. May. "Why would you prefer this gentleman, if the others are equally good?"

"I can hardly tell you, madam. It is a mental judgment, which I form without being aware, exactly, of the process by which it is formed. It seems to me, when I think of that teacher's disposition, and that of your daughter, that she will make the most rapid progress under his instructions; but *why* it seems so, I can hardly tell."

An opinion, definitely and firmly expressed, goes a great ways. It was not surprising, then, that Dr. May inwardly determined to have Mr. D.

After a little further conversation, the guests retired, and the doctor, in the course of an evening walk, to visit a patient, called on the teacher, and engaged him to commence his instructions on the following afternoon.

There are several points, which ought always to be definitely settled at the time of engaging a teacher. There should be a perfect understanding respecting them on both sides. The teacher should be told how long his services will be wanted, and should understand the object to be accomplished. Some, who wish merely to learn enough to be able to play a few easy pieces, to amuse their friends or divert themselves, are sometimes directed to pursue a course of practice calculated to fit them for teachers; whereas they might have saved themselves a great deal of labor, by a few words of explanation at the outset. Some, too, who are, perhaps, residing away from home for the sake of studying music, and can devote but a short period to study under a teacher, lose a great deal of valuable instruction by an omission of the same kind. It is, doubtless, the best way for teachers, not otherwise directed, to commence a thorough, systematic course with each one, which is, indeed, that which every pupil who is able, should be willing to pursue. One should aim higher than to be a mere thrummer of common marches and quicksteps. Those who are willing to remain at such a grade, may be justly accused of a want of refinement, and not unfrequently of a disregard to the welfare of their own ears, and those of their neighbors.

Pupils, and, in case they are young, their parents or friends, should have a perfect idea of what it is to learn to play. There is more ignorance on this subject than many imagine. The art of playing cannot be acquired in three months, six months, nor even a year, although those who are capable and diligent, and who wish to play merely for amusement, and who cannot well afford to spend more for what they consider a luxury, may very well rest at the end of that period. Whoever intends to be a complete player, must have a teacher's eye upon him for at least two years, and those who have an ambition to stand in the first class of performers, must be pupils for three or four years, and students for twelve. At the end of one quarter, a player can master but his alphabet.

Go to a teacher, and ask him, "How many lessons had I best take in a week," and he will tell you two, or three, according to the time you have to practice. But if you say, "I wish to take one lesson a week," he will probably answer, that it makes no difference to him how many you take. It may not make any difference to him, but it does to you. In three cases out of four,

those who take one lesson a week, progress only half as fast, or not quite half as fast, as those who take two. A teacher cannot very well say, "It is necessary for you to take lessons at least four quarters," or, "You had better take two lessons a week," because it sounds so like a request for so many times a quarter's pay, or for the fees of two lessons a week instead of one.

The friends or parents of young pupils should also know *how much*, and *how* to assist in directing their studies. When the parent conspires with the instructor, great and rapid progress may be expected. It but too often happens that the two pull different ways.

Having thus completed a long, but as we think necessary preface, in our next we will proceed to the first lesson. \*

From Dr. Burney's Life of Handel.

## ANECDOTES OF HANDEL.

When Handel went through Chester, in his way to Ireland, (1741) I was at the public school in that city, and very well remember seeing him smoke a pipe over a dish of coffee at the Exchange Coffee House; for, being extremely curious to see so extraordinary a man, I watched him narrowly as long as he remained in Chester, which, on account of the wind being unfavorable for his embarkation for Dublin, was several days.—During this time, he applied to Mr. Baker, the organist of the cathedral, to know whether there were any of his choir who could sing at sight, as he wished to prove some books that had been hastily transcribed, by trying the choruses which he intended to perform in Ireland. Mr. Baker mentioned some of the most likely singers then in Chester; among the rest, a printer, named Jansen, who had a good base voice, and was one of the best musicians in the choir. A time was fixed for this private rehearsal at the inn where Handel was quartered, but, alas! on trial of the chorus in the Messiah, "And with his stripes are we healed," poor Jansen, after repeated attempts, failed so egregiously, that Handel let loose his great bear upon him, and, after swearing in four or five languages, cried out, in broken English, "You shecountrel! tit not you dell me dat you could sing at soite?" "Yes," says the printer, "and so I can, but not at *first* sight."

One night, while Handel was in Dublin, Doubourg having a solo part in a song, and a close to make, *ad libitum*, he wandered about in different keys a great while, and, indeed, seemed a little bewildered, but at length succeeding in finding and returning to the original key, Handel, to the great delight of the audience, cried out, loud enough to be heard in all parts of the theatre, "You are welcome home, Mr. Doubourg!"

Some of his earlier oratorios were so thinly attended, that he was glad to have professors accept tickets of admission gratis. After the disgrace of an oratorio, entitled Theodora, to which he could not even give away the tickets, two professional gentlemen applied to him for tickets to the Messiah. His answer was, "Oh, your sarvant, mein Herr! you are tammable tainty! you would not co to Theodora—der was room enough to tance dere, when dat was perform." Sometimes, however, he would quite philosophically console his friends, when, previous to the curtain being drawn up, they have lamented that the house was so empty, by saying, "Nevre moind; de moosic vil sound petter."

The late Mr. Brown, leader of his majesty's band, used to tell several stories of Handel's love of good cheer, liquid and solid, as well as of his impatience. Of the former he gave an instance which was accident-



ally discovered, at his own house, in Brook street, where Brown, in the oratorio season, among other principal performers, was at dinner. During the repast, Handel often cried out, "Oh, I have de taught," when the company, unwilling that out of civility to them the public should be robbed of anything so valuable as his musical ideas, begged he would retire and write them down; with which request he so frequently complied, that at last one of the company had the ill-bred curiosity to peep through the key-hole, into the adjoining room, where he perceived that *dese taughts* were only bestowed on a fresh hamper of *Burgundy wine*! which, as was afterwards discovered, he had received as a present from his friend, the late Lord Rodnor, while the company was regaled with the more generous but less expensive port!

The Rev. Mr. Felton had composed a set of organ concertos, which were so well received that he opened a subscription for a second set, and begged Mr. Brown to solicit Handel's permission to insert his name in the list. Brown, who was in great favor with Handel, having led his oratorios to his entire satisfaction, had no doubt of his success. He called on Handel one morning, when he was shaving, and mentioned Felton's request as delicately as possible, telling him that he was a clergyman, who, being about to publish some concertos by subscription, was extremely ambitious of the honor of his name and acceptance of a book, merely to grace his list, without involving him in any kind of expense. Handel, putting the barber's hand aside, got up in a fury, and, with his face still in a lather, cried out with great vehemence, "Tamn your seluf, and go to der teiffel—a barson make concerto! why, he no make sarmon!" &c. &c. In short, Brown, seeing him in such a rage, with razors in his reach, got out of the room as fast as he could, lest he should have used them in a more barbarous way than would be safe. Indeed, Handel had a thorough contempt for all the English composers of his time, and for all the English organists too.

I remember being one evening at Madame Frasi's, (1748) when Handel came in, bringing in his pocket the duet in Judas Maccabæus, "From these dread scenes," in which she had not sung when that oratorio was first performed, in 1746. At the time he sat down to the harpsichord, to give her and me the time of it, while he sung her part, I hummed, at eight, the second, over his shoulder, in which he encouraged me, by desiring that I would sing out. Everything went well for a time, until I sang a note which did not chord, when Handel, with his usual impetuosity, grew violent, and launched at me his usual imprecations, a circumstance very terrific to a young musician. At length, however, recovering from my fright, I ventured to say that I fancied there was a mistake in the writing, which, upon examination, Handel discovered to be the case, and then instantly, with the greatest good humor and humility, said, "I pec your barton—I am a very odd tog—Maishter Schmidt (the translator) is to plame."

Handel wore an enormous white wig, and, when things went well at the oratorio, it had a certain nod or vibration, which manifested his pleasure and satisfaction. Without it, nice observers were sure he was out of humor. At the rehearsals of his oratorios at Carlton House, if the prince and princess of Wales were not exact in coming into the music room, he used to be very violent; yet such was the reverence with which his royal highness treated him, that, admitting Handel to have had cause of complaint, he has been heard to say, "Indeed, it is cruel to have kept these poor people

(meaning the performers) so long from their scholars and other concerns." But if the maids of honor, or any other female attendants, talked during the performance, our modern Timotheus not only swore, but called names.

During the rehearsal of one of his operas, the leading soprano singer refused to rehearse her part. Handel flew at her in the greatest rage, and, taking her by the arm, exclaimed, "You are de fery teffel, but I am Beelzebub, de prince of de teffels, and if you tont sing, I'll trow you out of de window."

His principal tenor singer complained that his part in a new opera just composed was not written in a popular style enough, and he would not sing it. "So so," said Handel, "you know how to compose petter than I, do you?" If you do not sing the part I have given you, I will not pay you ein stiver of your salary."

### LEOPOLD DE MEYER,

PIANIST TO THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

Leopold de Meyer was born at Vienna, on the 20th of December, 1816. His father was state counsellor at the Austrian court. From an early age until he reached his seventeenth year, he prosecuted his studies at the university of Vienna; but his father dying at that time, and other misfortunes befalling him, he was compelled to leave the university and follow some profession which would bring immediate and honorable support. Certain circumstances combined to render music the object of his choice. He was an excellent amateur player on the piano forte, and had played in several private salons and concerts with great success. The emperor of Austria, learning that a young man whose father was attached to the crown had obtained extraordinary success in the drawing rooms of the aristocracy of Vienna, expressed a desire to hear him, and his success on that occasion laid the foundation of his brilliant musical career. His style differs materially from that of all other pianists. There is no trace in his manner of Thalberg, Liszt, or Dreyshock; he leaves their peculiar excellence untouched, but produces original effects of his own, which entitle him to equal regard. There are two great characteristics in his playing; first, he performs a melody, and perhaps pages of difficulties, with the utmost delicacy and tenderness; secondly, he raises both hands as high as his head, from which they descend successively upon the keys with wonderful rapidity, but each touch is a handful of notes; and by his wheel-like motion he performs the most rapid divisions in full chords. He does not possess the variety of character in his style that belongs to Thalberg; but in this age of pianists, he who can produce a single new effect stands out from the multitude, and leaves the schoolmen and their followers an age behind. It was objected to him, as now to Madame Pleyel, that he did not favor the public with any works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or Bennet; but such objections can only be made by pretenders to classic feeling, or those of a tolerably blind intellect. Such works have been played by most, and practiced by all. They have been well understood for years; and if any one invest them with the character of novelty, after the delightful reading of Mrs. Anderson, it will be at the expense of truth; and without novelty, a new soloist will create little enthusiasm. Meyer, unabashed by the censure of some and the advice of others, yet continues to play his own music while in London, which naturally was more adapted to the expression of his own feelings and the development of his peculiar style than the composition of any other composer. A solo player does not appear merely to play music with which the

audience shall be pleased; he has to call attention to his own power, and the capabilities of his instrument. This Leopold de Meyer never failed to do, and his performance was received with the utmost enthusiasm. He has lately appeared in America with equal success. —*London Times*.

### THE DISTIN FAMILY.

These highly-talented musicians—the father and four sons—have again returned to this country with increased fame for their splendid performances on the sax-horn, invented by Mr. Adolphe Sax, at Paris, and improved upon by M. Distin, sen., who was for several years principal trumpet player in the private band of George IV. In Paris, their success was eminent; and they received silver medals from the Conservatoire Royale de Music, and from the committee of the "Societe Libre des Beaux Arts." They have since that made a successful tour through France and Germany, where their reception was on all occasions most enthusiastic, having performed before most of the courts in Europe, and honored with fervent applause, besides the almost universal praise of the best composers. Dr. Marschner thus writes upon the subject:

Hanover, 13th March, 1846.

The concert given yesterday by the Messrs. Distin (father and sons) was, in every respect, extremely interesting; these artists use their splendid instruments (the sax-horns) with a most remarkable superiority; and I feel bound to testify that their execution really leaves nothing to be desired. An ensemble so perfect has never before been heard. These five artists play as if they were but one man. To say how great, how profound was the impression which they produced upon the public, is an impossibility; during their entire concert, nothing like the slightest idea of criticism could enter the minds of their audience. Opportunities of hearing such marvelous ensemble are to be sought the more eagerly in proportion to their rarity; and I do not doubt that all Germany—which has ever been distinguished for its doing justice to foreign artists—will everywhere reserve for these eminent musicians the truly splendid reception which their great talents deserve. (Signed) DR. MARSCHNER.

By reference to dates, it will be seen that this was followed by the following from G. Meyerbeer:

Berlin, 3d April, 1846.

I entirely agree, and with a perfect conviction of its truth, in the opinion expressed by my illustrious colleague, Marschner, on the Messieurs Distin. Never have I heard wind instruments played with so much splendor, purity, and precision; to add to this, that nothing equals the grandeur of their style—the astonishing ensemble which pervades their execution, is only to say, that the brilliant reception which they have met with has been more than justified by talent so truly admirable. (Signed) G. MEYERBEER.

The public press, both English and foreign, has teemed with plaudits. They have been engaged this season at the great London concerts, including Mrs. Anderson's, Madame Dulcken's and Mr. Benedict's, at the Opera Concert Rooms.—*London Times*.

Dragonetti, the great contrabass player, who has recently died in London, was a member of the orchestra of the Italian opera in London for sixty-seven years. He was born in Venice, in 1755. He possessed two instruments of extraordinary tone, one made by Amati, and the other by Gasparo di Sola, Amati's teacher. The one made by Gasparo, which was a present to Dragonetti from the monks of the monastery of the holy Peter in Vicenza, he bequeathed to Count Pepoli; the other to Casolani, first contrabassist to the Italian opera in London. Dragonetti left considerable property, part of which goes to the St. Marcus church, in Venice.

## CHURCH CHOIRS.

Under this head we propose to describe the choirs in some of the churches we have at various times visited, in various parts of the country, without, however, giving their precise whereabouts. We should be pleased to have any of our subscribers furnish us with *veritable* descriptions of choirs in their vicinity, to be placed under this head.

## NUMBER ONE.

*Presbyterian church in the town of* — This is a small town, but, small as it is, it contains a half dozen churches, of as many different denominations. The attendance at each church is consequently thin, at least this was the case in the church in question, at the time we were present, on a sabbath forenoon. We were not fortunate enough to secure a hymn book, but with the hymns sung (Another six days work is done—When I can read my title clear—Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,) we were quite familiar, and presume the book was the Church Psalmody. Although these hymns contained, the first five, and the others four verses only, the clergyman directed one or two stanzas to be omitted from each—for what reason, we could not imagine, unless that each verse omitted shortened the time which he and the congregation were forced to spend in the sanctuary, about three quarters of a minute, thus reducing the length of the tiresome services, by the grand total of three minutes, at no other expense than destroying the sense in each hymn. The choir consisted, we believe, of seven ladies and five gentlemen. We say *we believe*; we are not quite certain, for a monstrous green curtain concealed the singers from our view, and we only caught a glance at them as they went out. Curtains are not in fashion in this vicinity. We never have been connected with a choir where they were used, and we must confess our ignorance of their usefulness. Will some one who understands the matter, enlighten us? Are they so constructed as to “filter” the sound, on its passage from the choir to the congregation? Or are the choirs where they are used in the habit of behaving so badly that they do not wish to be seen? We have by no means visited every town in the country, and we are aware that every place has its peculiar customs. We wonder if it’s the fashion, anywhere, for the minister to stand behind a curtain a foot higher than his head, when he preaches. He would be full as wise as the choir about whom we are speaking.

One of the treble and one of the alto, were superior voices, and were evidently cultivated singers. Their pronunciation was correct, and their style good. The gentlemen’s parts were not well sustained. One flat base, and another base voice singer, a harsh tenor, were all we could hear; and we were very much surprised, when the curtains rose, (or rather “slid”) to find more than four voices in the seats. The pronunciation of the gentlemen was just the reverse of that of the ladies. The ladies said uh-way, the gentlemen, ay-way; the ladies, fee-r, the gentlemen, fe-ur; and so on, through all words which could be pronounced in two ways. The contrast between the ladies’ and the gentlemen’s parts, was very great. They should either discharge the female singers, and supply their places with some very bad singers, or else discharge the base and tenor, and procure some whose voices will blend, and in some measure compare with the treble and alto. The accompaniment consisted of a “fearless” clarinet, and a very timid “base viol.” This latter instrument played only every third or fourth note, and played even that as if afraid of it. But the clarinet made up for all de-

ficiency of this kind. The performer was a good player, and he meant everybody should know it. Didn’t he skip and dance, and “turn” and “shake?” Sometimes he would accompany the treble; then anon he would fly to the tenor, playing it an octave higher, and sometimes even two octaves above its proper pitch. Then he would take the base, and perform variations on that ad libitum. His favorite method, however, was to play the alto an octave higher. This man was a good performer, and he had an excellent-tuned instrument; but he lacked judgment and taste exceedingly, or he was extremely desirous of exhibiting himself, and cared little about supporting the voices. We are not fond of hearing a florid accompaniment above the voices, even on the organ, where the organist can with his left hand and feet sustain the voices, using his right hand on the higher notes. In the case under consideration, however, the lower parts were not sustained at all, either by voices or instruments, but the only instrument which could support them was hopping about high over the heads of those whom it should have accompanied. The most skillful accompanist, is he who can sustain a *choir*, and keep *himself*, so to speak, invisible. We understood that little or no attention was paid to music in this town, which accounts for the wretched style and tones of the gentlemen. The ladies, who were young, were probably graduates from some female seminary, in which music is a branch of study. The clarinet player was evidently ignorant of thorough base, for in several instances he sustained a high note, *which did not belong to the harmony*, through an entire line. No one should attempt to vary an accompaniment, unless he knows enough of thorough base to keep within the written harmony.

## CHOIR SINGING.

## NUMBER ONE.

With the utmost respect for the opinions of those who are in favor of congregational singing, we confess ourselves to be an advocate of choir singing. We do not know that we have any very good reasons for our preference, but such as they are, we venture to make them known. First, we are hearty believers in the adage, that “what is everybody’s business, is nobody’s business.” We therefore approve of the custom of making it the particular duty of some men to preach the gospel, and to devote time to qualifying themselves for the performance of that duty. We have been among people, who think it wicked to confine this privilege to one class, and who will have nothing to do with man-made ministers, but have their preaching done by whomsoever the spirit moves, be it learned man or kitchen maid. It may seem a foolish preference on our part, but as we notice that the more a man studies with this end in view, the better he preaches, we must adhere to our opinion, that it is better for a church to entrust this duty to one man, who will devote sufficient time to preparation for its discharge, rather than to make it everybody’s business. We are the more confirmed in this belief, since we have noticed the wonderful power of eloquence. We know of no reason why this art should be monopolized by the lawyer, the politician, or the player. It is a noble art, and it is the gift of Him who formed the tongue. We wish to see its highest powers employed in his service, and therefore approve of the custom of setting apart those who shall devote the necessary time to the cultivation of this art, and learn how to use it for the best interests of the church. We are not in favor of congregational sabbath-school

teaching. We think study and preparation necessary to qualify a teacher for the discharge of his duty, and therefore that it is better to set apart some for this especial duty. We have, to be sure, always lived where special sabbath-school teachers have attended to that duty, and we may be prejudiced in favor of that method. Possibly, had we been educated where congregational sabbath-school teaching was in vogue, if there is any such place, we might have been prejudiced in favor of that system. We hope all allowance will be made for our prejudices, for we have been brought up where choir singing, and choir singing only, was used, and this fact, no doubt, has much to do with our preference for it. We have not been without an opportunity to judge of congregational singing, however, for we attended constantly, for one year, a church in Germany, in which it had attained perfection, if it has anywhere.

Music has formed a regular branch of instruction in the Boston grammar schools, for nearly eight years. The instruction is given by professional music teachers, two lessons per week, of a half hour each, being the time allotted to each school. The pupils go through a thorough course of instruction in the elementary principles of music once in each year, the course commencing on the first of October, and ending at the annual examination of the schools in August.

## AMERICAN MUSICAL CONVENTION.

Messrs. Editors—A remark occurred in a recent number of your paper, touching this convention, which I fear will be misunderstood. At our meeting last autumn, we adjourned to September next, in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. A part of the convention, however, were in favor of an intervening meeting of a special kind, to report on some matters of great interest, which would come before the general meeting of the coming autumn. This measure was carried; but as the spring anniversaries drew near, and it was found that the committee of twenty-one would require a longer time to make out their report, it was thought unnecessary to have the special meeting, and of course no pains were taken to excite an interest; and though a quorum might easily have been obtained, no efforts were made for this purpose, as the specific business could not then be disposed of.

Our expectations for the ensuing meeting on the 15th of September, however, are not affected by this circumstance. Arrangements are nearly completed, to give the greatest interest to our annual gathering. There will be addresses, lectures, and performances, such as will form, I trust, a new musical era in this city. Perhaps you may hear from me again before that time. Meanwhile, please give this article an early insertion.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

New York, July 20, 1846.

The *Gazette Musicale* states that the manager of the Italian opera at Paris has gone to Boulogne, on a visit to Rossini, respecting a new opera to be produced by the great *maestro*. It is nearly twenty years since Rossini has written an opera.

The Birmingham triennial festival, the greatest of the English provincial music meetings, takes place on the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th of August. The great musical feature of the festival will be the oratorio of *Elijah*, written expressly for it, by Mendelssohn. The principal part in the oratorio, written for a baritone, will be sustained by H. Phillips.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1846.

If any of our readers have copies of Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of the Gazette which they do not want, they will confer a favor by sending them to this office.

The present number commences the last half year of the Gazette. It is our desire to make the articles for the remainder of the year a little more practical than they have heretofore been. Among the many branches and varieties into which the subject of music is divided, we have decided to make church music, musical education, and organ and piano-forte music, playing, and teaching, the most prominent subjects among the articles which will occupy our columns; but we shall not fail to publish everything which we deem to be of interest, in every department.

We have a strong desire to publish more American musical news and intelligence, but we are at a loss to know how to get it, unless through the medium of communications. We respectfully invite our subscribers to write us an account of everything which may transpire in their respective neighborhoods, which will be interesting to our readers. Accounts of conventions, concerts, singing schools, which have any marked peculiarities, the estimation in which music is held, the condition of church music, &c. &c., are subjects upon which we shall be happy to receive communications from every part of the country. We have something over one thousand subscribers. Although this is not a large number, they are scattered over quite a wide extent of country, residing in sixty-five different towns in Massachusetts, thirty-nine different towns in Maine, twenty-eight in New Hampshire, forty-four in New York, fourteen in Vermont, thirteen in Ohio, twelve in Connecticut, eleven in Pennsylvania, seven in Illinois, five in Wisconsin, three in New Jersey, three in Michigan, two in Rhode Island, and one each in Georgia, South Carolina, Kentucky, Indiana, Maryland, New Brunswick, and Canada. If we could have an occasional communication with regard to the condition of music, &c., from each of these two hundred and forty-two towns, our columns would present quite an interesting variety, as well as quite a history of the condition of music throughout the length and breadth of the land.

In our editorial experience we meet with quite as many difficulties as we expected, and some which we did not expect. One source from which we did not expect so much trouble, is the post office, or, rather, the mails. This very day, we have received two notifications from postmasters, that the Gazette is not taken from the office; reason, "refused." In both instances, the subscribers have paid their subscription, and we do not believe they have "refused" to receive the papers. We have also to-day received a letter, which says, "I have not received my paper since June 1st. Please write if it has stopped, or what the trouble is." Now we have in no instance failed to mail every paper at the appointed time, and it is provoking enough to find that notwithstanding the greatest care on our part, papers are still irregular, and that, too, for several successive numbers.

The word ORATORIO had its origin from the introduction of a more artificial kind of music than the *canto fermo*, or the mass in a constant chorus of four parts, at the oratory of San Filippo Neri, at Rome, in 1590.

JEMMY LIND, the Swedish songstress, is engaged at the imperial theatre of St. Petersburg, at the rate of £2,240 (\$10,000) per month. Previous to going to St. Petersburg, she was to give twelve performances in Munich, for which she was to receive 1000 florins (\$400) each. For some time past she has been performing in Vienna. She took leave of the Vienna public in *La Sonnambula*, and the enthusiasm of the audience seems to have been absolutely frantic. Showers of wreaths and bouquets fell incessantly, the first of them, it is said, having been thrown by Fanny Elssler. After the performance, crowds of people followed her home, and remained singing and shouting under her windows until day break.

For a few weeks past, Boston has been flooded with itinerant musicians, probably fresh from the old world. Hand organs, crank pianos, hurdy gurdies, &c., can be heard at any hour, in almost any street. As we write this, a tall Dutch youth is accompanying upon his violin three strapping Dutch girls, in a Dutch quartette. A few moments ago, a man playing a violin, accompanied by a boy upon a violoncello, passed along, and now a harper is harping with his harp. For some years our city has been comparatively free from these nuisances, but it now seems as though an avalanche of them had descended all at once.

MESSENGERS. EDITORS—Is it not an acknowledged fact, that a good hymn, (or corresponding language of any poetical form,) when well sung will make a more abiding impression upon the minds of most persons, than if it be presented to them in reading tones merely, or if each person read the hymn without the aid of his voice? (thus receiving whatever impression is made, through the medium of the eye merely.) How much deeper, then, the stain of corrupt sentiment, when impressed by music, than if left to be read by the eye alone, or if heard in the speaking language only! By a natural affinity, music is said to be allied to the heart, and musical sounds (accompanied by good or evil sentiment,) find their way there by a path the most easy and agreeable.

Is it not true, then, that in all our political songs, in every social glee, there should not be wanting, some noble moral sentiment, either directly expressed or plainly suggested? And that party or those parties in politics whose principles (or want of principles) will not coalesce with such songs as are well freighted with moral sentiment, should be shunned by every well-wisher of his country.

Songs there may be, which seem to convey no moral or immoral sentiment, but merely an expression in favor of or against a party, or candidate for office. This is not enough. If our youth are being taught political preferences by means of song, let us give them even in those songs some reasons—good reasons—for those preferences.

It is said that the devil has stolen some of the most pleasing and best of our music. That the devil is a thief, and the father of lies, there can be no doubt; but according to common parlance, has he not honestly enough obtained much of the music which he holds in his hands at present? Is it not the free gift of his subjects (our own fellow-men)? And is there not abundant reason to fear, that many christian people, (who do really hate satan,) are very careless in regard to this matter? Do they not rather wink at, and encourage the sale, and singing of miserable songs, or collections of words, hawked about or sold at stands in our streets?

Some of these are termed negro songs, and calculated to render more and more distinct the lines which separate us from that awfully-abused portion of the human family—called negroes. And very likely many of such songs are composed for that purpose. Thousands of people who profess great friendship for the African race, and who are so, perhaps, do not hesitate to listen to, and enjoy those negro songs, not dreaming, perhaps, that their pleasure may be, and probably is experienced, at the expense of the poor slave, and ignorant, yet free black man. Such songs are intended to ridicule the ignorance and childish notions of that degraded portion of mankind. A slave dealer (let me say to such careless friends of the colored man,) could do himself—as such—no better service, could take no surer step to increase and perpetuate his hellish business, than artfully to compose and cause to be sung to pleasing melodies, "negro songs." Encourage concerts designed to represent and ridicule the peculiarities of the poor black southerner, and you encourage a plan tending directly to foster a spirit of hatred to the race, and to render them more and more despicable in our community—every note of music associated with such songs is as a rivet in the poor slave's chains. The haughty driver may well laugh at the inconsistencies of northern "abolitionists," and among his own associates chuckle, as he reads of the full houses in attendance at negro concerts, and listens to the "Jim Crow" songs which are wafted on every breeze of the north.

We groan under the intolerant burden of southern policy, and every freeman, who has a spark of patriotism and of justice in his soul, gnashes his teeth, as he reflects on the insulting language, and the base physical cruelties of the southern politician and slave dealer; but many such look pleased and happy while listening to an account of the ridiculous manners and customs of the unfortunate slave, through the medium of pleasant music and agreeable voices. A chain of iron, with shackles and handcuffs, should always accompany such concerts—be suspended in full view, and made to clank loudly at the beginning and ending of every strain. This would, perhaps, remind the honest frequenter of such concerts, of their true intent and tendencies.

Here is an instance of the "perversion of a heavenly gift to a ministry of sin." If such words as are heard at the concerts described, were not permitted to greet the ear through the medium of musical sounds, how few honest people would listen to them.

Yours, truly,

ALPHA.

Boston, July 13, 1846.

## HANDEL AND BACH.

These two men, generally considered as deserving the highest rank among musical composers, were born within fifty miles of each other, and were cotemporary, Handel having been born in 1684, and Bach in 1685. Bach died in 1750, Handel in 1759. The lines of these two composers were widely dissimilar. Handel wandered from place to place, in search of fame and money; Bach never was out of his native province. Handel wrote nothing but operas, until he found he could no longer make money by them. The public appetite having become satiated with his style, and the opera audiences having gone en masse after the Italian performers, he turned his attention to writing oratorios. Bach never wrote an opera, or vocal music of any kind, except for the church. Handel was always connected with the theatre. Bach was always connected with the church. Handel wrote for popularity and money, varying his style as often as the taste of his audiences va-

ried. Bach composed to please himself, and cared nothing about the opinions of the multitude. He held that the composer should form the taste of the public, and not that the public should dictate to the composer. Handel was not interested in any compositions but his own. Bach took great pleasure in hearing and encouraging the productions of others. Handel avoided society, and was not fond of social intercourse. He cared for nothing but his art, and took little or no interest in anything else. Bach was an excellent citizen, friend and father, and his acquaintance was agreeable to every body. Handel was very passionate, flying into a paroxysm of rage on the slightest provocation. Bach was dignified, calm, and patient even under circumstances calculated greatly to try his temper and exhaust his patience. Handel swore like a pirate whenever in the least out of humor. Bach never indulged in evil speaking. Handel's biographer says that notwithstanding his vicious habits, he was a devout christian, and had the greatest reverence for religion and religious ordinances. Bach's biographer tells us nothing about his religious principles, but leaves us to gather them from his whole life. Although born so near each other, and mutually entertaining the highest respect for each other's abilities, Handel and Bach never met. Bach would have been out of place in the society in which Handel moved, and Handel would have felt as little at home among those with whom Bach delighted to associate.

### NARDINI.

The following, which we translate from a Prussian musical paper, is too good to be lost. It is no matter how much performers of this class are ridiculed. Their feelings are not generally tender enough to be deeply wounded by sarcasm, and it needs not a little ridicule, and argument too, to secure persons who are in the first stages of musical progress, against acquiring a taste for musical trash, instead of good, substantial music. Nardini is an Italian organist, at present traveling through Germany, and giving concerts on the organ. \*

NARDINI.—He has played in Weissenfels! Nardini, the great organ-hero of the nineteenth century, has at length condescended to perform before our fellow citizens! How can we be grateful enough to him! Just hear part of his programme.

"Characteristic musical perspective; or, recollections of the Bible.—1, Joy of the universe at the creation of the world, a musical prologue, with chorus and rich and varied combinations of stops. 2, Mount Sinai; thunder, lightning, storm, and wind; fear of the children of Israel; prayer. 4, Tears of Mary Magdalene, by the grave of the Redeemer; sorrow and joy. 5, Triumphal song of Cyrus after the destruction of Babylon."

Well! we have heard, at length, what organ music is. Rinck and Topfer, Schneider and Hesse, yes, even Sebastian Bach must lay down his laurels, and remain wonderstruck, gazing at the majestic flight of Nardini, as, eagle-like, he soars close to the sun. Nardini came, played, and conquered. He carried us straight into the centre of the terrors of a midnight storm. Who ever heard such crashing and howling, whirring and piping, rattling thunder, and sharp, glaring lightning! The windows shook, the stout arches trembled, and several ladies almost fainted. No, never was its equal heard in Weissenfels! Think of a pedal note continuing for ten minutes, with terrifying results! And such grand, discordant chords and combinations, showing a masterly disregard of all known rules of composition! Yes, truly he played and conquered. Like hot, burning

drops, fell Magdalene's tears on all our hearts. They flowed something after this fashion:



Who could help being deeply moved? The various chorals and short pieces which were interspersed through the concert, showed equally with those we have mentioned, how infinitely Nardini excels all known masters, ancient and modern, and how far he transcends those bounds which have heretofore confined composers. But our wonder and astonishment reached the highest pinnacle, when he commenced the triumphal song of Cyrus. As the Babylonians fled before their conqueror, so fled we, that is, those whom the thunderstorm had not driven away, and for some distance we were followed and attacked by the striking and original instrumentation!

Such was this "musical perspective!" And yet they would not allow Nardini to perform in *Sangerhausen*! And yet the Leipzig papers underrated his abilities, so much that he threatened a criminal prosecution, and at his next concert he was honored with the attendance of ten persons! To be sure, the entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem there, was the same piece with the overthrow of Babylon here; but genius must do strange things!

"I should like to have my child sing, but I am afraid she has no musical ear," says a parent. What, not a musical ear? Perhaps you mean not a refined, cultivated musical ear. You do not expect she will have that without practice. Do you or any of the family ever sing or play to her? "No, we are no singers." Then, how can you tell whether she has such an ear or not? Can she tell her mother's voice from that of her sister's? "Yes." Can she distinguish between the voices of her sisters, one five years old, the other eight? "Yes." Can she tell which of your two canaries is singing?—"Yes." Does she know the sound of the bell on church, and distinguish it among others? "Yes." Does she like to hear singing? "Yes." Then let me assure you that your daughter *has* a musical ear, which only needs cultivation, to become a refined one. \*

Will shortly be performed, in the chapel of St. James's palace, London, Te deum, Jubilate, Sanctus, responses, &c.—a series of compositions by Prince Albert.

At a court concert in Madrid, Queen Isabella, her uncle Francisco, her mother, and her step-father, the duke of Rianzares, sung a number of Hayden's pieces. The queen and her uncle also sung several opera airs.

There is a boy pianist at Paris, named St. Saens, and only ten years and a half old, who plays the music of Handel, Sebastian Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and the more modern masters, without any book before him.

Three years ago, a subscription was started to erect a monument to Rossini. The result of the subscription is not known, but the monument is completed, and has been placed at the entrance of the grand opera house, in Paris.

DE FOLLY'S PIANOFORTE.—At the annual meeting of the society for the encouragement of arts, &c., the gold Isis medal was presented to J. M. de Folly, Esq., for his improved key-board for the pianoforte. The committee had an excellent opportunity of judging of the importance of the invention, as an eminent professor attended previously, as it were, on behalf of the old system, and in raising objections to the new displayed considerable acuteness and skill. With what success De Folly defended his invention is evident from the honor conferred on him by the society.—*London Times*.

### HARMONY, NO. IX.

Finding it difficult to explain this subject with any degree of clearness in the limited space which is necessarily devoted to it, we had concluded to give no more articles on the subject. As we left off, however, in rather an unsatisfactory place, we shall continue the articles until we have touched upon the most important rules.

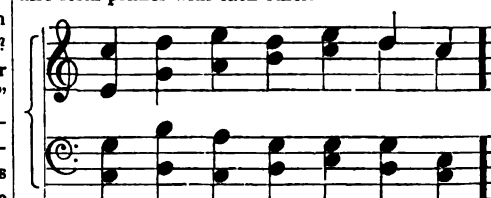
When two parts move the same way, they are said to go in **SIMILAR MOTION**. When one part moves, and the other does not, the two parts are said to go in **OBLIQUE MOTION**. When two parts move different ways, they are said to go in **CONTRARY MOTION**.



**RULES OF MOTION.**—Two sounds forming perfect fifths with each other, must not move in similar motion to two other sounds which also form perfect fifths with each other.

Two sounds forming octaves with each other, must not move in similar motion to two other sounds which also form octaves with each other.

Two sounds which form primes with each other, must not move in similar motion to two other sounds which also form primes with each other.



In the example, the progression is wrong in every chord. From the first to the second, the treble and base move in octaves in similar motion; from the second to the third, the treble and alto move in perfect fifths in similar motion; from the third to the fourth, the treble and tenor move in fifths; from the fourth to the fifth, the treble and base move in octaves; from the fifth to the sixth, the treble and base move in octaves; from the sixth to the seventh, the treble and base move in octaves, and the alto and treble move in primes.

**INSTRUCTIONS IN THOROUGH BASE**, an easy method for learning to play church music and other four-part music, upon the organ, piano forte, and other keyed instruments. By A. N. Johnson. This work professes to impart the ability to play church music, by the common-sense method of progressive exercises, which are to be played, not written. The work differs from other works on thorough base, in the fact that everything relating to the art of writing music is omitted, as foreign to the subject. Published by Geo. P. Reed, 17 Tremont Row, Boston; Frith & Hall, 1 Franklin Square, New York; and for sale by music dealers generally. It can be easily ordered through any bookseller who orders books from New York or Boston.

## FAIR FLORA DECKS THE FLOW'RY GROUND.

J. DANBY.

Fair Flora decks the flow - 'ry ground, And plants the bloom of May, While every hill, and every vale, Ap - pears un -

u-sual gay. The pretty pretty warblers of the grove As - sume their va - rious notes; The ech - o - ing woods re -  
The ech - o - ing woods re - spon - sive  
The ech - o - ing woods re -

spon - sive send The mu - sic of their throats, The mu - sic of their throats. Lead on, my Ce - lia, quit the town, my  
send the mu - sic of their throats, the mu - sic of their throats.  
spon - sive send The mu - sic of their throats, the mu - sic of their throats. Lead on - - - - -

Ce - lia, quit the town, O haste, my Ce - lia, haste a - way, haste a - way, haste a - way, To  
And ban - ish every care,  
O. haste, O haste, my Ce - lia, haste a - way, haste, O haste a - way, To

## FAIR FLORA DEEMS, &amp;c. Continued.

breath the ru - ral air, O haste - - - - - O haste - - - - - haste, haste away. O haste to breathe the ru - ral air.

O haste, my Celia, haste away, O haste, my Celia, haste, haste away,

breath the ru - ral air, O haste to breathe the ru - ral air.

## MAVENCE. 8s and 7s.

L. MASON.

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God; He, whose word can ne'er be broken, Chose thee for his own abode.

2. Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling, Still is precious in thy sight; Judah's temple far excelling, Beaming with the gospel's light.

3. On the rock of ages founded, What can shake her sure repose? With salvation's wall surrounded, She can smile at all her foes.

## ALLSTON PLACE. C. M.

WM. TILLINGHAST.

Je - sus, im-mor - tal King, a - rise! As - sert thy rightful sway, Till earth, subdued, its trib - ute brings, And distant lands o - bey.

7 6 7 b7—



# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

Vol. I.

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## Miscellaneous.

### INCIDENTS IN THE FIRST SEVENTEEN YEARS OF THE LIFE OF ROBERT RHYTHM.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

The first particular event I have to record, was my birth, which occurred A. D. 18—, in the town of —, state of —. My earliest recollections, especially my musical ones, bear with them the tall form and spare visage of Esq. —, who performed the triple duties of bell-ringer, chorister, and justice of the peace, in the village of —, where stood the church at which the older members of our family commonly attended, and whither I was sometimes permitted to accompany them, seated on a bundle of hay, in the hindmost part of the old family wagon, dressed in my "clean clothes," put on, on Sunday, to be worn through the week.

Esq. — was always in his seat in the "gallery," with his two daughters (nearly as tall as himself,) beside him; unless, as it did once or twice happen, he left the singing to take care of itself, inwardly grieved with the not over mild expressions of disapprobation, by certain good old fathers and mothers, of the use of the *bass viol* (or base vile, as some of the more illiterate pronounced it,) in the choir. Indeed, so violent was the excitement, at one time, that a number of meetings, of both male and female members of the church, were held, to discuss the propriety of the use of the instrument aforementioned. On one of these occasions, a pious old mother was reported to have exclaimed, with hands uplifted, and horror depicted in her countenance, "Why, do you spose them holler boards can praise God?"

In such troublous times as these, Esq. — might be seen of a Sunday meekly sitting in a chair, with his feet to the stove. But when he did sing, it was with such feeling, such an *unction*! With arm and index finger extended, beating the time, and eyes raised to a distant part of the ceiling, and an oscillatory motion of his body; now settling back upon his heels, then sweeping forward upon very tiptoe, the while pouring forth the full volume of his towering voice, to the edification of all beholders, if the fact of all eyes being directed to him was any evidence of edification. I recollect being at one time unusually impressed with Esq. —'s manner of singing. On our way home, unable to give myself any satisfactory reason why he kept his eyes always in

that one direction, unless it was that he saw a spider weaving his web, or something of the kind, I rose up from my straw seat there behind, and appealed to my mother for information. Said I, "Mother, what makes Esq. — always look away to one corner of the meeting house when he sings?" She replied, "Why, it is because he *sings to God*, I suppose." Well, that was a new idea. I knew that when the minister prayed, he prayed "to God," and almost all the folks either shut their eyes, or leaned their heads forward; but here, Esq. — "*sung to God*," and they all turned round and looked right at him, and some would even *laugh*!

Notwithstanding his apparent devotion, some of my childish companions will perhaps remember the amusement I used to make for them, when, mounted on a chair, I would imitate his voice and gestures.

At the expiration of a few years, we were spared the trouble of going four miles to meeting, since a church after the same faith was established in our immediate neighborhood. When I was about eleven or twelve years old, a "singing school" was "started" there. The services of a famous "teacher" were secured. I know he must have been in great repute, from the fact of his price being *two dollars and fifty cents* "a night," and that for *twenty-four nights*; whereas a man had never been known, before, to ask more than *one dollar* "a night;" and such a thing as "keeping a singing school" more than ten or twelve nights, had never been dreamed of, even. The "singing school" made a great excitement; and it was told for *truth*, that "this new singing master could sing louder than *ten* common singers;" and besides that, he could "*sing one part of a tune, and play another*" on his bass viol, at the same time! Though none but "young folks," i. e., those who were not less than eighteen or twenty years of age, were expected to attend, yet I had a great desire to go, lad as I was, but paternal authority interposed an insurmountable barrier. The principal reasons assigned why I must not go, were that I was "too young," and if I "got a going after the singing school," my "arithmetic and grammar," would not be "half learned." So stern was the mandate, that I saw no way but to yield myself up to tears of hopeless grief. At length a voluntary promise not to "*be seen with the singing book, only on singing school nights*," brought a reluctant consent for me to go. The school was composed of "old singers" and "new beginners," about half and half of each, as near as I can recollect, besides quite a number of both classes, that did not come till the school had "*got through the rules*." The process of going "through the rules," however, consisted merely in reading the answers to certain questions in the first part of the book, by such as chose to do so, and in committing to memory what appeared to me to be a kind of musical multiplication table, "If B be flat, mi is in E," &c.—such a thing as a black board in a singing school at that time, there, having never been heard of. The first night I went, the school had been in progress some three nights only; yet they had nearly finished "the rules," and had already some half dozen "*tunes given out*." The way we learned a "tune," was something after this sort: after finding the page, the teacher asks, "What is the signature of this tune?" After a pause of a moment, two

or three of the "old singers," in different parts of the room, answer "one sharp," or "one flat," or "two flats," as the case may be. The teacher asks, "Where is the *mi* line?" Answered as before. "What kind of time is it?" Answer, "First variety of triple time," perhaps. "Sound the pitch!" proceeding himself to do so, after this fashion—



the singers on the several parts getting the "pitch" as best they could from these *way-marks* of the teacher's voice. "All ready—sing!" the teacher leads off the tune at the top of his voice, (and, I may say, the *bottom* of his instrument,) for a number of times, say six or ten, when he says, "*Ey word!*" Very probably there were some who did not sing at all while the tune was being sung "by note;" but when sung "by word," they were by no means backward. In fact, I recollect overhearing some of them say "it was much the easiest to sing by word." For my part, I was not prepared to say which was the easiest. Of the merits of singing by note, I was no judge, for I knew nothing about it. I thought it very strange, too, since if I asked any one to explain it to me, I would be told, "Why, it's just as *easy*—twice faw sole law, then comes *mi* again."

The school closed, and I was yet ignorant of the "way to sing by note." But it was not because I had no anxiety upon the subject. So great was my desire to "understand it," that I am not sure but I sometimes broke the spirit, if not the letter of my promise, which, though it placed me under a grievous restriction, gave me the coveted privilege of attending the school. One evening in the course of the winter, it so happened that I was left alone at home, the family having all gone out to spend the evening with some of the neighbors. This I thought a fine chance for me. So, with a conscientious resolve to rise an hour earlier in the morning, for the purpose of committing my school lessons, my sister's singing book was taken from its repose on the shelf, and for once put in place of my school book, since my promise was only "not to be seen with the singing book," &c. I had been sitting there for some time, striving with great intensity to discover something which should enable me to solve the awful mystery of "twice faw sole law, then comes *mi* again," when I was startled by the sound of footsteps on the snowy path in the yard. That I might not be caught "*in the very act*," I instantly extinguished the light, and was hastily replacing the singing book, when a *rap* at the door told me it was none of the family, and that I was yet safe.

Though the art of singing by note remained hidden from me, yet the school was not without great utility to me. For, defective as was the system of instruction in "the rules," (common to almost all teachers in those days,) the teacher's "criticisms" and remarks on performances were according to truth and nature, for, un-

like many "teachers," "criticise" and "make remarks" he could, and that beyond merely saying "*Sing it again, and faster!*" reminding them occasionally of the last part, by a weighty stamp of the foot upon the floor!

The winter closed, and with it the singing school; also the district school. Having no "arithmetic" or "grammar" to "learn," I ventured to give myself greater liberties with the singing book, in the odd moments at home. But certain demonstrations of paternal displeasure thereat, soon put me upon the necessity of secrecy in the matter. My determination was fixed, however, to "get the knack of it." So when I happened to be where others were singing, I set myself to observing what they called the "notes" on such and such lines, or in such and such spaces of the staff; and soon made the discovery, that whenever they sung different tunes with the same number of "sharps" or "flats," the same "note" always occurred on the same degree. The first tune I noticed in this way, had three "sharps." So on "rainy days," and at other times, when I thought I should not be particularly inquired after, I stole away to the hay loft, or some other place secure from observation, and there endeavored to "pick out" the "notes" of such tunes as I had found a *key-hole* to, in the manner above described. But if, in the midst of my cogitations, I overheard the question, "Where is Robert?" I had to be forthcoming, or run the risk of being questioned concerning my absence, closer than might be agreeable. In the course of the summer, in this way I learned to read in four or five different signatures, which embraced most of the tunes "given out" in school during the winter before. Many of them I learned to sing, which I accomplished in this way: having first committed to memory the names of the notes of a line, or part of a line, I would endeavor to unite them with the sounds as I had learned them in connection with the words in school, and so through the tune, a part of a line at a time, till the whole was *spliced*, the notes as I committed them, and the *sounds* as I bore them in memory from the words. When the time arrived in the fall for another school, I, in my pride, thought myself able to *learn a tune* as quickly as most of the "old singers;" in fact, I could sing "by note" a greater number than most of them, (the number of tunes being the standard of proficiency;) for sometimes my brother Richard, who "took the lead" on Sunday, would name a tune, when some one of the ladies would say, "Perhaps the others can sing it, but I can't." Then another, after looking at the name of the tune, "I do n't believe I can, either; you know we did not sing that more than a month or two, at the last of the school."

Notwithstanding the teacher had "given out" thirty or forty tunes, the choir felt conscientiously proud, if they got through the services on Sunday without singing the same tune twice, and did not "break down" more than twice—once in the forenoon, and once in the afternoon. That this last calamity should not happen in consequence of getting the "pitch" wrong, or not at all, we had to "*sound*" it both before and after rising to sing; but despite this caution, it would sometimes happen.

We had the same teacher for this winter as we had before, which was a remarkable circumstance, as most "teachers" did not know enough about the matter to last more than one term of twelve nights, if so long. The school was managed pretty much in the same manner as the last, with this difference, the teacher got a blackboard, which he used about half an hour each evening for two or three evenings, and we "learned" a

number of "set pieces," during the winter. As my attendance upon the school was not positively interdicted, as in the winter before, I took it as an implied permission to attend without restriction; yet frequent manifestations of displeasure from the usual source, and in terms of unmitigated severity, gave me no freedom in study, or practice, at home. I however became able to sing "by note" most of the tunes in the book without studying them—base, tenor, air, or "second," upon which I prided myself in due degree, since I noticed it was what but few of the "old singers" could do. It was out of my power, however, to make any *show*; for from the first, I had been afflicted with an excessive timidity, which would not allow me to make the smallest effort at singing, when the teacher was in that part of the room near my seat.

This school closed, and I passed the following summer in a manner similar to the preceding. except that as I could now sing, I was under the necessity of putting myself out of hearing, as well as out of sight, when I wished to practice. It was about this period, that I saw a "*piano*," for the first time in my life. Being sent on some business to the house of the only family in the whole region that had such an instrument, I saw it standing open. What romantic visions were enkindled in my imagination, at the sight of those delicate keys! I fancied each one a resting place of celestial spirits in their earthly visits, and simply needed *touching*, to waken echoes from the other world.

We were not so fortunate the succeeding winter as to obtain the old teacher; so it was decided by the head ones, to get the next best that should offer. He proved to be a true and perfect specimen of the genus *ignoramus*, before described, for at the expiration of six nights the school systematically "flatted out." His knowledge of time-keeping shone to great advantage in such tunes as "Peterborough," for instance, or "Uxbridge," (great favorites of his,) where he would make as many "beats" as there were notes, be they "minims" or "crotchets." What he lacked in quality, in time-keeping, he made up in quantity, however, for not only did he make an extra number of beats, but made them with *both arms*, book, and foot!

Albeit, he could "sing a number of tunes, and a few set pieces," and accompany himself on his "*lass viol*." His "*masterpiece*" appeared to be "Strike the cymbal," which he administered somewhat in this way—



Strawlike thaw cym - bull! &c.

Another passage he aimed to sing with peculiar expression, in which he admirably succeeded, as followeth—



Whoot ur hooty moonarchs now!  
Loo be - foore Je - hoo - vah baow! &c.

And yet, the very fact of his knowing less than the *old master*, was gravely urged by some, as a reason why he should be employed, since he would be a "better teacher for new beginners!"

I had now arrived at what was once the summit of my ambition, to be able to sing a "new tune the first time I looked at it." But my ambition was not satisfied. I wished now to be able to play the "*lass viol*." What was I to do? no instrument, and none that I

could borrow; and, besides, if there had been, I should have been in great danger of discovery, which would prove fatal to all hope. In this destitution, forlorn as it was, I prepared me a piece of a stick of a suitable size to carry in my pocket, modeled after the finger-board, and marked the letters upon it, having calculated the place of each, taking for data the only two facts in my possession, that the highest string was "A," and that each string was made to give four sounds. This piece of wood I practiced upon for some time, and when I became able to place my fingers upon the letters of the base of one or two tunes, making believe sound with my voice, my rapture knew no bounds. Providence threw no real, bona fide "base vile" in my way, until in the course of the summer, a man who had come in possession of the identical "holler boards" about the ability of which to "praise God" the good mother had such awful misgivings, very kindly offered me the loan of them, for a month. A refusal, of course, was not to be thought of, provided I could convey the instrument home and keep it there, with due secrecy. Having laid my plan, I went the next evening to the pasture, and taking *lath horses*, that the absence of one might not be betrayed by the neighing of the other, rode, without saddle, nearly three miles, obtained the instrument, took it home, and secreted it in the loft of an old stone building, that was situated some distance from the dwelling, and had once been used for mechanical purposes, but was now deserted except by the cattle as a protection from the sun, and the swallows for their nesting places. At night I would innocently retire with the rest of the family, and when they were far off in the land of dreams, steal from the house, and there, in the darkness of that loft, spend a portion of the night in trying to reduce to practice my *stick-theory*, in which I soon succeeded, and then the extatic bliss of no two lovers in romance, met

—by moonlight alone,"

could by any possibility exceed mine. The subsequent winter I spent in a neighboring town, at an academic school, where I indulged my liberty as often as the man who "took the lead of singing" there, would lend me his instrument.

In imitation of the example of the singing masters. I learned to "sing and play" a number of "excellent tunes," and some "beautiful set pieces," which I sung with such gusto as appeared to make the "natives" think I "understood it first rate," for the chorister offered to carry his instrument to church if I would "come and play on it," and my teacher at school asked me to give him "private lessons in singing," which first request I acceded to, but refused the second, conscious of my ignorance. Soon after my return from school, my father was called from home on business for "we the people," when I went in for the *largest liberty*, and again getting a loan of the self-same "holler boards," I made the most of the time, day and night, for two or three months. That name, by the way, gives a truer idea of the appearance of that individual instrument, than was probably intended by the good lady who first applied it. The pieces composing it must certainly have been *struck* from some tree, by the lightning, or some other agency, as regardless of mechanical precision. It however answered my purpose admirably, since when I had it first in that old shop-loft, the less noise it made, the less liable was I to discovery. My desire, at this time, to be the sole possessor of an instrument, exceeded, in intensity, by far, any that I ever felt to "learn the notes." So with a boldness that astonished myself, I begged to be privileged with suf-

ficient money to "buy a bass viol." The storm which accompanied the refusal, was enough to make any one less accustomed to it than I was, repent heartily such temerity. I had often been told by him, in reference to learning to sing, if I could "expect ever to sing like Mr. —" (he was the teacher that could sing so loud,) there might be "some use in spending time;" but since I could have no such expectation, there was no "use in bothering with it." I had been flattered by some persons, that I did sing marvelously like Mr. —; so, as in duty bound, I determined to exhibit to him my skill, acquired by means, and at times unknown to him. The sound of the "holler boards," in my chamber, (I did not go to the old *shop-loft* at this time,) did not, as I anticipated, bring an order for their instantaneous removal; only, if it was heard in the day time, "Robert!" "Sir!" "Here are *chores* for you to do, and that immediately!" Or if in the evening, "Robert!" "Sir!" "Just go to bed!"

About this time it was proposed to have me "take the lead," and "keep" a kind of singing school, "just for the singers," my brother Richard having previously removed from the town. I referred them to *head quarters* for permission, which was flatly (and *roundly*, too,) denied for two whole months, the minister, and deacons of the church, the while, paying him almost daily visits. At length their importunity and long-windedness won the day. Being asked what would compensate me, I said, "Money enough to buy a viol;" which forthwith was handed out, and in a few days I had the ultimatum of my wishes, a new "*bass viol*," and with it came a happiness that wealth or thrones might tempt in vain. On a Sunday "after meeting," the walls of my sister's chamber might be heard echoing the glad sound of our voices, and the tones of my new instrument. During the week, the "chores," or the "work to be done," gave but few odds or ends of time, but the thoughts of my "viol," with an occasional peep at its shiny sides as it stood there in the chamber corner, seemed to shorten the time to "singing school night," amazingly. Thus closed seventeen years of my life.

Should any one intimate that from the manner of writing this history, I must be bravely over the "timidity" which once "afflicted" me, I beg leave to remind him that my name is *Robert Rhythm*, and that it "runs in the family," to be egotistical.

### AN OFFICER AT A PARTY.

"I strolled into a room where a smiling set of pretty chatterers were pretending to listen to the tones of a piano. Clustered about the instrument were half a dozen or more male admirers, listening in evident admiration to a blonde beauty, who, with all the airs of the opera, and many a pretty protest against a bad cold, was just commencing a piece from some foreign composer—which was Greek to me at the time, but which, since my little experience in Florida, I have concluded was written in Seminole, as the only words I could distinctly understand, were "*ba cah!*" Her voice beguiled the notes of the whole feathered tribe, from the low chirpings of the northern blue bird, to the startling cries of the laughing owl; and the swelling throat, the heaving bosom, and the elevation and depression of the eye, were all calculated to evince the singer's extreme distress. Nor was her instrumental less strange than her vocal performance; and as I gazed upon her movements, in all ignorance of fashionable piano tactics, I came to the conclusion that she was hammering the in-

strument into some particular order, preparatory to a regular performance.

At first her left hand gently rose and fell with a spring-back motion of the wrist, its fingers dwelling as lightly upon the ivory keys, as a fond mother's upon her infant's snowy brow, and then came from the very depths of the instrument, low, melancholy, moaning sounds, corresponding well with the interesting air of sadness assumed at the moment by the fair and practiced performer. The jeweled fingers of her right hand reposed listlessly upon the keys, whose whiteness they excelled, presenting to those who had no ear for the concord of sweet sounds, an object for their admiring eyes. A sound, however, like the distant booming of heavy ordinance on the extreme left, brought them into sudden activity, and in a moment more they were curvetting in perfect freedom, like an untamed courser, through the ranks of keys, producing sounds between the rattle of a snake and the scattering fire of retreating infantry. A scream, something like the first of an Irish wail for the dead which I once heard, now broke as if from her bursting heart, and indicated that the music was coming; her hands approached each other with a sort of echelon movement, but suddenly retreated amidst a sharp fire of small notes. Her voice, however, had now recovered itself, and coming to the aid of the right hand against the left, the action became general.—It was evident, however, from its violence, that it could not last long; and amidst the convulsive clutchings, the energetic poundings which were progressing on the left, and the erratic hop-skip-and-jump movements on right, she closed her performance with such pathetic appeals of voice and air as impressed me with a misgiving that she was in some distress of mind or body. She arose, however, wreathed in smiles, and, amidst a shower of pretty things prettily said by all around, she stood before me a finished specimen of a merely fashionable young lady, in tone, manner, and dress."

### SACRED MUSIC.

An ancient Greek philosopher, in his astronomical speculations, imagined that the heavenly bodies, by their regular and rapid revolutions, produce a musical, harmonious sound, which pervades the universe. This sublime idea of the music of spheres, although fictitious, is in unison with the voice of all nature.

For even amidst the strife and discord introduced by sin, there may be heard, everywhere, specimens of that universal anthem which began at the Creation—"When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." They may be heard in the sweet whisperings of the evening zephyrs, and in the soft, gentle murmur of the crystal rivulet, as it wends its way through citron groves and among the lilies of the valley.

Whose soul is not enlivened by the sweet warbling of the feathered songsters, making the forest and the glen vocal with their creator's praise? All nature, as it came from God's hand, was attuned to empyrean music. On all nature, animate and inanimate, is inscribed, in golden letters, *Praise ye the Lord*, and all unfallen nature delights to sing His praise.

The power of music, vocal and instrumental, to calm the passions, to soothe the feelings, and to awaken the soul to sublimity, plainly teaches that our musical faculties are to be accounted as among the most exquisite and remarkable of all our endowments. The mysterious achievements of human ingenuity and skill in the management of the voice, and in the formation and use of instruments in this science, are alone sufficient to

bespeak our divine origin. None but a God could have created

"This harp of a thousand strings."

There is a pleasure in music, merely as an intellectual amusement. Nothing is better fitted to cheer the troubled and to fill the drooping spirits with animation and joy. There is no better *mental* discipline than that obtained by careful study of the principles of this heavenly science. When properly pursued, it becomes a powerful auxiliary in promoting virtue; and when perverted, it is a terrible instrument of vice.

But it is seen in its highest and noblest character, when employed as a medium of adoration to our Maker. *Sacred music*, in its perfection, most of all things in this world, contains the spirit of true devotion. *This* resembles the holy ardor of angelic song. Without devotion the musician may hold in his hand the apple of gold, embossed in silver, but it is the pious singer who plucks the fruit from the tree of life.

The first mimics the harpers on high; the latter unites his voice and mingles his soul with those holy hosts who cast their crowns before the throne, and make the celestial arches ring with

"Allelujah to God and the Lamb!"

The importance, therefore, of sacred music, as a part of divine worship, is too obvious to need an extended argument to establish it.

In the Jewish church, it was cherished with veneration and practiced with delight. We know but little of their "rules of singing," but if their music was like their poetry, it must have added much to the splendor and glory of their magnificent temple worship. During the reign of Solomon, 4000 singers, under proper leaders, were employed at the temple, whose united performances must have produced an inconceivable effect on the minds of the congregated thousands of worshippers.

The song of the angels, at the Saviour's advent—

"Glory to God in the highest!"

and these words, "They sung an hymn," just before He was betrayed, are embalmed in the holiest recollection of the christian church.

Paul and Silas "sang praises," at midnight and in the dungeon, and thousands since their time have consoled each other with the "songs of Zion," when hunted as beasts of prey, when stretched on racks, when nailed to crosses, and when consuming in the flames.

This is the *true* music! The harp, that is attuned to the Redeemer's praise is the sweetest of all harps; the soul that has been touched by heaven's love, is imbued with the sweetest melody!

When wrapt in such burning love, and pouring out the heart's liveliest emotions, one can feel something of the force of these beautiful lines—

"The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets!"

Sacred music elevates, chastens, hallows the feelings, and points us to scenes above—

"When the bright seraphim, in burning row,  
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,  
And the cherubic hosts in thousand choirs,  
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
Hymns devout, and holy psalms,  
Sing everlastingly!"

—Hagerstown Unionist.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1846.

## THE TEACHERS' CONVENTION

Under the direction of the Boston Academy of Music, which commences its meetings to-morrow, in the Tremont Temple in this city, we earnestly commend to the notice of every teacher of music within twenty-four hours' ride of Boston. We have been a constant attendant upon these classes from their commencement, eleven years since, and we can truly say that we should hardly know how to commence the labors of the fall and winter, without their "invigorating" influence. Teachers should throw off the musician's besetting sin of supposing themselves already perfect, and improve every such opportunity to learn their own faults, and the distance which still lies between them and perfection. The Boston Academy are the originators of these "classes for teachers," being a society incorporated for the express object of promoting the cultivation of music throughout the country. Although similar classes have since been established by others, we very much doubt whether any are conducted in a manner which so fully entitles them to public confidence, as the long-established classes of the Academy. The exercises before these classes commence to-morrow at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continue ten days.

It has been suggested that we publish a list of situations where teachers are wanted, and also of teachers who wish for permanent situations. We are perfectly willing to do so, and will publish any that may be sent to us. We notice that a professor of music is wanted in the Columbia Female Institute, and also that a first rate female teacher is wanted in a prominent seminary in Ohio.

**ERRATA.**—Absence from the city prevented us from reading the proof of the last number. In "Anecdotes of Handel," page 107, for "Maishter Schmidt (the translator)," read "(the transcriber.)" In "Church Choirs," page 108, for "another base voice singer, a harsh tenor," read "one base voice singing a harsh tenor." In the same article, for "excellent tuned instrument," read "excellent toned instrument." On page 109, commencement of second column, for "Jemmy Lind," read "Jenny Lind." In "Handel and Bach," page 109, for "the lines of these two composers," read "The lives, &c."

## TEACHERS' CLASS.

We are permitted to make the following somewhat disconnected extracts from a letter recently received by a gentleman of our acquaintance, from the Rev. Worcester Willey, missionary among the Cherokees. If we mistake not, Mr. Willey was president of the American Musical Convention, at one of its annual meetings:

Dwight Mission, June, 1846.

I remember with great pleasure those musical festivals I used to attend annually in Boston. I would gladly take much pains for the same enjoyment again. And then there is a higher motive. I think they have always been useful and worthy the support of all good men. A great deal of good is done by these annual classes, and envious and unprincipled men cannot help it. I should be sorry to have the time come when such classes shall be given up. I should rather hope for the time when the Oregon railroad shall bring the profes-

sors of the Boston Academy of Music out here to attend such a class. There is a great deal of music among the Cherokees. It only needs cultivating, and we shall soon have such a class. We are making arrangements to have a teacher employed for a year in the nation, as an experiment, when we get our Cherokee singing book, which is now in press in Boston. I wish now that I had given more attention to the science of music while I had an opportunity. We have a young lady, a native, now assisting in our school, who plays the piano forte well. I wish she had an instrument on which she could instruct the girls. She is teaching them vocal music, and succeeds well. There are numbers of good piano-forte players among the Cherokees, and some few pianos. But all this is nothing to us as a nation, so long as the prospect is that the country will be divided by the United States. It seems to almost every one, that it will destroy the nation. The people are making up their minds that they will die where they are.

I should like to say to the teachers who may be assembled next August, that their privilege in being able to be there is one of no ordinary magnitude. As a season of social and musical enjoyment, it is well worth what it costs in time and money. I speak from experience, having attended the classes of the Boston Academy of Music for ten years. All the instruction there given, and the opportunity for improvement, is invaluable to teachers and leaders.

It was a noble enterprise, to plan and put in operation such an institution as the Boston Academy of Music. I have known somewhat thoroughly the whole enterprise, from the very beginning, and am satisfied that it was undertaken and carried forward with the most benevolent motives. One of its principal objects, from the first, was, to do what they are doing in furnishing the means of instruction which the teachers' class affords. The recollection of all the pleasant scenes connected with that class, especially its earlier meetings, are among the happiest of my life.

## COLUMBIA FEMALE INSTITUTE.

We have received a copy of the "Guardian," a magazine devoted to the cause of "female education on christian principles," published at the Columbia Female Institute, Tennessee. We notice that music forms a prominent branch in this institution, employing a professor and four female teachers of music. One church organ, three harps, ten pianos, and an ample supply of guitars, are owned by the institute. The pupils are arranged in two classes, for instruction in the elements of music—one elementary, and one advanced class. These classes appear before the professor daily, and rapidly learn the art of reading music at sight. Such pupils, on being brought forward, in due time, to take lessons on any particular instrument, have only the difficulties of the instrument, and not those of the science, to conquer. The pupils are also instructed in thorough base. They are required to write out exercises, which facilitate reading chords as much as a correct knowledge of grammar assists in elocution. This study is considered indispensable to an accomplished performer. Private instruction in singing is also given, in which the pupils are taught that which cannot be taught in classes—the formation of the voice, &c." \$30.00 is charged for instruction upon the harp; \$25.00 for the organ, piano, or guitar; \$25.00 for private instruction in singing; \$10.00 for instruction in singing, on an instrument, or in thorough base in classes; \$5.00 for the

use of harp or piano; \$25.00 for the use of the organ or guitar, for a session of five months.

The pupils are required to dress in uniform, that for winter being "of alpaca, or any worsted fabric, dark purple, solid color, with mantilla, or large cape, of the same materials, without trimmings." The daily uniform for summer consists of "a blue gingham dress, solid color, without trimmings."

"This institute knows nothing of a royal road to learning. It has no faith in an art being taught in six lessons, or a language in twenty-four. Its aim is to inspire in all its members a love of study, and diligence in study, and to offer the best aids to all the zeal and industry it can excite; remembering that there is a point in rendering such assistance, beyond which the interposition of the teacher is a positive injury, rather than a benefit to the youthful mind. Learning is an acquisition; it is neither nature's endowment nor the teacher's gift; the pupil must put forth her own energies, or the bright jewel will never be hers.

In the article on *Vieux Temps*, which we publish in to-day's paper, the writer has about as correct an idea of what America is, as most of the educated people in Germany. Since we have produced some of the first painters and sculptors, not to say poets, in the world, we do not mean to rest until a few tip-top musicians are turned off, if for no other reason, because our transatlantic friends say it cannot be done. Mr. Walker, an American pianist, who gave a concert in Boston this spring, will do for a commencement, in his line, and perhaps we may show a composer or two to lead off that department, before long. Youth who are anxious to retrieve the honor of their country, must only remember one thing. There is a mountain, a mountain of difficulty to be removed, before they arrive at the termination of their course. This mountain cannot be knocked down, or blown up. It must be dug through. \*

**MESSENGERS EDITORS.**—There is one thing hinted at in the leading editorial of No. 13 of the Gazette, which I beg leave to make the subject of a brief communication. You speak of "*the great self-sufficiency of those who are engaged in or interested in music.*" Your remarks on this subject may to some appear uncharitable, illiberal, and as savoring in yourself of the thing you condemn in others. I know not but the same may be said of what shall be here written. Be that as it may, no one who has had an acquaintance and means of observation, no more extensive even than I have, but must have seen ample evidence of the prevalence of the unhappy characteristic spoken of.

The fact of its existence may be easily accounted for. The individual is accustomed to be called "*teacher*," or if in the country, he is known as "*the singing master*." In school he enforces obedience, (or strives to do so.) which puts him in favor with the "old folks."—"The young uns" admire his "*voice*" and come in crowds from the whole region round about. The ladies pay him marked attentions; he sings songs for them, and is rewarded therefor with smiles and flatteries. He rides from school to school in a dashing cutter with a spirited horse and merry bells, which excites the wonder of numerous "boys" as he passes; all of which contribute, with other influences, to make him feel himself to be really "*somebody*." He seldom meets a brother in the profession; when he does, it is with an inward feeling of superiority, jealousy, or envy.

The remedy I would prescribe for any one afflicted with that loathsome malady, self conceit, is, to seriously

consider, not how much he knows, but how much he *does not* know. Music is but a single page in the vast volume of science. Why should a man feel himself quite a god, because he is able barely to *spell out* a single line on that page, or even to read it with apparent ease! I never read but with heartfelt emotion, the anecdote of the immortal Newton, saying of himself that he was as a child picking up a few bright pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean of truth lay all unfathomed before him. Let a man look for once away from himself, away from the earth he treads on, and view, with an astronomer's eye, the starry concave of night, contemplate the stupendous globes that hang there, "great lights" to the throne and temple of their Creator, and lose himself in the incomprehensibility of their number, distances, and the spaces in which they float, and if he does not come back to himself, divested of his self-conceit, then I fear he is past cure, having neither humanity nor divinity in his soul.

W. T.

MESSRS. EDITORS—If any one doubts the necessity of choir leaders generally being better instructed, and by such means as your paper affords, let me state to him a fact. One of your agents called on a choir leader in a town something over one hundred miles from Boston, and asked him to do himself the favor to subscribe for the Gazette. He took the paper very dignifiedly, (being a *professional man*;) and looked it over, thought it "an excellent paper," and that the agent would get a "large number of subscribers, without any doubt," but for his own part his "professional reading employed all his leisure time," and "on the—a—whole—I—a—think I won't subscribe now."

On the succeeding sabbath, the writer happened to be in that same town, and, out of curiosity, went to hear the singing of this leader's choir. The leader *sang the same part with the ladies*, (they sang but one part, no alto being perceptible,) and *played tenor on his violin, as though it were written for treble*.

Now this man was in a money-making profession, and in receipt of a respectable salary for his services as leader, and might be supposed to have the means of being too well informed to be guilty of two such unpardonable sins as those.

N—, Penn., Aug. 3d, 1846.

MESSRS. JOHNSONS—I see by the 12th number of the Musical Gazette, that there will be conventions of teachers during the summer at Boston, Cleveland, Rochester, &c., at which there will be lectures by Messrs. L. Mason, G. J. Webb, A. N. Johnson, &c. The lectures will be very interesting, no doubt; but I, for one, cannot attend any of those conventions; there may be others who may be situated as myself, far from any of the places, and much business to attend to. I subscribed for your paper, expecting to receive much good information. Of this I have not been disappointed, thus far; but I now wish to ask in particular for information such as will be given in the first of those lectures, as I suppose. The advertisement says, "1, Lectures on teaching, in which the most approved method of teaching vocal music, in classes or common singing schools, will be explained and illustrated." Now as I sometimes teach what we call common singing schools, that is, church music exclusively, I wish to know the best method of instruction, the course of lessons we should give, &c. &c. But my more particular object in writing this, is, to know if those lectures will be printed or not; if they are printed, where they may be had; and if they are not printed, I think it would be well for you to pub-

lish in your paper the above information wanted, &c. Our schools generally, in country places, meet but once a week; they generally consist of from twelve to twenty-four meetings. Some of them have round notes; a few will still have patent notes, but the number is decreasing; round notes will soon be used altogether. We want to know the best plan for us to pursue in regard to teaching when we meet twenty evenings. This is as many times as a school in the country can be got together in one winter, in our parts generally, and in this time we must sing for them considerably, or they are not satisfied.

[We are thankful for the suggestion, and will endeavor to publish full reports of the lectures, from beginning to end.]

## THE PIANO-FORTE TEACHER.

CHAPTER FOUR.

## THE FIRST LESSON.

Mr. D., the teacher, left his house, well prepared for his lesson-giving labors. His stock in trade did not consist in anything material. He was provided with a goodly quantity of good nature and patience. Teachers should never commence the day in ill humor. There is need, everywhere, of a great deal of patience, especially in our country, where taste, in many persons, is not very well developed. It is doubtless annoying to those who prefer something better, to notice a craving for what is light and frivolous in music. It is also doubly provoking, to witness a lack of diligence and faithfulness in practice. It is, too, rather trying to come in contact with those, who, though willing, make slow progress, in consequence of stiff fingers, or some mental inability. Still, bad temper never cured any imperfection. One should remember that, although the teacher has a hard task, it is no easy thing to learn music; and that, after a pupil has practiced faithfully, but almost hopelessly, a hard lesson, it is something of an affliction to meet discouraging looks and words during the hour of instruction. Why some persons prefer *cross* masters for their friends, we do not know, unless it be that they mistake ill temper for firmness, and severity for a strict attention to the proper progression in study.

The first lesson in a course is doubtless, in all cases, a very important one. It is necessary, almost essential, to *commence* right. Pupils who learn of bad instructors, or commence alone, acquire evil habits, which very few have patience to eradicate, and very few teachers have the ability to correct. In Charlotte's first lesson we may see what is *about* the best way to begin, although it remains true, that almost every scholar requires some variation in the course of instruction.

Mr. D.'s first object was, to ascertain the natural capacities of his pupil. Some are the greater part of the first quarter in determining these, but, to a practiced eye, they are at once visible.

"I have to do several things," said he, "in order to enable you to play. In the first place, you must become perfectly acquainted with these notes and characters before you. This is something like learning a foreign language. You must *read* music a long while before you will get to a place where nothing will puzzle you. In the second place, you must be perfectly familiar with the keys of the piano, so that you will be able to touch C, or F, or A flat, or any other letter, the instant you think of it. In the third place, I must train your fingers, and get them so limber that you can play just what you please. So you see that you will have a variety of study, and will probably not be wearied, if

you practice properly. Which of these three things, do you think, will be hardest to you?"

"I do n't know, sir, I am sure. I suppose they will all be hard to me."

"Perhaps not, if we manage in the right way. I *guess* that the training of your fingers will be hardest. Let me see your hand."

Charlotte held up her hand, which, in truth, did not seem to give promise of great ease of execution. It was, however, a good one. A person with long, slender fingers, will probably play with considerable ease, but little vigor; while one with short, stubbed joints, will play, naturally, with strength and agility, but little grace. A careful teacher, and a teachable pupil, may remedy all defects, but if these two rare personages do not happen to meet, the two classes mentioned are sure to miss some of the requisites of good playing. Charlotte's hand was of medium size, and of pretty good proportion, but not broad.

"How far can you bend back your fingers," inquired Mr. D. "Lay your hand flat down on the piano cover, if you please. Now—pull up the little finger."

With considerable tugging, and at the expense of an "Oh!" the little finger arrived at an elevation of forty-five degrees.

"Now for the third finger."

An obstinate case. It would hardly budge.

"The second."

This went up easier than the others, although not so high as the little finger.

"The first."

An angle of twenty-five degrees.

"The thumb."

It would not rise at all.

"Well," observed the teacher, "that will do very well; but we must try to make your fingers still better than they are. I suppose some of your friends can bend their fingers still farther back than you."

"O yes, sir. A girl that I am acquainted with can bend them until they almost touch the back of her hand, and others can bend them much more easily than I can. I never thought that had anything to do with playing."

"It has a great deal to do with it, as I will show you directly. Some persons feel nervous when they see fingers twisted in that way; but it seems to me not only natural, but necessary to graceful motion. Indeed, I think the fingers were created with this capacity, on purpose to play, and perform such delicate tasks. Your hand will, I think, be full limber enough in the end, if you are only careful. Now for the reason why lifting up the fingers is so necessary. Please to lay your arm upon this table, as if you were going to *drum* upon it. There—no, let it lie, perfectly easy and still—don't move it. Now strike with your first finger—on the point—no, not on the nail, but almost, as near the point as you can. So—now make the loudest sound your finger is capable of making. Do not raise the hand, but let that rest. Will you tell me what motion you make in order to produce that sound?"

"Why, sir, I lift up my finger as high as I can, and then strike as hard as I can, which is not very hard just now."

"You notice that I can strike much harder than you. What is the reason?"

"I should think, sir, that it is because you draw your fingers higher than I, and throw them down quicker. But your fingers are heavier than mine."

"Very true, and they are somewhat harder, too. But if you are able, after awhile, to lift your fingers higher than I, and throw them down quicker, you will make as much sound as I."



"My fingers will have as much momentum as yours, I suppose."

"Yes, and I am glad that your knowledge of mechanics is so great, as it will assist us a great deal. Suppose we make an experiment. Will you, sir," said he to Dr. May, who was looking on, quite interested in this development of the powers of the hand, the most beautiful machine from nature's workshop, "will you please to strike on the table as I do, but with the first finger."

"I am afraid my natural drumming capacities are not very great, sir" replied the Dr., as with difficulty he raised his digit sufficiently high to give a reasonably loud thump.

"You notice now," added Mr. D., "that with my little finger I can produce as much sound as your father, with his first finger. You see, then, that it is very important to get a good command of the fingers. Now strike, if you please, with the second finger. Now with the third—the fourth—the thumb. This is just the way in which you must "thump" upon the piano. You will hardly believe it, but some persons play for years, without being able to strike the keys exactly in the proper manner. You would not like to throw away so much time so uselessly, I presume."

"No, sir."

"In order to avoid it, I shall condemn you to some rather dry exercises, which will, perhaps, seem silly or useless to you, and will require considerable patience; but you will, afterward, be very glad that you have gone through them. For instance, I wish you every day to lay your right arm on a table, and strike with your thumb, raising it very high, and making as much sound as possible. Do this until your thumb is very tired. Then do the same with the first finger, the second, third, and fourth, and afterward with the fingers of the left hand.

Now for another thing. Please to place your thumb over C on the piano, and spread the fingers (right hand) so as to be on D, E, F, and G. Now strike with your thumb, just as you did on the table."

Charlotte attempted to do so, but committed a fault, which has been one of the greatest hindrances in the way of good playing, since the days of harpsichord. Her thumb, not being used to moving upward, (bending the joint at the wrist,) and enacting the part of a hammer, carried the arm and hand with it, and in coming down, the muscles of the arm and hand operated, instead of merely those of the thumb. Mr. D. succeeded, after awhile, in enabling her to strike with the thumb and fingers. Then, after recommending to her to practice with extreme care, and giving her a page, almost at random, from which to pick out and play notes, without reference to time or fingering, he took his leave. The first lesson then, was,

1st, to make the fingers strike hard upon a table, with the hand and arm at rest.

2d, to strike exactly in the same way, upon the keys of the piano.

3d, to play the notes contained in a page of music, without reference to time, or fingering. \*

Kossowski, the talented violoncellist, recently gave, in Odessa, a concert upon the *flageolet*! The concert closed with a piece which he called the Carnival of Venice. A German who was present describes the performances as bordering on the ridiculous; not, however, from want of ability in the performer, but from the small powers of the instrument.

## HENRI VIEUX TEMPS.

We condense below, a long article, in which the writer seems to think Vieux Temps the greatest player in the world. It is a pity that enthusiastic notices in the newspapers did not precede his arrival in this country. It needs something more than talent and skill to make a man famous, in this part of the world. The reflections on "yankee" and English musical taste are not very flattering, but are nevertheless deserved. It is, however, true, that a large body of those who heard the two rivals, while they were in America, preferred Vieux Temps to Ole Bull. \*

From the Leipzig Musikalische Zeitung.

Henri Vieux Temps has, we may say, grown up under the eye of the public. He is one of the few wonderful children, who justify in their youth and manhood, the hopes awakened by their early precocity.

He was born in 1820 in Verviers, Belgium, and while quite young, gave evidence of talent by his performance on a child's violin. De Beriot heard him, and was so much pleased that he decided to instruct the child himself. Henri made such progress under his talented instruction, that the latter determined, when his pupil was twelve years old, to let him appear before the Parisian public. His success was brilliant and decided. A year afterward, he played in Vienna, where he received great applause, and remained some time, studying composition under Ignaz von Seyfried. In 1834, when fourteen years old, he performed in Leipsic, which was the occasion of a commendatory article in the "New Musical Journal." He played afterward in Vienna and Berlin, and in St. Petersburg remained for a length of time, during which he wrote a concerto in E major. This was performed, several years since, in Paris, where he made more sensation than any one since Paganini; and in that city they judge of nothing so severely and correctly as of violin playing. He was pronounced the *greatest living master* on his instrument, uniting all the merits of previous celebrated performers, and yet having something of his own superior to all.

After this triumph in Paris, he proceeded to America, where he arrived at about the same time as Ole Bull. It is said that the latter was more successful than Vieux Temps, which, when we consider the want of musical taste in yankee-land, can easily be conceived. While this remarkable country, in our opinion, has a position in politics and social relations the first in the world, the arts, as every one knows, are but little appreciated, and music the least of all. It is a question, and one of great importance to our art, whether music, in that magnificent republic, will ever attain a high state of perfection. We are inclined to say, no. For this century there seems to be little hope. Some republics, Venice for example, have made progress in the arts, but in the case before us, a country of merchants and planters, in which, besides, the majority of the people are of English descent, there is not a soil on which refinement can well blossom and bear fruit. In Venice there was an aristocracy; in America there is nothing of the kind. It is a subject for philosophers to settle, why full freedom is incompatible with a flourishing state of the arts. It seems to me, that when men have attained that ideal of liberty which all wish for, and that ideal becomes reality, the arts will cease altogether, because idealities will be out of fashion. However, art and idealism still exist, and so let us speak more of Vieux Temps. It is singular, that awhile ago, the best violin players were Italians and Frenchmen; afterwards, the scale turned in favor of Germany, and now Belgium

may wear the crown, as she has produced De Beriot, Vieux Temps, Artot, Ghys, Hauman, Prume, Sainton, Steveniers, and Leonard.

Perhaps the inferiority of German violinists is owing to teachers holding too tight a rein on their scholars; dressing genius, as it were, in formal style, and binding up its agile limbs in Spanish boots and iron gloves.

When we attempt to criticise Vieux Temps, we find ourselves in difficulty. It is hard to pick a flaw in what is so near perfection. Nevertheless, the public do not appreciate his playing, especially that of difficult passages, for the very reason that he masters them with so much ease, and looks so pleasantly during their execution. He does not carry an audience with him, as one will, who, like Liszt, seeks to command and master the masses. Since Paganini's death, Liszt is the only artist who possesses the demoniac nature of the Rattenfänger.\* His person, as well as his playing, has something magnetic about it, so that a fascination is created, which affects the nerves of hearers, especially of the feminine gender.

An artist, like Vieux Temps, is a pillar of beauty and truth in his art, which, amid all the storms of charlatanism, and in spite of all the comparisons which future players may occasion, will continually lift its head high in ether.

\*All that we know of the Rattenfänger, or rat-catcher, is derived from snatches of a German popular song, which we once heard sung. It commences,

"Ich bin der weit berühmten Sanger;  
Der sogenannten Rattenfänger,  
Und wenn ich suche jenem Ort,  
Sie messen mit einander fort."

(Literally)—"I am the far-renowned singer,

The so-called rat-catcher,  
And when I visit any place,  
They must clear, every one."—Ed. Gaz.

The "Singers' Association," in Brugge, Belgium, has offered a prize of a gold medal worth two hundred francs, or two hundred francs in money, at the option of the successful candidate, for the best composition of a song for four men's voices, without accompaniment. The words are entitled "Song of victory." Only natives of Belgium can compete for the prize. The successful work will be performed as the opening piece at the Brugge annual music festival.

The Germans often have music festivals at which different singing societies contend for prizes. Such an one took place at Mayence, on the 8th of June. A singing association from Castel took the first prize, one from Oppenheim the second, the Niederolm's singing society the third, and a society from Eversheim the fourth. Guhr, Leachner, and Mangold, were the judges.

The opera, "The Slave of Camoens," composed by the Prince of Orange, (of Holland,) was recently performed at Hague.

INSTRUCTIONS IN THOROUGH BASE, an easy method for learning to play church music and other four-part music, upon the organ, piano forte, and other keyed instruments. By A. N. Johnson. This work professes to impart the ability to play church music, by the common-sense method of progressive exercises, which are to be played, not written. The work differs from other works on thorough base, in the fact that everything relating to the art of writing music is omitted, as foreign to the subject. Published by Geo. P. Reed, 17 Tremont Row, Boston; Frith & Hall, 1 Franklin Square, New York; and for sale by music dealers generally. It can be easily ordered through any bookseller who orders books from New York or Boston.



## FAME.

1. I do not growl as others do, and wish that I was younger, }  
 For I, sirs, when I was a youth, I suffered much from hunger. } My sisters nine and brothers six must all be duly fed, sirs,  
 And such a tribe of boys and girls, they ate a power of bread, sirs.

2. Now father says to me one day, "I have enough to do, boy,  
 The younger ones to clothe and feed, without the care of you, boy;  
 So here's a dollar for your purse; your head's not over hollow;  
 See, yonder is the road to wealth, which you may straightway follow."
3. The road to wealth lay duly east, and brought me to a city,  
 In which I thought to stay awhile, and labor, more's the pity;  
 For there, while strolling down the street, I met a drum and fife, sirs;  
 It was the finest tune they played, I'd heard in all my life, sirs.
4. A sergeant came to me, and said, "You are a sturdy youth, sir;  
 And such a brave and martial air I never saw, in truth, sir.  
 Now if you wish a merry life, and lots of fame and glory,  
 Just sign this paper, and, my friend, the way is straight before ye."
5. I signed the paper; they began to drill me and to arm me;  
 And with a crowd of other fools I marched to join the army.  
 They dressed me in a uniform of red and blue and white, sirs;  
 We walked all day in heat and dust—slept on the ground at night, sirs.
6. At length we met a host of men, who seemed much such as we, sirs.  
 Folks said it was the enemy; thinks I, "What can that be?" sirs.  
 They drew us up on level land, according to a plan, sirs;  
 The enemy began to point their guns at every man, sirs.
7. "Hallo!" cried I, "do n't fire this way; this field is full of people!"  
 But fire they did, and smoke rose up, high as a village steeple.  
 The bullets whistled past our ears; the small arms made a rattle;  
 A cannon ball took off my leg, and left me *hors du battle*.
8. The infantry ran over me; behind, a pack of horsemen,  
 Who rolled me as they'd roll a log; I thought myself a lost man.  
 But when enough of fame was made, they stopped the agitation,  
 And sent me to the hospital, to suffer amputation.
9. Now, friend, if e'er the road to wealth lies straight and free before ye,  
 Keep safe your legs to travel there, and shun the way to glory.  
 This glory is a famous word for those who love to tattle,  
 But quite another thing to those who're shot at in a battle.

## THE FOREST HUNTERS.

From the Musical Class Book.

1. Come forth ye hunters, blithe and gay, The merry horn is sounding, And through the startled woods away, The deer are swiftly bounding, The  
 2. What though amid the greenwood tree, We hear the panther howling, What though the cougar drea-ri-ly In darksome glen be prowling, In  
 3. Now brightly on the prairie lea, The pearly dew is glowing, And 'neath the thick and shady tree, Fair chrystal streams are flowing, Fair

deer are swiftly bounding. The morn is red and fresh the air, As forth we wander, free from care, We forest hunters gay, We forest hunters gay.  
 darksome glen be prowling; A rifle true and steady aim Will save from care, from care and harm, The forest hunter gay, The forest hunter gay.  
 chrystal streams are flowing; And moving mid the varied show, All blithely singing as they go, The forest hunters gay, The forest hunters gay.

## THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

From "The Primary Song Book."

FROM THE GERMAN.

1. A brook, so gently flowing, Sped softly down the lawn; }  
 A lamb, his thirst al-lay-ing, Stood there at ear-ly dawn. } The water, so refreshing, He drank, and thought no harm;  
 A wolf, from thicket rushing, Seized roughly on the lamb.

2. "How dare you spoil the water, Where I have stopped to drink?" }  
 "Oh wolf, you'll lose your anger, If you will only think; } Oh, do not, do not harm me, Nor wear that sul-len brow;  
 For, wolf, you stood above me Up-on the stream, you know."

**I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.**

E. WILSON.

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay | Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way. | The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here, | Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

**LORING. S. M.**

A. N. JOHNSON.

1. Sing praises to our God, And bless his sacred name; His great sal - va - tion all abroad, From day to day proclaim.  
2. Midst heathen nations place The glories of his throne; And let the wonders of his grace Through all the earth be known.

**SATTISWILL. C. M.**

ASAHEL ABBOT. New York.

1. How shall the young secure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choicest rules imparts, To keep the conscience clean.  
2. 'T is like the sun—a heavenly light, That guides us all the day; And through the dangers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.  
3. Thy precepts make me truly wise; I hate the sinner's road; I hate my own vain thoughts that rise, But love thy law, my God.  
4. Thy word is ev - er - last - ing truth, How pure is every page! That holy book shall guide our youth, And well support our age.

**BENDA. C. M.**

L. MASON.

1. Let every tongue thy goodness speak, Thou sovereign Lord of all; Thy powerful hands uphold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.  
2. With longing eyes thy creatures wait On thee for daily food; Thy liberal hand provides their meat, And fills their mouths with good.  
3. Thy mercy never shall remove From men of heart sin-cere, Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love, Is joined with holy fear.  
4. My lips shall dwell upon thy praise, And spread thy fame abroad; Let all the sons of Adam raise The honors of their God.

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

Vol. I.

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## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE

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## Miscellaneous.

From the Paris Musical Journal.

### MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

In consequence of an agreement, concluded in 1828, an annual festival is held, one year in Cologne, the next in Dusseldorf, and the third in Aachen, (Aix-la-Chapelle,) in which the performance is maintained by the united musicians of the three places. The present year (June) the festival was in the latter city. Accustomed as I am (says the correspondent of the Journal,) to hear the orchestra of the unrivaled "Société des Concerts," in Paris, and to the masterly conductorship of Habeneck, it was to be expected that my criticisms would be very strict and severe. Nevertheless, it is impossible to deny great credit to the energy, tenderness, and refinement, with which all shades of music were handled by this great body of six hundred singers and players, and equally impossible not to admire and respect the directing talent of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. In the four rehearsals which served to prepare this great body for their concerts, honor was due both to leader and choir; on the one side for ease, care, and tact, and on the other for ability, quick comprehension, and application of the remarks of the director.

The choir consisted of four hundred and eighty singers, all amateurs, and good musicians. The solo parts were sustained, in part by amateurs, in part by some of the first professional singers in Germany. Of these were Miss Jenny Lind, Hartinger, tenor, from Munich, Conradi, base, from Frankfort, A. M., and Herger, base, of Aachen.

Two concerts were advertised. But as the theatre, in which they took place, would only hold twelve hundred persons, it was a matter of gratification that a third was added, by which many, who could not obtain admission to the previous two, were satisfied. In the first concert were performed Mozart's symphony in D major, and Hayden's "Creation." In the second, the hearers were favored with the overture to "Oberon," by Weber, a motet with chorus, "Ista dies," by Cherubini, Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and "Alexander's Feast," by Handel.

The director stood in the middle of the "parterre" of the theatre, and the orchestra were before him, extending in a column to the back part of the stage. The singers were in two columns, on each side of the orches-

tra, the ladies in front, and the gentlemen in the rear. The ladies were all dressed in white, and had garlands in their hair, presenting a beautiful appearance to the eye, while they delighted the ear with their correct and tasteful performance.

Those who have never heard these masses, can form little idea of the perfection of their performances. Now so much strength—now so much delicacy—such youthful, fresh female voices, and powerful male voices, all in perfect tune—the harmony and uniform movement of all—everything showed the natural taste and talent, and thorough training, of the Germans, in the most favorable light.

The solo parts were well sustained. It is hard to describe the enthusiasm of which Jenny Lind was the deserving subject. Her talent seems to be in every respect extraordinary. It is difficult to conceive of sacred music being sung in better style than she displayed. Her voice (a soprano) is a wonderful combination of clearness, mildness, strength, and purity. Hardly a better tribute to her skill could have been given, than that afforded by the ladies of the festival. In the midst of one of the storms of applause which greeted the gifted singer, they despoiled themselves of the garlands with which they had been adorned, and directly they were descending, in graceful curves, to the feet of the Swedish enchantress. This flowery shower was one of the most beautiful sights I ever had the good fortune to witness.

After a sojourn of five days the singers separated, to meet the next year in Cologne.

### A ROYAL CONCERT, "ALL OF THE OLDEN TIME."

In looking over an old English journal the other day, we found an amusing anecdote of a social concert, says the Boston Transcript, in the family of George III., the party composing a quintette, under the direction of the monarch himself, who, whilst he "sawed away at the bass viol," had no idea that it was possible to surpass him in the sounds he produced. The princess of Wales presided with grace at the harpsichord, the duke of Newcastle played the first violin, the duke of Devonshire the tenor, and the facetious Philip Dormer (somewhat celebrated in his day,) discoursed on the flute. The story proceeds as follows:

It so happened that the king had his own notions about time and tune, and his majesty performed for his own amusement only, and possibly with the idea of gaining some instruction, he never scrupled to go over a passage two or three times, or to take any liberties, or make any blunders that seemed good to him, without consulting, or in any way warning, the rest of the orchestra. It was therefore necessary for every member of it, while giving his eyes to his own music, to give ears to the king's, and as rapidly as possible to follow the direction and eccentricities of the royal performer. On the present occasion it became evident, however, that the concerto was going wrong. But the most acute of these select amateurs could not imagine where they were in error. The royal bass viol was proceeding on its course as sedately as the march of an elephant; the violin looked in vain backwards and forwards for several

bars to see where he could glide in, but could discover nothing resembling what he had heard; the tenor, knowing there was a difficult passage just passed over, and being well aware of the royal practice with regard to such, boldly went back and repeated it; the harpsichord, believing that the time had been altered from fast to slow, slackened its pace, and the flute, entertaining a different opinion, went away at double speed. Such a strange medley was never heard before; nevertheless, the king was seen leaning forward, with his eyes fixed on the music, working away with his royal elbow, evidently too absorbed in his own performance to heed the confusion that distracted the audience, and made the other musicians feel exceedingly uncomfortable. It was not etiquette to notice the king's mistakes, or the youthful maids of honor would have laughed outright.

The duke of Newcastle, a studious courtier, knew not what to do. He played a few notes here and there, whispered to the duke of Devonshire, nudged Philip Dormer, whose blowing had become desperate; he glanced at the book of the princess, without obtaining any clue to the cause of the inexplicable disorder; but still he played on, knowing that matters could not be worse than they were. The king at last brings up matters "all standing," as the sailors say, by finding himself suddenly and unexpectedly at the end of his symphony. The princess, who alone dared to speak, discovered that the king had turned over two leaves at once; the monarch, with the utmost composure, turned back to the part which had not been played, and without uttering a word, set to work rasping away, followed by the other musicians, who were well in at the finish, and were in at the death with tolerable exactitude.

### LOUIS LABLACHE.

In No. 11, page 85, we mentioned the name of Lablache as the best living base singer. We can bear witness that he is the greatest singer we ever saw. He certainly "could enact Falstaff, without stuffing." We doubt not that his name is extensively known in this country, through the medium of his instruction book in the art of singing, (published by Wilkins, Carter & Co.) The Paris *Revue Musicale* contains the following sketch of his life:

Lablache was born in Naples, in the year 1794. His father was a Frenchman; his mother an Irish lady. His parents fled from France to escape the trials of the revolution, but encountered a second revolution in Italy, which cost his father his property and his life. His son, then an orphan of five years old, was received into the Accademia di San Sebastino. At first he learned the violoncello, and for some time played upon that instrument in the theatre of San Onofrio. He soon, however, imbibed the idea that he was born to be a singer, and he entered the Conservatoire to pursue the necessary studies. It cost him some severe struggles to complete his education. Five times he ran away from the Conservatoire, so severe was the method he was obliged to pursue. He finished his studies when he was seventeen, and when twenty-five he had attained the first rank in the theatrical scale. After ten years spent among the Italian theatres, he appeared before a Parisian audience in Cimarosa's "Matrimonio segreto." His success was

immense. Triumph after triumph attended him, in London as well as in Paris. In the former city, he was chosen by Queen Victoria, for her singing teacher. Lablache's voice is not of great compass, but its power is almost beyond conception. His "delivery" is excellent. The grandeur and clearness of his tone, and the nobleness and power of his long notes, move the innermost fibres of musical feeling. Lablache is, perhaps, one of the largest men living, the size of his body being amply sufficient to accommodate the lungs which supply his powerful voice. His daughter is the wife of Thalberg, the celebrated pianist.

### MUSICAL NERVE.

A very charming instance of honest professional confidence, united with an unusual degree of physical firmness, is recorded of Don Lorenzo Barsini, the editor of two theatrical journals at Naples, and a judicious, but severe critic, who lately renounced the "editorial chair," (as the fantastical phrase is,) for the perilous calling of a principal singer. The first announcement of his intention soon roused up the angry feelings of those who had suffered from the caustic pen of the debutante, and a regular opposition was organized to crush him, as he had contrived to make an enemy of every composer, poet, singer, manager, and proprietor, in Naples. On the 6th of June, 1837, he was duly announced to appear in the part of Bartolo, in the Barber of Seville. All Naples was in commotion—people crowded from twenty leagues around, and tickets were sold at enormous prices. Numerous boxes were taken by the dramatic adversaries of the Doctor, resolved to pay him in kind. The curtain in due time rose, but not a note was listened to until Barsini came forward, when an almost universal hissing and uproar ensued; he, however, preserved a perfect sang froid, and commenced his part with a power of voice which soon overcame all other sounds, and by degrees gained such an ascendancy over his audience, that the tumult sank into a profound silence, till it again burst forth, from his masterly execution, in equally vociferous acclamations of applause. His triumph was so complete, that the director of the theatre made an engagement with him as primo basso cantante, at 120 ducats (400 francs) a night, being eighty francs more than the stipend of the prima donna, Signora Ronzi. Barsini subsequently appeared as the Podesta in the Gazza Ladra, with equal success.—*Philadelphia Saturday Courier.*

A Berlin paper is full of wrath towards a concert giver who had prefixed to his name a half dozen titles. It says, "Franz Liszt possesses a multitude of titles and orders, and yet no one ever saw a concert of his announced in any other form than 'Concert by Franz Liszt.'" Berliners will not countenance such foolery; and we are happy to say that Herr C., although an admirable musician, had a very thin audience, because he advertised in such a silly manner."

**THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.**—The Hutchinsons are now at their mountain home in Milford, some fifteen miles from Manchester, enjoying the pleasures of rural life, and the cordial greetings of their many friends. The family now own three large and beautiful farms, and are about to purchase another, which is valued at \$10,000. They will not go out to sing for several weeks, wishing for leisure and rest from their European travels.—*Manchester (N. H.) American.*

**INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.**—Three men became hopelessly pious about the same time. They were neighbors, heads of families, and singers. For a season they lived together in love, exhibiting in their lives the fruits and graces of the Spirit. They often united their prayers and praises in concert sweet; but on a certain occasion, as one of them was passing the house of another, he heard loud words. He listened, and found that his neighbors were engaged in angry dispute. He went into the house, and accosted them by saying, "Come, neighbors, let us sing one of our favorite hymns," and immediately commenced singing,

"How pleasant 'tis to see  
Kindred and friends agree."

They became silent, gazed at him, at each other, and then one joined the singing. The other very soon followed his example, and the three neighbors sang harmoniously together as usual, till all their angry passions were lulled to sleep. They parted in peace, and lived many years afterwards in harmony and love.

Few will doubt that music on this occasion was more potent and effectual in reconciling the angry friends to each other, than would have been an extended exhortation from their neighbor.

From the (Baptist) Christian Watchman.

### CHURCH MUSIC.

**MESSEURS. EDITORS.**—The following paragraph, extracted from the Musical Gazette of the 3d inst., should be printed "in letters of gold," upon the cover of every pulpit hymn book.

The editor of the Gazette, in an article headed "Church Choirs," comments upon the services at a church where he was recently present on the sabbath, and says:

"Although the hymns contained, the first five, and the others four verses only, the clergyman directed one or two stanzas to be omitted from each, for what reason we could not imagine, unless that each verse omitted shortened the time which he and the congregation were forced to spend in the sanctuary, about three quarters of a minute,\* thus reducing the length of the tiresome services by the grand total of about three minutes, at no other expense than destroying the sense of each hymn."

I wish through your columns to offer a few remarks upon this subject, in order to bring the matter under the notice of the pastors of our denomination, with a sincere desire to direct their serious consideration to the important bearing that their apparent interest in their choirs, or, on the contrary, their evident lack of interest in this part of worship, has upon church music.

The practice above alluded to by the Musical Gazette is so common as to be a serious embarrassment to those who have the direction of the music of the sanctuary, and is one of the prominent causes of the low state of our church music. This last assertion will not probably be fully credited at first thought, but if we reflect upon the amount of time and attention, spent (in the aggregate) by the members of a large choir, in their preparation and rehearsals, in order to qualify themselves to perform their part acceptably or creditably, we can but acknowledge that this sacrifice of time, and exertion of zeal in the cause, is worthy of a better recompense than thus to be told, (although indirectly, and unintentionally,) that their part of public worship is of

\*The tune Old Hundred must be sung very slow to consume a minute in performance.

no great consequence, and to be performed only if time favors, or as a relief to the monotony of the other services.

Moreover, the practice causes serious inconvenience and harm in another way. If a list of hymns to be sung be given to the chorister by the preacher at the commencement of service, with no indication as to the omission of any of the stanzas, or, what is still worse, if the whole hymn be read from the pulpit, and then, after the music has been selected and given out to the choir, the reader announces the omission, how is it possible that the chorister can make a good selection of music, hurried as he will necessarily be under such circumstances. Take as an illustration, hymn 263 of "The Psalmist:"

"Come, guilty sinners, come and see  
Your great atoning sacrifice;  
Behold, on yonder gory tree,  
The King of kings for rebels dies.

How gracious, how severe thou art,  
Just God, in thy redeeming plan;  
The spear that pierced Immanuel's heart,  
Revealed the fount of life for man.

Hail, hallowed cross, accursed no more;  
Rich tree of life to all our race;  
Blest tree of paradise, which bore  
The choicest fruit—the gift of grace.

Lord, shall our grief, or joy prevail?  
Our heart is rent amid their strife;  
Shall we our victim's death bewail,  
Or hail it as our way of life.

Thy dying, living, boundless love,  
While here below, shall tune our tongue;  
And when we join the choir above,  
Thy love be our triumphant song."

Now it must be apparent to all, however unskilled in the science of music, that the selection of music for this hymn would be greatly influenced by a knowledge, whether the whole was to be sung, or whether particular verses only (and if so, which) were to be sung. The same music would not be applied to verses 1, 2, and 4, if those only were to be performed, to the exclusion of the others, that would be selected for verses 3 and 5—and if, under the impression that the whole was to be sung, the chorister had selected and combined different tunes, adapted by their varying harmony and modulations to express the various sentiments of each stanza, it must cause him and the choir great embarrassment to be called upon suddenly to alter his arrangements. Under such circumstances, however well the tact of the chorister may be exerted, the choir will sing under great embarrassment, and of course not well.

The above views are the result of a practical knowledge of the difficulty of sustaining an interest in members of choirs for the work in which they are engaged, and I am convinced that no pastor can expect to have a good choir for any length of time, if he does not avoid the course above alluded to, and exhibit an interest for the choir and the musical part of public worship. If the members of a choir feel the existence of a disposition the reverse of this in the pastor, what wonder is it that their interest and their numbers decrease?

B. F. E.

It is said that the Hutchinson family, in their year's residence in England, cleared the very pretty little sum of \$30,000, after paying all their expenses.

An affected singer at the Dublin theatre was told by a wag in the gallery, "to come out from behind his nose and sing his song like other people."

## CHURCH CHOIRS.

NUMBER TWO.

Unitarian church in the town of ——. A large town, and apparently a rich society. A small, sweet-toned organ accompanied a quartette choir, who were probably hired singers. The four voices were each very loud, and they were undoubtedly good professional singers. Each of the voices, however, had some peculiarity which prevented their blending. We never heard a quartette in which each voice so *painfully* maintained its individuality. A flageolet, an opheclide, a violin, and a tin kettle, would hardly fail of blending quite as well. The pronunciation and style were good. We must confess, however, that to hear a quartette choir singing a majestic choral, sounds almost as odd to our ears, as it would to hear a large congregation singing a light and flowing song. The organist accompanied the voices well, but his interludes and voluntaries betrayed a mind as shallow as a mountain stream in time of drought. Not a solitary phrase did we hear which was at all in accordance with the place, or suitable for the instrument, nor was there *any* subject or idea which we could comprehend, from beginning to end of his voluntary. Most of it was played with one hand upon the swell, and the other diddling upon the flute. Passage No. 1 occurred as much as twenty times in the course of the performance, and passage No. 2 was repeated an almost indefinite number.



It would be difficult to guess what impression (if any) the organist wished to make upon the audience. It seemed to us as if he was saying, "See how *fast* I can play! Do n't you wish you could?"

NUMBER THREE.

Messrs. Editors—Under the caption "Church Choirs," I purpose to say a few words in relation to singing choirs, which have been, and are, and, (it may be,) speak of individuals who did, and do, "figure" in, and out of the choir, whose influence *has been*, and *is*, in some cases, good, very good; in others, bad, very bad. You will please remember that the Gazette of August 3d invites truthful communications which may be properly arranged under the head or title of Church Choirs. But that invitation is qualified, I believe—(I will look again, in order to be sure)—yes, gentlemen, the invitation says, "Of choirs, singing schools, conventions, which have '*marked peculiarities*,' we should like to hear." Do you mean to receive those communications only, which are nicely written—grammatically as well as pen-and-inkly—and which contain "marked peculiarities?"

Suppose somebody wishes to make public *facts* in relation to one choir, that are far too common in many other choirs, and such as ought to be in existence no longer—*facts peculiar*, though not yet so *marked* as to induce the actors to abolish them—would the commonness of those facts destroy that *peculiarity* you seek, and hence render the document unacceptable? If one choir has acquired habits—good ones—and peculiar to that choir, may it not be well to hold them up for imitation? If most choirs have some bad habits, the exposure of which might have a tendency to do them

away, would not the very *fact* which destroys their claim to the title *peculiarity*, be a good reason for your receiving communications in relation to them? Is a thing, or habit, *peculiar*, which is common to everybody? Shall peculiarity, then, irrespective of quality, be the only passport to the *receivable* favor of your excellent Gazette?

The choir of —, consisted of something less than one hundred members, none of whom were *peculiarly* good singers, or very bad, ugly singers. The conductor of said choir was evidently making effort to benefit the singers, by teaching them in the various branches of singing; and as the singing seats were not yet all occupied, he was happy to increase the choir by the addition of such volunteers as came well recommended, in respect to moral character, and who could, in the judgment of the conductor, sing sufficiently well to be admitted. The choir flourished; all were happy.—One day there was introduced to the conductor, and to some members of the choir, a gentleman who had been accustomed to sing considerable, and (as it afterwards proved,) was indeed a most excellent singer. He was indeed a real gentleman. Heaven had given him a remarkably fine voice, and taste which well corresponded with his voice. He was modest, yet quite at home in the church choir—I mean, able to read any music the choir could sing, without difficulty. The choir seemed happy, at first, that so fine a singer and good man had joined their number. But by and by one of the most efficient singers the choir contained, began to complain that the new singer (who was soon invited to a seat, which some people call the head of the part,) did not please him—he could not sing with him, &c. The conductor was surprised at that; everybody below the galleries admired him as a singer and as a man. Well, in a little time, others in the neighborhood of Mr. Disaffected, began to nestle; they, too, had caught the contagion. Mr. D. had inoculated them, and there was soon an appearance of the necessity for a hospital for patients—rather impatient; one and another had learned by heart the horrible *cant*, "Can't sing with him." This "Can't sing with him" is quite too common to be called a *peculiarity*; nevertheless, it ought to be *marked*, I think, and I hope you will not exclude it; I want singers to see it, (only you need not tell them so,) and if they happen to alight upon it, when reading the Gazette alone, and nobody with them, they may be the very persons who will blush in secret, and wonder they have never thought of the thing before; and as sure as they are in the habit of carefully reading the Gazette as often as it comes from the office, so surely, methinks, will you see no more of this "Can't sing with him" conduct, unless there be real cause for it. For few men, whose good taste has led them to lay aside the miserable, slang-like and wicked print called a journal of music, and inclines them to wish well for the Gazette, will fail to correct their errors in the respect named, when they shall have been fairly reminded of them. But a little more. The fact was, in relation to the new singer, he could sing so much better than the other members who grumbled, that they could not, would not, endure it, and a rupture seemed inevitable—most of the part to which the good man was attached, or the good singer himself, must leave. A revolution—a revolution just at this moment. Providence took away the good man, by calling him into another part of the country, where he yet remains, an honor to his race, and respected by a large community.

But the remaining singer, who had been first and

foremost in the work of complaint, had, by this means, tasted war. He soon found trouble from the prominent voice of another good man in the choir, and finally worked out the expulsion of that member. And again he was troubled, but the good sense of the choir prevailed, and Mr. Disaffected himself pushed, and the choir is, and has been, at peace.

Another choir is visited with the plague in the form of a singer—no matter whether man or woman—a singer, I said—and a fact, *peculiar* or not—who has sung a great while—can sing anything that *anybody ought to sing*—(this fact came out in definite shape after admittance to the choir had been obtained, and some degree of deference had been awarded to the stranger)—that is, could sing all music—had learned years ago, and some little lately—abjured all *new* music—it was perfect *pison*—the sight of it was enough—(could not read one note of any music but such as had been pricked into the ear from other voices—this was the trouble.) Well, the great singer will not try these new tunes—do n't like the choir—never did intend to stay long—am going to sit below—has gone below—now sings like a volcano whenever an old tune strikes her ear—and since her voice is very strong, and can attract the whole audience, seems pretty happy whenever she is singing an "old tune," and for moments afterwards, while the eyes of the audience are turned to the great singer. O, would it not do you good, to see how like a catamount for *prey*, that half-open voice waits for the *pray* to cease, and to pounce upon the "Doxology in Old Hundred," as soon as the words fall from the minister's lips. Respectfully, NUMBER ONE.

"Vienna," says a writer in a Leipzig paper, "is a musical chaos, in which a man can hardly find himself. We go out of the house, and come plump against a score of posted handbills, announcing German and Italian concerts and operas, academies of music, dance-orchestras, re-unions, singing societies, and *volksangern*, (ballad singers or harpists,) all in showy colors, and printed with every kind of type, arranged in every way to attract attention. We hasten to gain the shelter of the arched doorway of a friend's house, and stumble against a performer, or assemblage of performers on harp, fiddle, glass-harmonica, or clarinet. With renewed speed we ascend to our neighbor's parlor—to hear his two youngest children chattering away on a piece, which they are expected to perform the next time "Mutter" has company to tea, on which occasion they will no doubt contribute to the heartfelt gratification of their parents, and the ear-desecration of everybody else. Meanwhile, in a wing of the same house, the city attorney is commencing his daily practice on the violin. As soon as possible, we escape to the open air, and are led by our unlucky star into the middle of a "drum college," where a number of raw recruits are practicing roll-calls, fire-alarms, grenadier-marches, &c., with all the strength and zeal they possess. At length, quite worn out, and disgusted with all that pretends to be music, we take refuge in our solitary chamber, where we are only troubled by the distant sounds of the cracked voice of our porter's daughter, who, with small success, as far as tune is concerned, is ascending and descending the scale."

The same writer mentions among the various concerts, &c., one in which Mendelssohn's opera, *Antigone*, (after the style of an ancient Greek play,) was performed, several good elocutionists speaking the dialogue parts, and the choruses sustained by a singing society of gentlemen.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, AUGUST 31, 1846.

We cannot disguise our dislike to the manoeuvring which is sometimes undertaken, to force the sale of music books. These operations appear to us to be on the increase; becoming more and more fashionable. When a book is published, let it be fully advertised; let every man in the country be advised of its existence and merits; but stop there. We do not believe the thousand and one schemes which are put in operation in various ways, do their authors half the good that is generally supposed, while they have the direct tendency to lower the profession in the eyes of the community, with whom it by no means holds too high a rank. A book, after all, must depend on its own merits, and we believe an author will be quite as well off, in the end, to leave it there.

It is no part of our nature to praise either ourselves or anything in which we are personally interested. We take the liberty, for the purpose of satisfying this part of our disposition, to state that we have no connection whatever with the Boston Academy of Music, nor with its professors. We have no more pecuniary interest in any of the operations of the Academy, nor in any of the publications issued by it or its professors, than we have in the affairs of the man in the moon. We aver that what we have written in favor of the Academy, is purely disinterested on our part, although appearances are against us. On our return from Germany, where we had spent a year in studying with one of the most distinguished theorists in the world, we were invited to deliver the lectures upon harmony before the Academy's classes, for the reason that Mr. Webb, who had previously given them, had so much to do in the other departments, that it would be a relief to him if we would attend to this. We always have, and always intended to attend these classes, had we nothing to do with the exercises, and we therefore willingly acceded to the request. We have, however, no connection with the Academy, and we therefore feel ourselves at liberty to speak of its operations, as our peculiar disposition would not permit us to speak, if we were thereby praising our own doings.

We shall publish a minute account of the exercises of the Academy's class, although we find it difficult to convey to the eye a correct description of exercises which are mostly addressed to the ear.

If our music contributors could see the pile of manuscript music which has been furnished for the Gazette, they would readily excuse us if we do not happen to select theirs. We are as completely puzzled in choosing from them, as we have sometimes seen ladies in choosing from an innumerable number of patterns in a dry goods store. Nothing would please us more than to publish them all, but we cannot, and must therefore simply aim to make up the best variety we can for each paper.

We regret that we have not a supply of the first numbers of the Gazette. We have enough from No. 8, but are out of the previous numbers.

On the 18th of May, the singers around the lake of Zurich held a musical festival. It took place in Horgen, on the borders of the lake. There were about five hundred performers. Among the distinguished names present, is to be noticed that of Schnyder von Wartensee. \*

## TEACHERS' CONVENTION, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

We take the liberty to call the attention of our somewhat numerous western readers, to this convention. Of the great usefulness of meetings of this kind, we are firmly convinced, and upon them we have placed our fondest hopes for the universal spread of correct musical knowledge and taste. The Boston Academy of Music, if we mistake not, originated this species of conventions, and Messrs. Mason and Webb have from the commencement conducted the exercises of its classes. If the superior musical talent of these gentlemen is not guarantee enough that the above-named convention will be well worth the time and expense of attending it, their long experience, and universal success, (which can be attested by thousands,) will be sufficient, we are sure.

This convention will commence at Cleveland, on Monday, September 7th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continue through the week. In every essential particular it will be like the one which closed last week in Boston.

## TEACHERS' INSTITUTE OF THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

This convention of teachers and others interested in music, commenced its thirteenth annual session, at the Tremont Temple, on Tuesday, Aug. 18, at 10 o'clock.

At the commencement of the exercises, Mr. Lowell Mason stated that these meetings were commenced in the year 1834, having for their object a more perfect explanation of the inductive system of instruction than could well be communicated through the medium of books. The inductive system is very imperfectly understood, said Mr. M. Many, very many teachers have little or no conception of it. Many authors of books show by their writings that they entirely misapprehend it. Mr. M. was informed by the Massachusetts secretary of education, that the inductive method is very imperfectly understood by teachers of common schools. It is only here and there one who understands it; and yet common school teachers have far greater advantages than music teachers. Since 1834, the course of instruction before the classes of the Academy had taken a wider range, and included other departments of music, but the explanation of the inductive method was still a very prominent object. Mr. Mason then gave a short account of a lesson in grammar, which he had heard given by the Hon. Horace Mann, to a class of common school teachers, upon the inductive system. Mr. Mann supposed the class before him to possess all the faculties they then possessed, with the exception that not one could talk. After finding themselves able to utter articulate sounds, what class of words would they be likely to utter first? Answer, The names of things (nouns) which they saw about them, &c. &c. From this illustration, Mr. Mason proceeded to show that the true inductive system is that which, commencing at the foundation, places before the pupil that which he is to acquire, in a perfectly natural order, not revealing any more than is necessary, to enable the student, by the exercise of his own faculties, to discover the truths he is endeavoring to learn.

Mr. M. then adverted to the analogy between learning to sing and learning to read. What is the first thing a child does in order to learn to read? Why, he learns to talk. How does he learn to talk? By rote; by imitation. There is no other way. "Baby, say pa! pa! pa!" says the father; and by and by the baby says "Pa!" As a child learns to talk, before he learns the characters which represent words, so must a child learn

to produce musical sounds, before he learns the characters which represent musical sounds. This he must do by imitation; by rote. Through the medium of little pleasing songs which he can easily catch by hearing them two or three times, he can best exercise his vocal organs in the production of musical tones.

Mr. Mason here stated that it was customary to consider the class as forming an elementary singing school, and for the purpose of illustrating the lectures on the elementary principles, to treat it as if the ladies and gentlemen present were really ignorant of the subject. He then sung different sounds and varieties of sounds, leading the class to the conclusion that musical sounds may differ with regard to length, pitch, and power. This difference gives rise to the necessity of a department to treat of each of these properties. The names of the departments being technical, of course the pupils cannot find them out themselves. The teacher must tell them. A variety of questions and illustrations were here introduced, to make sure that the divisions of the subject were understood. "This seems like wasting a great deal of time upon a simple subject," said Mr. M., "but too much time cannot be spent in illustration and questioning. A teacher must not be in a hurry. He must move slowly, if he would teach thoroughly. But it is said, 'We cannot take time. We are allowed but so many evenings for a course, and we must hurry.' True, where but a few evenings are allowed for a course, we must hurry; but, as a necessary consequence, we must teach very superficially. It is the great fault with singing schools, that time enough is not devoted, to enable the teacher to teach thoroughly, and consequently the knowledge imparted is generally superficial."

At this stage of the proceedings, a tune was sung, by way of affording variety. In an elementary school this would have to be by rote. Here, we can take any one. While singing tunes by rote, and for variety's sake only, hints on pronunciation, style, accent, &c., may, nevertheless, be introduced. *Ida*, page 131 of the *Psalter*, was first introduced. The accent in this tune was explained as peculiar. In the first full measure it falls on the first, third, and fifth notes. In the next measure, on the first and third notes. The first full measure of the second line, has but one accent, viz: on the first note. The next measure, ditto. The first full measure of the third line, has the accent on the first and third notes. The next measure is like the first, and the last has but one accent, on the first note.

From the peculiar rhythmical form of this tune, the time was not perfectly kept, by the large number who united in singing it. Mr. Mason directed them to sing it without the piano, while he marked the primitive relations of the measure, by rapping on the black board six times in each measure. As the time was not then perfectly kept, Mr. M. said they had too much to do, to observe the accents, pronounce the words right, and keep the time, and so he directed them to sing it without words, using the syllable *la*. The time was now correct. Whenever such a difficulty occurs, it is well not to have too much to do. Get one thing right at a time. Sometimes it is necessary to let the tune itself go, and sing only the rhythmic form, i. e., singing the notes all to one sound. After the tune had been sung again by word, Mr. Mason said he was satisfied with it, as then sung, because it had the effect of a congregational performance. (About two hundred and fifty took part in the performance.) If it was to be regarded as a choir performance, there were many things



which needed criticism. The great element of congregational singing is power. Expression is impossible. It is unnecessary to give particular attention to the pronunciation of the words, because there is no one to listen to them; every one reads for himself. When a choir sings, the whole congregation are listening, and of course many things are necessary in choir performance which would not be in congregational.

Church music seems to require a chorus. It is impossible to produce the effect of a chorus, with less than three voices on a part. With six voices on a part, it is less difficult, but still not easy. With twelve voices on a part, it still requires care and practice, to produce a well-trained chorus. With a hundred voices on a part, the effect of a chorus cannot be helped.

On resuming the elementary course, Mr. M. requested the class to read the first chapter of the elementary principles in the Psalter, in unison. Afterwards, some of the last sentences were read to a musical tone, giving the first step in chanting.

The lesson so far was now reviewed, and the class proceeded to the study of the length of sounds. What measurement can be applied to musical sounds? *Ans.* Time. How can sounds be measured by time? *Ans.* By dividing the time into equal portions. These equal portions of time are called measures. Many persons do not know what a measure is. They will point to a space between two bars in the book, and call that a measure. Measures are equal portions of time. It is a division which the ear can measure; the eye cannot. Mr. M. then counted equally—one, two, one, two.—Here, said he, time was divided into equal portions. You could measure it by the ear, but there was nothing for the eye to see. The class were now exercised in counting time. Although measures are portions of time which the ear alone can measure, yet it is convenient to have something which the eye also can see, and thus assist the ear. For this purpose, motions of the hand are commonly made. It is quite immaterial how the motions are made. The easiest and most graceful are to be preferred.

Mr. Mason occupied the time from 11 o'clock until 1, at which time the class adjourned until 3 P. M.


*Three o'clock, P. M.*—From this hour, until 5 o'clock, the class practiced from the "Vocalist," under the direction of Mr. G. J. Webb. The criticisms were numerous and important, but we neglected to note them particularly, being most of the time otherwise engaged.

*Half past seven o'clock, P. M.*—From this hour until 9 o'clock, the time was spent in practicing from the "Boston Glee Book," under the direction of Mr. Webb.

*Wednesday, eight o'clock, A. M.*—At this hour the first lecture on harmony was delivered by Mr. A. N. Johnson. The lecturer stated that this was a mathematical study, and required earnest attention on the part of those who would be benefited by it. It had not that to attract and interest, which the other exercises presented, but still it was a subject, the fundamental principles of which must be understood by teachers, or they cannot perform their duties correctly, and that even leaders could not train their choirs properly, without some knowledge at least of the combination of sounds. Many persons wondered how any one could play four parts at once, (as on the organ,) and how any one could possibly keep his eye on four or more parts at once, as the leader of a choir ought to do, if he would train it properly. Harmony imparted this ability. One who understands the simple rules of combination, as readily detects the slightest error in the intonation of any of

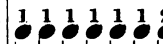
the component sounds of a chord, as a schoolmaster detects the slightest error in the pronunciation of a syllable or a letter in a word. If a scholar should pronounce Massachusetts Marsachusetts, the teacher would instantly know that a letter was wrongly pronounced; and yet the teacher is not obliged to look at each particular letter. So a leader who understands harmony, would instantly detect the smallest error in the tenor, alto, treble, or base, although he might not actually look at each part all of the time.

Triads came first under consideration. A major triad was explained as consisting of a chief note, a major third, and a perfect fifth. A minor triad consists of a chief note, a minor third, and a perfect fifth. A diminished triad consists of a chief note, a minor third, and a diminished fifth. The major triad belongs on 1, 4, and 5 of the scale; the minor triad on 2, 3, and 6; and the diminished triad on 7; i. e., if a triad is written with 1 of the scale for its chief note, it will be a major triad, &c.

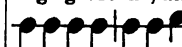
*Ten o'clock, A. M.*—Mr. Mason continued his course, commencing by exercises in beating time, &c., in which it was remarked that it is absolutely necessary, in a singing school, to beat time. The accent in double time was illustrated by singing *la, la*, showing that we naturally accent the first word. Also the word *glory*, which may be said to fill a double measure; and such ones as *polite, retain*, the first syllable of which seems to belong to the last part of the measure, and the last to the first of the next measure. Then, instead of telling the class to sing, Mr. M. wrote several quarter notes on the board, each one of which signifies, "Sing a sound as long as a beat." After practicing for awhile on these, for variety two were joined together, and their place afterward occupied by a half note, which signifies, "Sing a sound as long as two quarter notes," or two beats long. When the measures written on the board, as  were all of quarter notes, they were called *primitive* or *natural* measures, because in their simplest and most natural form.


A tune was now sung, with the words, "For thee I weep, for thee I mourn," (41st page of Psalter.) Directions were given to shorten "weep" and "mourn," sufficiently to allow one to take breath. It is quite advantageous to sing tunes in a school, even before they can be sung by note, as it affords training in pronunciation and expression.

Next followed a recess. It is proper to remark here, that the lecturer conducted the class, as far as possible, so as to make it a model for singing schools, and as if the convention was a singing school. Consequently, he used the same tone of voice, emphasized the same words, sustained the same manner and mode of address, and, it may be added, the same humor, as in a common class. These were all to be imitated by teachers, and form no small portion of the things requisite to successful instruction. But it will be seen at once, that it is next to impossible to give a perfect idea of them on paper.

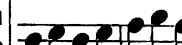
The class were now requested to sing a sound, *la*, several times, and then to sing other sounds a little higher. The lower tone was named one, and the upper one two. Then a lesson, 1 1 1 1 1 2 2, was written on the board, and sung. In order to show how long each sound was to be, quarter notes were put under  a beat long. Afterwards two of the ones, and two quarter notes, were joined, thus making a half note in one measure. After remarking that

it is rather inconvenient to look at two things before singing a sound, the lesson was delineated in this way:

 whatever was on the line being called and sung as *one*, and that above it as *two*. Several exercises were written in this way, and sung, sometimes with *la*, sometimes with words. Remark, that it is inexpedient to use sacred words in exercises, as it begets a habit of trifling with them. The class were now singing by note. *Singing by note* is a term very often misunderstood. It signifies "singing by an understanding of the principles of music, and looking at the notes," whether syllables or words are used. Next, a sound above two was sung, and christened *three*. In arranging a lesson, using this third sound, it was necessary to add another line, thus:

 Having proceeded thus far, teachers might well commence making simple tunes, using these three tones, thus exercising their own talents for composition, and making pupils perfectly familiar with the three first numbers of the scale. Every teacher should know how to compose.

A tune was sung, with the words, "Return, O wanderer, now return." All sung the air. Such a tune, properly sung by a congregation, was said to be capable of producing a most sublime, heavenly effect. Some criticisms in relation to time, and the sentiment of the words, were introduced, and examples given, to show how the same tune may be roughly or smoothly, tastelessly or feelingly, sung. A tone just above three, called four, was practiced, and written just above the second line. Exercises similar to this were sung. Be-

 fore proceeding farther, exercises to determine the relations of some notes to others, commonly called primitive and derived relations, were written and explained. The object of these is to show how longer notes are derived from shorter ones; thus, in triple measure, we may unite the first two quarters in a measure, making a half, or the three, creating a dotted half. We may also unite the second and third.

By the same process we may, in quadruple measure, obtain more derivatives. Now, returning to the sounds of the scale, it might be observed that much more variety could be introduced, in consequence of a good understanding of the combinations of notes. Five of the scale introduced, the scholars supposed to be ignorant of the existence of any other sounds, and, perhaps, at each successive addition, supposing the full extent of the scale to be reached. It was found necessary to have a third line to write five on. One lesson was written, then another, and a third, the ladies directed to sing the first, part of the gentlemen the second, and another part the third. It is here to be observed, that in all exercises, as much variety as possible was made use of, by causing gentlemen to sing a few notes, then the ladies, and other things of the kind. Mr. M. here remarked that he did not pretend that this method he was explaining, was always to be followed, in all its details. He himself varied it slightly, every time he went through it. Only the grand principle, which lies at the foundation of the inductive, or Pestalozzian system, must be kept in view. It is, to introduce every new thing in the most easy and natural manner, making pupils feel the need of every particular thing before its introduction, and introducing it to supply the want thus created, or in other words, to keep learners working, and furnish them, little by little, with new materials and conveniences for labor. Thus, just at this point, one might introduce a double bar, placing it at the end of an exercise, as a convenient

mode of intimating that the exercise was finished. So of other things, as six, then seven, and then eight, were introduced, to extend the compass and beauty of lessons. In writing these new sounds, another line is necessary, so that the complete scale, as written, stood like example. It was just a matter of fancy with us, putting one on the lowest line. We may as well put it on the space just above that line. In writing the scale, commencing thus, a fifth line is found necessary.

Thus, by this simple and natural process, the scale and staff are rendered complete, perfectly intelligible, and pupils so much exercised that they will be able to sing the different sounds of the scale with facility. It is a great error to teach the signs of a thing, before the thing itself. The great difficulty in singing is not in understanding the characters used to designate sounds. A misapprehension in this respect has been the cause of the attempts to alter notations, &c., which have transpired during several years. If we know and understand the sign or name on a man's door ever so well, it does not make us acquainted with the individual.

Two tunes, on the 62d page of the Psalter, were then sung, partly as exercises in time. The last, commencing "How vain is all beneath the skies," our minutes announce as having been sung "like thunder."

*Twelve o'clock.*—The time from twelve until one o'clock was occupied in practicing from the Vocalist, under the direction of Mr. Webb.

*Three o'clock.*—From three until five o'clock was also occupied in practicing from the Vocalist and Boston Glee Book, under the direction of Mr. Webb. Nearly four hundred took part in this exercise. The weather being cool, and the air bracing, the singers seemed to be in peculiarly good spirits. The performance of these glees by such a powerful chorus of excellent singers, all in the highest spirits, can be easier imagined than described.

*Half past seven o'clock.*—From half past seven until nine o'clock was occupied in practicing three choruses, which had been printed in pamphlet form expressly for the class. Two of the choruses were by Handel, and one by Rossini. The accompaniment was played on three pianos, at one of which Mr. Webb presided. The other two were played by Mr. Silas Bancroft and Mr. Wm. Mason. A still larger number were present this evening than at any previous time. The effect of the chorus (the one by Rossini) was enchanting, and (those by Handel) sublime.

*To be continued.*

A choir of singers is like  
A company of brothers.  
The heart is opened, and they  
Feel, in the flow of song,  
But one soul, and one heart.—HANDEL.

The following persons were chosen officers of the Boston Academy of Music for the ensuing year, at the annual meeting of the society, on the 27th ult.: *president*, Samuel A. Eliot; *vice president*, Martin Brimmer; *recording secretary*, Luther S. Cushing; *corresponding secretary*, George E. Head; *treasurer*, Benjamin Perkins; *librarian*, Benjamin F. Edmunds; *counsellors*, Daniel Noyes, George W. Crockett, Moses Grant, Bela Hunting, Julius A. Palmer, Henry Edwards, Josiah F. Flagg, William W. Stone, Jonas Chickering, William C. Brown; *auditor*, Moses L. Hale.

**Messrs. Editors.**—Some things in music, more than others, have perplexed me, and to satisfy myself, as well as some others, I determined to submit a few questions to you, knowing of no surer way of arriving at a correct solution. If you can find space in your valuable Gazette, and have leisure and disposition to answer them, it will be gratefully received.

In musical works, we are given to understand, that a double flat, or sharp, depresses, or elevates, twice as much as a single one. Now, when an accidental occurs, where there is but a half step, or tone, how should it be played, or sung? For instance, an accidental flat is placed before 4. Should it be struck as if written on 3? An illustration of this occurs to my mind, on the 291st page of the Psalter, 12th measure, "Let the word echo." Should it be struck on an instrument (that knows nothing less than half tones,) as if written on D natural? If so, why not write it there? In the Carmina Sacra, page 284, is a passage where E flat is flattened, as also B flat is flattened. Would the latter be the same, if written on A, with a natural before it? Many such passages we find in music, and I am somewhat at a loss to know how to strike them, to give the designed effect of the composer.

Once again. Is the principle followed, that an accidental extends its effect *only through the measure*, when any intervening note occurs. If it is, why are so many naturals used, two or three measures from accidentals? Sometimes, too, they are found placed where the letter is already natural. Is this intentional, or not?

I write this in no spirit of criticism, but merely to obtain information, as no doubt there are very good reasons why they are so placed, although I may fail to see their design.

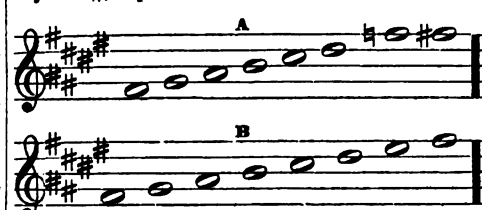
AN INQUIRER.



This is one of the passages referred to. The accidental does not alter the sound from what it would have been if no accidental had been written. The signature makes E flat; the accidental flat has no effect upon it, and is altogether unnecessary. The sign for a double flat is two flats close together (bb.) One flat in the signature, and one before the note, does not indicate a double flat. In other words, b always means a single flat, no matter whether the note has been already flattened or not. No note is double flat, in any case whatever, unless the sign bb is before it; and no note is double sharp unless the sign x or ## is before it.

There are no such sounds as flat four or sharp three. If, however, a flat is placed before F, (Fb) E must be played. Fb and E are precisely the same sounds; as are also Eb and F, B# and C, &c. If the question is asked, if Eb and F express the same sound, why not write F? we answer, that the laws of harmony require that every key should contain seven different letters.

In the key of F# (####) for example, 1 is F#, 2, G#, 3, A#, 4, B, 5, C#, 6, D#. Now if we call 7 F, the scale in the key of F# would contain but six different letters. To make the seventh, 7 is called E#, although on all instruments it is the same sound as F. A singer would be not a little puzzled to find the scale in the key of F#, expressed as at A, instead of as at B.



Accidentals are very often written where there is no need of them; why, is a question we can hardly answer,

unless to make the passage doubly sure, like the twice-expressed amount on a note of hand. It should be distinctly understood, that the accidentals have but one meaning. A flat or a sharp shows that the sound is elevated or depressed a half step, and they have no other meaning. A natural denotes that sharps or flats, wherever written, have no influence upon the note before which the ♮ is placed, and it has no other meaning. A note before which a ♮ is placed cannot be either flat or sharp, no matter how many sharps or flats there are in the signature or in any preceding measure. When an intervening note occurs, an accidental extends its effect only through the measure.

In this connection, it may be useful to remark, that although accidentals are often written, where according to rule they are unnecessary, it is often the case that an organist, if off his guard, would be liable to mistakes without them. In the passage, page 291 of the Psalter, the two previous measures are in the key of F, in which E is not flat. The organist has many things to attend to, besides simply pushing down the right keys. In the two previous measures, his thoughts would be on the key of F, and the Eb, although not needed according to rule, and quite unnecessary for the singer, serves at least to turn the organist's thoughts into the key of Bb, whither, through absence of mind, they might otherwise neglect to go.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**THE MODERN HARP**, a collection of church music, by Edward L. White and John E. Gould—342 pages. Published by Benjamin B. Mussey, No. 29 Cornhill, Boston. Messrs. White and Gould are well known teachers and organists of this city. A hasty examination has given us a favorable opinion of the book, but does not enable us to speak particularly of its contents.

**MUSICAL GEMS**, a collection of hymns and tunes adapted to all occasions of social devotion. By J. B. Packard and S. Hubbard. Boston: Waite, Pierce & Co.—126 pages. A collection of what may perhaps be appropriately termed "light, pleasing melodies for social devotion." Price \$2.25 per dozen.

**HUMMEL'S LARGE INSTRUCTION BOOK**, for the piano forte. This celebrated work has been re-printed by Mr. David Paine, of this city. It is got up in good style, and is printed upon the best quality paper. The subscription price is \$10.00 per copy. Every teacher, at least, should possess a copy. It is for sale at all the music stores.

**SPURIOUS PIANO FORTES.**—We request the assistance of our cotemporaries in cautioning the public against the frauds in piano fortes, which are practiced with a degree of impunity proportionate to the very defective state of the law. A vender of "cheap" pianos invites people, by reiterated advertisements, to buy an instrument "by one of the best makers," &c. This matchless bargain is to be sold, sometimes "for want of money," sometimes "because its owner is about to quit the country," sometimes "in consequence of the sudden widowed condition of its possessor," &c. Showy, but valueless, instruments are sent from London, by the dozen, to the larger provincial towns, exhibited in rooms temporarily hired for the purpose, briskly advertised in the local papers as for sale, (occasionally by auction, but more frequently by private contract,) and, of course, are bought up "cheap" by the unwary, in the belief that they are the manufacture of the parties whose names are all but forged on them.—*London Musical Review.*

## SOFTLY STEALS THE FADING LIGHT.

WORDS BY EDWARD F. WESTON.

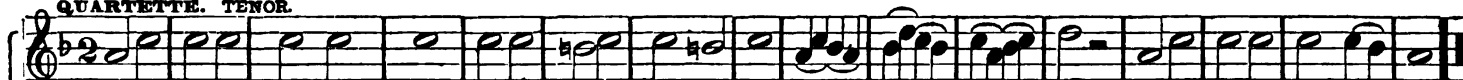
MUSIC BY F. PETERSILEA.

SOLO. BASE.



1. Softly steals the fading light Down the chambers of the west; Sweetly doth the shade in - vite From our cares and toils to rest.  
 2. Ra - di - ant with smiles of love, Gently beams the evening star; From her azure home above, O'er the dimming landscape far.  
 3. Nature now with soothing tone Whispers: Man, 't is time for prayer; Bow thee with thy God a - lone; Pour thy vesper off'ring there.

QUARTETTE. TENOR.

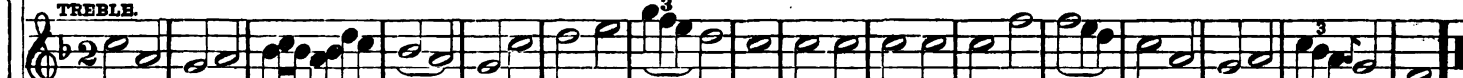


4. Father, hear our evening song, While we bow to give thee praise, That our life thou dost pro - long, Length'ning out our fleeting days.

ALTO.

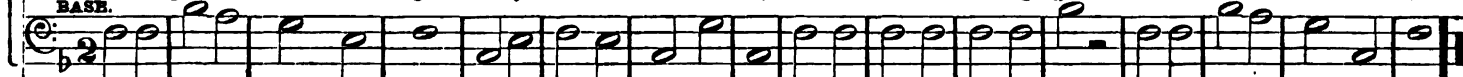


TREBLE.



5. Father, guard us while the night Darkly round her course fulfills; Wake us when the morning light - - Smiles above the east - ern hills.

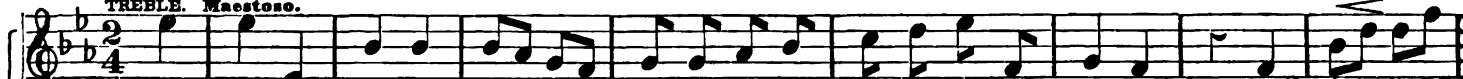
BASE.



## GOD'S GREATNESS IN NATURE.

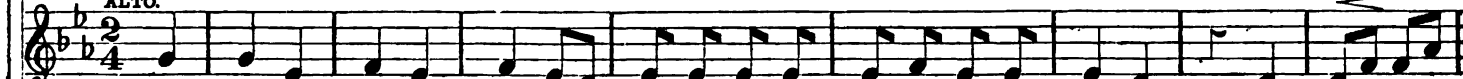
C. PA. E. BACH.

TREBLE. Maestoso.



- f* 1. Great is the Lord! His love and might Formed from himself earth, air, and ocean; Praise him, thou

ALTO.



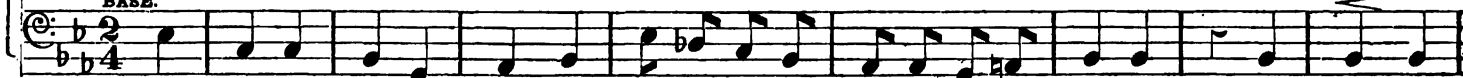
2. Praise him! ye flowers of spring's gay crown, Ye fruits with richest fruits a - bounding; Vale, moun - tain,

TENOR.

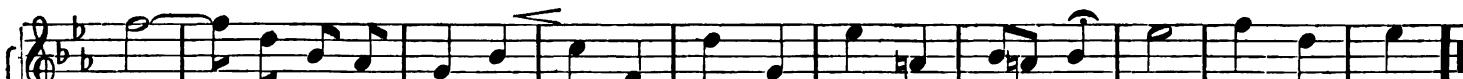


3. From morning dawn to shades of night, Let earth and all who dwell up - on her, Let every

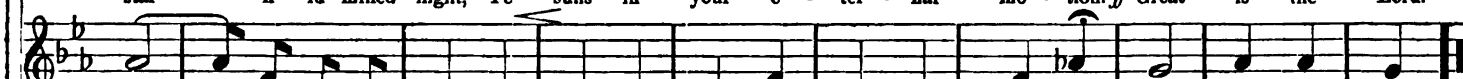
BASE.



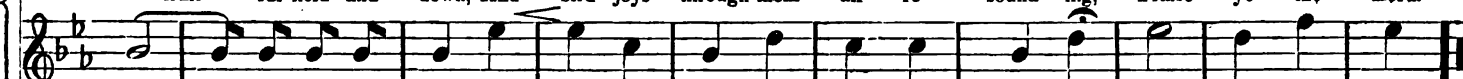
4. Great is the Lord! to Him on high My spirit, ever upward springing, Would join the



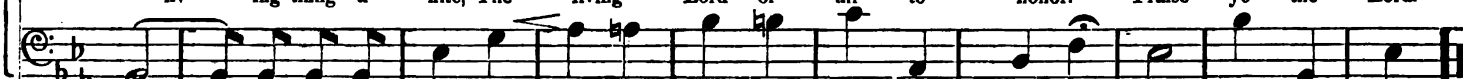
- star - - - il - lu - mined night, Ye suns in your e - ter - nal mo - tion. *ff* Great is the Lord.



- fruit - ful field and down, And bird - joys through them all re - sound - ing, Praise ye the Lord.



- liv - ing thing u - nite, The living Lord of all to honor. Praise ye the Lord.



- an - gels' joyful cry, With them my heart - warm anthems singing, Great is the Lord.

**DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.**Words by JAMES T. FIELDS.  
Slow and soft.

Music by B. F. M., Portsmouth, N. H.

1. Underneath the sod, low lying, Sleepeth one who left, in dying, 2. Yes, they're ever bending o'er her, Forms that to the cold grave bore her,  
Dark and drear, Sorrow here. Eyes that weep; Vigils keep.

3. When the summer moon is shining, Friends she loved in tears are twining 4. Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit, Souls like thine with God inherit  
Soft and fair, Chaplets there. Throned above; Life and love.

**CAREY. L. M.**

L. MASON.

1. How pleasant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwell - ings are; } 2. My flesh would rest in thine abode.  
With long desire my spirit fairs, To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

My panting heart cries out for God; My God! my King! why should I be So far from all my joys and thee!

**REFUGE.\* C. M.**

J. B. PACKARD.

Slow, and in exact time.

O Thou that dry'st the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be, If, when deceived and wounded here, We could not fly to thee.

\* Composed when in deep affliction.

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE

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## Miscellaneous.

### TEACHERS' INSTITUTE OF THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(Concluded from page 126.)

Thursday, half past eight o'clock.—Second harmony lecture by Mr. Johnson. Triads were still farther explained, and the class were requested to name the chords in several of the tunes of the Psalter.

Thursday, August 20.—Mr. Mason commenced his lecture, by answering a written question which had been placed on the piano, "whether marks of punctuation should be observed." As in an instance, "Awake!" commencing a line, should be made quite short, to give full effect to the "!" It was requested that the members of the class would be perfectly free in sending in such questions. It would be esteemed as a favor. Mr. M. then made the following remarks, suggested by the chorus singing of the previous evening. 1st, as an instance of the healthful effect of music; the last evening he had felt quite unwell, previous to attending the meeting, but was quite restored by the excitement occasioned by the sublime music which he had heard. 2d. The contrast between music now and twelve or fifteen years ago, had struck him quite forcibly. Then, a choir, drawn together for the purpose that this is, could make nothing, at first, of the choruses which are now sung almost at sight. The various parts must then be sung, and sung again and again, and played on this and that instrument repeatedly, before they could be performed passably well. 3d. Respecting the beauty of the minor keys. Let no man say that minor tunes are mournful. Men can rejoice in minor. Who calls Handel's choros mournful? The term minor does not convey a correct idea. The Germans only are right.—They call the minor keys *soft*, and the major *hard*. If we ever get to heaven, we may expect to hear songs in the minor key. 4th. Respecting the contrast between Rossini and Handel. The first chorus, by the former, reminded one of a collection of bright, glittering spangles. But when we came to Handel, there was pure, solid gold. The way in which Handel produces his effects, is this—he uses the diatonic scale; he does not descend to paddle about in chromatics—those are mere human inventions. We may like them, and amuse ourselves in their intricacies, but when we wish to express a strong, heart-felt, heavenly emotion, we throw

them all away, and soar as much above them as the eagle above the sand. 5th. Respecting the compass of these choruses. He had heard the treble mounting to A, without apparent effort, so strong was the excitement of singing these mighty works. In church tunes, the compass should not be great. The object in them is not to produce a musical, but a devotional effect. He who seeks to please, by performing brilliant or attractive music in the church, fails to perceive the true use of music in the sanctuary. A proper distinction must be made between artistic, and devotional effect. When one skilled in painting sits down before a beautiful picture, he admires, is enraptured, perhaps, with the skill displayed in its coloring, with its exquisite proportion, and perfect imitation of the original. We do not blame him. It is with another kind of feeling however, that we contemplate such a painting as that of Abraham offering up Isaac, with reference to its subject. Our mind then becomes filled with religious emotions. We feel the beauty of the *faith* so strongly delineated, and are impelled to imitate it.

Having concluded his preliminary remarks, as a commencement to the regular lesson, Mr. Mason requested the class to sing "Huberta," on the 73d page of the Psalter, after which he introduced a short review of the previous lessons, or rather several ways of reviewing them. The first was, by questions, briefly re-explaining what seemed not perfectly understood by the class; the second, by exercises, in which all the principles of the previous lessons were brought to bear; and the third by lecturing, briefly presenting to pupils the points already brought up. At this point of progress, it was necessary for the teacher to write a number of lessons, and pupils should also be encouraged to write them. Something very simple will always sound well, if sung with proper accent. Without this, a musical phrase has no meaning. We do not teach to enable persons to learn *signs*, but to learn *music*. A child, even, should never be allowed to sing unmeaningly, or mechanically. He must throw expression even into his jewsharp, and while singing about hills, and brooks, and trees, must feel what he sings.

We use letters to denote the real pitch of sounds. Thus we call a certain tone C, and if we speak or write to any musician about it, he instantly has an idea of a sound neither higher nor lower, but just as high as we have in our mind. If we mention G to him, he thinks of something at another pitch, and if he plays or sings it, we find it is just the tone we thought of. We can use other names besides letters. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians, vary in the names they apply to tones; but whatever we call C, it is a tone of the same pitch, the world over. Syllables represent the relative pitch of tones. Thus, if I write to my friend, "I have sung do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si," he knows that I have sung seven tones in a certain order, i. e., the second a step above the first, *mi* a step from *re*, *fa* a half step above *mi*, &c. He has, however, no conception of the pitch of these tones, and very likely, in imitating me, would sing an octave or a tenth higher or lower than I. But if I write, "I have sung the scale of D, do, re, mi, &c.," he immediately sings the tone D, calling it, however, *do*, and then performs the other syllables in their

proper order above. Thus a letter awakes thought of a pitch, and a syllable of a pitch having a certain relation to six or eight others, so that the mind is prepared to pass easily to the others.

To a question, "Can we put letters anywhere on the staff?" it was answered, that we can, but must put some sign by which others may tell where we have placed them. In order to ascertain the relations of the different parts of quadruple measure, four quarter notes were written, then a measure with the first two united, or changed into a half note; next one with three, then four parts united. The same process was repeated, commencing on the second part of the measure, and again, commencing on the third part, thus causing three sets, or classes of derivatives, so that the table of quadruple measures in their simplest or primitive forms, and the forms derived from these, stood thus:

	1st class.	2d class.	3d class.
1st derivative.			
2d derivative.			
3d derivative.			
4th derivative.			

This table, it must be observed, is not introduced because it is essential always to remember it, but because it familiarizes the mind with the proportions of notes, and enables learners to sing difficult rhythmical combinations more easily.

In writing the scale on the staff, it is very common to place one on the added line below, and also it is not unusual to place it on the second space. In the latter case and former *clefs* are used to tell the learner where one is.

The class were now requested to sing 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and then stop. It became evident that it is not natural to stay at 7, but proceed to 8, and that the former is related to the latter, somewhat resembling a small star near a large one. The relation is so close, that we can usually sing 7 correctly, by *thinking* how 8 sounds, and then singing something just below it. We find, also, that there is some such relation between 4 and 3, 6 and 5, 2 and 1. Therefore, if we can sing 1, 3, 5, and 8 always correctly, there will be little difficulty in learning the other sounds. Hence classes of beginners should practice 1, 3, 5, and 8, in all possible combinations, and a great deal. The exercises for the morning ended with the tune *Canadaigua*, which was sung to the syllable *la*, great attention being paid to giving an energetic and proper accent, thus avoiding a heavy organ tone, and imparting lightness and life to the performance.

Twelve o'clock.—At this hour the first lecture upon the cultivation of the voice was given by Mr. George F. Root. To-day's lecture was upon the proper method for producing pure tones. This subject was illustrated by examples, which of course cannot be given on paper.

From three to five o'clock, P. M., was occupied in practicing from the Vocalist and Boston Glee Book, under the direction of Mr. Webb.

From half past seven to nine o'clock, P. M., was occupied in practicing the choruses, "The Lord is great,"

and "Handel's Hallelujah," from the Academy's chorus book, and Rossini's "The God of Israel," and Handel's "How beautiful are thy feet," from the pamphlet which has already been mentioned.

Friday, half past eight o'clock, A. M.—Lecture by Mr. Johnson, on harmony.

From ten to twelve o'clock.—Mr. Mason commenced his lesson, as usual, by reading and answering questions which had been handed him on slips of paper. The first happened to be a request that gentlemen would not talk so loud that their neighbors could not hear the lecture. Number two, "Must a ♪ be written in the music of a tune, be observed, when the words of a hymn adapted to it do not require any change in the length of the last tone?" Answer—It must not. Number three, "How can a person tell a minor tune at sight?" Answer—Just as one can tell silk from cotton at sight, by being used to the looks of the thing. Those who understand harmony can of course tell easiest. Number four, "Would you, in a new school, explain intervals in explaining the scale?" Answer—Perhaps not just in this place. Number five, "What is the difference between noise and music?" Answer—Although, in a certain sense, all sounds may be said to be musical, because there is scarcely anything in the range of sound but is agreeable to particular ears, still, strictly and scientifically speaking, those only are musical sounds, which have a definite and determined pitch. Number six, "Why is the scale commenced on C, rather than any other letter?" Answer—It is hard to tell. We may guess at several reasons, but cannot be certain which is the right one. Number seven, "Does the accent change on syncopated notes?" Answer—It does. Number eight, "Would it not be better to have whole notes for primitives, instead of quarter notes?" It may be answered, that this is a question about changing the present signs used in music. You may take any note for primitive, if you wish, but will probably find quarter notes the most convenient.

The class were now requested to sing, or, rather, chant, the words, "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble," first soft, then loud, then medium, and the terms piano, mezzo, forte, were introduced. At this place, considerable attention was given to having the words plainly spoken. Next, a character like < was chalked upon the board, and Mr. M., pointing at the narrowest part, requested the class to sing *la*, soft, and gradually increase the sound as his stick passed to the wider part. This character, which indicates such a sound, is called a *crescendo* mark. Next, a character, the reverse of the former, >, called a *diminuendo* mark, was chalked out, and exercised upon. Next, the stick was moved very suddenly from one end to the other, causing, in one case, a *pressure* tone, whose sign is <, and in the other a *fortissimo*, marked usually >. Considerable exercise was had in *fortissimo* tones, in singing "The God of Israel," "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

A tone was now sung, which was just above 8, and called 9, another still higher, and named 10, others 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15. It is best to consider these tones as belonging to a new scale, because their order is exactly that of a scale. So we call 8 of the old scale 1. By the same process, a scale below the usual one was found, and the three called lower, middle, and upper scales. The ladies and gentlemen were now exercised in singing up and down the scales to the extent of their voices. In any singing class, it is best to tell those who can sing upper G distinctly, sustaining and swelling the

tone, to sing treble or tenor, and those who can sing lower G distinctly, swelling the tone, to sing base or alto. Some voices will be found capable of singing both, and some judgment, in a teacher, is necessary, to determine the proper part for such voices. To a question, why letters on the base staff are placed a third lower than on the treble, and why it would not be well to have the letters in the same position on both, it was remarked, that we must not consider the present arrangement in a confined and limited sense, as made expressly for the accommodation of those who are commencing the study of music. Those who have studied deepest and thought most, say the present system is *beautifully* adapted to express every modification of musical tone. There is nothing in the range of music that cannot be expressed by it, and generally in the very plainest manner. If this mode of representation made study difficult for those who are commencing, still it would not be worth while to change it. But it happens, that it does not make the matter so difficult as another way. Let any one try to write the base on a staff with the treble clef, and try to sing music written in that way; he will soon get tired of the many added lines the course would render necessary, and wish to return to the usual method.

From twelve to one o'clock.—Mr. Root's lecture on the cultivation of the voice.

From three to five o'clock.—Practice of glees under the direction of Mr. Webb. During the recess, several songs were sung by volunteers, members of the class.

Saturday, from half past eight to ten o'clock, A. M.—Lecture on harmony, by Mr. Johnson.

Ten o'clock, A. M.—Mr. Mason's exercises commenced by the singing of the tune Badesa, (Carmina Sacra) in congregational style, i. e., all on one part. One could have a good idea of what congregational singing should be, from the performances of the class. The questions which had been handed in were then read. The first one happened to be, "Has any one found a black silk umbrella, marked —!" We believe this query remained unanswered. The next contained some allusion to expression in singing, upon which was observed, that no one can express perfectly what he does not feel. This is true in all music, and renders it necessary for every singer of sacred melodies to cultivate a devotional state of feeling. "Should everybody be admitted to singing schools?" This question must be taken in connection with another, "Can every one learn to sing?" Every one not deaf can learn to sing, but some can learn a great deal better than others. In a class, perhaps three or four will be found who cannot, for a long time, sing any tones at the right pitch.

These are by no means incurable, and if put in a class by themselves, may soon be led into the right way. It must be at the discretion of the teacher whether to retain such persons in a large class or not. "How should *my* be pronounced in singing, *my* or *me*?" Russell, in his elocution, says that this word should always be pronounced *me*, except in solemn or very grave passages. This rule may apply to singing. In such things, persons must be governed by common usage. "What is the best book on thorough base?" Referred to Mr. Johnson. "What is your opinion of Steele's Vermont system of notation?" Had no chance to examine it thoroughly. Respecting this, as other changes in the system of notation, it is to be observed, that they may be useful in particular cases. If a teacher in the western states should come across a place where music was almost unknown, where people were unwilling to devote time to acquiring a correct knowledge of it, or too

ignorant to take hold of anything but the very simplest ideas—it might be well to introduce a system of notation, very simple, but sufficient to carry them on to the learning of very simple tunes. By this means, a taste might be awakened, which would prepare the way for the complete system. It is presumed that such cases occur but seldom. The English "Sequential system" is the best of the many new notations which have recently appeared, but all of them will have their day, and all go away. "How should *wind* be pronounced?" As the fashion goes. Persons who are learning to sing, who have a good education, do not require any instruction with regard to pronunciation. Tune Hermon, 139th page.

Pupils should now be exercised in singing intervals, as thirds, fourths, &c., which should now be explained. One part of a class should sing some tone, another something a third above it, &c.

The diatonic scale derives its name from something which signifies to pass through. Chromatic means colored, and the term was first applied because the notes representing the intermediate tones used to be colored red or green.

Eighth notes can now be introduced. Let the class be requested to beat quadruple time, and sing one *la* to each beat, then any word of one syllable. Next, let two *la*'s be sung to a beat, and also words of two syllables, as Joseph, Mary. Then let eighth notes be written on the board. Let, also, four *la*'s be sung to a beat, and words of four syllables, introducing sixteenth notes. Now, if we wish, we may make eighths, or sixteenths, primitive notes, and by the process of deriving other notes from them, present to and impress upon the minds of pupils the proportions of notes in passages where sixteenths and eighths occur.

From twelve to one o'clock, P. M.—Mr. Root's lecture on the cultivation of the voice, illustrated by songs and examples.

From three to five o'clock, P. M.—Practice of glees. During recess, several volunteer songs were sung, and a piano forte piece was performed, by Mr. Wm. Mason.

From half past seven to nine o'clock, P. M.—The class met in the large hall of the Tremont Temple, and practiced church music with organ accompaniment, under the direction of Mr. Mason. Up to this evening, the meetings had been held in one of the lower halls, which would accommodate about six hundred persons. For the remainder of the session, the class met in the large hall, which will hold twenty-five hundred persons, and is furnished with a large organ, containing forty-four stops.

Monday, August 24, from half past eight to ten o'clock.—Harmony lecture, by Mr. Johnson.

From ten to twelve o'clock.—Several written questions answered. 1, "How is the word *pow'r* pronounced?" Answered by example. 2, "Are the rules of speaking and singing different? as, for instance, 'admire,' 'here,' should they be pronounced in singing as in conversation?" Answer, Those that sing best, in all respects, are the best speakers, and those who wish to get a good musical pronunciation, can do no better than to study the excellent works of Messrs. Russell and Murdock, and of Mr. Worcester, who may be considered the best authority. There is more difficulty in pronouncing while singing than while speaking, because in the latter case we pass over letters very rapidly, which in the former a more careful analysis is necessary, in consequence of the length of musical sounds. Thus, it is easy to say *hate*, *hat*, *psalm*, and in each we



hardly think of the peculiar and different sounds of a. But when the same words are sung, one must understand accurately the powers or sounds of each and every letter. Some persons, who are fine musicians, but think little of elocution, make terrible work in speaking. Thus a singer of some note was heard to pronounce "Lord remember David," something in this way, "Lo-aw-oud eh-remembaw Dah-ah-ah-vid!" This fault is caused by seeking to turn everything into *au*, which is the best sound for vocalization. In the mind of such a singer as the one referred to, a conversation may be supposed to take place between language and music, the latter endeavoring to have everything pronounced in the most melodious way, the former to turn everything according to common usage. In a class where every one has been properly educated, as for instance one selected from the higher portions of our public schools, it is unnecessary to say anything about proper pronunciation.

Some remarks were now made about expulsive, effusive, and explosive breathing, the second of which should be used to such words as "The Lord my shepherd is," the first to passages like "The Lord of glory is my light, and my salvation too," and the third to choruses like "The God of Israel!" A mistake prevails as to the way of producing explosive and other tones. They must not be squeezed out of the throat; neither be produced by pressing the ribs together. The throat and chest must be perfectly tranquil. The diaphragm, below the lungs, must press them up, and thus force air into the organs which produce tones. (The muscles which we use involuntarily, in laughing, are about the same as those necessary for easy vocalization. It is worthy of remark, that many persons have very little command of these muscles, and such persons must be content to produce weak tones for awhile, until the mind knows how to take hold of the proper machinery, and use it with vigor.—ED.)

Mr. Mason then proceeded to give the mode of explaining the transposition of the scale. We commenced noting this, but presently gave up in despair, as the process contained so much writing on the board, pointing, &c., that it would be next to impossible to give a correct idea of it. The method, however, is so clearly explained in the Boston Academy's Manual, (which we suppose every teacher has by him,) that we suppose our omission will make little difference. The class session closed by singing Stockton, 97th page, Psaltery.

From twelve to one o'clock, P. M., was occupied by several gentlemen in making statements as to the condition of music in their section of country. During this hour, Rev. Mr. Lambert, of Salem, N. Y., officiated as chairman of the convention. Mr. Hood requested those gentlemen who can collect samples of ancient psalmody of New England, to do so, and send the books or fragments to the Massachusetts Historical Society, who lack a few copies of having a complete collection, a half dozen or so. He would like particularly to have obtained two collections by the Rev. Mr. Tufts, which he had never been able to find. (We would remind our subscribers of this request.) The history of music in our country is not long, but if we take the remarkable progress of the last few years into consideration, in no part of the world can events more interesting be presented. Mr. Webb remarked that "Hood's History of Music in New England" was a very interesting work to him, and should be in every New England musician's library.

Mr. Root suggested, that it would be quite entertain-

ing to hear statements from gentlemen from different places, respecting the progress of music, &c., in their sections of country. Mr. Hood proposed that gentlemen from different states be called upon. The chairman requested some one from Massachusetts to commence, and, in obedience to a call, Mr. Mason arose, and said, that it would be useless to delineate the state of music now, because gentlemen had it before their eyes, but he would go back twenty-five years, or before he was a resident of Boston, and give some account of the commencement of the revival in music, which has since proved so contagious, and spread so widely. At that time, there was in Park street church a man named Duren, whose musical taste was much in advance of the age. He had a fine voice, poetic soul, and quick perception, and was well calculated to lead on any enterprise. He produced the "Lock Hospital Collection," which threw Billings, and those old composers, all in the shade. His work would not now be pronounced good, but it had the merit of substituting devotional for brilliant musical effect. After awhile, the choir got to practicing anthems. Various persons becoming interested, an association gradually came together, for singing Chapel's anthems, &c. Dr. Jackson, an accomplished musician, now taking part, with the co-operation of Winchester and others, (blessed be their memories—though they're not dead yet,) the Handel and Hayden Society was formed, which has continued ever since. The first performances were given in the Stone Chapel, at the corner of School street. Eighteen years ago, when Mr. M. came to the city, an influence appeared to have pervaded the different churches, and the style of singing was gradually changing. Sometimes only two parts were carried, sometimes three, and in one or two places four, the alto being sustained by men's voices, it not having entered the comprehension of any one, that females could sustain this part. Modulation was not understood, and sharp four was invariably sung a half step too low. He would not say much about the progress since that time. The Handel and Hayden Society has been in full operation, the Boston Academy arisen, music is introduced into the schools, and comparatively good music into every church.

Mr. Prouty, from Lebanon, N. H., stated that he had been teaching for twenty-five years, and that the old fugue music was in fashion, at the commencement of that period. His experience had been principally in Vermont. He had observed a gradual change.—Churches now seemed to take more interest than formerly. In Lebanon they had a singing society, and quite an orchestra to accompany, and the singing was really good. In answer to a suggestion by Mr. Root, Mr. P. said that he had had six schools the past winter, with from fifty to one hundred and fifty in each. In four of them, the ministers regularly attended with their families. Ten years ago, fifty was considered a large number in a school. Pupils seemed to progress well, and read music readily.

The chairman observed that Massachusetts was his native state, and in removing to his present locality in New York, he was struck with the great deficiency in his section of the state. The Scotch, there, seem to be centuries behind their neighbors, in musical ideas. The old Psalms of David are still used among them. Think of this verse as sung in a church!

"The race will not be always got  
By him who runs the fastest,  
Nor the battle by the popel  
What's got the longest guns."

This may actually be found in hymn books in use among the Scotch presbyterians. The prejudices of this excellent class of people (against organs, new hymn books, &c.,) are beginning to give way, and in the community are visible signs of progress. Some gentleman had remarked, that Stornhold and Hopkins must have been mad when they wrote their versification of David, and if David could hear the Scotch sing it, he would be mad too. Many music teachers disgraced their profession by immoral conduct. For instance, he had known a person teach, who had, as he understood, at one time officiated as chairman in the convention at Boston, whose temper was none of the best, and who was strongly suspected of stimulating his animal spirits by applications of the whiskey bottle. Another teacher, and an able one, too, was so intemperate, profane, and licentious, that he had to be discharged from the place where he was engaged.

From three to five o'clock, P. M. Practice of glees under Mr. Webb. For this afternoon, this exercise was rather dull and heavy, owing, 1st, to the scattered seating of the members in so large a hall, and 2d, to the dismal state of the weather.

From half past seven to nine o'clock, P. M. Practice of choruses under the direction of Mr. Mason, accompanied by the large organ, and two pianos. Mr. Webb presided at the organ, and Messrs. Bancroft and Wm. Mason at the pianos. The effect of this accompaniment was novel, and exceedingly fine. No words can describe the effect produced by these magnificent choruses, performed by five hundred strong and well trained voices, with the aid of the mammoth organ.

Tuesday, August 25, from half past eight to ten o'clock, A. M. Lecture on harmony, by Mr. Johnson.

Ten o'clock, A. M. Mr. Mason commenced the exercises of this hour, by answering the following questions. "In common choirs of forty or fifty singers, how should the parts be balanced?" This depends altogether upon the quality of the voices and the ability of the singers. The parts should be so balanced as to be equally strong, so that every part would be heard distinctly, and neither predominate. It is impossible to say how many voices on a part are necessary to do this, so much depends on the quality of the voices. "When the key changes in the midst of a tune, ought the syllables to be changed?" Unless the modulation is to a distant key, a change of syllables is not necessary. "Cannot a system be formed, that a note shall have a positive length?" Yes, if authors would agree to it. It is easy enough to learn the notes as now used. Having a fixed length would not materially lessen the difficulty of keeping time; it is therefore highly improbable that such a system will ever be universally adopted. "Would it not be better to have a syllable for each tone of the scale, which should answer for the name of the sound and for the representative of its abstract pitch, and also for singing, instead of different terms for each purpose?" There would be no advantage, and many disadvantages resulting from such a method. This method, however, is universally in vogue in France and Italy. "How should 'the' be pronounced before a vowel, and before a consonant?" Before a word commencing with a vowel, *e* should be pronounced as in *re-late*; before a word commencing with a consonant, as in the second syllable of *e-ter-nal*. "In country choirs, where they have no keyed instruments, what instruments are proper to be used, and how many?" Stringed instruments are best, provided they are played in tune. Experience shows, however, that stringed instruments are very

rarely played in tune by common performers. The number must depend on the size of the choir. There is no danger of having too many stringed instruments, if well played. Instruments should play every part at its proper pitch. The tenor should not be played as if it was treble. The instruments should never play a part an octave higher than its proper place. Instruments should not make themselves prominent, but should modestly keep below the voices.

At this stage of the exercises, Mr. Webb noticed H. W. Day (the editor of a periodical, which has for years abused the professors, and misrepresented the operations of the Academy, with a malignity and disregard for truth almost incredible,) among the class, and politely requested him to withdraw. Mr. Day refused, saying that he was invited to attend, and should remain where he was. (The advertisement for the class invites old members to attend, gratis.) Said Mr. Webb, "I withdraw the invitation as regards you, and beg you to retire immediately." Mr. Day refused to do this, and was of course forcibly ejected from the hall.

Having finished answering the questions, Mr. Mason said that he felt obliged to call the attention of the class to a hand bill which had been circulated among the class and through the city on the previous day. This placard was headed in large capitals, "Interesting about the Academy of Music," and proceeded to state that this institution was a great humbug, got up by designing authors of music books, having no other object than to sanction music books, and thus gull the public, two or three individuals pocketing the proceeds. Mr. Mason, by request of the class, occupied an hour in giving the origin, history, and design of the Academy of Music. This address we omit here, but shall publish it in a future number. At the conclusion of the address, a member of the class rose and remarked, that he felt it his duty to inform the class, that on the previous evening, as he was passing over the Chelsea ferry, he noticed one of these hand bills posted up; and that, being acquainted with the toll man, he asked how it came there, and was answered that Mr. Woodbury requested him (the toll man) to post it up.

The remaining time until one o'clock, was occupied in practicing church music, chanting, &c., under Mr. Mason.

*From three to five o'clock, P. M.* Practicing glees under Mr. Webb. This exercise having been somewhat dull on the previous afternoon, the class were requested to occupy the singers' seats in front of the organ, and the ends of the two galleries. Being thus arranged in a compact manner, and the atmosphere being much more favorable to a good performance, the glees were sung in a style far surpassing what had before been heard. The accompaniment was played upon four pianos, one with an æolian attachment having been sent in for the inspection of the class. Several volunteer songs were sung during the recess.

*From half past seven to nine o'clock, P. M.* Practice of choruses, under Mr. Mason, accompanied by the organ and two pianos, as before.

*Wednesday, Aug. 26, from half past eight to ten o'clock, A. M.* Lecture on harmony, by Mr. Johnson.

*From ten to twelve o'clock.* The first question proposed to Mr. Mason, was, "How much has the bump of self-esteem to do with the estimate one forms of his own attainments in music?" This was difficult to answer, but the writer probably meant merely to bring to notice the fact that musicians often do possess the bump of self esteem, pretty well developed. "What is meant

by choral singing?" Choral singing is singing by a large number of voices. Chorus singing means the same thing, but generally means the singing of something difficult. Thus, "chorus" conveys to us the idea of some composition of a high order, like those which the class have been singing in their evening practice. "Choral," in the common acceptance, means a psalm tune in equal notes. "What is the difference between madrigals and glees?" Madrigals and glees mean nearly the same thing, but by the former we generally understand a very old glee, written in intricate, fugue style. "How is it that so many spectators attend the rehearsals of the class; are they members of the class, or otherwise?" Mr. Mason here explained the difficulty of arranging such things. The comparatively large number of spectators arose in part from necessary privileges granted to ladies in providing themselves an escort, and partly from the abuse of such privileges, while some of the class must be charged with deserting their post.

Mr. M. now wrote upon the board, a tune, composed by a member of the class, which was sung, after which the process of transposing the scale was proceeded with. We do not report this, for reasons already stated. It has been remarked, that it is impossible to write the Pestalozzian system. We begin to think so, but have carried our transcript of the lectures as far as we could. It contains at least the matter introduced, but not the manner in which it was introduced. Here is a familiar way of illustrating the fact, that five in one key may be one in another. The class sung the scale of C, then five of that scale. Mr. M. played the chords in the key of C, of which G forms a part. Here were the relations of G, father, mother, sisters, and brothers. "Now," said Mr. M., "suppose five is married into another family. It loses all its old associations, and here," striking on the piano the tonic, dominant, and sub-dominant of G, "are its new relations."

The manner of introducing the minor scale is worthy of notice. In singing up and down the scale, we notice that six and four have a mellow, soft tone. Now if we commence on six of one scale, and sing up to six of another, the effect is very agreeable, so much so, that it is worth while to erect this series of tones into a separate scale. But no scale can be perfect, or have any sort of harmony, unless seven and eight are but a half a step apart. Therefore we sharp what was five of the previous scale. Thus we make the scale of A minor out of that of C major, and therefore call the former the *relative minor* of C, and the latter the *relative major* of A minor.

Part of the lecture was devoted to observations on chanting, which amounted to the statement that the rules of elocution must be observed. There is no standard for chanting, and every one must almost chalk out a way for himself.

In connection with observations on the necessity of a musician's understanding elocution, it is to be observed, that no musician can acquire a refined musical taste, without some attainments in other departments of science. A finished taste will be found to judge pretty correctly in other things beside music.

During this meeting, the gentleman who reported having seen the placard upon the Chelsea ferry house, rose and stated that Mr. Woodbury had called on him, and requested him to say that although he (Mr. W.) gave the placard to the toll man, he did not tell him to put it up.

*From twelve to one o'clock, P. M.* Lecture upon the cultivation of the voice, by Mr. Root.

*From three to five o'clock, P. M.* Practice of glees under the direction of Mr. Webb. Each member was presented with a ticket to admit a friend to the evening performance.

*At eight o'clock, P. M.,* a public performance of choruses, accompanied by the organ and two pianos. We shall give a particular account of this concert in our next.

*Thursday, Aug. 27, from half past eight to ten o'clock, A. M.* Lecture on harmony, by Mr. Johnson.

*From ten to twelve o'clock.* Mr. Mason finished his course on the previous day, but occupied this time in answering questions, and in the practice of church music and chanting.

*From twelve to one o'clock, P. M.* Concluding lecture on the cultivation of the voice, by Mr. Root.

*From three to five o'clock, P. M.* Practice of glees, under Mr. Webb, preparatory to a public performance of secular music, in the evening.

*From half past seven to nine o'clock, P. M.* Concert of secular music (glees, songs, &c.) by the class, accompanied by two pianos, at one of which Mr. Webb presided, and conducted the performances. A full account of this concert will appear in our next.

*Friday, Aug. 28, from half past eight to ten o'clock, A. M.* Concluding lecture on harmony, by Mr. Johnson.

*From ten to twelve o'clock.* Mr. Mason having been requested to repeat his first lecture, made some remarks in reference to the subject, and also answered various questions which were submitted.

*From twelve to one o'clock, P. M.* This hour was occupied in public discussion by the class. A series of resolutions (which will appear in our next) were offered and passed, and remarks were made on subjects of interest to the class. About fifteen minutes were occupied in singing, when, after some concluding remarks by Mr. Mason, the exercises of the class closed with Old Hundred.

*From three to five o'clock, P. M.* Although most of the members had left the city, about fifty or sixty assembled and spent a couple of hours in singing glees, the first hour under Mr. Root, and the other under Mr. Webb. At five o'clock, "Home, sweet home" was sung, and the convention adjourned, *sine die*.

**MUSIC IN SCHOOLS.**—We find in the annual report of the board of trustees of the Charlestown free schools—a highly satisfactory document—the following testimony in favor of the introduction of music into our schools as a branch of education.—*Mercantile Journal*.

"Music has for several years past been practiced in our schools; but during the past year it has been pursued as a study in one of our grammar schools, a teacher having been employed to give systematic instruction; not, however, to the embarrassment of the other studies pursued in the school. We think its effect upon the school has been salutary. The expense has been mostly met by private contribution. Your board would recommend the more general introduction of music into all our grammar schools. It is an exercise which is healthful, useful, attractive, and pleasing; one which has a great influence over the mind, and does much to soothe the passions and impulses of both old and young. It helps to furnish an agreeable variety to the exercises of the school room, to refine the taste, to elevate the intellectual and moral faculties, and it supercedes, in a great measure, the necessity for corporeal punishment. It helps to promote and secure good order, and to create and perpetuate a mutual feeling of interest and sympathy between pupils and teachers."

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1846.

We have received many orders for No. 2, to complete sets. If we cannot procure copies in any other way, we will re-print it before the close of the year. In the meantime, if any have spare copies of either 1, 2, or 3, they will confer a favor by returning them.

Our dislike of "To be continued" is so strong that we devote the principal portion of to-day's paper to the report of the Academy's classes. We have endeavored to report everything as it occurred, although, as we have already remarked, we find it extremely difficult to convey a correct idea of lectures which depend so much for illustration upon vocal examples. Of the lectures by Mr. Root, and the lectures on harmony, we took no minutes, and can consequently give but a faint description of them. The meetings the present year have exceeded in interest, by far, those of any previous year; at least, so it has appeared to us. We never spent a pleasanter ten days.

We give to-day a notice of several other conventions, which intelligence we gather from other papers. We would cheerfully have inserted these notices earlier. Our excuse is, that we did not know of them, and that we have not been asked to insert them at all, by the parties interested. We cannot help expressing our regret that any one should suppose we are wedded to any particular institution, or blindly attached to the interests of any one class of individuals. Whoever is laboring for the improvement of music in any of its various departments, may depend upon any assistance this paper can render him. We confess, however, that from the bottom of our heart we despise all "manœuvres" in behalf of music books, whatever form they may assume. Those conventions which have no other object in view, act wisely in keeping us at a distance.

The New York Sacred Music Society made an excursion to New Haven, and performed the oratorio of the Messiah, in the Rev. Dr. Bacon's church, on Tuesday, Aug. 18th. About five hundred persons took tickets for the excursion, at New York, and nearly fourteen hundred tickets were sold for the concert in New Haven. Conductor, Mr. U. C. Hill. Mr. Marcus Colburn sustained the tenor songs.

The annual meeting of the Michigan Choral Union will be holden at the presbyterian church in the city of Detroit, to commence on Tuesday, Oct. 6th, at 7 o'clock, P. M. It is understood that Prof. Thos. Hastings, of New York city, will be present, and deliver a course of lectures.

Will some one of our subscribers in that vicinity send us an account of the proceedings?

## TEACHERS' CONVENTION IN ROCHESTER, N. Y.

We take the liberty to call the attention of our readers in western New York, to this convention. It is a verbatim repetition of the lectures of the Boston Academy of Music, just closed in Boston, by the same lecturers. This is the fourth annual meeting of the Rochester class. The meetings have heretofore been full as interesting as those in Boston.

This convention commences Sept. 23d, and continues in session eight days.

## MUSICAL CONVENTION, &amp;C., IN N. YORK CITY.

The American Musical Convention will commence its sittings in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, tomorrow, and continue in session four days. During its sittings, the NEW YORK CHORAL UNION will give lectures and performances, under the direction of Messrs. Thomas Hastings, Wm. B. Bradbury, and Edward Howe, jr. Commencing at the same time, (to-morrow,) the NEW YORK SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY, and the AMERICAN MUSICAL INSTITUTE, will open a teachers' class, similar to that of the Boston Academy of Music. Messrs. J. F. Warner, U. C. Hill, Geo. Loder, and two other professors, will deliver the lectures, which will continue from the 15th to the 25th of September.

Messrs. Baker and Woodbury commenced a teachers' class at the Melodeon in this city, Aug. 25th, closing Sept. 4th. This class, we understand, is intended as an opposition to that of the Academy. It has not been in our power to attend both classes, and of course we cannot report the proceedings of this.

Messrs. Day and Beals commenced a teachers' class in this city, Aug. 28th, for the purpose of explaining the figure system. We understood that the first lecture was to be by Mr. George W. Lucas, upon that iniquitous concern, the Boston Academy of Music. The others, we presume, were upon the infinite superiority of the figure over the old system. By the way, we notice that our friend of the Maine Cultivator (Hallowell) dignifies us with the title of "Mr. Day's enemy." Now don't, Mr. Cultivator! If you want us to fight with anybody, let it be with one that's somewhere near our own standing in the musical world.

We believe we must adopt the rule that all new subscriptions must hereafter commence with No. 14, i. e., with the last half of the year.

"MONSTRE" CONCERT IN PARIS.—At the great festival given by the Association des Artistes Musiciens, at the Hippodrome, more than 15,000 persons were present. The orchestra, composed of the French military bands, amounted to near 2000 players; they played Auber's *Fra Diavolo* overture, the finale of Berlioz's funeral symphony, Rossini's prayer from *Moise*, a chorus by Gluck from *Armida*, arranged by Fessy, a military fantasia, written by Mohr, a chorus from Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*, a fantasia on *motivi* from Spontini's *Ferdinand Cortez*, &c. The effect is described to have been magnificent, especially in the prayer of Rossini, at the moment of the change from the minor to the major. M. Tilmant, of the Italian opera, was the conductor, and the festival was under the patronage of the Duc de Montpensier and the minister of war.

The pastor of a village church in Westphalia having preached a very moving discourse, every one in the house was observed to be in tears, excepting one peasant. A person standing near him, asked, "How can you help being affected by such a sermon?" "I don't belong to this church," was the ready reply.

"I wish I was a king," said a boy who was employed to watch a large flock of sheep. "What would you do if you was?" asked a gentleman, who accidentally overheard the reasonable wish. "Do! why, I'd watch my sheep on horseback, instead of running over the fields so much on foot."

## CHURCH CHOIRS.

NUMBER FOUR.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I begin to think you will conclude I know a great deal about choirs, when you shall have seen all I have to say upon the subject of choirs. And, by the way, there is a choir away out here, in relation to which it may be said there is a *marked peculiarity*, and it consists in this—it is a *free choir*. The people go into the singers' seats when they please, and sing as they list, right or wrong. All that can sing one tune, or ever did sing one, as well as those who can sing several tunes by rote, whether they belong to the congregation or come from other towns, feel that they are more than welcome in the singing seats, whether they are invited by the conductor or not. I have said it is a *free choir*. I mean it is so considered by those persons who do not seem to believe in the fact, that, in order to be of any service in a choir, as singers, persons must be able to sing, and that in order to sing, they must learn to sing. Do you know that some people can sing everything at sight (of a singing book, or even a mere hymn book,) without having sung at rehearsal any of the music which the said choir has been practicing for a long time? Well, do you know why they are enabled to do that thing with such facility, and such stand-up-straight-and-look-at-the-congregation ability? You do not? Do you give it up? Do you doubt your correspondent? Is it not true? I can tell you how they derive their power and consummate ability; their father was a deacon, and he led the singing for years. Now it is of no use to deny, that their father was not the best singer of his time; and who does not know that every generation grows wiser. If this is not a sufficiently *marked peculiarity* to insure my communication at least one insertion, in the best corner of the Musical Gazette, then I assure you, that such persons as are herein specified, and at whose peculiarities something is *hinted*, need to be told that order and practice are essential to the existence of a good choir, or good singing, and indeed to every offering which man is required, in a public manner, to present to his Creator; that the best we can render to God is by no means too good. Is the heart all that needs preparation, in order acceptably to pray to our Father in heaven in a public assembly? Is it not essential that the prayer be offered in a tongue which can be understood? Paul thought so. Romanists, catholics as they are called, listen to what their priests tell them are prayers in an unknown tongue—mere mummery, of course. Does not the voice, as well as the heart, need preparation, in order acceptably to sing the praises of God in a public assembly? If sounds were designed to be sung without regard to order in their arrangement, why is it that man's ear is so sensitive, and so determined against miserable jargon? If the voice should not be cultivated by practice, why is it so susceptible of improvement by that means? But hush! In all God's works, as far as man can see, he discovers order, design, and adaptation, in the most perfect sense.

If we pass from the country to the city choirs, what do we find there? The mechanical performance of some of the city choirs may be far better than the generality of the choirs in the country; and yet one is not certain that the offering is more acceptable to God, than are the songs of choirs less accurate as regards mechanical skill.

Perfect mechanical performance, however, is by no means a necessary hindrance to devotion, (taking the word *perfect* in its popular sense,) unless the singers are

too little acquainted with their music; and, in that case, the loss will be the singers', and not that of the listening congregation. No listener will ever suffer, be his ear dull or sensitive, from perfect singing. He may be harmed by improper music, though accurately performed. But jargon, on the other hand, will harm, to a greater or less extent, all who hear it. Good music may be so performed as to injure those who listen to it. Music may be so bad in itself, that perfect performance cannot prevent its doing harm.

Another marked peculiarity, especially marked by the conductor, and felt by the congregation, exists in some choirs. It is the habit of some (otherwise worthy and valuable members) of the choir to leave their accustomed place of worship, and go to another, whenever their regular pastor is absent. Perhaps but one such peculiarity can be found in all this region; if not, it is certainly marked. And who knows that the Gazette does not visit some of those very persons? and if they see what a paper from Boston says of such delinquents; and more than this, when they shall have rightly considered the subject of unnecessary absences, suggested by even this communication—will they not of their own free will abandon the practice of forsaking their post, simply to gratify a love of change?

In one choir in — you may find a most beautiful peculiarity—made peculiar when contrasted with its opposite in the same choir. I will tell you wherein this peculiarity consists: a certain number of the singers are as constant in their attendance on the sabbath, and at rehearsals, as they can be; if they are not hindered by extraordinary circumstances, they are always present, and ready to sing at any moment, willing to sing just what music the conductor selects. You will not hear them say, "I do n't like that tune," "I will not sing this tune," &c. Not that they have no choice in tunes, not that they are dependent upon the conductor for an opinion in regard to their own taste; but because their own good sense tells them that so long as they employ a conductor of the music, they must endeavor to support him as such, or all order and progress are at an end; and, secondly, because of that independence of character which enables them to accomplish a good thing, simply because it is a good thing, and ought to be accomplished. This independence—call it moral rectitude, if you please—is peculiarly theirs who thus do their duty, contrasted with the sickly notions of others, who call themselves independent, when they frustrate a wish of the conductor, be the wish ever so proper, and may have been as kindly expressed—though they yield themselves servants to a mistaken and low selfishness, and are as really bond-servants in this respect as were the brick makers of Pharaoh to the task masters set over them. And yet, Messrs. Editors, these very persons who so palpably fail of their duty, do not seem to desire to do harm to the choir, or to inflict pain upon the conductor. The truth is, they do not think rightly, and hence act wrongly. They do not often meditate evil, if ever, but they fail to meditate good sufficiently.

Respectfully,

NUMBER TWO.

A criminal, who was being carried a considerable distance out of the town to the gallows, in a severe storm of rain and sleet, complained of the cruelty of those who made a man go through such a storm to get to the gallows. "What right have you, who have only to go to the gallows, to complain, when I, who have not only got to go, but also return again, say nothing?" answered the hangman.

From the Christian Watchman, August 21.

### CHURCH MUSIC.

MR. EDITOR—I was particularly interested in the communication of "B. F. E." in your last number, and beg leave to add my own testimony to the justness of his remarks. In the early part of my ministry, I was guilty of the malpractice of which he complains. In order to shorten the time of service, and "relieve the patience" of the people, I would abridge the hymns. Sometimes, after long prayers and a "lengthy" sermon, I would omit the last hymn, and tell the choir to sing a doxology. At length, my chorister, in a very modest manner, inquired if I had ever thought how little time was saved by the omission of a stanza. I perceived at once the force of his question, and resolved that I would never, for the purpose of saving time, abridge a hymn, until I had first learned to abridge my prayers and sermons. In a service of an hour's length, I found that I could, without special inconvenience, give the choir twelve instead of ten minutes.

Unless the pastor manifests an interest in the choir and their music, it will not be easy for any chorister to maintain effectively his part of the public service. If a minister, while the choir is singing, appears listless and inattentive, the choir notice his indifference, and feel it. They say, "He attaches no importance to this part of worship; he does not join in it." If he is occupied with his notes, revising them preparatory to preaching, let him not complain of the chorister for turning over his notes, during the sermon, preparatory to the singing of the final hymn. If I am not attentive to the choir, why should I expect them to be attentive to me?

A PASTOR.

For the Musical Gazette.

The following remarks, taken from the London "Musical World," original in the "Contrapuntal Review," though designed for the old world, may be applied, to a certain extent, to the musical societies and to many individuals, in our own country. The subject is entitled, "The defective state of the choruses and bands in this country" (England.) Says the writer, "There are four principal causes why choral and orchestral music is not properly performed in this country. 1st, because each performer considers himself or herself most useful and effective when most distinctly heard, so that each plays or sings as if executing a solo. 2d, the performers arrogate to themselves equal knowledge with the conductor, and are therefore above being directed by him. 3d, the conductors of many societies are insufficiently educated for their work, which partly accounts for the disrespect shown them by the performers. 4th, the performers being too frequently only practical artists, are neither able to interpret classical music, nor willing to be taught it. Take, for instance, the 'Sacred Harmonic Society,' at Exeter Hall. Does not each chorus singer absolutely shout to the utmost of his or her power, and in a very uncomfortable manner, and each melodic phrase with an extra force? Does not each stringed instrument bow almost every note? And all this while performing Handel's oratorios. It is an offence to the genius of Handel thus to perform his music. The most remote villagers ought to be ashamed of this barbarous, *Jim Crow* style. . . . A word on the Philharmonic Society. Signor Costa's late command over the Italian opera band, was considerable; there he was always respected and implicitly attended to, and we trust his influence will be as great over the Philharmonic band; otherwise great injustice will be done him. We are aware that in his present

post, he has to contend with many rebellious subjects, who fancy they are as able to teach the conductor, as he is to instruct them. So thought these people (to their shame be it said,) when Dr. Mendelssohn conducted this society's band; but if each were as competent to the task as the conductor himself, even then the conductor, whoever he may be, is the only one who could properly conduct the orchestra. The most skillful artist frequently makes the greatest faults when playing with others; he fancies that the true expression of the composition is rendered, either by exercising undue energy, or by over-sentimental slurring from note to note. If, however, every skillful artist be left to decide on his own dissimilar views and methods of treating melodic phraseology, it cannot be otherwise than that the mixture of so many styles must materially impair the character of the composition. No band will ever be good, unless the members of it are entirely under the control of the conductor. He who considers himself humbled by being dictated by the proper authority, will always be too vain and thoughtless to learn. . . . The best performers are not always the most effective in the chorus or band; second-rate performers, under the entire subjection of the conductor, will execute a composition with better taste and feeling, than more able musicians, who are too proud to be led. The error of the Philharmonic Society is, that every performer plays too independently of every other; each performs too much in the solo fashion. Hence instruments (or voices) will not blend well together; on the contrary, one or more will be heard above the rest, in order, no doubt, to show off their execution, rather than the beauty of the composition. It is thus that the choruses and bands are defective in this country."

I leave it to you, Messrs. Editors, and to teachers and conductors of choirs in this country—our "American England"—to say, whether the English reviewer has said anything that will with force apply to singing societies and bands here? Are there any defects like those spoken of by him? Do our American societies contain in them any members who seem to cherish such notions as the English performers are accused of possessing? Did you ever see a member of any musical society who was too wise to be instructed? Possibly those among us who have been to Europe, and who have been introduced into the musical associations there, may have seen some of the very same persons spoken of by the reviewer; but can any such persons be found on American soil? "I pause for a reply."

We may not question the propriety of learners playing on the violin in church; but almost every Sunday's experience forces us to conclude that one who has neither taste nor skill, should play very modestly, and not attempt too many "fancy touches."—*Barre Gazette*.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—As we turned to leave the abbey, the organ commenced playing. It was a sacred chant, and the effect of such music in such a place is almost indescribable. As the rich melody was poured forth, now soft and then loud, the lofty sculptured roof, and long dim aisles, seemed to give it back with a thousand deep and thrilling echoes. Louder it swelled, until every part of the abbey was stirred with the glorious sounds, save the closely-shut graves of the inanimate dead. We could have listened for hours, and we did listen until the last notes died softly away; then, crossing the threshold, we mixed again with London's busy world, whose din fell harshly upon our ears.—*Boston Traveller*.

## GARDEN PLEASURES.

M. G. FISCHER.

**SOLO. Andantino.**

1. The garden scene I love to meet, At eve or ear - ly morning, Where plants and flowers so fresh and sweet, Are all the soil a -  
 2. I love the cool and arbored walk, With clustering vine leaves shaded; I love to see the rising stalk, With germs of fruit per -  
 3. I love to see the wise design Of Him who dwells a - bove us, And rears the plant, and spreads the vine, To prove he'll ever  
 4. I love to see the garden's grace, And gaze on all its beauty; Sweet lines of truth play on its face, To hint to man his

**CHORUS.**

dorning. There's pleas - ure here, My heart holds dear, There's pleas - ure here, My heart holds dear.  
 vaded;  
 love us. There's pleas - ure here, My heart holds dear, There's pleas - ure here, My heart holds dear.  
 duty.

## BRIGHTON. M. M.

CHARLES SPRING.

**Allegro.**

Now to the King of heaven Your cheerful voices raise; To him be glory given, Power, majesty, and praise. Wide as he reigns, His  
 His

name be sung, By every tongue, In endless strains, Wide as he reigns, His name be sung, By every tongue, In endless strains.

## BOYCE. C. M.

GEO. J. WEBB.

1. Lift up your heads, eternal gates, Un - fold to en - ter - tain The King of glo - ry; see he comes With his ce - les-tial train.

2. "Who is this King of glory?—who?" The Lord, for strength renowned; In battle mighty; o'er his foes E - ter - nal victor crowned.

3. Lift up your heads, eternal gates, Unfold, to en - ter - tain The King of glory; see, he comes with all his shining train.

4. "Who is this King of glory?—who?" The Lord of hosts renowned; Of glory he alone is King, Who is with glory crowned.

## WINTER STREET. 8s and 7s.

W. TILLINGHAST.

Oh, thou Sun of glorious splendor, Shine with healing in thy wing; }  
Chase away these shades of darkness; Holy light and comfort bring. } Let the heralds of sal - vation Round the world with joy proclaim,  
Death and hell are spoil-ed, vanquished, Through the great Immanuel's name.

## JONES. C. M.

W. WILLIAMS, New London, Conn.

Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am for - ever thine; I fear be - fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.

## UTRECHT. S. P. M.

Arranged from the Low Dutch, by A. ABBOT.

How pleased and blest was I | To hear the people cry, | "Come, let us seek our God to-day!" | Yes, with a cheerful zeal, | We'll haste to Zion's hill, | And there our vows and honors pay.



# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

Vol. I.

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## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE

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## Miscellaneous.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### POPULAR MUSIC.

Gentle christians, pity us! We are just returned from a musical entertainment, and with aching head and stunned ears sit down to try to recover our equanimity, sorely disturbed by the infliction which, we regret to say, we have survived. Had we known how to faint, we had done so on the spot, that ours might have been the bliss of being carried out over the heads and shoulders of the audience ere the performance had well begun—a movement that would have insured us the unfeigned thanks of all whom we had rescued from their distressing situation under pretence of bearing us off, splashing us with cold water, causing doors to bang impressively during our exit, and the various other *petit soins* requisite to the conducting a “faint” with dignity.

But it could not be accomplished. We made several awkward attempts, so little like, that their only result was our being threatened with a policeman if we made any more disturbance; so, after a hasty glance round had assured us of the impracticability of making our mistake in any more every-day style, we sat down with a stern resolution of endurance—lips firmly compressed, eyes fixed in a stony gaze on the orchestra, whence issued by turns groans, shrieks, and screams, from sundry foully-abused instruments of music; accompanied by equally appalling sounds from flat signorinas, quavering to distraction, backed by gigantic “basses,” (double ones, surely,) who, with voices like the “seven devils” of the old Grecian, bellowed out divers sentimentalisms about dying for love, when assuredly their most proximate danger was of apoplexy.

Well, the affair came to an end, as, it is to be hoped, will every other evil in this wicked world; in a spasm of thankfulness we extricated ourselves from the crush, and reached our home, where, under the genial influence of quiet and a cup of coffee, we can afford to laugh at the past, (our own vehement indignation included,) and ruminate calmly on the “how” and the “why” of the nuisance, which appears to us as well worthy of being put down by acts of parliament, as the ringing of muffin bells and crying “sweep!”

It is a perfect puzzle to us by what process the standard of music has become so lowered, as to make what

is ordinarily served up under that name, be received as the legitimate descendant of the harmony divine, which erst broke on the ear of the listening world, when “the morning stars sang together,” and, in the first freshness of its creation—teeming with melody—angels deigned to visit this terrestrial paradise, nor turned an exile’s gaze to that heaven whose strains were chanted in glad accordance with the murmuring stream, and music of the waving forest—which, in its greatness and beauty seemed but “a little lower” than its celestial archetype, for

“Earth hath this variety from heaven.”

But it is even so. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and this entrancing art, it seems, has taken it, sorely dislocating its graceful limbs, and injuring its goodly proportions in the unseemly escape. There—we have played over a simple air, one that thrills through our heart of hearts, and as the notes die on our ears, soothing though the strain be, we feel our indignation increase, and glow still more fiercely against this—music, as it is by courtesy called, for heaven knows it has no legitimate claim to the name! till it reaches the crusading point, and we rush headlong to a war of extermination against bars, rests, crotchets, and quavers—undaunted even by “staves,” and formidable inflated semibreves.

We hate your crashing, clumsy chords, and utterly spit at and defy chromatic passages from one end of the instrument to the other, and back again; flats, sharps, and most appropriate “naturals,” spattered all over the page. The essential spirit of discord seems let loose on our modern music, tainted, as it were, with the moral infection that has seized the land, it is music for a democracy, not the stately, solemn measure of imperial majesty. Music to soothe! the idea is obsolete, buried with the ruffs and farthingales of our great-grandmothers; or, to speak more soberly, with the powdered wigs and hoops of their daughters. There is music to excite, much to irritate one, and much more to drive a really musical soul stark mad; but none to soothe, save that which is drawn from the hiding places of the past.

We should like to catch one of the old masters—Handel, for instance—and place him within the range of one of our modern executioners, to whose taste (!) *carte blanche* had been given. We think we see him under the infliction. Neither the hurling of wig, nor yet of kettle-drum, at the head of the performer, would relieve his outraged spirit; he would strangle the offender on the spot, and hang himself afterwards; and the jury would, in the first case, return a verdict of justifiable homicide, and, in the second, of justifiable suicide, with a deodand of no ordinary magnitude on the musical instrument that had led to the catastrophe.

There is no repose, no refreshment to the mind in our popular compositions; they are like Turner’s skies, they harass and fatigue, leaving you certainly wondering at their difficulty, but, as certainly, wishing they had been “impossible.” There is to us more of touching pathos, heart-thrilling expression, in some of the old psalm tunes, feelingly played, than in a whole batch of modernisms. The strains go home, and the “fountains of the great deep are broken up”—the great deep of unfathomable feeling, that lies far, far below the sur-

face of the world-hardened heart; and as the unwonted, yet unchecked, tear starts to the eye, the softened spirit yields to their influence, and shakes off the moid of earthly care, rising, purified and spiritualized, into a clearer atmosphere. Strange, inexplicable associations brood over the mind,

“Like the far-off dreams of Paradise,”

mingling their chaste melancholy with musings of a still subdued, though more cheerful character. How many glad hearts in the olden time rejoiced in these songs of praise; how many sorrowful ones sighed out their complaints in these plaintive notes, that steal sadly, yet sweetly on the ear—hearts that, now cold in death, are laid to rest around that sacred fane, within whose walls they had so often swelled with emotion! Tell us not of neatly-trimmed “cemeteries,” redolent of staring sun-flowers, priggish shrubs, and all the modern coxcombry of the tomb; with nicely-swept gravel walks, lest the mourner should get “wet on’s foot,” and vaults numbered like warehouses, where “parties may bring their own minister,” and be buried with any form, or no form, if they like it better. No, give us the village churchyard, with its sombre yew trees, among which

“The dial hid by weeds and flowers,

Hath told, by none beheld, the solitary hours;”

its grassy hillocks, and mouldering grave-stones, where haply all record is obliterated, and nought but a solitary “resurgan” meets the inquiring eye; its white-robed priest reverently committing “earth to earth,” in sure and certain hope “of a joyful resurrection” to the slumbering clay, that was wont to worship within the gray and time-stained walls, whence the mournful train have now borne him to his last rest; while on the ivy-clad tower fall the slanting golden beams of an autumnal sun, that, in its declining glory, seems to whisper of hope and consolation to the sorrowful ones, reminding them that the night of the tomb shall not endure forever, but that, so surely as the great orb of day shall return on the wings of the morning to chase away the tears of the lamenting earth, so surely shall the dust, strewn around that temple, “rise again,” and death “be swallowed up in victory.”

“‘T is fit his trophies should be rife

Around the place where he’s subdued;

The gate of death leads forth to life.”

But we are wandering sadly from our subject; it is perhaps quite as well that we have done so, for we should have become dangerous had we dwelt much longer on it. We were on the point of wishing (Nero-like) that our popular professors of the tuneful art had but one neck, that we might exterminate them at a blow, or hang them with one gigantic fiddle-string; but now, thanks to our episode, our exacerbated feelings are so far mollified, that we will be content with wishing them sentenced to grind knives on oilless stones with creaking axles, till the sufferings of their own shall have taught them consideration for the care of other people.

But music, real music—not in the harsh, exaggerated style now in the ascendant, but simple, pure, melodious, such as might have entranced the soul of a Handel, when, in some vision of night, sounds swept from angelic harps have floated round him, the gifted one, in

whose liquid strains and stately harmonies fall on our ravished ears the echoes of that immortal joy—such we confess to be one of our idols, before whose shrine we pay a willing, gladsome homage; though now, alas! it must be in dens and caves of the earth, since *modern* heresy has banished it from the temple of Apollo.

### THE MUSIC OF NORTHERN ITALY.

It is a singular fact, that the best singers of Italy come from the northern provinces. The people of the south are more fiery and passionate, yet less distinguished for music, than those of the north. Nothing strikes the traveler in Italy with more force, or lives in his memory longer, than the gay street singing of the lower classes; yet one hears little of this in Rome or Naples. There is a sombre aspect in old Rome, taken from its silent, haughty ruins, giving, apparently, a coloring to the feelings of the people. The gay, light-hearted Neapolitan seems too gay for music—like the French, his spirit bursts out in action. The Piedmontese are forever singing, while Genoa is the only Italian city over which memory lingers, ever fresh and ever delighted. There is not a moonlight night in which its old palaces do not ring with the song of the strolling sailor boy, or idle loungers. The rattle of wheels seldom disturbs the streets, while the quietness of the lofty walls of the palaces, confine and prolong the sound like the roof of a cavern. The winding narrow passages now shut in the song till only a faint echo is caught, and now let it forth in a full volume of sound, ever changing, like the hues of feeling. Hours and hours have we lain awake, listening to these thoughtless serenaders, who seemed singing because the night was beautiful. You will often hear voices of such singular power and melody ringing through the clear atmosphere, that you imagine some professional musicians are out on a serenade to a "fayre ladye." But when the group emerges into the moonlight, you see three or four coarse-clad creatures, evidently from the very lowest class, sauntering along arm in arm, singing solely because they prefer it to talking. And what is still more singular, you never see three persons, not even boys, thus singing together without carrying along three parts. The common and favorite mode is, for two to make two different parts, while the third, at the close of every strain, throws in a deep base chorus. You will often hear snatches from the most beautiful operas chanted along the streets, by those from whom you would expect nothing but the most obscene songs. This spontaneous street singing charms us more than the soul-stirring music of a full orchestra. It is the poetry of the land—one of its characteristic features—living in the memory years after everything else has faded. We like, also, the much abused hand organs, of every description, greeting you at every turn. They are the operas of the lazaroni and children, and help to fill up the picture. Passing once through a principal street of Genoa, we heard at a distance a fine, yet clear and powerful voice, that at once attracted our attention. On approaching, we found it proceeded from a little blind boy, not over eight years of age. He sat on a stone pavement, with his back against an old palace, pouring forth song after song, with astonishing strength and melody. As we threw him his penny, we could not help fancying how he would look sitting in Broadway, with his back against the Astor House, attempting to throw his clear, sweet voice over the rattling of omnibuses and carriages that keep even the earth in constant tremor.—*Headley's Letters from Italy.*

From the Boston Recorder.

### THE MUSIC OF HEAVEN.

There 's music in the upper heaven—  
The choral notes that swell,  
Are sweeter, fuller, richer far  
Than human lips can tell,  
When rings the gush of golden harps,  
And heavenly lutes are swept,  
To tell the quenchless love of Him  
Who o'er a lost world wept.

The gliding rush of countless wings,  
Borne on the swelling breeze,  
That wafts the rustling music by  
Amid embowering trees,  
The echo of the myriad feet,  
That fall on pavements fair,  
Of glittering, dazzling gold, that gleams  
In untold brightness there.

The music of the pearly gates,  
When back by angels flung,  
Admitting there a ransomed soul,  
Their stately band among;  
The silvery sound that 's swelling up  
When flows the stream of life,  
The rustle of the emerald leaf,  
With healing virtues rise.

And then the tide of melody,  
That swells and bursts, when rings  
The new song in that far-off world,  
That thrilling rapture brings;—  
But, awed, we may not note its power,—  
Its depths we cannot sound,  
Unfathomed, fathomless, it rolls  
In glorious might around.

### MUSIC OF THE ANCIENTS.

Music, like all other arts, has been progressive, and its improvements may be traced through a period of more than three thousand years. Being common to all ages and nations, neither its invention nor refinement can, with propriety, be attributed to any single individual. The Hermes or Mercury of the Egyptians, surnamed Trismegistus, or *thrice illustrious*, who was, according to Sir Isaac Newton, the secretary of Osiris, is, however, commonly celebrated as the inventor of music.

From the accounts of Diodorus Siculus, and of Plato, there is reason to suppose, that in very ancient times, the study of music in Egypt was confined to the priesthood, who used it only in religious and solemn ceremonies. It was esteemed sacred, and forbidden to be employed on light or common occasions; and all innovation in it was strictly prohibited.

It is to be regretted that there are no traces by which we can form an accurate judgment of the style or relative excellence of this very ancient music. It is, unhappily, not with music in this respect, as with ancient sculpture and poetry, of which we have so many noble monuments remaining; for there is not even a single piece of musical composition existing, by which we can form a certain judgment of the degree of excellence to which the musicians of old had attained. The earliest Egyptian musical instrument of which we have any record, is that on the *guglia rotta* at Rome, one of the obelisks brought from Egypt, and said to have been erected by Sesostris, at Heliopolis, about four hundred years before the siege of Troy. This curious relic of antiquity, which is a musical instrument of two strings, with a neck, resembles much the calascione still used in the kingdom of Naples, and proves that the Egyptians, at a very early period of their history, had advanced to a considerable degree of excellence in the cultivation

of the arts; indeed, there is ample evidence that, at a time when the world was involved in savage ignorance, the Egyptians were possessed of musical instruments capable of much variety of expression.

We learn from holy scripture, that in Laban's time instrumental music was much in use in the country where he dwelt, that is, in Mesopotamia; since, among the other reproaches which he makes to his son-in-law, Jacob, he complains, that by his precipitate flight he had put it out of his power to conduct him and his family "with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp." The son of Sirach, in giving directions to the master of a banquet as to his behavior, desires him, amongst other things, "to hinder not the music;" and to this he adds, "A concert of music in a banquet of wine, is as a signet of carbuncle set in gold; as a signet of emerald set in a work of gold, so is the melody of music with pleasant wine." In speaking in the praise of Josias, he says, "The remembrance of Josias is like the composition of the perfume, that is made by the art of the apothecary; it is sweet as honey in all mouths; and as music in a banquet of wine." Here we have a pleasing recollection, illustrated by a comparison with the gratification of three of the senses. Ossian, on an occasion a little different, makes use of the last comparison, but in an inverted order, when he says, "The music of Caryl is like the memory of joys that are past, pleasing and mournful to the soul."

The Hebrew instruments of music were principally those of percussion; so that on that account, as well as the harshness of the language, the music must have been coarse and noisy. The great number of performers, too, whom it was the custom of the Hebrews to collect together, could, with such language and such instruments, produce nothing but clamor and jargon. According to Josephus, there were two hundred thousand musicians at the dedication of the Temple of Solomon.

Music appears to have been interwoven through the whole tissue of religious ceremonies in Palestine. The priests appear to have been musicians hereditarily, and by office. The prophets accompanied their inspired effusions with music; and every prophet, like the present *improvisatori* of Italy, appears to have been accompanied by a musical instrument.

Vocal and instrumental music constituted a principal part of the funeral ceremonies of the Jews. The pomp and expense on these occasions, was prodigious. The number of flute players in the processions amounted sometimes to several hundreds, and the attendance of the guests continued frequently for thirty days.

It has been imagined, with much appearance of probability, that the occupation of the first poets and musicians of Greece, resembled that of the Celtic and German bards, and the Scalds of Iceland and Scandinavia. They sung their poems in the streets of cities, and in the palaces of princes. They were treated with great respect, and regarded as inspired persons. Such was the employment of Homer. In his poems so justly celebrated, music is always named with rapture; but as no mention is made of instrumental music, unaccompanied with poetry and singing, a considerable share of the poet's praises are to be attributed to the poetry. The instruments most frequently named are the lyre, the flute, and the syrinx. The trumpet does not appear to have been known at the siege of Troy, although it was in use in the days of Homer himself.

The invention of notation and musical characters, marked a distinguished era in the progress of music.

There are a diversity of accounts respecting the person to whom the honor of that invention is due; but the evidence is strongest in favor of Terpander, a celebrated poet and musician, who flourished 671 years before Christ; and to whom music is much indebted. Before this valuable discovery, music being entirely traditional, must have depended much on the memory and taste of the performer.

The character of the Grecian music appears to have been noisy and vociferous in the extreme. The trumpet players at the Olympic games used to express an excess of joy when they found their exertions had burst a blood vessel, or done them some other serious injury. Lucian relates of a young flute player, Harmonides, that on his first public appearance at these games, he began a solo with so violent a blast, in order to *surprise* and *elevate* the audience, that he breathed his last breath into his flute, and died on the spot.

The musicians of Greece, who performed in public, were of both sexes; and the beautiful Lamia, who was taken prisoner by Demetrius, and captivated her conqueror, as well as many other females, are mentioned by ancient authors in terms of admiration.

The Romans, like every other people, were, from their first origin as a nation, possessed of a species of music which might be distinguished as their own. It appears to have been rude and coarse, and probably was a variation of the music in use among the Etruscans, and other tribes around them in Italy; but as soon as they began to open a communication with Greece, from that country, with their arts and philosophy they borrowed also their music and musical instruments.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

#### THE HUTCHINSONS.

A correspondent of the Worcester Spy, in a letter from Milford, N. H., gives the following interesting account of the Hutchinson family:

"There are many interesting localities here, and not the least among them, is the residence of the Tribe of Jesse. The world has become intimate, as it were, with this remarkable people. Their names and generations have been sung in all places, and whether with their consent or otherwise, their history, both public and domestic, has been laid before the world. The residence of the patriarch is a mile and a half east of the village. The family mansion is a stately building, erected in former times, for a hotel, but many years since, turned to its present uses. It stands upon a gentle slope on the northern banks of the Souhegan. In front is a beautiful meadow of many acres of rich bottom land, through which the river rolls sluggishly along. I visited them on a Sunday evening, and a most extraordinary scene I there witnessed. It was the occasion of a meeting of nearly every member of the family. It was a scene that would have made the heart of a stoic rejoice. We met there eight sons, six of whom were accompanied with their wives, two daughters, and there were from twenty to thirty grand-children, from two to twelve years of age, frolicking around. The old folks were seated at the door as we approached, and we waited while they received each one of their children, as they arrived, with a patriarchal blessing. It recalled to my mind the account of the children of Jacob with their little ones, gathering about the aged patriarch as he sat in the door of his tent. There seemed to be joy and pleasure in every heart, and brotherly love and kindness were visibly manifest. When we approached to pay our respects to the aged couple, we were re-

ceived, if possible, with more affectionate welcome, than their own children—with many kind inquiries, and a wish that prosperity and happiness might ever attend us. Our fathers had been their intimates, and their minds ran back over the incidents of those old years, with a freshness that brought tears to their eyes. Jesse and Judson reside in Lynn; the other members of the family are here.

The three brothers, Judson, John, and Asa, and their sister Abby, will, in the course of two months, start upon a singing tour. They tell me they will visit Worcester soon after leaving home. Should they go there, you may expect to hear better music than has greeted your ears for many a day. I once thought their singing perfect, and so it was in its way; but 'Excelsior' is their motto, and they will prove to you that their experience in England has not been lost to them. The character of their singing is not changed, but their style is improved. There is a richness, a fulness, and a brilliancy in their tones, and an expression of life in every breath, which will thrill the coldest blood in your heart. But it is natural, simple melody; they have acquired no foreign habit or accent; their turns and appoggiatures are all their own, and occur in just the right places. For me, the beauty of their singing is in its expressive truthfulness. It speaks to the heart and makes it vibrate to the music, as though it were itself a musical instrument, responding to the voice of God.

I have noticed an article copied from some of the Manchester papers, giving an account of the wealth which their tour in Europe produced to them. There is very little, if any, truth in the statement, which was made without their knowledge. Their residence is about twenty miles from Manchester, instead of seven and a half. They have not, nor are they about to purchase a farm for \$10,000. Indeed, I am well assured, there are no such farms for sale in the county of Hillsborough. They won golden opinions, and left England with the hearty good will of the English, but they did not bring home a fortune of thirty thousand dollars."

#### USE OF A NOSE.

A good story is told of Mozart, at the time he was a pupil of Hayden. The latter challenged his pupil to compose a piece of music which he could not play at sight. Mozart accepted the banter, and a supper and champagne were to be the forfeit. Everything being arranged between the composers, Mozart took his pen and a sheet of paper, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music, and, much to the surprise of Hayden, handed it to him, saying,

"There is a piece of music, sir, which you cannot play, and I can—you are to give it the first trial."

Hayden smiled contemptuously at the visionary presumption of his pupil, and placing the notes before him, struck the keys of the instrument. Surprised at its simplicity, he dashed away until he reached the middle of the piece, when, stopping all at once, he exclaimed, "How's this, Mozart? How's this? Here my hands are stretched out to both ends of the piano, and yet there's a middle key to be touched! Nobody can play such music, not even the composer himself."

Mozart smiled at the half-excited indignation and perplexity of the great master, and taking the seat he had quitted, struck the instrument with an air of self-assurance that Hayden began to consider himself duped. Running along through the simple passages, he came to that part which his teacher had pronounced impossible to be played. Mozart, as anybody is aware, was

favoured, or at least endowed, with an extremely long nose, which, in modern dialect, "stuck out about a foot." Reaching the difficult passage, he stretched both hands to the extreme ends of the piano, and, leaning forward, bobbed his nose against the middle key, "which nobody could play!"

Hayden burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and, after acknowledging the "corn," declared that nature had endowed Mozart with a capacity for music which he had never before discovered.

MARCHES OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.—Hon. Martin Brimmer (vice president of the Boston Academy of Music,) has procured, through our minister to Prussia, a copy of the collection of the celebrated martial music of the Prussian army. This collection comprises two volumes of marches, and has been presented by Mr. Brimmer to the Brigade Band of this city. The Bee of this morning publishes the correspondence which took place on the occasion of the presentation, and says, "This well-deserved tribute to the 'Brigade's' facility of execution will not only serve the purpose of encouraging them individually to persevere in their efforts to merit the approbation of a discriminating public in pursuing a correct career both as artists and citizens, but it will also have the effect to heighten the interest in bold and masterly music, and beget a contempt for the mongrel and imbecile imitations which a few incompetent composers are constantly palming upon the public as *bona fide* inspirations of the divine muse."

We agree with the Bee in the estimate which it sets upon modern martial music, much of which is the veriest trash in the world. It wants character; we do not say the character of martial music, but character in its broadest sense—being a mere combination of sounds, with neither force nor expression. The Prussian army has long been celebrated for the excellence of its military bands, and the music which they have introduced has been unsurpassed and unrivaled. The Prussian marches possess the true military air, and the introduction of such music into our bands cannot fail to produce a happy effect on the taste and execution of those whose business it is to provide military music. We presume that the Brigade Band will seriously devote themselves to the object of producing in a full and efficient style the compositions with which they have been favored, that their beauties may not be marred by a slovenly and inefficient style of playing.—*Merc. Journal.*

Col. Schouler, editor of the Lowell Courier, is visiting the places of interest in England, Scotland, and Ireland. He writes home familiar letters, which appear in his Courier. He says: "In none of the churches in Scotland, except the episcopal and catholic, is there any musical instrument used to aid the singing. Each church has what is called a presenter, whose seat is in front of the minister. He wears a gown and band. When the hymn is given out, he selects the tune, and he has small signs with the names of the tunes painted on them. When he has selected the tune, he fixes the sign containing the name of the selected tune, on a little pedestal, so that the congregation can see it, and then they all rise and he leads off, and the whole congregation join with him."

"Learning is obtained only by labor; it cannot be bought with money; otherwise the rich would uniformly be intelligent. Learning regards all men as equals, and bestows her treasures on those who work for them."

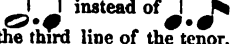
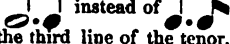
## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE,

BOSTON, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1846.

In our minutes of the meeting of the teachers' class on Wednesday afternoon, Aug 26, we omitted to mention that the president, vice president, and government of the Academy of Music visited the class, and that during the recess, the president (Hon. Samuel A. Elliot) addressed the members. We took minutes of this address, and shall publish it in a future number.

We have also the minutes of the address of Mr. Mason in explanation of the objects and origin of the Boston Academy of Music, but are unable to prepare it for the press at present.

Esteeming our paper as a vehicle for the diffusion of musical information, we are perfectly willing to insert notices of any and all musical works that are published. While we reserve to ourselves the right to condemn works which in our estimation ought to be condemned, and to praise those which ought to be praised, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we shall seldom if ever express any opinion. We do not wish the fact that books are noticed in our columns, to be taken as an evidence that we either like or dislike them. We could not give a just criticism of a book without bestowing upon it a much more thorough examination than our time will at present permit.

**ERRATA.**—We well know how provoking typographical errors in music are. We hope we shall in future be able to avoid them. In Boyce, page 136, the fourth full measure should contain  instead of . In the first full measure, of the third line of the tenor, the eighths should be F# and G#, instead of G# and A. In the last full measure of the alto, the first note should be F#, instead of G#. In "Winter Street," the last note but two of the alto should be F#. In Utrecht, the fourth note of the base should be A#, instead of F.

We hope the time is not distant, when every church will have an organ. Presuming it will interest some of our readers, we propose giving a description of new organs which may be built for churches in this vicinity.

*Description of the Organ recently set up in the new Unitarian Church at Mount Pleasant in Roxbury, made by E. & G. G. Hook, Boston.*—The organ contains two sets of keys; compass from GG to F in alt., an octave and a half of pedals, with separate pedal pipes, and two shifting pedals, and consists of the following stops, viz:

- |                           |                           |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Open diapason,         | Open diapason, sw.,       |
| 2. Stop diapason, treble, | Stop diapason, sw.,       |
| 3. Stop diapason, base,   | Principal, sw.,           |
| 4. Dulcinea,              | Hautboy, sw.,             |
| 5. Principal,             | Stop diapason, base, sw., |
| 6. Twelfth,               | Swell coupler,            |
| 7. Fifteenth,             | Pedal coupler,            |
| 8. Flute,                 | Pedal base,               |
| 9. Cremona,               | Bellows signal.           |

The dimensions of the case are, width ten feet, depth six feet, and height fourteen feet. It is in the Grecian style of architecture, and is painted and grained in imitation of black walnut. Price, \$1500.

Messrs. Baker and Woodbury's teachers' class closed with two concerts, one of sacred, and the other of secular music. The Alleghaniens, a quartette consisting of one lady and three gentlemen, have recently given several concerts in this city.

## SINGING IN THE FAMILY.

We visited at the house of a friend, not long ago, where the members of the family all sing regularly at worship, and we could not help wishing that the practice was more general. It adds greatly to the interest of devotional exercises, especially among children. It makes the family altar a pleasant place, even to those who have not learned to render to God the service of the heart.

Besides, singing in the family circle has a good influence directly on the affections. The moral influence of vocal music, especially music of a sanctified character, has always been happy in the extreme. It exercises a hallowed power of the soul; it sweeps the secret strings of virtue and purity there, and sets them all in harmonious vibration. As it drove the demon from the depraved and wretched monarch of Israel, so it will banish from the chambers of the soul the dark spirits of vice and crime, and excite a purer and holier feeling.

Show us the family where music, good music, is cultivated as it ought to be—where the parents and children are accustomed often to mingle their voices together in song—and we will show you one, in almost every such instance, where peace and harmony and love prevail, and where the grosser vices have no dwelling place. Indeed, we have often noticed that a decline in the taste for music, especially sacred music, where it had been cultivated, and a decline in purity and morality, went hand in hand; and that before the poor victim of vice falls into the lowest abyss, he is compelled to make war with the genius of melody. This, indeed, is just what we might anticipate. Music, like an angel from the courts of paradise, can throw around the soul a thousand heavenly influences, and charm it almost into the paths of virtue.—*Ex. paper.*

## CONCERTS BY THE TEACHERS' CLASS OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

**CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC.**—*Wednesday evening, August 26.*—1. Chorus, *The Lord is great.* Righini. We never heard this magnificent and beautiful chorus performed with better effect. The strong chorus of five hundred powerful voices was able, in some measure, adequately to express that great idea, "The Lord is great," in the adagio; while in the allegro, "Blessed are the people," the voices moved with as much promptness and lightness as could have been expected from a choir of fifty well-trained voices.

2. Christian Union. A quartette sung with fine effect, by Messrs. Barker, Gibson, Draper, and Lincoln. This beautiful piece we have arranged for mixed voices, and published in to-day's paper. It was originally written for men's voices.

3. Duet, David and Goliath, from Neukomm's Oratorio of David. Sung by Messrs. L. Marshall and Geo. F. Root.

4. Chorus, *How beautiful are the feet of them that publish the gospel of peace.* From Handel's "Messiah." In the language of Mr. Webb, this is a "prodigiously fine chorus." The first part consists of an andante movement for female voices, (which was sung as a semi-chorus,) and an allegro in full chorus. The change of movement is somewhat difficult, especially for so large a choir. With the exception of a little "uncertainty" at the time of the change, the piece was well sung. In the allegro of this chorus, the highest degree of "joy and gladness" is expressed by the minor key. The chorus is written in D minor.

5. Quartette, *Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace.*

Composed by Asahel Abbott, Esq., of New York. Sung by Mrs. G. F. Root, Messrs. G. F. Root, E. T. Root, and H. Lincoln, without accompaniment.

6. Song, *The Sexton.* Henry Russell. Sung by Mr. Henry Lincoln, accompanied by himself.

7. Chorus, *Hallelujah*, from the Messiah. One might almost say that this king of choruses never should be sung by a smaller chorus than that which performed it this evening.

8. Song from Hayden's Creation, "With verdure clad." Sung by Miss Garcia. It is worth a journey to Boston to hear this lady sing even one song.

9. Motet, *Go not far from me.* Zingarelli. This chorus is from the Psalter, page 282. Those who possess that book, can imagine the effect, when we tell them that this mighty choir performed it in perfect tune and time, and with a due regard to expression.

10. Song, *Gratias Agimus*, with obligato clarinet accompaniment. Sung by Miss Stone; clarinet by Mr. Kendall. Miss Stone is without doubt the best American soprano living.

11. Chorus, *The God of Israel.* Rossini. This chorus is written in a style as much the opposite of those by Handel as can be imagined. Light and sparkling, it formed an exceedingly pleasing contrast to the heavier pieces, and was without doubt the most popular chorus performance of the evening. The accompaniment was played upon two pianos (by Messrs. Bancroft and Wm. Mason,) and the large organ (by Webb.) Mr. Webb so managed the organ as to leave the "sparkling" passages in the accompaniment for the pianos, producing an indescribably pleasing effect.

12. Duet, *Autumn Song.* Mendelssohn. Beautifully "warbled" by the Misses Garcia.

13. Chorus, *Prayer for peace.* From the Psalter, page 286. Those who are acquainted with this piece, can imagine the effect, better than we can describe it.

14. Song, *Flee as a bird to yon mountain.* From Mrs. Dana's Northern Harp. A most beautiful sacred song, as beautifully sung by Mr. G. F. Root.

15. Psalm, without words. This was the tune Dennis, page 168 of the Psalter, hummed by the whole choir *pp*. We know not how to describe the effect of this performance. It was like nothing we ever heard before, unless it be the deep and almost inaudible under tone produced by the falls of Niagara. The whole choir remained seated, and produced the tones with closed mouths, so that a listener might well doubt from whence the sound proceeded. It was accompanied by the organ *pp*, and by one of the pianos, which played a soft but rapid running accompaniment upon the upper notes, almost inaudible. Imagine five hundred melodious and well-trained voices, each producing a perfect musical sound, but so soft that the whole does not equal in loudness a child's soft voice. At first one does not know what the sound is. Now it swells gently upon the ear, and we begin plainly to distinguish the cadences of a well-known hymn tune, when anon it dies away until the ear is almost pained in exerting itself to catch the tones. Now it seems as if the organ's swell is heard, but that too gently sinks until one doubts whether he heard it or not. Now the rich and sparkling tones of the piano "loom" above the mighty but subdued volume of sound, but retire as soon, leaving the mind dependant upon the eye, to decide whether or not any one is performing upon that instrument.

Mr. Mason conducted this performance. Mr. Webb presided at the organ, and Messrs. Silas Bancroft and Wm. Mason at the pianos.

CONCERT OF SECULAR MUSIC.—*Thursday evening, August 27.*—1. Glee in full chorus, *The Mountain Song*, from the Vocalist, page 5.

2. Quartet, *There is an isle*. Sung by Messrs Barker, Gibson, Draper, and Lincoln.

3. Glee, in full chorus, *The Guardian Genius of the Swiss*, from the Vocalist, page 118.

4. Song, *The Mountaineer*. Sung by Mrs. Marshall. This song was given in a peculiarly happy and natural style.

5. Glee in full chorus. *The Mountain Guide*, from the Vocalist, page 132.

6. Duet, *The winds are up*. Sung by Messrs. Barker and Gibson.

7. "Life let us cherish," with variations. Performed on the oboe (hautboy) by Signor Ribas, with piano accompaniment by Mr. Webb.

8. Glee in full chorus, *The Skylark's Song*, from the Vocalist, page 174.

9. Echo Song, by Miss Garcia. The echoes were by a flute which was invisible to the audience. *Where it was*, or by whom played, we are unable to say.

10. Glee in full chorus, *Flora gave me fairest flowers*. From the Boston Glee Book, page 5.

11. Trio, *Lady of Beauty*. Sung by Messrs. G. F. Root, E. T. Root, and H. Lincoln. We almost doubt whether a trio can be sung better than this one was. Messrs. Roots and Lincoln having resided in the same family for two or three years, have practiced together so much that their voices blend perfectly, which enables them to perform concerted pieces infinitely better than those (even if individually superior singers,) who meet for the first time.

12. Song, *What sweet enchantment*. Sung by Miss Stone.

13. Glee in full chorus, *Beautiful Primrose*. From the Vocalist, page 198.

14. Duet, *The moon is beaming o'er the lake*. Sung by Messrs. Root and Lincoln.

15. Glee in full chorus, *For freedom, honor, and native land*. From the Vocalist, page 12.

16. Duet, *The ties of friendship*. Sung by Misses Garcia.

17. Glee in full chorus. *Arise, my fair one, come away*. From the Boston Glee Book, page 75.

18. Song, *Friend of the brave*. Sung by Mr. Root.

19. Song, *Oh love me for thy power*. Sung by Miss Garcia.

20. Chorus, *The God of Israel*. Rossini. Repeated from last evening by request.

This performance was conducted by Mr. Webb. Accompaniment upon two pianos, one of which was played by Mr. Webb, and the other by Mr. Johnson. The audience part of the house was filled to its utmost capacity. It was, on the whole, one of the most *pleasing* concerts we ever attended.

The French minister of war has made learning to sing obligatory in all the French infantry regiments.

A lawyer on his death bed willed all his property to fools and lunatics, "for," said he, "from such I received it, and to such I desire to return it again."

"Only think," said an astonished peasant, "learned men can tell, months beforehand, when the sun and the moon will be eclipsed!" "What of that?" answered his companion; "they only have to look in the almanac."

Messrs. EDITORS—Will you do us, that do not understand the pronunciation of foreign names, the favor of *spelling out* in plain English, such names as you have occasion to use frequently. We sometimes make bad blunders in our attempts that way. As an instance, those who *know*, pronounce "*Bach*" as if it were spelled *bah*, while others, not so fortunate, pronounce it *back*. Yours, &c.

With a few exceptions, we pronounce foreign proper names as if they were English. The German pronunciation of "*Bach*" cannot be expressed by English letters, nor can one unacquainted with the German language, pronounce it properly. "*Bah*" comes much nearer to it than either "*back*" or "*batch*." Some persons are needlessly particular on this subject. We were once in company with some well-educated amateurs, where the conversation turned upon musical composers. We happened to speak of Beethoven, whose name we innocently pronounced *Beeth-oven*, because we were speaking English, and supposed that in that language *b-e-e-t-h* spelt "*beeth*." We were severely rebuked, however, by one of the company, who remarked that a professional musician at least ought to know that his name is pronounced "*Bate-oven*." We stood corrected, and felt not a little mortified, seeing that we profess to be something of a German scholar. Soon after, we had occasion to speak of Von Weber, and Mozart, and, taking it for granted that if Beethoven's name must be pronounced as it is in German, all other names must also be so pronounced, we were very careful to say "*Fon Vayber*" and "*Motsart*." To our surprise, not one of the company knew whom we meant, and it was not until we accidentally gave the common English pronunciation, that any one supposed we were speaking about these two celebrated authors. Names that sound well if pronounced as spelt, had better be so pronounced. Such words as "*Bach*," *Vieux Temps*, &c., are perhaps better as in their native tongues.

New York, Sept. 3, 1846.

Messrs. EDITORS—Our season is just commencing, and it promises to be one of unusual brilliancy. The National Convention of Music Teachers will open its sittings at the Broadway Tabernacle, on the 15th inst. At the same time, the gentlemen of the Choral Union will give lectures to a class of teachers during four days, in the lecture room; and Mr. James F. Warner, assisted by Messrs. U. C. Hill, George Loder, Asahel Abbot, and one or two others, will lecture to his class of teachers, at his rooms, 411 Broadway, during a term of ten days.

The New York Sacred Music Society will give the "*Messiah*" with their whole strength and a powerful orchestra of picked performers, under the direction of Mr. Hill, on the evening of Wednesday, the 16th inst., and a grand miscellaneous concert on Friday evening following. The Choral Union give a performance of church music on Tuesday evening, the 15th inst., and Messrs. Hart and Bradbury bring out their juveniles in full chorus on the evening of Thursday, the 17th inst.

The American Musical Institute, under the able management of Mr. Henry Meigs, and led by Mr. George Loder, will bring out the "*Seasons*," by Hayden, on the 19th inst., (I believe,) which will be followed up with the "*Last Judgment*," and the "*Fall of Babylon*," by Spohr, the "*Palestine*," by Dr. Crotch, and several others. The choir of this association is remarkably fine, and their performances always give the highest satisfaction; and it may be mentioned, as much to their credit, that they have organized for the special purpose of assisting American authors in bringing their

labors before the world. It was Mr. Meigs who brought out several of Father Heinrich's most elaborate pieces last season; and he stands ready to hold out a helping hand to others, who may produce good music for public concerts—the number of whom is not great now, though we trust that in a few years, with *such* patronage, we may have several first class pieces produced upon our own soil; so that an American school may grow up, not only in church music, but in the more exalted species of oratorios, &c.

Of anything that is likely to interest your readers, you will be constantly advised as it may occur.

In great haste, yours, truly,

ASAHIEL ABBOT.

At the close of the session, the following resolutions were adopted by the Teachers' Institute connected with the Boston Academy of Music:

*Resolved*, 1st, That we have entire confidence in the Boston Academy of Music and the distinguished individuals that constitute its government, and also in its plans for the dissemination of musical knowledge and taste.

*Resolved*, 2d, That we have heard the lectures of the teachers, Messrs. Mason, Webb, Johnson, and Root, with increased pleasure and profit.

*Resolved*, 3d, That it has been a source of high satisfaction to listen to the distinguished professional singers and instrumental performers, who have, at the invitation of the Academy, so kindly and gratuitously performed at the meetings of the institute and at the concerts, and that they be presented with the most grateful acknowledgements of the class.

*Resolved*, 4th, That the thanks of the class be presented to Mr. Cook, general superintendent, and to Mr. Hays, superintendent of the Tremont Temple, for their uniform kindness, and their constant attentions and civilities to the members of the class.

*Resolved*, 5th, That the advancement of the art of music requires the existence of periodicals devoted to the science; and inasmuch as the public at large is not, at the present time, so much interested in the cause as to render sufficient support, it becomes the imperative duty of those particularly interested in, and devoted to the art, to make sacrifices, if necessary, in their patronage of well-conducted periodicals.

*Resolved*, 6th, That in the "*Musical Gazette*," published by the Messrs. Johnson, we recognize a publication which has already given ample evidence of uncommon ability on the part of the editors, and which we recommend to patronage.

## MAINE STATE MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

### CONVENTION OF TEACHERS FOR 1846.

The teachers' class, under the sanction of the above association, will hold its third annual meeting at Augusta, commencing on Tuesday, October 13th, 1846, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and closing on Friday evening, the 16th.

The trustees have secured the services of Mr. Lowell Mason, who will be present and take charge of the class during its continuance. At these meetings, the method of teaching church music in our common singing schools, is fully explained and illustrated in an easy and familiar manner. Nearly half of the time is taken up in the performance of psalm and hymn tunes suitable for public worship, accompanied by such critical remarks upon enunciation, pronunciation, manner and style of performance, as are best calculated to aid the



teachers and conductors of choirs, in the discharge of their several duties. It is very important in a singing choir, that the leader understand well his business. If a choir have been ever so well trained in school, if the conductor is not able to lead them on properly, the interest will decline—the singing, which is bad at first, will generally grow worse, and finally run down.—These courses of lectures are exactly what is wanted to meet the condition of leaders of choirs, and every way calculated to afford the very best means of qualifying them for the discharge of their several duties.

The association expects to derive no advantage whatever in this matter, other than the satisfaction of endeavoring to do something for the great cause of church music. And it deems it to be the duty of all teachers and conductors of choirs, to attend and join the class at the coming convention.

Tickets of admission to the above exercises, at two dollars each, admitting a lady and gentleman, may be had at the bookstore of Daniel C. Stanwood, No. 4 Market square, at which place gentlemen are invited to call on their arrival and during their stay in the town.

By direction of the trustees.

DANIEL C. STANWOOD,  
Secretary M. S. M. Association.

—, *Ill*.—I have had the honor of being a western choir leader for ten years, and discover, as time wears on, that I am but a tyro on the very threshold of the exhaustless science of music.

We do not hesitate to pronounce you an excellent choir leader, although we have not the honor of your acquaintance. Only those who have made great progress in music, ever discover that truth.

Thorough base is best learned, perhaps, by *playing* the exercises on a keyed instrument. It can be learned by *writing* the exercises, but not so quick, or so thoroughly. In the study of harmony, all of the exercises must be written.

—, *W. T.*—Will you tell me what is the best musical work which comprises the whole science of music?

GODFREY WEBER'S THEORY, translated from the German by J. F. Warner, and published by Wilkins, Carter & Co., Boston, is the *only* work with which we are acquainted which comprises the whole science.

—, *Mich.*—I am now teaching vocal music in this place, one school for children and one for adults. The state of music is at a very low ebb. When I first commenced teaching here, I was invited to lead one of the choirs. I gave the necessary criticisms, as relating to the articulation and punctuation of words, which so enraged some of the singers, that they left the house in time of singing. They have been in the habit of singing in a slurred and log-chain style, linking all of their words and sentences together. Anything like improvement they consider as an innovation, and will not allow it.

At the chapel of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, (England,) a full cathedral service is daily attended by the students. The service is chanted by the congregation, (students, and youth connected with the preparatory school,) without accompaniment of any kind. By daily practice, great proficiency in congregational chanting and singing has been acquired. The Times says, "the skill and taste and religious fervor with which the services are chanted, and that without the assistance of an organ, render them much superior to the performances of any of our cathedral choirs; while the devotional effect, both congregational and church, far exceed anything to be met with in English churches of much higher pretension."

The following dialogue, translated from an old Greek comedy, we take from the Boston Journal. It seems, even in those times, music was thought something of. May no sausage-sellers of the same unmusical and unrefined stamp ever afflict us. It seems, in the play, that an oracle had declared that a sausage-seller should attain great power in Athens. Demosthenes very naturally takes the first gentleman of that profession whom he meets, as the subject of the revelation.

*Saus.*—Go to, you canting varlet, am not I A sausage-vender? How shall greatness then Sit on a man of my profession?

*Dem.*—Tut! It is the very source of greatness.—*Answer:* Art not a knave? Art not o' the forum? Hast not A front of brass? Can Fortune set her seal Of greatness with more certainty upon thee?

*Saus.*—I cannot find in me that worthiness And seal of future power you vaunt so mightily.

*Dem.*—Anan! why sure thou hast some squeamishness Of honesty about thee! All's not right, I fear. *Answer:* Art fair? art honest? art A gentleman?—how say'st?

*Saus.*—(Coldly.)—Not I, by Jupiter! I am, as all my fathers were—a blackguard.

*Dem.*—Then thou art blest! Fortune hath stamped and marked thee For state affairs.

*Saus.*—Nay, I want skill in music:† And am the sorriest dabster e'en at letters.

*Dem.*—Better you wanted that small skill you boast; 'Tis all that makes 'gainst thy sufficiencies. Music and letters! tut! we want no gifts Like these in men who rule us. *Morals, quotha?*—A dolt—a knave—these are the stuff we make Our statesmen of! But come, throw not away The blessing gracious heav'n has put upon thee By virtue of these oracles.

After some further dialogue, in explanation of the oracles, the following occurs:

*Saus.*—The light is broke upon me, and I see A call from heaven in this;—I marvel most How I shall do to rule the populace.

*Dem.*—Nought easier: model you upon your trade— Deal with the people as with sausages— Twist, implicate, embroil—nothing will hurt, So you but make your court to Demus—cheating And soothing him with terms of kitchen science.

\* \* \* \* \* drop instant prayer Unto Coelestus,† and bear your manhood Entire against him.

\* The agora or forum was the resort of all the idle and profligate of Athens.

† A knowledge of music formed one of the elementary branches of Athenian education.

‡ The genius of stupidity.

#### MADAME PLEYEL.

Within the last five months we have heard the five most remarkable female pianists in Europe—in Vienna, Dresden, Paris, and London. The rhapsodic language of every-day criticism, so indiscriminately lavished upon singers and players of mediocrity, and the consequent disappointments occasioned by such unblushing exaggeration, have lately tended to make intelligent amateurs skeptical of the truth of what they read in our public journals. As for ourselves, we can only trust our ears, so often have we been entrapped by deceitful criticism; but when so learned and so highly esteemed a critic as the author of the Universal Biography of Musicians, Mo. Fétis—our respected master in counterpoint, and the director of the Brussels Conser-

vatoire—deliberately puts pen to paper, and writes us word that the talent of Madame Pleyel places her on a level with Thalberg and Liszt, our expectations are at once raised to the highest pitch, nor have they failed in being realized. . . . We assembled, on Wednesday last, a small circle of the most accomplished lady pianists belonging to the Musical Union, to hear Madame Pleyel perform music of opposite styles, by Dohler, Kalkbrenner, and Beethoven; and the impression produced on the minds of her enraptured hearers was such as to justify the encomiums of her most ardent admirers.—*Musical World.*

The Courier de L'Europe, the Morning Post, the Morning Herald, Morning Chronicle, Daily News, &c., &c., all seem to have run mad in their applauses of Madame Pleyel. When she comes to America, we will also have a word to say, if need be.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GODFREY WEBER'S THEORY OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION, in two volumes, the first containing 428 pages, and the second 432 pages. Translated from the German by James F. Warner. Boston: Wilkins, Carter & Co.

These two volumes contain the entire work, which is complete in four parts, and comprises the whole science of music. The two first parts were published some years since, but the work is now for the first time complete. Price, bound in sheep, \$2.50 per volume, or \$5.00 for the whole work.

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL SONG BOOK, by Lowell Mason and G. J. Webb. Boston: Wilkins, Carter & Co. This work contains 96 pages, 74 containing songs suitable for primary schools, and the remainder containing an explanation of the "method of teaching music in primary schools." This method, which forms the second part of the book, is the most perfect analysis of the inductive method we have ever seen. We advise every teacher of singing schools, whether juvenile or adult, to study this method, although it extends only as far as would be wanted in primary schools.

THE BOSTON MELODEON, a collection of secular melodies, by E. F. White. These are mostly well-known melodies, most of which are here for the first time arranged in four parts. It is published by Elias Howe, Boston. Some months have elapsed since its first appearance, and we understand that several thousand copies have already been sold.

BEAUTIES OF VOCAL MELODY, a choice selection of Scottish, English, and Irish songs and ballads, with an accompaniment for the piano forte, by Wm. R. Dempster. New edition, revised and corrected. Boston: published by Geo. P. Reed. This is a selection of sterling English songs, by such authors as Barnett, Nelson, Lever, &c. The first edition was published some time since, and has been quite popular. We cordially recommend this work to our song-loving readers.

THE SINGER'S FIRST BOOK. THE SINGER'S SECOND BOOK. By J. & H. Bird. Boston: Wm. J. Reynolds & Co.

THE PRIMARY NOTE READER, or first steps in singing at sight. By James F. Warner. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 68 pages.

RUDIMENTAL LESSONS IN MUSIC, containing the primary instruction requisite for all beginners in the art, whether vocal or instrumental. By James F. Warner. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 240 pages.

THE MUSICAL CLASS BOOK, for adult schools, by A. N. Johnson. Boston: Geo. P. Reed. This work is designed to furnish teachers with printed lessons for practice in elementary schools.



**WHY LOOK SO DARK AND SAD, MY FRIEND.**

HEYNE.

*Moderate.*

1. Why look so dark and sad, my friend, With wrinkles on thy brow, As if a - gainst a cheerful smile You made a solemn vow?

2. What can be gained by looking lorn, Or breathing bitter sighs? To fright your kind - est friends away, I hold to be un - wise.

Clear out that loaded breast of thine, Dismiss all care, And fell despair, And let the light shine in. Despair can do the work of

Though toil and trouble be thy lot, Though losses grieve, And men deceive, Look up and mind them not. Despair can do the

And let the light shine in. Despair can do the Look up and mind them not. The darkest cloud has

time, Care withers more than toil and clime. Come, now, look up and smile, yes! Come, now, look up and smile. bright, If looked on from the proper height. Rise up and see the light, Yes! Rise up and see the light.

work of time, Care with - ers more than toil and clime. one side bright, If looked on from the pro - per height.

**SALIM. S. M.**

ASAHEL ABBOT.

Sure there's a righteous God, Nor is religion vain; Though men of vice may boast aloud, And men of grace complain.

## CHRISTIAN UNION.

From "Sacred Melodies," by permission.

GEO. J. WEBB.

1. How blest the sacred tie that binds in union sweet accending minds; How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

2. To - geth - er oft they seek the place Where God reveals his gracious face; How high, how strong, their raptures swell, There's none but kindred souls can tell.

To each the soul of each how dear! What zealous love, what ho - ly fear! How does the gen'rous

Nor shall the glowing flame expire, When na - ture drops her sick'ning fire; Then shall they meet in

flame within Re - fine from earth and guard from sin.

realms above, A heaven of joy, be - cause of love.

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

Vol. I

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## Miscellaneous.

### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN EUROPE.

NUMBER SEVEN.

It is a sabbath in Frankfort. Suppose we take a walk—hush now, I only mean in spirit—to the various churches of this literally merchant city. We shall find the streets quite “solemn and lonely,” and favorable for meditation. Not that every one is in church, or reading devout books at home; part are on picnic excursions in the woods; the shoal of apprentices and mechanics are in the neighboring villages, eating salad and black, brown, or yellow sausages, singing “volkslieder,” and drinking beer or cider; the music student is practicing; the poor clerk scribbling in his master's store, with weary eyes, behind the closed shutters; housewives are preparing fine dinners for their guests, part of whom are lying abed for appetite; the butchers' boys have carried round their trays of meat, the bakers have sold their morning window full of rolls, and nobody seems in business, except a few fruit women before the gates, who do not think of following the example of those neatly-clad milk maids who have passed them on their way home. All is still in good, pious Frankfort, excepting in the neighborhood of the Lutheran churches, where the preacher's voice gathers intensity from its numerous echoings from wall to wall, and from lofty ceiling to empty pew, and pierces through glass and stone. Do not, therefore, anticipate any impediment in your progress. The ways to some of these sanctuaries are narrow as the path to life, but not near so straight as it. Do not expect a crowd. This way, past the old brown house where Luther once stayed, and which has stayed about as long in the world as it ought to.

But what is this great, plain, circular building, of red stone? The new church, St. Paul's, built about thirty years ago, a small period when compared to that of the lives of other sanctuaries. Let us step in. What a singular church! The inside reminds one of that of a large dome. The high gallery, which forms almost a perfect circle, is supported by yellow marble columns. The floor is of freestone, and everything of wood is painted white, and varnished, until you are tempted to rap on every article, to ascertain whether its native place was the quarry or forest. The preacher has emerged from a cell under the organ, so it seems that

it is almost sermon time. The people have proceeded through the two first singings without him. The organ is a large concern, fitted back against the wall, so as to be perhaps seven feet deep, and twenty wide. The player is inside, with his side to the—opposite side of the gallery. There is no front to the church, and the audience cannot be said to be before the organist. This gentleman is somewhat modern, like the church. His playing embraces rapid runs enough to satisfy the appetite of those who have no taste for what is solid, dignified and proper in church music. Why he likes the chromatic scale so much, I don't know. It certainly has a terrible effect here. German church architects do not seem, always, to be better informed than American ones, with regard to acoustics. In our own country, houses enough are spoiled for tone; but here is something that transcends them all, a perfect whispering gallery. In this place, I have been almost persuaded that there were several preachers, so numerous were the echoes; and it continually seems as if two organs were sounding, one a little behind the other in time. In runs of semi-tones, this is peculiarly unpleasant.

We will not wait until the last singing, but rather visit another house of worship, the Reformirte Kirche, or reformed church, a few rods off. Acting on the principle of magnetic telegraphs, let us forestall time a little, and arrive at the commencement of service. The architecture we find as plain as possible, but in pretty good taste. Indeed, we can pretty easily imagine ourselves in one of the elder churches of Boston. There are five or six doors, making egress quite easy. By the side of each is a charity box, marked “Für die armen,” “for the poor.” As this service will serve as a sample (a rather superior one,) of all in Frankfort, suppose we sit it out. This will not be difficult. A seat in the gallery, if you please. What is the use of all those windows in the wall, on each side of the pulpit? Wait and see. The minister has just opened the door of his pulpit, and as he steps in, you see five or six grave, respectable gentlemen, take their stations in the long, narrow room behind the windows. They are elders, and in some way or other assist the pastor in caring for his flock. Look, the preacher bows his head in silent prayer. The elders have done the same. If you notice, you will observe that every one who enters, before sitting down, will stand for a moment, and, with covered face, seem to be asking God's blessing on his attempts to worship him. Beautiful custom, implanted in youth!

It is a great aid in preserving the solemnity of a sanctuary. The organ is quite large, but plain, painted white, with the pipes of the natural color. The organist is at one side of the organ, inclosed in a closet with windows, through which he can see, but not be seen. Hark! the voluntary has commenced. I cannot say that I admire the tone of this organ. It is decidedly harsh. Neither do I like to have it played so loud all the while. But the grand and substantial harmonies which it emits, make amends for all roughness. I can discern no flowing, quick melody, to set the nerves dancing, and transport one anywhere but to the temple of God. Rather, if I did not fix my attention, I could not discern that any particular theme was being played, but should rather be disposed to yield to that calm, church-like

feeling which the sounds seem diffusing around. In the meantime, this music is harder than that usually performed with us. The object and manner of playing, may, however, and should be the same. The congregation, respectable in numbers, are all quietly seated, with their hymn books in their hands. Not a child is talking or playing. Shame on our young friends, that they cannot keep silence before their Creator! What! Why do you start so? It was no new step which the organist introduced. The congregation have begun to sing. Did you ever hear a greater sound! Here is a hymn book. Follow, if you can, the singers. This is choral singing, and the choral is Luther's “Ein feste burg ist unser Gott.”\* All sing one part, and as loud as possible, while the organ, in full blast, puts in the accompanying harmonies. The hymns, you notice, are printed very closely. They are, most of them, beautifully simple in language and sentiment. A short interlude is played between each line, to allow time for breathing. As the verses are each eight or ten lines long, and they will sing four or five stanzas, it may try your patience a little, if you do not sing, and weary your vocal organs a little, if you do sing. On the whole, the effect is at once grand and devotional. The defects in this style of church singing, however, must be pointed out, lest those who are somewhat ultra, at home, on congregational singing, should take advantage of us. I suppose they sing full as well, in this church, as the generality of German churches. In the first place, time is seemingly a matter of small importance. The organist, playing in legato, full organ style, does not lead the congregation, and the congregation, not having had any practice during the week in singing together, sing separate, so that one individual, or party, or faction, is very often in advance of the other by a half or whole beat. It is not often you can accuse a German of singing out of tune; but this want of time has pretty much the same effect. I repeat, that the effect, on the whole, is good, to one who does not hear to criticise. But whether acceptable to God, is another question. Though the Germans sing well, they might sing better. And it has often occurred to me, that their worst performance of music may be heard in the church.

The choral is at an end, and the minister leads in prayer. Next, another choral is sung. Here the effect is again pleasant to a stranger, for this strong volume of sound fills to its utmost capacity the edifice, burying or hiding all discord, presenting a grand and magnificent idea to the mind. Nevertheless, some of our neighbors do not come up to our notions of expression, for they sing most pathetic lines with the emphasis and power of a North River boat letting off steam. This choral containing seven verses, the three last are retained to be sung after sermon to the same tune.

You may have wondered how the hymn was found so readily, as it was not given out from the pulpit. Those gilt signs, along by the pulpit, on the side walls, and in the entry, will explain the mystery. The sexton is provided with a number of block letters, and being apprised during the week of the “hymns,” he arranges their numbers in view of the congregation.

\*“A good strong castle is our God,” considered his best work. Reference is here made to the tune, not the words.

While the minister is preaching, (which you cannot understand, but a right good preacher is he,) I should like to present two subjects for your consideration. The first is the gentleman who sits in front of the organ, this morning solitary and alone, in the "singing seats." Who is he? The leading singer. He is a fine, fatherly-looking man, about the shape of a tomcod. His face is buried, almost, in a great dickey, and his *tout ensemble* reminds me of an excellent hotel keeper of our acquaintance. Sometimes he has charge of a dozen or more boys and girls, who practice in church the chorals they have learned during the week in their schools. Why do they have a leading singer? To lead the congregation. But he cannot lead the congregation, any more than a lamb could lead the bulls of Bashan. His voice cannot once be heard. Now notice, that the Germans think congregational singing will not go without a leader, and that one leader is not enough. What is the conclusion? Why, that a trained choir is necessary, to lead a congregation.

The second subject for thought is, what is the use of a minister's giving out and reading hymns before they are sung, for instance in churches where every one is supposed to be supplied with hymn books? One must be cautious in speaking of a time-honored custom, but the question has often occurred to my mind, and I should like to have it answered. A hymn is not read to show what the words are, because all are able to read them. Suppose the clerk of an episcopal church should read a prayer each time before the minister *prayed* it. Would not that be a loss of time? Then why should a song of praise be read, to be immediately repeated by the choir? This custom is one cause of the uneasiness sometimes manifested by a minister and congregation, near the close of a six-verse hymn. It is a twice-told tale, and like many an excellent discourse, loses in the repetition. If a few signs, distinctly lettered, were placed about in church, they would be a good substitute for reading, and be, perhaps, a great convenience, where ministers have weak voices. It would also necessitate the selection of hymns several days before Sunday, which would be much for the benefit of choirs and leaders.

The discourse is finished, concluding singing and prayer passed through, and the benediction pronounced, after which every head is for a moment bowed. But when the first tones of the concluding voluntary are heard, all rise and retire. Among the few persons in the opposite gallery, you may have noticed a company of soldiers, with their swords at their sides. These are part of the mighty regular army of Frankfort, and will probably make a great show of valor, some day, when Austria or Prussia conclude to annex the free city to their dominions.

Don't forget to make ready a *kreutzer* to give to the man "who holds the bag" at the door. \*

In Berlin, according to a writer from that place, Weber's *Freischütz*, during the twenty-five years of its existence, has brought, in one house, over one hundred thousand Prussian dollars (\$70,000) into the treasury, and in the whole city probably a million. "What," he asks, "has that poor child of genius received from the proceeds of his opera? Fame. But can his children be nourished by fame? But why was he a German, Borne would say; in Germany . . . ." The writer closes here, as if to say, "I came away then," and "To be concluded" finishes the article. \*

The following extract from a letter by Rev. Dr. Baird, describing the marriage ceremony of the princess of Olga, daughter of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, may interest our readers, as it has us: \*

"The marriage service was very long, and consisted of reading portions of the gospels and epistles, the chanting of prayers and hymns; the chaplain, and two deacons who assisted him, taking the lead. And never have I heard such singing or chanting, as from that choir, which consisted of from sixty to eighty boys and men. There was no instrument of any kind. I have heard the pope's choir many times in the sixtine chapel, but never did I hear anything like this. The base and soprano voices were wonderful. A great portion of the singing consisted of the responses in the prayers, chanted by the whole choir. I never heard sounds prolonged to anything like the extent that I did in these responses. Often the priest had made considerable progress in the petition, before the last lingering notes of the choir uttering the preceding responses, had died away.

At the commencement of the ceremony, a wax candle was put into the left hands of the bride and bridegroom, which they held until its close. The marriage crowns were held over their heads during almost the whole ceremony; the Grand Duke Constantine holding one over the princess, the Grand Duke Nicholas holding the other over his brother-in-law, the prince. It must have been fatiguing work to these youths, for they changed hands and position very often.

At one stage of the ceremony, the officiating priest, uniting the right hands of the parties whom he was marrying, and taking their hands in his, led them three times around the altar, accompanied by the crown-bearers, train-bearers, and two deacons, whilst the choir and priests chanted portions of the scriptures in the most wonderful manner. It seemed almost as if the very walls of the chapel must be driven asunder by the power and immensity of the volume of voice which was poured forth by the many-throated band.

During the whole service, the emperor, the empress, all the members of the imperial family, and many of the spectators, crossed themselves frequently, according to the custom of the Greek church, with much apparent devotion. This was especially the case with the emperor, who stood all the time, wearing a half-military dress of a deep green, which is the color of that of the infantry of Russia. It was easy to see that with his whole heart he doated upon his beloved daughter, and that his earnest aspirations ascended to heaven in her behalf. The empress, who is a most affectionate mother, seemed scarcely to take her eyes off her; and it was manifest that her maternal affections were deeply interested in the touching scene before her.

There was one part of the ceremony, which was very striking, and which I have never seen in any excepting that of the Greek church. It is this: the officiating priest placed in the hands of the prince a cup filled with wine, into which some bitter drugs had been infused, of which he drank, and then gave it to the princess. She drank of it, and then returned the cup to him. This was done three times. It signifies that those who enter the married state must expect sorrow, as well as joy, and that they must seek support under the former from God alone.

At one point of the ceremony all knelt down, and remained in that position some time, whilst the priest offered up a prayer over the heads of the couple whom he was marrying. It was an impressive and affecting moment.

At the close of the marriage ceremony, properly so called, the bride and bridegroom moved from the estrade towards the emperor and empress. And it was delightful to see with what an affectionate embrace they were both received by the parents, as well as by all the other members of the imperial family, to whom they advanced in the order in which these persons stood.

When this was done, the metropolitan and other great dignitaries of the Greek church came forward on the estrade, and there took their stand. Then commenced the chanting of the *Te Deum*; and certainly I never heard anything like it, although I have heard it chanted by many celebrated choirs."

#### MICHAEL TRAUGOTT PFEIFFER.

While the Pestalozzian system, among all methods of teaching vocal music, has attained a deserved pre-eminence, and while, in consequence of the able hands that introduced it into our country, and the steady and faithful friends who came forward to meet it on its introduction, it bids fair to complete the revolution it has commenced, and place our people, in point of musical ability, at least on a level with the inhabitants of those regions where music has been longest cultivated, but little is known of those who first put the wheel in motion. Most persons have heard of Pestalozzi, and a great many have a confused idea of what he did for education. But while only a few are well acquainted with the history of this remarkable man, still fewer know anything of Hans Georg Nageli, and Michael Traugott Pfeiffer, who applied the inductive system to instruction in music. Nageli's name appears at the top of many a composition, and thus is saved from oblivion. Pfeiffer must depend upon the pen of the historian for an enduring fame. It is well then to begin now, while the old man still is living, reposing after a toilsome life in the neighborhood of his much-loved hills, while the system he put in operation has extended across the ocean, and numbers a few followers in the great valley of the west. It may be observed, in passing, that the second name, which signifies "trust in God," may serve as a good omen for the success of the cause, and a motto of encouragement to those who are striving, in the face of error, prejudice, and opposition, to secure the physical, intellectual, and moral blessings of music to the young and old in our own country. The following biography is condensed from one written by Ludwig Erk, teacher of a seminary in Berlin: \*

Michael Traugott Pfeiffer was born on the 10th of November, 1771, in Sulzfelden, near Würzburg.\* His father was organist and cantor, and taught music sometimes to Michael, who soon showed an aptitude for the violin. The bishop of Erdthal, a man of rank and influence, having heard of him as a sort of musical juvenile wonder, caused him to perform before himself and priestly court. The little violin player, who made this, his debut, on the prelate's table, gave so much pleasure, that the means of a good education were at once insured to him. In the gymnasium to which he was sent, the boy's progress was so encouraging, that the bishop made his choice of him as his future private secretary. No such honor, however, was destined to fall to the lot of young "Trust in God." As Würzburg was deficient in the means of obtaining a good knowledge of French, he was sent to French Switzerland, where he remained for awhile, in Solothurn, where he had an aunt, and in Waadt, in which latter place he was, in 1798, at the commencement of the revolution. Here he received an affectionate letter from his benefactor

stating that he had lost all his property, except just enough to keep him from actual want, and therefore should not be able to employ a secretary. Soon after, the good bishop died. Pfeiffer returned to Solothurn, where he studied the languages and philosophy. In 1801, Pestalozzi established his seminary at Burgdorf. Pfeiffer read his writings, and immediately came to the conclusion, that he was "called" to be a schoolmaster or educator. He immediately made himself acquainted with Pestalozzi, and became his co-worker and friend. In 1804, he established a private school for boys, on the new method, in Solothurn. This found many opponents, some of whom, from their stations, should have known better. There was so much uproar about the thing, that the matter was examined before the government of the town. The "high bailiff" could find nothing dangerous in the school or instruction, and gave his opinion accordingly. The "head men," or council, thought differently, and on the 4th of May, 1804, gave their decision, that "Herr Pfeiffer should close his school immediately, and within forty-eight hours leave the canton," and that "the Pestalozzian system, thenceforth and forever (!) should be entirely forbidden in Solothurn." Pfeiffer proceeded to Aargau, where he established a school, and received much encouragement. Shortly after his settlement in this place, he married Elisabetha Amiet, of Solothurn.

Besides attending to his institution, he assisted in the founding and direction of the musical society at Lenzburg, and also, at the request of the government of Aargau, presided once a year over a teachers' class, in which he explained the Pestalozzian method of imparting knowledge. By this means, he came to be considered the "highest among the schoolmasters" of the canton Aargau. During this period he commenced, in company with his friend Nageli, to apply the new system to musical instruction; and with him put forth the book, "*Gesangbildungslehre nach Pestalozzischen Grundsätzen pädagogisch begründet von Michael Traugott Pfeiffer, methodisch bearbeitet von Hans Georg Nageli*. Zurich: 1810." This book, the title of which is, briefly, "Pestalozzian method of teaching singing," was the means of setting afoot that revolution in the method of music teaching, of which a goodly share of our country is beginning to reap the benefit.

In 1822, when fifty-one years old, he was appointed professor in the celebrated canton's school of Aargau, and at the same time teacher of singing to the newly-founded Aargau normal school.

In 1830, he experienced a heavy affliction, in the loss of his wife. With her, all his energy seemed to disappear. The tender love and care of his only daughter was the only thing which at all supported him through the trial. In 1832, he resigned his place in the canton's school, retaining his office of singing teacher, and in addition to the duties of this station, gave lessons on the organ. Old age, however, crept on him apace, and in 1841 he withdrew from the seminary, or performed his duties by deputy.

He resides, at present, with his son-in-law, Augustin Keller, director of the seminary, in whose family he is kindly nursed, and experiences a sort of sacred joy in hearing those songs, which in former days he prepared for the benefit of the young, sung by the mouths of the children of those who were his pupils in other days.

\* We have been requested, by a correspondent, to write the pronunciation of the foreign words which appear in our columns. We always like to pronounce a

word right, if we can, and presume others do, so we will make a commencement with this article, premising that it is no easy thing to represent some German sounds, by letters of the English language:

Elisabetha, pronounced	A-lis-ah-bate-ta.
Georg, "	Ga-orje.
Ludwig, "	Lood-vigsch.
Wurzburg, "	Voorts-boorje.
Erdthal, "	Aird-tahl.
Solothurn, "	Solo-toorn.
Waadt, "	Vaahdt.
Burgdorf, "	Boorj-dorf.
Lenzburg, "	Lanetz-boorj.
Aargau, "	Ar-gow.
Grundsätzen, "	Grond-sate-zen.
Augustin, "	Ow-goos-tin.

There! we are already tired of the task, and doubtful whether we shall try again. Some extracts from a good grammar, giving the powers of German letters, we may present to our readers. In that case, they can pronounce for themselves. \*

From the Revue Musicale, Paris.

### OPINION OF FRENCH MUSICIANS IN REGARD TO OLE BULL.

We must say a word with respect to the musical lion of the hour, Ole Bull, that eccentric virtuoso, remarkable for bold talent, and self-sufficiency. One of the evidences of the latter, is his attempts to fasten the charge of personal enmity on those who have criticised his performances. It is a course of tactics rather out of date, to create sympathy by setting one's self up as a victim of persecution by the press. It is not ill-will against Ole Bull, to say that he has not the beautiful style of the best French violinists, whose school was founded by Viotti, Rade, Kreutzer, and Baillot, and improved by De Beriot, Vieux Temps, and Alard. Although imitator of the foolish tricks of Paganini and Sivori, he does not possess the clearness of their intonation, nor the skill of their bowing. There is more that is bizarre (brilliant, trifling,) in his caprices, than that is original. That these caprices should have charmed a large quantity of dollars from the pockets of the yankees, and excited the naive wonderment of these respectable merchants of the new world, is no sign that the same result should follow here, where taste, science, elegance, and style, form the nobility among all elements of an art. Without doubt, Ole Bull overcomes difficulties in a wonderful way, sings harmoniously on two, three, or even four strings at a time, and understands the power of contrasts; but there is too much resemblance to a market cry, to go from a natural tone, with a spring, into some diminished seventh chord or other. Ole Bull, too, is not the first one who has done these things. They belong to Camillo Sivori, who is the avowed pupil and copier of Paganini, and who, in the Carnival of Venice, seems to have gone a step farther than his master. By the way, Ernst first composed this piece, with its singular features, and all except variations.

As to Ole Bull's compositions, they do not stand the criticisms of a harmonist very well, and the art to accompany him, remains a problem for those who try it. Finally, one can very well annex to the northern violin-hero the neat epigram—

"Monsieur Ole Bull a beaucoup de talent, mais, Mais, mais, mais, mais, mais . . . .  
Le mais, a cet egard, ne finiraient jamais."

(Translation.)

"That Bull has talent knew we ever,  
But, but, but, but, but, but . . . .  
The buts, dear sir, will finish never."

From the Bible Student.

### MUSIC.

All things are music. Every sound that swells  
Along the earth, is but a mingled note  
In nature's glorious anthem. O'er the fields,  
And from the snowy tops of loftiest Alps,  
Through dark green woodlands, in perennial fields,  
And o'er old ocean's waters, heaves and rolls  
The eternal tide of song. How various, wild,  
And magical its notes! Earth's first-born hymn,  
And holiest harmony! A melody  
That, like the dews of heaven, soft distills  
Upon the weary, overburdened world, and gives  
Eternal freshness to its drooping flowers.

All things are music. I have felt the sigh  
Of balmy zephyrs creeping to my heart,  
And nestling there. In the deep night I've stood  
And listened, when the stars were bright and clear  
In yon blue concave, to the bird of night,  
That poured in native strains her tearful plaint,  
Breathed for the ear of night alone, which seemed  
To catch the charm upon its pinions wide,  
And bear it to its home beyond the stars.

All things are music. And a soul it hath,  
Twin-soul with man's, responsive in each chord,  
It speaks his feelings, mourning in his woes  
And smiling in his joy. It fills his heart  
With an exulting bliss, stirs up the blood,  
Prompts him to battle, melts him into love,  
And lifts his heart in warm desires to heaven.  
Even as the rose-tint paints the lily pale,  
Heightening his best emotions it is found.  
In fountain-fall, in whispers in the wood,  
In choral symphonies among the stars,  
But most in woman's voice, melting and low,  
Like the wind among the reeds, or like the gush  
Of cool, clear waters from a spring it comes,  
His weary spirit soothing into rest.

### PARIS.

The *Academie des Beaux Arts* offers yearly prizes to those who make the best progress in their studies; and whoever receives the highest, is furnished with funds sufficient to enable him to go to Germany and Italy, in order to complete his education. The usual practice is to go to Rome, where it is altogether probable that the means of progress are no better than in Paris. It is, however, an old custom, and cannot be broken, although the evil consequences of it are distinctly shown in the almost invariable ill success of the compositions of these precocious pupils. In the 18th century, people studied counterpoint ten years; now only three, or less than that.

The minister of public education, Salvandy, is quite in favor of music in the schools, and has adopted Wilhelm's popular method. He has advertised for compositions for men's voices, in order to make a collection for the schools. The text was to be that of classic French poets. A great many pieces have been received. A paper says, that some verses have more than a hundred compositions attached to them.

A great musical entertainment was prepared for Ibrahim Pacha, who has been on a visit to England and France. Turks think it beneath their dignity to perform any music themselves, but leave the task to their slaves. \*

THE SWEETEST MUSIC.—Music is sweetest when heard over rivers, where the echo thereof is best rebounded by the waters. Praise for pensiveness, thanks for tears, and blessing God over the floods of affliction, make the most melodious music in the ear of heaven.—BUTLER.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1846.

## PITCHING TUNES.

It is a thing of some importance, to get the right pitch, in commencing a tune, say in an evening meeting, sabbath school, or any place destitute of an instrument. By the right pitch, must not always be understood the particular height at which a melody in the singing book stands. This is a proper elevation for four-part singing. It must be remembered, however, in an assembly where, as often happens, a majority are acquainted with the air, and nothing else, only a few know the base, and hardly any tenor or alto, that the pitch for a soprano voice will not answer for all. We have often been pained, as well as amused, to hear the attempts of boys in a sabbath school to follow the lead of some gentlemen, who, blessed with a high tenor voice, thought it his duty, seemingly, to carry his followers to the top of it. After following the notes up until their "tracheas" were evidently contracted to the squealing point, they would come down, flat, flat, into what they considered base, but was treble, an octave below, and produce all the harsh effects of consecutive octaves for the rest of the tune. Where all, or nearly all, are likely to sing treble, it is decidedly best to take such a pitch that nothing will ascend above C. In some places and climates, this may be extended to D, but we should think never higher. If, then, you have to "strike a tune" at any time, if you have a tenor voice, begin lower than seems naturally right to you; and if you have a low base voice, do not carry others to the bottom of it.

**MODERN CHURCH MUSIC.**—The Springfield Republican observes, that "to such a degree of perfection and skill have church choirs reached in these times, that we are sometimes puzzled to know, on a Sunday morning, whether we have not made a mistake, and gone to a fashionable concert, instead of to the house of God.—*Journal.*"

There are so many wrong as well as right ideas, done up in this short paragraph, that we do not know which to attack first. However, we may as well begin with its heading. That it is the *most* modern style to sing in church as in a concert, is incorrect. They may do so in Springfield; but if so, they are behind the age. The tendency now is, to substitute devotion for brilliant musical effect. Any one who will compare the "penny-royal" tunes of our fathers with Hebron, Wells, Peterborough, &c., and these even with one of our newest tunes, which sometimes require an ear well attuned to harmony to follow the air, as it glides through this or that part, will become sensible of this.

"To such a pitch of perfection," &c. Our limited observation has not shown us, as yet, that more than a very small number of choirs have arrived at the "concert pitch" of perfection, and our experience is corroborated by the testimony of others.

But the editor seems to think it wrong to sing well in church. Perhaps we are mistaken, and he only meant it was wrong to sing at church with the same feelings and in the same style, as in a concert.

The notion is not only a little singular, but not a little prevalent, that it is not of great importance to have the music of the sanctuary well studied and prepared; and not a few singers seem to think that what music they can throw off on the inspiration of the hour is good enough for a church.

The object of music in a church, we hold to be two-fold, first, to serve as a sacrifice of praise to God, and second, as a means of producing a devotional and proper frame of mind in congregations, serving as an appropriate accompaniment to prayer or exhortation. Now, the finest music we can make may be unpleasant, compared with the melodies of heaven. God, too, looks at the heart more than the lips, and however rough those hymns which ascend from forests or savage huts, they are acceptable to Him, because of what was possessed. He receives what can be given. Still, when a niggardly church (and pecuniary meanness seems to be the sin of largest and deepest root among christians,) allows poor singing in the gallery, to save the expense of better, it might as well worship in a barn, to save the cost of a meeting house. And it is to be feared, that the windows of heaven will be opened on its members, about in proportion as they open their selfish hearts and purses.

Good singing, too, is necessary to produce a proper feeling in those who assemble to worship. You go to a concert, and you hear some one of Burns's songs, or this or that sweet air, adapted to beautiful words, sung with so much feeling and skill, that you are moved to tears, perhaps, at the woes of some imaginary being. What harm, then, if a choir touch your hearts and moisten your eyes, in singing feelingly, skillfully, *scientifically*, some beautiful sentiment from the scriptures? It does not make oratory out of place in the pulpit, that it is also heard in theatres; neither is our art less sacred in the gallery, because it is sometimes presented, on week days, before an audience.

The objects, however, in a concert room, and in the sanctuary, are widely different. Nothing can be more evident, than that a choir should not only sing in time and tune, but *feel* every word which passes the lips. At times a prayerful solemnity is necessary; at others, an earnestness like that of a zealous preacher. Every singer must imbibe and place, as it were, in his own character and disposition, everything contained in a hymn, else he cannot express it. We say, therefore, that choirs should sing well, and that the cause of religion and morality is in no wise endangered thereby.

We are aware that our brother quills know a great deal, but we do not think they know everything. We should be sorry to leave the whole guidance of the public taste in music to public journals.

We have before us three simple and pretty songs, "Stars are glittering in the sky," "Virginia Hunting Song," and "Cold blew the night wind," together with an equally pretty "Fanny Bell Polka." The words of the two first, as well as the music of all, are by Marion Dix Sullivan. This lady's "Blue Juniata," is known half over the Union, and "Cold blew the night wind" deserves as extended a fame.

A person who has genius, must have a character, an intellectual disposition harmonious with that genius, and be surrounded by circumstances calculated to bring it out.

Beethoven loved to think alone, to wander among the scenes of nature, and possessed a soul simple and pure as a child's. Without this constitution, yes, without the many things which occurred to vex and disturb him, and which his excitable nerves rendered doubly painful, his C minor symphony would probably never have seen the light, at least in its present perfection.

The concentration, we might say the obstinacy, of

his mind, was necessary, to combat the centrifugal properties of *one* idea. He would not allow it to go away, but held it fast, and turned it this way and that, twisting it into all manner of shapes, until it took the form he wished.

One sees in his manuscripts very often a short musical sentence, then the same somewhat changed, marked *better*, and again another time, marked *better*. Very few have this power to hold and cultivate an idea. Some naturally great geniuses fail, because they throw forth their ideas to the world as they first occur to the mind. Very few, like Mozart, can write with facility, and yet, with few changes among their notes, present a complete and masterly work. Musical thoughts do not spring forth, like Minerva from Jupiter's brain, fully grown and equipped. They are rather at first like weak children, and must gradually grow to their full stature. The trouble with most *natural* geniuses is, that they take their heads for Jupiter's, and their innocent children for Minerva.

Many thoughts fail of their full beauty, because they are held too long. A lady may possess a form of good proportion, embellished by a well-cultivated mind; still, if she is as tall as the wife of a Prussian guardsman, or a dwarf, she does not fulfil our idea of beauty.

A necessity of the first grade in musical thoughts is, *character*. There should be something, in those tone-pictures which flit so rapidly past the ear, to attract attention, and impress itself upon the memory. If the picture has no marked features, it is not to be expected that hearers will get a perfect idea of it, nor that it will be a source of great pleasure to them. There are some composers who shake thoughts in crowds from their heads, but these thoughts are mostly weak things, without life or animation, about whom nobody will care.—*All. Musicische Zeitung.*

## THE PIANO-FORTE TEACHER.

## CHAPTER FOUR.

## THE SECOND LESSON.

The simple exercises recommended by Mr. D. might well carry a pupil through more days of study than those contained in the interval that has elapsed since our description of the first lesson. As an abstract principle, not a great variety of exercises is necessary to make a good player; and each note which constitutes a part of a lesson should be played *perfectly* before proceeding. It unfortunately happens, in the present case, when principles are put in practice, that the human mind is found to be imperfect, and that, with a few extraordinary exceptions, the best disposed persons are quite unable, for a great length of time, to fix their attention, firmly and exclusively, on a simple thing many times repeated. It was not the intention of Charlotte's teacher to confine her labors long within the narrow limits he had prescribed. But being suddenly called out of town, this became a matter of necessity. On his return, he was much gratified to find that, although almost "tired to death," as she expressed it, his pupil had practiced nothing else than what had been given her. Would that all pupils were as conscientious! In consequence, she had made perceptible progress in the facility of moving her fingers, and already held her hand quite steadily. After going through the exercise of thumping on a table, he asked, "Do you see any progress in your fingers?" "No sir," was the reply, "I do not see any at all, but I think it may be seen by some one else, and so I do not mean to be discouraged."



"A very sensible resolution, Charlotte, which I hope you won't forget by and bye. I can see some improvement. Still, but very little can be done in a few days. We think a plant grows fast if we can see it increase and spread. So if, in a week or fortnight, I can see that you have improved, that is a good deal. These exercises must be practiced every day for some months."

"Why, it does n't seem as though I could learn much from simple things like these."

"They are, however, very necessary. If you had seen as many people as I, who, after one or two years' practice, have found themselves possessed of bad habits, which it is next to impossible to break, you would become at once sensible of the importance of doing everything just in the right way at first. Now, you must, at any rate, proceed slowly and carefully, and you have plenty of time to think of every sound you make; but pretty soon, when your fingers go fast enough to combine those sounds into regular tunes, I doubt very much whether you will have patience enough to return, and strike slowly and distinctly for an hour at a time, to rid your hands of an evil propensity. I once was in difficulty something in that way. The teachers with whom I commenced, paid no attention to the way my fingers moved. I do not suppose they thought anything about it. After awhile, I was fortunate enough to procure better instruction, and was forced, much to my sorrow, to return and practice easy things, which I imagined were completely learned. It is to save my scholars from such drudgery, that I am so anxious to keep beginners from tripping at the outset of their progress."

Now for something new. Please to arrange your fingers over C D E F G, as you did last time. What do you think is the most convenient position for your hand?"

"About so," replied Charlotte, holding her hand "square" before the keys, but inclining toward the little finger, her elbow being close to her side.

"Your hand would now play on these five keys with tolerable ease, but if I should wish you to move along up or down the key-board, you would perform very awkwardly." At such a place, it might not be inappropriate for a teacher to introduce a short lecture on the construction of the arm and fingers. When a sailor, or rather when a green hand wishes to become a sailor, and goes on ship-board, his first care must be to "learn the ropes." He may get along pretty well for awhile, by running along decks with the crew, and pulling where they do. But he will never be an efficient member of a watch, until he has all the complicated rigging in his mind's eye, can instantly select any one of the numerous coils around a vessel's masts or bulwarks, unloose it quickly, and give the rope "a long pull and a strong pull," in the most advantageous direction and manner. There are perhaps fifty chords or muscles in every man's arm and hand. The advanced piano-forte scholar has to pull about as many strings as a whole brig's crew. Consequently it requires no little training of the mind to define and discriminate, taking the right muscles, exerting them just enough, and nothing else with them. As a "land lubber" must learn the ropes to be a sailor, so must an "unmusical lubber" learn a proper mode of guiding his hand and arm, to be a player. There is no "getting in at the cabin windows" allowed in this science more than in the other.

It seems unnecessary to teach the names of the muscles in the arm. It is sufficient at present to say, that in order to use the hand to advantage, the fore-arm and wrist must be held perfectly flat; and the joint at the

elbow is so constructed, that this cannot be done, if the "crook of the arm" is allowed to be close at one's side. When the elbow is several inches from the body, the shoulder joint turns a little, allowing a perfectly easy and convenient position of everything requisite to play. Hence the error of those teachers who condemn learners to hold their arms in a cramped position, perhaps close to the body, while a direction is still given to hold the hand "so that a penny can lie on it without falling off."

It may also be well to explain to pupils, that the muscles which move their fingers, nearly all terminate in the arm. This will become apparent, if one is requested to move, say the first finger of the right hand up and down as far as possible, for some time. A sensation of heat, or pain, or fatigue, will probably be felt along the left side of the arm, nearly to the elbow. We say *probably*, because some persons have too little command over their muscles to have the power to fatigue a particular one. And indeed, as the mind becomes capable of discerning among the many chords which are twined together below the elbow, so a power to play with facility, or execute easily, (which means nothing more than an ability in the mind to "pull the string," which it wants, at the proper time,) is obtained or increased.

Mr. D.'s directions for the next three days of practice were,

1st, to repeat the former exercises.

2d, to play five finger exercises, as example, with the

right, and afterwards with the left hand, playing legato, and lifting each finger as high as possible.

3d, to "pick out" the letters of a few rather difficult passages, and to play them without reference to time, on the piano.

In conclusion, it is well to remind teachers, that they will gain nothing by giving their scholars very short lessons. We have known persons almost disgusted with practice, (which is hard enough, any way,) by such a course. \*

Boston, September 21, 1846.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Whenever I see anything in print, or hear anything said in reference to that class of music-makers called "street players," I see and hear nothing but condemnation of street or hand-organ playing. The following letter, however, is on the whole an exception, and may be fairly interpreted to be a friendly plea for the poor foreigner who makes nice music by turning a crank. The writer speaks nearly as follows; the words may not be the same, but the sentiments are his:

"At this moment I hear, directly under my window, pleasant music from a hand organ and tambourine, the former played by a boy, perhaps twelve or fourteen years old, the latter by a small girl, younger than the boy, whom I choose to call his sister. The tunes they play are familiar and pretty, and though the rattling of the tambourine, by which the sister accompanies her brother's organ, does not heighten the effect of the music for me, yet she looks so honest and sisterly, seeming to say, 'It is the best I can do, and I keep good time, do n't I?' that the interest of the scene on the whole is much greater than if the brother were alone, and we heard only his organ song. These players are foreigners, and are really street players, not exactly beggars; indeed, they may be far from the state of beggary. They come near our dwellings, never presuming to

enter without invitation, and at a reasonable distance offer you a few tunes from their instruments, hoping to receive a bit or so, therefor, from the good ladies who are inclined and can afford to bestow. If no pay is offered, they stay but a little time, and go away without the slightest palpable expression of chagrin or fault-finding. In this instance, the brother has a remarkably kind look, and, along with the little tamborinist, makes so clever an appeal, that, contrary to our every-day custom, we shall give them a trifle. I said *give* them, but should I not say *pay* them for their services? Do they not as really deserve an equivalent for that which gratifies our musical sensibilities, which we willingly receive at their hands, as those do of whom we purchase other articles for our comfort and pleasure? I mean, when we encourage their playing by giving our attention in a direct manner. I confess, that for years I was in the habit of regarding all street players as a kind of people not at all entitled to encouragement, if sympathy even, in any respect. I looked upon them as dishonest beggars—strollers, not to be trusted—but I am satisfied that I have no right always to conclude thus concerning this class of emigrants—and further, where is the evidence, in their occupation merely, that it is not as honest a calling, as is that of the strolling vender of articles more substantial or material? I like the sentiment, 'Act well your part, there all the honor lies.'

I call the pursuit lawful and right; and if followed with good intent, is it not honorable? They are called stragglers, and so in a sense they are; but they are not necessarily vagabonds. Were not the twelve apostles travelers by the way? And in modern times our colporteurs—do they not go from house to house? Are not the physical aspects of each class similar? The moral design of one party may be infinitely above the other, and yet there may be christian organ-players who go from house to house, not to obtain a living *exclusively*, but in part to charm and drive away the evil spirits which trouble the many Sauls and other persons of less note in this modern world. At least, among the traveling venders of the wares of earth, may not the music vender be as justly entitled to our respect, as the seller of purple and fine linen? Indeed, is not the article—music—proceeding from a well-tuned instrument, far less liable to abuse, than the purple and fine linen, from the drawer of the seller of those articles? By sweet sounds we can hardly be injured, either morally or physically; but how strongly tempted to abuse ourselves in both respects, with the more tangible material? \* \* \* \* Perhaps you have always regarded these people in a light differing somewhat from the almost universal opinion concerning them. You may have had a right impression about the matter of their *calling*. I am sure I have not; hence this talk. I am sure that the music of the brother and sister spoken of, has produced a good effect upon at least one—and I will tell you in what particular. Just before the players happened along, one of our little boys was in a most unhappy and boisterous mood, about ready to make war upon his fellow playmates. But the first chord from the German's hand organ hushed his voice to less than a whisper, and he could be seen gazing upon the young musicians, and listening to their sweet music—as placid and gentle as a lamb. The music makers are gone; the children for a moment follow them with their eyes, then resume their play as children should, all those naughty passions subdued, the best of *nature's* holiness restored, and in sweet harmony they begin again their life anew.

Could every assemblage of children or every family be thus daily visited, who can tell the amount of happiness such visits might produce? How many hard words would be left unsaid for the time, perhaps forever; petulance might be arrested ere it grew to a flame of wicked anger, and, quenched in music, would it again revive? Many a crooked phiz might be smoothed to a most healthful and agreeable countenance," &c., &c.

If there be no law against music peddlers in our country, what say you, gentlemen, shall we encourage that class?

Yours, ALPHA.

### ITEMS

*From foreign papers received by the Cambria.*

A Vienna organist, Simon Lechter, has lately become possessed of a considerable fortune, bequeathed him by a former pupil of his.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the first performance of Weber's "Freischutz" was celebrated in Berlin, on the 18th of June.

A musical festival was lately held in Schaffhausen, in which a number of societies took part. Prizes were distributed, the first three of which were gained by two societies, of Winterthur and Kussnacht, and the "Harmonia" association of Zurich.

Mendelssohn has composed a new oratorio, which was to be performed, for the first time, in Birmingham, at the musical festival on the 25th of August.

Dreyschok, the great pianist, gave lately the proceeds of a concert to be devoted to the object of erecting a decent grave-stone, or monument, to Gluck. The resting place of this great master has only been known by a little slab of marble, much broken, and bearing an almost illegible inscription, "Here rests an honest German man, a zealous christian, a true husband, *Christoph Ritter* (knight of) *Gluck*, the great master of the art of music."

Herschell, the famous astronomer, was once a musician.

Cousin, an ex-minister of France, has published a work on the arts, in which he gives music the lowest rank. The Germans seem disposed to dispute the point with him. A writer hints, that Mr. C. values that art lowest, of which he knows least.

Charles Mayer is appointed court pianist to the king of Denmark.

### THE AQUATIC SERENADERS.

Whether Professor Pump meant to insinuate anything derogatory to the dignity of our nagent brethren who live "beneath the green" water, we do not know. We are inclined to think that they are much more worthy of respect for intellect and sociability, than people generally think. As we were walking by the shores of a pond the other day, accompanied by a group of young singers, a small gentleman of the species suddenly swam to the edge of the water, and looked up our face with an almost unmistakable stare of professional recognition. Our acquaintance might have been longer, had not an unlucky stone frightened our friend to the bottom, just as he was evidently clearing his throat to sing

"There was a frog lived in a well."

We are sorry that the race have not a more gentlemanly describer. With what cannibal avidity he dwells on the taste of a cooked musician! Never mind, green backs! Being "briled on a griddle" is n't half so bad

as being tan-toasted on the coals of unenlightened public opinion.

"A frog," says Professor Pump, "is an amphibious animal, as what lickers on cold water, and consequently invented the tetotal society. He always walks with a jump, HE does; and when he sits down he has to stand up. Being a lover of native melodies, he gives free concerts every night, HE does HIMSELF. He perwides music for the million, which has been so called, because it is usually heard in a mill pond. He is a warment what aint so bad when broiled on a griddle. No SIR-B-REE."

*From the Weekly Messenger, Chambersburg, Pa.*

### A GERMAN SERENADE.

Speaking of Germany, I will lay before your readers a fragment of a letter lately received from that young French minister, whom I have already mentioned to you, on another occasion, and who at present is attending at the University of Halle, in Prussia. The portion quoted is interesting, as giving an idea of the manners of the German students. "Yesterday," writes M. G\*\*\*, "was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Tholuck's entrance upon the professorship. Many of the students, and especially a society of students called the Wingelfin, resolved to celebrate this jubilee with a *fackelzug* (a procession with torches.) These serenades by torch light are great affairs. So soon as yesterday morning, the *Singverein* (singing union) of the society went to felicitate the professor, to offer him as a present a fine picture, which we had caused to be purchased at Berlin, and to inform him that he would have a *fackelzug* in the evening. It was the first time this honor had been paid to Tholuck. On this occasion they produce, in verse, his whole biography. A student who had lately arrived from Berlin, an eminent disciple of the Hebraist Hengstenberg, presented a poem to Tholuck in a great number of languages, among others, in the German, Hebrew, Chaldaic, Ethiopic, Persian, Arabic, and Syriac. At half past eight in the evening, all the members of the *fackelzug* were assembled on the parade ground (*place de la parade*), where torches were distributed among us. These are long sticks of resin with wooden handles. A score of students, in military dress—a hair-cloth cap and plume, tight white leather pantaloons, and riding boots—ran about on all sides of us with long swords, unsheathed, to keep the crowd at a distance, and leave us a free passage. The sky was cloudy, and the night very dark. At half past nine, after lighting our torches, we advanced slowly, headed by a band of music, and a carriage, in which the two deputies rode who were selected to speak in the name of all. The crowd was immense, and as we marched in open file so as to leave the middle of the street free, the curious spectators were huddled together along the walls, almost in contact with our torches. We took above half an hour to pass over the distance of a five minutes' walk, and the rear of the procession was frequently under the necessity of wheeling round and pushing out their torches, to prevent the crowd from pressing on us and breaking our ranks. About quarter past ten, we were under the windows of Tholuck. After music, and a thrice-repeated *hurrah!* silence was made, and Tholuck, from his window, delivered a short address, thanking the students for their affection, and expressing his joy in seeing the gospel making increasing progress among the theological students, and affording promise, at the same time, of making greater advances in the future, than during the past. The address finished, we united in

singing the first stanza of Luther's choral, "Ein feste Burg," &c., and then repaired to the great square. It was completely filled with people. We sat down in the midst, threw our torches into the centre of the circle, and while these were burning, we sung "Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus," &c. The whole square joined the chorus. But this is only the first act. It is a very rare event here, that anything should end without songs and beer. Therefore, at eleven o'clock we went out of the city to an inn, (Wirthshaus,) where all the students' meetings are held. There they engage in music, drink beer, and sing the usual national songs. Then, when everybody has got together, the whole assembly is distributed around different tables, of an equal number of seats each. Two presidents in military costume are at the head of each table, with their swords drawn, and make a clatter on the tables at the end of every verse of a song.

This is a specimen of the manners of the students. And do not imagine that these meetings take the character which, in such a case, they would assume among us. All this is taken seriously, and forms, as it were, an essential part of a student's life. Sometimes in the midst of songs, toasts, and huzzas, a student makes quite a serious speech, or delivers a set and regular discourse. But the more natural this mode of life appears here, it seems to me the less capable of being transplanted. It is an effect of the nature—of a peculiar tendency of the [German] mind. In this respect, the Germans forget their usual breadth of beam, and willingly believe that, if everybody is not shaped like them, everybody at least should be so."

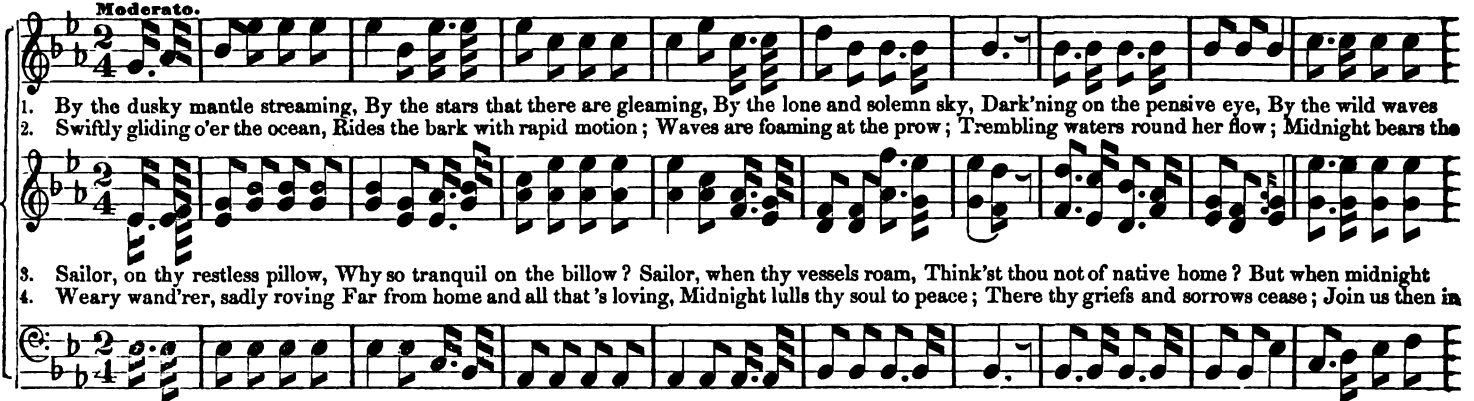
Short-metre hymns may be sung to common-metre tunes, by repeating the first two syllables of each verse. Care should be taken, however, that this repetition does not make nonsense.

**RORY O'MORE IN AMERICA.**—We had the pleasure of a visit yesterday from Samuel Lover, of Ireland, the inimitable author of "Rory O'More," "Handy Andy," "Treasure Trove," &c. &c. He arrived in Boston by the last steamer, and intends to make a tour through the United States. Mr. Lover will shortly favor the New York public with one of his "Irish evenings," which were received with so much applause in London and other cities a short time since. There are few writers living who are so popular in the United States as Lover and Lever—both Irishmen. Mr. Lover is a universal genius. With only one of his accomplishments he would have gained celebrity, while he combines in one person the painter, the poet, and the novelist, and is among the first in each walk of art and literature. Mr. Lover's songs are exquisite, and we trust he may be induced to collect them for publication in an American edition. His "Angel's Whisper" comes as near that kind of soft language as was ever heard by mortals. His "Rory O'More," "Widow Machree," "Molly Bawn," "Land of the West," &c. &c., everybody has heard, and has wept at their pathos and laughed over their humor. These are but a few from a collection of about two hundred songs, of which he is the author. We rejoice to welcome Mr. Lover to the "Land of the West." We believe our country has never been abused by an Irish gentleman, with the exception of a little ebullition of Moore's, which has long since been atoned for. We need not predict for Mr. Lover a warm reception throughout our extended country.—*New York Tribune.*

## MIDNIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

GEO. J. WEBB.

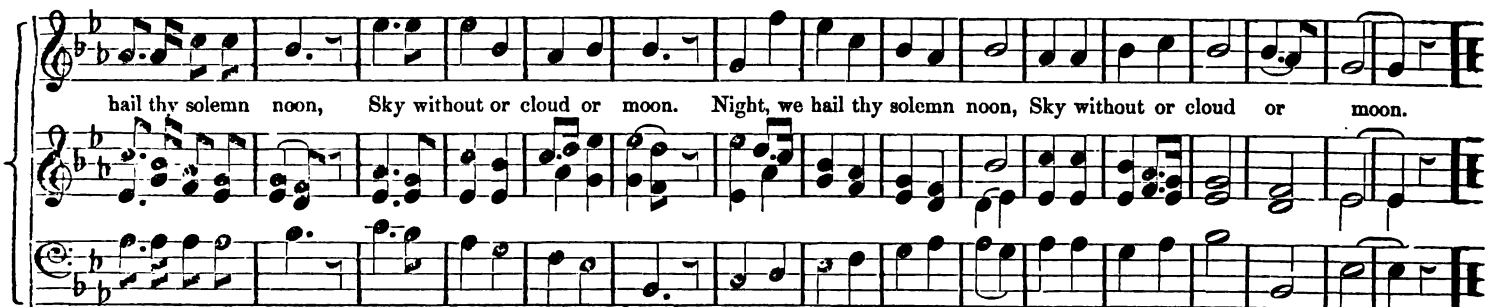
Moderato.



1. By the dusky mantle streaming, By the stars that there are gleaming, By the lone and solemn sky, Dark'ning on the pensive eye, By the wild waves  
2. Swiftly gliding o'er the ocean, Rides the bark with rapid motion; Waves are foaming at the prow; Trembling waters round her flow; Midnight bears the  
3. Sailor, on thy restless pillow, Why so tranquil on the billow? Sailor, when thy vessels roam, Think'st thou not of native home? But when midnight  
4. Weary wand'rer, sadly roving Far from home and all that's loving, Midnight lulls thy soul to peace; There thy griefs and sorrows cease; Join us then in



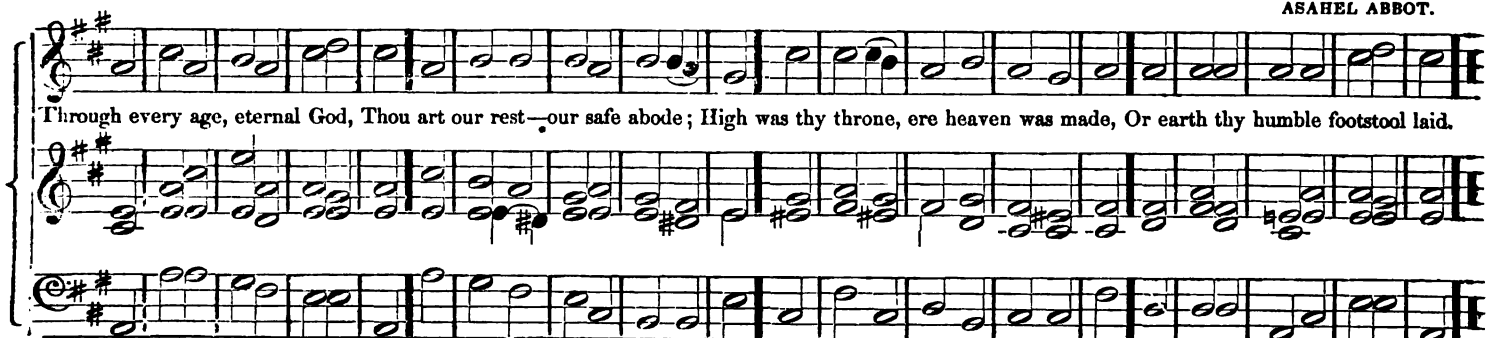
as they sweep. Constant thro' the gloomy deep, Night, we hail thy solemn noon, Sky without or cloud or moon. Night, night, we lonely sound, Thro' her ocean caves profound;  
shuts the scene, Hark, he sings, with heart serene, Night, we hail thy solemn noon, Sky without or cloud or moon. Night, night, we that wild strain, Sighing o'er the heaving main,



hail thy solemn noon, Sky without or cloud or moon. Night, we hail thy solemn noon, Sky without or cloud or moon.

## NORWAY. L. M.

ASAHEL ABBOT.



Through every age, eternal God, Thou art our rest—our safe abode; High was thy throne, ere heaven was made, Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

# THEY HAVE GONE TO THE LAND.

From "Sacred Melodies," by permission.

1. They have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest, Where the bones of the prophets are laid, Where the chosen of Israel the

2. They have gone to the land where the gospel's glad sound, Sweetly tuned by the angels a - bove, Was re - echoed on earth through the

3. They have gone, the glad heralds of mercy have gone, To the land where the martyrs once bled; Where the "beast and false prophet" have

4. They have gone, O thou Shepherd of Israel! have gone The glad mission in love to restore; Thou wilt not forsake them nor

promise possessed, And Je - ho-vah his wonders displayed; To the land where the Saviour of sinners once trod, Where he labored, and regions a - round, In the accents of heavenly love; Where the Spirit de-scended in tokens of flame, The rich gifts of his

since trodden down The fair fabric that Zion had laid; Where the churches, once planted and watered and blessed With the dews that the leave them alone; Thy blessing we humbly implore. Thy blessing go with them, O be thou their shield From the shafts of the

languished and bled; Where he triumphed o'er death, and ascended to God, As he captive cap - tiv - i - ty led. grace to re - veal; Where apostles wrought signs in E - man-u - el's name, The truth of their mission to seal.

spirit distilled, Have been smitten, despoiled, by the heathen possessed, And the places that knew them defiled. fowler that fly; O Saviour of sinners, thine arm be revealed, In mercy, in might, from on high.

## NEW ROCHELLE. L. M.

ASAHEL ABBOT.

To God our voices let us raise, And loudly chant the joyful strain; That rock of strength, oh let us praise, Whence free salvation we obtain.

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## Miscellaneous.

### JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

We have already given, in a condensed form, the narrative below, or part of it. This, however, which we find in the Musical World, is so interesting to us, that we think it must be to our readers. We do not, either, think it too long to be interesting.

"Emmanuel, flattered by this proof of friendliness, informed his father of it; but Sebastian, occupied as he was by the duties of his new position, could not easily move, and either from forgetfulness or neglect, he had always deferred this journey. Kings do not like to be resisted. Frederick was astonished at this want of eagerness, and complained of it with bitterness. Sebastian, informed of the disgrace which threatened Emmanuel, undertook the journey to Potsdam, in company with Wilhelm Friedemann, the eldest of his children. At this period Frederick habitually had little concerts, of which he did the honors by playing on the flute. One evening he was preparing his instrument; all the musicians were placed round him; the most profound silence reigned throughout the assembly, when an officer entered, bringing the list of strangers arrived at Potsdam during the day. The king nodded to him to lay it down on the desk, and ran his eye over it as he precluded; suddenly the flute stopped in the midst of a cadence. Frederick turned to those who accompanied him, and, agitated with delight, he said to them,

'Gentlemen, I announce to you that old Bach is arrived.'

Instantly two pages were sent to the hotel where the chapel-master had taken up his abode. Bach, fatigued with the journey, was preparing to go to bed; a servant girl came to him, saying that some young men asked to speak to him.

'You are mistaken, it is not I; I have not had time to let my son know of my arrival; and I know no one else in the town.'

At these words the court envoys entered the room—

'You are Master John Sebastian, the organist?'

'Doubtless.'

'You are then the person we want. We come from the king with orders to bring you directly to the palace.'

'But you see I am just arrived; it is impossible for me to accompany you to court to-night. Tell the king that I undertook the journey for his sake. To-morrow I shall be entirely at his service.'

'The king wants you at once. If you delay longer, the king will himself come and fetch you.'

'You will at least allow me to change my dress.'

'It would take too long.'

And the two chamberlains seized him by the arm, and dragged him off by force. Poor Sebastian, covered with mud and dust, was obliged to get into the carriage and go to the chateau. Meanwhile, Frederick, in order to receive his guest worthily, had distributed to the musicians the score of a motet for eight voices, by John Sebastian; and it was Emmanuel Bach, the court chapel-master, who led the music improvised in honor of his father.

The chorus was singing when Bach entered the first saloon. He expected to find the king alone, and was so dazzled by this display of harmony and light, that he did not, at first, perceive that his music was being performed. Meanwhile, the murmur became general, the name of Bach was whispered from one to another, the women leaned forward to look at him; himself, after a few bars, had recognised the king's delicate attention. Sebastian was happy; tears dropped on his cheek. Emmanuel, on his side, had again seen his father, from whom he had been separated for three years.

Never did Christmas mass appear so long to the clerk of a parish, as did this motet to the two musicians, anxious to hasten to one another. Emmanuel, in order to have finished the sooner, hurried the time in a fearful manner; and thou saidst nothing, old Bach—thou, who, in the churches, for one note sung out of tune, didst contract the muscles of thy face, and break the desk with thy fist! At this moment, the father completely overruled the chapel-master! What are tune and time when you meet your son after three years of absence! What music, had it been a hundred times more rapid, would not have seemed cold and slow, compared to the beatings of your heart!

The motet still continued! Emmanuel could resist no longer. Suddenly, in the midst of a general *tutti*, he threw down his conductor's baton, and ran to embrace his father. The musicians, exhausted by such sharp work, then stopped, and profited by the absence of their leader, to take breath; but the king, who wanted to hear the motet to the end, made them a sign not to interrupt themselves, picked up the baton, and placed himself at their head with a coolness as imperturbable as if he had been leading an army.

The chorus once ended, Sebastian approached Frederick, and, bowing respectfully, said, 'Sire, permit me first to thank you for your good will towards us, and then to felicitate you on the new talent of which you have just given us proof. You have felt the movement of that piece better than any one. Emmanuel had taken it too fast; it is evident that it is thus it should be executed.'

Frederick, who attached great value to his talent as a musician, was extremely flattered by Bach's praises. 'Chance has favored me,' said he; 'but even had I broken down, all here should be thankful for my good intentions; I only conducted the orchestra in the presence of so great a musician, in order not to deprive the audience of the pleasure of hearing one of the finest compositions of our epoch.'

That evening Frederick replied to praise by compliments. After a rapid conversation, during which he questioned him on various points of the science, the king took Sebastian by the hand, and presented him to the ladies of the court. As he passed, an old duchess, who sat there surrounded by her daughters and nieces, made him sit down by her, and reminded him of his adventure at Arnstadt—the memorable service of Easter Sunday; the good lady would have told many other stories, if Frederick, who was jealous of his guest, and wanted him for himself alone, had not dragged him into the adjoining saloons to try some pianos by Silbermann. In less than two hours twelve pianos resounded beneath his touch, and twelve times did the musicians, dejected and discouraged, wonder at the strange fertility of the man who thus passed from one instrument to another, varying his thought and style without end. Indeed, after the first preludes, he took for his theme a large and austere motive, and worked it for an instant; then, suddenly interrupting himself, he got up and sat down in the next room. All those who had heard him, expected him to continue the melody and exhaust it. Not so; he invented another, began and stopped it as before when full of strength and life, and when it might have run along the keys for another hour. Two struck by the palace clock when the sitting was broken up, and the audience separated, full of enthusiasm for the great artist, and of friendship for the old man who had devoted himself to their pleasures with so much complaisance and simple grace.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, a carriage bearing the arms of Prussia, stood at the door of the inn where the chapel-master lodged; that day Frederick was going with him to visit the organs of the town. Notwithstanding the fatigues of the preceding night, Bach had risen earlier than usual, in order to bestow the necessary time on the cares of his toilet. When he went down, all the people of the house were astonished at so much luxury, and did not understand how the great nobleman, who was going to court in so grand an equipage, was the same man whom the day before they had taken for some poor devil, from the mean appearance of his clothes. He wore a coat of black cloth over a satin waistcoat of the same color, which set off a superb shirt-frill. Add to this, silk stockings, chaste gold buckles—a present from the Grand Duke Leopold, manchettes of lace falling in profusion, and half covering hands of exquisite whiteness, and you will have a tolerably correct idea of John Sebastian Bach's gala-day costume. He was happy and triumphant; his eyes sparkled with life and youth; his face shone as it always did when he was going to sit down to a new instrument.

The first church he came to he went up to the organ and sat down; for it was his fate always to find the door open, and the instrument docile; and it is said in Germany that at his approach the organ uttered deep sounds, as a mare neighs at the approach of her rider. At the first preludes, all acknowledged the master's marvelous facility; but what bewildered and ravished them all, was that large, simple, and severe execution, that magnificence of style, which could display itself only on the vast field of the organ. During the three first hours, Sebastian had so lavished melody and science, that it

seemed at last as if the source of his inspiration was exhausted. To end the day worthily, he was about to unite in one vast symphony the innumerable ideas he had strown on all the organs of the city; when, in the last church he visited, a melancholy spectacle offered itself to him. A young girl had died, and her companions, in white veils, knelt around her. When the service was ended, they arose, and each one came in turn to take a farewell of her friend, and to drop a few tears of holy water upon her shroud. Frederick was deeply moved by the presence of this pomp of sadness and affliction. When all the pale procession had passed before him, the king, wishing likewise to pay homage to the deceased, took the consecrated palm from the hands of the last girl, shook it, and held out his hand to John Sebastian, inviting him to do the same. Sebastian had disappeared; and while he was sought among the congregation, there suddenly arose in the church a strange music, a pure and celestial melody of ineffable melancholy. It resembled a chorus between the virgins of earth and the angels of heaven. The former deploring their chaste sister taken away from the tenderness of her mother, the love of her companions, the fresh sensations of youth; the latter sang of the glorious elect, and of the joys which awaited her in heaven at the right hand of her Saviour. It was he, the great organist, who poured forth from above his sonorous and melodious tears, he who poured out his harmony like holy water, on the bosom of the dead girl. Sebastian remained a few days longer at Potsdam, then, notwithstanding the entreaties of Frederick, who wished to keep him with him, notwithstanding the prayers of his children, he returned to his post, and departed, carrying with him the friendship of the king and of all who had known him.

When he arrived at Leipsic, he began to work upon a theme which he had received from Frederick, composed various canons, and published the complete work, dedicating it to the royal musician. This was Bach's last journey. The constant assiduity with which he worked had exhausted his power of sight. His midnight lamp had scorched his eyes, and now, each night, similar to the ebbing tide, left on his eyelids a thicker veil of gravel. Melancholy reflection! He destroyed his body whilst fertilizing his mind; and his vigils prepared for him a sad and painful evil which was to terminate by the most deplorable infirmity. Sebastian was growing blind. He bore with calmness and resignation the scourge the Lord inflicted on him; and if he consented to put himself into the hands of an oculist, it was more in compliance with the solicitations of his friends, than to find the cure of a disease which he considered incurable. The operation was twice undertaken, and twice failed. Thenceforth there was no hope; a mournful sadness seized him, like a presentiment of his approaching fate; his knees bent, and his whole body, before so robust, inclined towards the grave. Sebastian Bach dragged on a frail existence for six months longer; and on the 20th of July, 1751, fell asleep towards evening in the arms of his numerous children.

Such is the history of this extraordinary man. I must add, that he was twice married. By his first wife he had seven children, thirteen by his second, in all eleven sons and nine daughters. All the sons were gifted with great musical dispositions. Now, if we descend into the details of his private life, we shall find nothing but sacrifices for his family, and continual devotedness to the unfortunate. Like almost all men of conscientiousness and genius, Sebastian lived, if not in poverty,

at least in honorable mediocrity. The small revenue of his situation sufficed for the maintenance of his numerous children; what more did he want? Certainly, instead of living thus buried in study and composition, instead of passing whole days in playing heavenly melodies to the people, if he would have descended into the saloons of the monied men of Germany, and amused the idleness of noblemen, he might have amassed gold like so many others. But men of Sebastian's stamp accomplish to the end of the work for which they have been sent upon earth, and die in solitude and obscurity rather than imitate those mercenaries who traffic with art as with a thing to be sold. Sebastian never avoided an opportunity of assisting his brethren, although these occasions offered themselves to him oftener than to any one else. His devotedness was known; and unfortunate artists, like stray travelers, hastened from all parts of Germany towards this beneficent light. Out of the whole number, not one could be mentioned whom he did not welcome, seat at his table with his children, and for whom he did not use all his influence. Men like him walk amidst the blessings of the multitude; the serenity of their countenance, the charm of their conversation, spread harmony around them, and prepare souls to receive the divine music. They sow among the people the word which is given them; and wherever the soil is good, this seed takes root and fructifies. Happy is he who spends his youth in their society; happy is he who remembers the work they have done, and, when they are forgotten by all, writes the history of their lives!"

From the Harbinger.

#### MUSIC BOOKS.

An American psalm book is a very peculiar compound, and a very difficult thing to make, or judge, when made. Great is the demand therefor, an appetite, indeed, that will put up with anything, provided it be a new variety of pretty nearly the same old thing; and plenty there are who ambitiously busy themselves to satisfy it. It is our national music; that is to say, it is *national*, whether it be *music* or not;—for are not the majority of tunes in use, of bona fide domestic manufacture? Has any other people made so many psalm tunes? Has any other the knack of turning them out with so little expense of thought and science, and so free from all moonshine of the imagination? Could any but genuine yankees do the impossible, and make a thing that shall be old and new at once, so new that copy-right can't pounce upon it, and yet so like the old, that old-fashioned folks are flattered with the perpetual re-productions of their early associations? Whoever would compete and would contribute to our annual supply of such wares, (if they would only *wear*!) will find the task by no means simple. Indeed, who can tell how many motives prompt, how many ends are aimed at, how many opposite, if not incongruous, ideals preside in the making of one psalm book, like too many persons trying to get under one umbrella? To give good music, good in itself, intrinsically, may be passed over as the least consideration; for though that element is always invited to attend in the preliminary consultation, yet it is soon silenced or crowded out by the more forth-putting, business-like speeches of the other elements. Then, the editor has got in the first place, or thinks he has got, to air his own creative faculties, and produce some *scores* of his own inexhaustible originals; then he must pay sufficient deference to time-honored usage, and give his book the authority and unction of

some grand old psalms; then he must steer adroitly amongst all manner of religious, sectarian, moralistic prejudices and partialities; then he must consider all uses, and, while putting as much of himself and his hobbies as he can into it, he must take care that everybody shall find what he wants in it, that it shall furnish something for every variety of legitimate occasion or sentiment, as so many chorals, so many doxologies, so much of the sublime, so much of the pathetic, so much of the didactic, &c.; then he must make it new, at all events, and if he adopts a good old tune, whether it be Gregorian Chant, or Lutheran, or out of Handel, Hayden, or Mozart, he must be sure to alter the harmony and revise it in some way, and by no means to let the same thing to go out twice alike in two editions; and that for two reasons, to keep the right side of copyright, and to put the old books *hors du combat*, as they do fashions in hats and coats, of which you cannot buy the same style twice; then he must keep within the compass of the common voice, and also of the common taste (this is placing the two things in the right order, we hope!) and finally, he must make it sell, at any rate, and prepare the way for a new one as soon as he can get it ready.

The following account shows the commencement of an interest in music in Paris. It may with reason be said, that the late act of introducing music into the public schools was one of the remote fruits of this first act. Joseph Mainzer writes:

"The idea had prevailed in Paris, that French people had no talent for singing. The wild sounds which one could hear in the streets, of evenings, seemed to prove this. 'Your people do not sing,' said I to several composers, 'because nobody has taught them.' They replied, that their nation lacked the capacity for vocalizing. 'I will show you the contrary,' said I, and straightway made known, by means of great handbills at the corners of the streets, that two singing schools, free for mechanics, would be commenced in different parts of the city. One was in the suburb of St. Antoine, behind the site of the Bastille, in the institution for the blind, named *Quinze-Vingts*, the other in the suburb St. Jacques, near the Pantheon.

About three hundred mechanics came at my summons. At first, my task was so hard and dreary, that I was tempted to despair. The first tones which came from the rough mass were to be likened to the mutterings and grumbings of a storm. Each one tried to sing as loud as possible, throwing out sounds of a strength which could only proceed from strong lungs. Not a little patience was necessary to endure these things. However, after a little while, my pupils began to get some idea of pitch, and spanned the intervals with considerable accuracy, and from this time their diligence, as well as their success, was greater.

In order to explain the rules, I made use of a great blackboard with red lines, on which I wrote exercises, which had reference to a rule previously explained. While, however, we had but several hours a week, and writing took away time, every one brought his little book containing printed exercises, and the only preparation for singing was reference to line and page.

After six months, this choir of three hundred gave a public performance. I brought together an orchestra, and we sung the 'Pilgrim,' from Neukomm, and a cantata of my own composition. The audience was very great, and hundreds went away without being able to obtain admittance. One of the best solo singers in



France appeared to honor the occasion, and the enthusiasm of my class, who but a short time before could not sing a note, to find themselves in such company, was extreme.

They could not be satisfied at the close, but they must rush through the streets to their teacher's residence, and sing before it. A multitude came with them, so that it seemed as if there was 'an uproar among the people.'

All doubts as to the success of my system were at an end. The proof which was afforded by the singing of groups and bands of people in all the streets of the city, could not be resisted. Some of my best pupils began to institute little classes for their families and neighbors.

In December, 1836, I opened a new class for beginners, which numbered more than 800.

A third class, begun in April, 1837, contained 1600.

Here, my friends, (Mainzer was writing to his former pupils,) you could see what impression music makes on man. The artisans, who had been toiling in their shops from early morning, came at half past eight in the evening, from all parts of the monster city, some walking nearly six miles to the meeting. Could you have seen, you would have admired their earnestness, their attention and stillness, as well as the immense power of their united voices. They were strangers to each other, and I to them.

The whole secret of their appearance was the desire to learn. Here were mechanics, goldsmiths, book binders, engravers, tailors, locksmiths, drawers and painters, post men, soldiers, schoolmasters, masters, journeymen and apprentices, boys of fifteen, and old men of fifty or sixty, Europeans and Americans, mulattoes and blacks.

A number of composers of note honored us with their visits."

### SCOTTISH MUSIC.

Mr. Schouler, of the Lowell Courier, in a recent letter from the shores of bonnie Scotland, thus describes the effect of the Scottish melodies as heard in all their simplicity on the wild hills among the heather:

"And first let me ask if you ever heard a genuine Scotch fiddler play genuine Scotch music? If you have not, you have something yet to live for. 'I haven't heard anything else' to-day. On board of the steamer we had two Scotch fiddlers, and I never heard such fine music in all my life. Oh man! if you could have heard how sweetly they would play some of the plaintive old melodies of Scotland, which, though they bring the tear to your eye, bring also the smile to your lip, you would have enjoyed it. Several years ago, there appeared in Blackwood's Magazine a review, by Professor Wilson, of an old Scotch poem called the 'Siller Gun,' in which the poet thus describes the playing of a celebrated fiddler in Dumfries. He says:

'The bonny bush aboon Traquair,  
And 'Mary Scott o' Yarrow fair,  
'Tweedside,' and 'O, I wish I were  
Where Helen lies,'  
He played in tones which suit despair,  
When beauty dies.

Our fiddlers to-day played Tweedside, Mary Scott, and the other two, besides reels, strathspeys and laments without number. I thought I never could tire hearing them. They moved one like a touch of magic; and I was amazed to see how the ladies as well as the gentlemen would keep their feet in motion, just as though they 'could n't help it.' We had one man from the Isle of Sky, a real highlandman, who two or three times got

quite in the heroics, and he would jump up, give two or three steps of the 'Highland fling,' snap his fingers and sing out at the different turns of the tune, 'heigh.' Oh, it was fine. I have heard Ole Bull, and most of the great professors of the violin play their best, but after all, give me the genuine strains that I heard to-day. That's the music for me. It is not made up of trills and quavers, but of genuine, homely, heart-touching and soul-enlivening music."

### COPY OF A COMMISSION

*Granted by Queen Elizabeth, for the protection of the Welsh Bards.*

"BY THE QUEEN.—Elizabeth, by the grace of God, of England, France, and Ireland, queen, defender of the faith, &c.: To our trusty and right well beloved Sir Richard Bulkely, kt., Sir Rees Griffith, kt., Ellis Price, Esq., doctor in civil law, and one of our council in the marchese of Wales, William Mostyn Jeeu Lloyd of Yale, John Salisbury of Rhug, Rice Thomas, Maurice Wynne, William Lewis, Pierce Mostyn, Owen John ap Howel Fichan, John William ap John, John Lewis Owen, Morris Griffith, Symmd Thelwat, John Griffith, Ellis ap William Lloyd, Robert Puleston, Harri ap Harri, William Glynd, and Rees Hughes, Esqrs., and to every one of them greeting:—Whereas it is come to the knowledg of the lord president, and other our council in our marchese of Wales, that vagrant and idle persons naming themselves minstrels, rythmers, and bards, are lately grown into such intolerable multitude within the principality of North Wales, that not only gentlemen and others by their shameless disorders are oftentimes disquieted in their habitations, but also the expert minstrels and musicians in tonge and cunynge thereby much discouraged to travaile in the exercise and practice of their knowledg, and also not a little hindered (of) livings and preferment; the reformation whereof, and the putting these people in order, the said lord president and council have thought very necessary: And knowing you to be men of both wisdom and upright dealing, and also of experience and good knowledg in the scyence, have appointed and authorized you to be commissioners for that purpose: And forasmuch as our said council, of late travelling in some part of the said principality, had perfect understanding by creditable report, that the accustomed place for the execution of the like commission hath been heretofore at Cayroes, in our county of Flynt, and that William Mostyn, Esq., and his ancestors, have had the gift and bestowing of the sylver harp appertaining to the chief of that faculty, and that a year's warning (at least) hath been accustomed to be given of the assembly and execution of the like commission; our said council have therefore appointed the execution of this commission to be at the said town of Cayroes, the Monday next after the feast of the blessed trinity which shall be in the year of our Lord 1568. And therefore we require and command you by the authority of these presents, not only to cause open proclamation to be made in all fairs, market towns, and other places of assembly within our counties of Aglere, Carnarvon, Meryonydd, Denbigh, and Flynt, that all and every person and persons that intend to maintain their living by name or color of minstrels, rythmers, or bards, within the talaith of Aberffraw, comprehending the said five shares, shall be and appear before you the said day and place to shew their learnings accordingly: But also, that you, twenty, nineteen, eighteen, seventeen, sixteen, fifteen, fourteen, thirteen, twelve, eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, or six of

you, whereof you the said Sir Richard Bulkely, Sir Rees Griffith, Ellis Price, and William Mostyn, Esqrs., or three or two of you, to be of the number; to repair to the said place the days aforesaid, and calling to you such expert men in the said faculty of the Welsh music as to you shall be thought convenient, to proceed to the execution of the premises, and to admit such and so many, as by your wisdoms and knowledges you shall find worthy, into and under the degrees heretofore (In use) in semblable sort to use, exercise, and follow the sciences and faculties of their professions, in such decent order as shall appertain to each of their degrees, and as your discretions and wisdoms shall prescribe unto them: giving streight monition and commandment in our name and on our behalf to the rest not worthy, that they return to some honest labor and due exercise, such as they be most apt unto for maintenance of their living, upon pain to be taken as sturdy and idle vagabonds, and to be used according to the laws and statutes provided in that behalf; letting you with our said council look for advertisement, by certificate at your hands, of your doings in the execution of the said premises; foreseeing in any wise, that upon the said assembly the peace and good order be observed and kept accordingly; ascertaining you that the said William Mostyn hath promised to see furniture and things necessarily provided for that assembly, at the place aforesaid. Given under our signet at our city of Chester, the twenty-third of October, in the ninth year of our reign, 1567. Signed her highness's counsail, in the marchese of Wales."

["N. B. This commission was copy'd exactly from the original now at Moystyn, A. D. 1693; where the silver harp also is."]

### CURIOUS REASON FOR BAD SINGING IN CHURCH.—

In many societies is heard good school singing, but terrible Sunday singing. Why is this? About every one with whom I have spoken, attributes it to the use of brandy, and the habit, too early formed, of smoking, which have a strong tendency to injure the voice. They are right. Let not too much dependence be placed upon schools. A bad manner of life often destroys what was carefully nourished and brought up in the place of learning. Brandy forms now the water of a second deluge, says a schoolman. From the "worm of the still" issues a stream, which grows ever wider and wider, swallowing up goods and body and soul in its progress, and carries mankind, by its swift current, towards poverty, suffering, and crime.

Improve education, invent constantly new methods of explanation, lecture teachers, and drive on by every means the car of instruction; when the evil spirit moves over the land, when the boy steals the groschen (three cents) from his father, to spend it in tobacco, nothing but an enervated and puny generation is waxing or waning.—*Annual Book for Teachers and Parents*—J. JAKSCH.

THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.—The one hundred and twenty-third meeting of the three choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, occurred on the 9th of September, in Hereford, England. The solo singers were English ones of reputation, among them Miss Birch. In the concerts, sacred music was performed in the mornings, miscellaneous in the evenings. A sort of musical performance was also attached to the service at the cathedral, consisting of Spohr's overture to "the Last Judgment," Handel's "Te Deum," Purcell's "Jubilate," and several anthems.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1846.

Among our whole list of subscribers, about fifty have complained to us that their papers do not come regularly, and some show signs of impatience. These irregularities have been confined to three or four sections of the country. With by far the greater part of our subscribers, no difficulty has been experienced. Although an occasional omission may be made by our "mail writer," yet we are confident that in no office in the country is more pains taken to have every paper properly mailed, and we feel sure that in nineteen cases of failure out of twenty, the fault is in the mail. We do not possess interest enough at Washington to have faults in the post office department corrected. The most we can do is to request our readers to inform us of every case of failure, and we will immediately send another copy.

In the piece "Christian Union," in No. 18, the last note but four in the treble should be G instead of F sharp. Any appropriate long-metre hymn can be sung to this piece.

A long absence from the city, has caused a large pile of communications to accumulate in our drawer. They will receive attention at the earliest opportunity.

A young lady, Miss Macerone, who excels as a pianist and composer, recently gave her first concert in London. She performed Mendelssohn's trio in D, (in which Messrs. Sinton and Lucas took part,) and Thalberg's celebrated fantasia on "Les Huguenots." The enormous difficulties of this latter work are well known to most pianists. Several of Miss Macerone's manuscript works were sung, among which was a Benedictus, which is spoken of as reflecting much credit upon the authoress.

## THE AMERICAN MUSICAL CONVENTION

Commenced its session in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on Tuesday, September 15, agreeably to the advertisement. The meeting was called to order by Hon. — Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Messrs. Otis, of New York, George Hood, of Delaware, J. E. Gould, of Massachusetts, and two other gentlemen, whose names we did not hear, were appointed a committee to nominate officers for the convention, and reported the names of Dr. Ed. Hodges, of New York, for president; U. C. Hill, of New York, and Mr. Williams, of Connecticut, for vice presidents; C. L. Barnes, of New York, and C. Holt, jr., of New York, for secretaries; Hon. — Smith, of New York, Thomas Hastings, of New York, E. Howe, jr., of New York, George Hood, of Delaware, and A. N. Johnson, of Massachusetts, for business committee. While the business committee were out, the question, "Should instruction in the elementary principles of music form a part of all elementary instruction," was ably discussed, and decided in the affirmative. One of the bye-laws, which required that fifty members should be present before the convention could be organized, delayed the organization of the meeting until after one o'clock, for want of a quorum. The time of adjournment was half past two, so that little business could receive attention the first day. After some discussion about the time of commencing in the morning, which was finally fixed at 11 o'clock, the convention adjourned.

Wednesday, September 16.—A communication was received from Dr. Hodges, declining the office of president. George Andrews, Esq., of New York, was elected in his stead. The question proposed for discussion this morning was, "What are the effects of oratorical singing upon church music?" This question gave rise to much angry discussion, which had no apparent connection with the question, and which evidently had some object in view which only the initiated could understand. After the subject had occupied time enough to have decided a far more important question, a gentleman who acknowledged himself from down east, begged the privilege of expressing the opinion that in the long continued and somewhat spirited discussion with which the convention had been favored, there was some mystery which gentlemen not resident in New York could not comprehend, and wished to be pardoned for asking the question if contending local societies were not improving the opportunity to fight their own battles. If so, he wished to protest against it. If the convention was a New York city convention, it was the proper place to decide disputes between New York societies; but if it was an American musical convention, and gentlemen from Maine to Georgia and from Massachusetts to Oregon were invited and expected to attend it, local questions must be kept out. The remarks of the gentleman seemed to meet the approbation of the convention, and all farther discussion of the subject was stopped, by a motion to lay the question on the table, which was carried unanimously. All of today's session was consumed in discussing this question, and the convention adjourned without taking up any other subject.

Thursday, September 17.—A question, (which we have mislaid,) to the end that teachers of music need higher qualification in a literary point of view, was in order for this morning. It was fully and ably discussed, and decided in the affirmative. A committee was raised to report "which is the best system of solmization."—Messrs. Otis, of New York, Williams, of Farmington, Conn., and Johnson, of Boston, were appointed a committee to decide upon the place for the next annual meeting.

Friday, September 18.—The committee on solmization appointed yesterday, could not agree on any one system, but submitted individual reports, recommending and condemning several systems. The committee on the place for the next meeting, reported in favor of calling it in New York. The committee of twenty-one who were appointed last year to report a plan for a national college, submitted a report. The subject was re-committed to a committee of seven, resident in New York and Brooklyn. After the transaction of business incident to the last day of the session, the members of the convention united in singing Old Hundred, (Dr. Hodges at the organ,) and adjourned *sine die*.

On the evening of the first day of the session (Tuesday) the New York Choral Union gave a concert, under the direction of Messrs. Thomas Hastings and George Andrews. The performance consisted of thirteen pieces from the "Psalmist," and three other choruses, sung in full chorus with organ accompaniment, two songs with piano forte accompaniment, by Mr. Nash, two quartettes and one quintette.

On Wednesday evening, the New York Sacred Music Society performed the oratorio of the Messiah, U. C. Hill, conductor. Although neither chorus nor orchestra was very large, the oratorio was performed in a manner highly creditable to the society.

On Thursday evening, a juvenile concert, in which several hundred children took part, was given, under the direction of Messrs. Bradbury and Hart.

On Friday evening, Rev. Dr. Schroeder delivered a lecture upon the life of Handel, in the course of which, selections from Handel's works were sung by a large chorus, accompanied by full orchestra.

We were not present at the last meeting of the convention, nor were we able to attend the concerts on Thursday and Friday evenings. All of the concerts were given in the Broadway Tabernacle, which spacious edifice was filled to overflowing on the first two evenings, and we presume also on the others.

## THE CONVENTION AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Assembled in the sessions room of the First Presbyterian Church, on Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 10 o'clock. The exercises were the same as at the Boston convention, the proceedings of which have been fully reported in this paper. The regular sessions commenced each day at 8 o'clock, the time from 8 to 10 being occupied by Mr. A. N. Johnson in lectures on harmony and thorough base; from 10 to 12 by Mr. Lowell Mason, in lectures on the art of teaching the elementary principles of music; and from 12 to 1, by Mr. Geo. J. Webb, in lectures on the voice. From 2 to 3 o'clock, the members met for the discussion of subjects connected with the various departments of music. On some afternoons the time from 3 to 5 was occupied in practicing glees; on others, in practicing hymn tunes, chants, &c. The evenings were occupied in the practice of choruses and anthems.

On the second day of the session, the class had increased to such a number that the room would not accommodate them. Minerva Hall was accordingly engaged, and the subsequent meetings held in that place. This hall was built during the past year, and is certainly one of the best rooms for musical purposes we ever entered. If Boston or New York contains its equal, we have not seen it. The hall is large enough to accommodate about seven or eight hundred, and is lighted by no less than fifty windows.

The convention gave an exhibition of sacred music on Tuesday evening, Sept. 28, in the brick church, and one of glees, quartettes, songs, &c., on Wednesday evening, in Minerva Hall. Among the sacred music were, Hallelujah Chorus, The God of Israel, the "hum" tune, and several other of the pieces performed at the Boston concert. In addition to the singing, the various styles of church music were explained in an interesting manner by Mr. Mason. The glee concert was one of the best we ever heard. Indeed, in no particular was this convention behind that at Boston, except in numbers, and, perhaps, in the presence of professional singers. Three hundred members were present, nearly twice as many as in any previous year. At the sacred music concert, the accompaniment was played upon three pianos, one violoncello, and one double base. Messrs. Webb, Dutton, and Johnson presided at the pianos, and Mr. Mason conducted. At the glee concert, Mr. Webb conducted, and presided at the piano.

Camilo Sivori, a violin virtuoso, has given two or three concerts in New York. He is undoubtedly a good performer, for some of the most rigid European critics speak well of him; but he has followed the usual track of humbugs, in sending before him a pamphlet containing lively-wrought accounts of his performances, &c. &c.

## THE PIANO-FORTE TEACHER.

CHAPTER FIVE.

## THE INSTRUCTION BOOK. THUMB PRACTICE.

As might be expected, Mr. D. found his pupil thoroughly wearied with her tedious exercises. He therefore hastened to alternate them with something more agreeable. When learners evince a willingness to follow at all times a teacher's directions, it is well to take them along in the hardest and roughest way, because that is the shortest. Still there are limits to the power of attention in the human mind; and practice, when the brain is too weary to be perfectly aware of each and every motion of the muscles, is, to say the least, useless. It therefore becomes a vital principle in studying the piano, (as vital in other studies—teachers and school committees should think more of it,) to keep the intellectual powers, together with the nerves of sensation and of action, as fresh as possible. This end may be attained in several ways. Persons may be directed to practice not more than half or three quarters of an hour, an hour, an hour and a half, or two hours, according to their powers of concentration and endurance; they may be directed to keep in good health and spirits, by means of plenty of exercise, pleasant company, &c.; they may be cautioned against too violent, as well as too plodding study; and, lastly, the course may be so arranged, that music of a different character may be the theme of study for each separate hour. Thus, if one practices six hours a day, he may very well be provided with six different things, each of which will require an hour's attention.

Let each pupil's motto be, "*just enough practice, and that practice exactly of the right kind.*"

Mr. D. looked around for some easy music which would sound like a tune, and not be beyond the compass of five fingers. As it is never convenient to select such music piece by piece, at a music store, nor always possible to find it there, it seemed best to buy an instruction book, where one would be likely to find all which was wanted, arranged in progressive order.

What is an instruction book? Many teachers, we fear, have a very imperfect idea of the intention and use of the various "methods," "schools," &c., which are before the public.

The object of instruction is three fold: to develop and refine the muscular powers of the fingers, hand, wrist, and arm; to impart a knowledge of the proper mode of fingering all kinds of passages; and to make one familiar with all sorts of musical characters and signs; that is, to enable one to read music with ease.

It being difficult to crowd exercises enough for all these objects into a book of portable, or saleable size, writers of "methods," or "instruction books," have been accustomed to attend to one or two of them to the exclusion of the rest. Thus, Bertini, Hummel, Muller, and others, have given us excellent means to develop the powers of the fingers, hand, and arm, and examples to enable learners to finger all sorts of passages with facility, leaving it to teachers to supply those pieces which are necessary to vary the course. This, in countries where a vast number of easy productions of the great masters abound, may be an easy matter; but in our own, it is emphatically difficult to make a good selection.

Latour and others have gone to the contrary extreme, and left out exercises almost entirely, either trusting to teachers to supply them, or supposing that pupils will get along fastest when they have nothing but pleasing

airs to study. This might do, if the pieces introduced were at all arranged in a natural, smooth, progressive order. It is the fact, however, in the cases we have seen, that they are thrown in helter skelter, without any particular order or arrangement.

Hunten's book stands between the two extremes. It contains a number of well-constructed pieces, well classified, and a goodly quantity of scales and exercises. Here, however, are deficiencies, which a teacher must supply. Indeed, as there is no book which is perfect, and as a slightly different system must be used with each pupil, *every teacher should be able to mark out a course, or, in other words, to make an instruction book, out of his own head.* Only those who possess this power can hope to succeed well with a majority of their pupils.

Our own choice would fall on Bertini or Hunten, according to circumstances. Mr. D. selected the latter, and gave two or three pages, to be played with each hand separately, as part of the next lesson. As Charlotte had now a pretty good idea of five-finger exercises, he added half a dozen of his own invention, in which the thumb had to pass back and forth under the hand, and was exercised in this way as severely as possible. This was a preparation for playing the scale. In these and other exercises, he began to enforce the necessity of playing perfectly *legato*. \*

Cincinnati, October 1, 1846.

MESSRS. EDITORS—We notice in the Musical Gazette of Sept. 14 a desire to receive and publish the proceedings of all musical societies, conventions, &c. We take pleasure in stating that the cause of music is steadily progressing in this city, and in the west generally, as far as we are acquainted. During the past winter a society was formed in this city, under the title of the Cincinnati Handel and Hayden Society, the object of which is to unite the musical talent of the city, to increase the interest and give to the cause of music a new impulse. Mr. Challis is president of the society, and Mr. T. B. Mason director of music. The society is in a prosperous condition, and bids fair to result in the accomplishment of much good.

During the past month, Messrs. Baker and Woodbury, of Boston, visited our city, and formed a music teachers' class, and a convention to act in connection with it, to be conducted similar to their class in Boston. We witnessed with much pleasure, the interest manifested in the above organization, and have every reason to hope that it will be productive of much good. The following is the organization and proceedings of the convention. At a meeting of teachers, amateurs, and others interested in the promotion and advancement of musical science in the west, held in the Universalist Church, Walnut street, Cincinnati, Sept. 16, 1846, the meeting resolved itself into convention, under the style and title of the WESTERN MUSICAL CONVENTION, and proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year. The following gentlemen were elected: J. G. Rust, president; Wm. C. Peters, 1st vice president; E. Poor, 2d vice president; Thomas Newell, jr., secretary; executive committee, Messrs. Mason, Aikin, Powers, Coolidge, Cady, Salmon, Dennis, Colburn, and Bushnell. On motion, a committee was appointed to draft a constitution and bye-laws, and report the same at the next meeting. On motion, convention adjourned to meet at the same place on the following day at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Tuesday, Sept. 17, 4 o'clock, P. M.—Convention met according to appointment, the president, J. G. Rust, in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted. Committee reported a constitution and

bye-laws, which were adopted. On motion, the third Monday of September next was fixed for the annual meeting of the convention. The following resolutions were adopted by the convention:

*Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this convention, that the time has arrived when a new impulse should be given to the cause of music.

*Resolved*, That we feel confirmed in the opinion, that a wider diffusion of the knowledge of the science, as well as the art of music, will be the result of the organization of this convention and the formation of this class.

*Resolved*, That this convention will most heartily co-operate with Messrs. Baker and Woodbury, in the glorious enterprise in which they are engaged, and that we duly appreciate their untiring efforts in its enhancement, and that it shall not be for want of energy on our part, to make their labors as successful in the west, as they have been in the east.

*Resolved*, That we earnestly desire to impress the minds of teachers of music with the importance of acquiring a thorough knowledge, not only of the elements of music, but of the English language.

*Resolved*, That ministers of the gospel can very much enhance the cause of music, by encouraging its cultivation in their societies.

On motion, the proceedings of the convention were ordered to be published in the daily papers of the city. On motion, convention adjourned.

J. G. RUST, president.

THOMAS NEWELL, JR., secretary.

Yours, respectfully,  
LOCKE & NOURSE, Teachers of Music.

New York, September 23, 1846.

MESSRS. EDITORS—The "musical week" has come off here in fine style. The National Musical Convention sat during four days—from Tuesday to Friday, inclusive. Some of the discussions were of a cast exceedingly important, and the principles adopted at this session will probably exert a favorable influence upon all future sessions, if faithfully adhered to, as we trust they will be by all concerned. One thing that has been much against us heretofore, has been the impression very widely prevalent, that a small and insignificant faction in this city had the entire management of the convention, and used it as a mere class-gathering, book-making machine of their own; by which they were aiming to exclude all correct views concerning music from its deliberations, as well as to keep away the Bostonians from its sittings. But this will be no longer of any harm to us. The promotion of music in its widest sense has been publicly declared by our votes to be our sole object; and we have publicly disowned all connection with factions and cliques of every description, with classes, books, systems, and everything else incompatible with our true and main object.

Mr. Hastings and his friends gave a concert on Tuesday evening, and attended a class of teachers during three days. The Sacred Music Society and the American Musical Institute employed some of their ablest members in connection with Mr. Warner, in teaching a class of teachers four days. The Sacred Music Society gave the "Messiah" with great effect on Wednesday evening; and a fine secular concert by Mademoiselle Rachel, under the conduct of George Loder, came off at the Apollo Saloon. On Thursday evening, Messrs. Bradbury and Hart exhibited their immense group of juvenile choirs, at the Tabernacle; and on Friday evening a splendid oration upon Handel was given, at the Tabernacle, by the Rev. Dr. Schroeder, in-

tempered with selections from the "Messiah," "Saul," and "Samson," by the Sacred Music Society.

On Monday evening the American Musical Institute, under the leading of Mr. Loder, gave the "Seasons," by Hayden, with marked effect. The "Hunters' Chorus," and the "Laughing Chorus," were encored. It is to be repeated early in October.

Yours truly, ASAHEL ABBOTT.

### "FOR CONSCIENCE'S SAKE."

**Messrs. Editors.**—An amusing case of conscience used to be related by a worthy D. D. now deceased, as having occurred in the gude city of Boston, at a time when it was proposed to "repudiate" the practice then for a long time in vogue, of "lining the tune," or "deaconing" it, as it was vulgarly called.

A worthy colored member of a certain congregation, instigated by the example of some of his whiter brethren, once on a Sunday took occasion to manifest his "conscientious scruples" in no unequivocal manner, by retiring from the church, not over-careful of the weight of his boots, or of the door. Being waited on to know why he retired from the "house of God" in such an "irreverent manner," he said, smiting on his breast, "Oh! conscience! conscience!" "Well, Jack, what is conscience? tell me that." Dropping his eyes, and for a moment dubiously scratching his head, he presently replied, with great force, "It's I won't!"

### CONCERTS.

The Seguin's gave concerts in Boston October 10th and 17th.

The Handel and Hayden Society performed the oratorio of the Creation October 11th and 18th.

Leopold de Meyer, the celebrated pianist, gave concerts in the Melodeon, October 15th and 19th.

The Apolloneans performed in the same place October 16th.

The last mentioned concert was one of the most interesting we ever attended. These Apolloneans, the programme informs us, are George Bullock, aged 15 years, Henry Bullock, aged 13 years, Delos A. Cole, aged 11 years, James H. Cole, aged 10 years, and Anne M. Cole, aged 9 years. The first of these plays the first violin and the piano, and appeared quite at home on both instruments. The others performed on the violin, viola, and violoncello, and Miss Cole on the piano. The performers on the stringed instruments are not equal to Vieux Temps or Knoop, nor does the sweet little girl possess the thundering execution of De Meyer, but their performances are nevertheless perfectly surprising. Perfect time, perfect tune, and admirable expression characterized every piece. We were not present at the first part of the concert. The second part consisted of 1st, "Overture to the Caliph of Bagdad," tastefully performed by two violins, viola, and violoncello; 2d, Spanish Guitar, beautifully sung by the little girl, accompanied upon the piano by one of the boys; 3d, air, with variations, performed on the violin by one of the younger boys, accompanied on the piano by Master George Bullock; 4th, variations from Cenerentola, performed as a duet upon the piano by Master George Bullock and Miss Cole. The performance of Miss Cole was perfectly surprising. We would willingly have paid a dollar to have seen the little creature execute so gracefully the difficult part assigned her, much more to hear her. 5th, Grave of Napoleon, sung as a quartette, with much feeling, and in fine taste, by the three younger boys and Miss Cole; 6th, Grand

March, by the whole company, Miss Cole at the piano.

The children are from Utica, N. Y., of which place we believe they are natives. We do not hesitate to give our opinion, that they are deserving of as much notice and patronage as has been bestowed upon the Hutchinsons, aye, and much more. The merit of the Hutchinsons lies in the superior voices nature has given them; it is rather their boast that they have had no cultivation; but these little folks give evidence of patient and thorough study, as well as of great natural talent. We do not know that one of the company alone would be so likely to excite our wonder; but how it happens that five such children could have been found in one (comparatively) small town, and that town one that was a short time since considered as in the backwoods, is past our comprehension. Success to the Apolloneans, and all native American talent, we say. We would more willingly pay five dollars to hear one of their performances, than twenty-five cents to hear the larger part of the whiskered foreigners who have ever visited our shores.

### A WONDERFUL ORGAN.

The famous organ of Fryeburg (Switzerland) is thus described by the foreign correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser:

This instrument is one of the most wonderful of the age for its immense size, and more particularly for its possession of a set of notes which imitate with astonishing exactness the sounds of the human voice. It was built by Moorser, a native of the town. It is composed of sixty-four stops and seven thousand and eight hundred pipes, some of which are thirty-two feet in length. The organist is permitted to play for the entertainment of travelers twice a week, at hours when it will not interfere with the religious services of the church (St. Nicholas.) His performances last about half an hour, in which time he is able to display all the peculiarities and excellences of the instrument. The exhibition commenced with an imitation of a chorus, as performed by a choir; this was very excellent. Following it was a solo, which was one of the most remarkable portions of the whole. This is almost a miraculous imitation of a female voice. Indeed, were it not a known fact, that the instrument is unquestionably capable of producing these amazing tones, I would not have credited my own senses.

A duet succeeded, in which the same seemingly human voice was joined by a second treble, and then the illusion became absolutely astounding, because the extreme flute-like clearness of the principal voice was rendered more natural, if possible, than before, by the mingling of the rougher notes of the second. A base solo came afterward, the effect of which was exceedingly fine, as the treble tones were almost too transparent for any human organs, but those of the Grisis or Persians of the world. As these, however, are rare masterpieces of nature, a slight touch of raucity would, perhaps, render the illusion more complete to the general ear, accustomed to a lower standard. Excellent imitations then were given of the flute, hautboy, clarinet and bassoon, stops in which American organs are sadly deficient, notwithstanding they are imported from Europe.

In the second or third act of Von Weber's great opera of Der Frieschutz, there is a scene representing a village church, from which is heard without the delicious music of high mass, performed on the occasion of a marriage. At the grand opera of Paris, where I heard it but a few weeks ago, this was exquisitely imitated by playing an organ and choir behind the scene; but here the swell

comprehends the voice notes, and the distance was beautifully simulated by this means. Nothing can surpass its precise resemblance to the human voice. The walls of the church and the distance of the hearers naturally prevent the articulation of the words from being audible, so that their absence would not be remarked as at all surprising. On this account the piece from Weber was most perfect in its effects; for it must not be supposed that any attempts are made towards the articulation of language.

Since this celebrated organ was built, numerous attempts have been made to apply a similar stop to other instruments, and vast labor and ingenuity have been called into requisition. Its pipes have been studied with unwearied care by constructors of organs, but still it stands in unrivaled perfection, though approaches have been made to it by very many.

The next piece was the storm scene from the same opera, where the enchanter by his magic art arouses thunder and lightnings. These displayed the accomplishments and power of the performer more than the peculiar properties of the instrument. The effect, though good, was inferior to that which is produced by an orchestra. To gratify the natural pride of the English, who are generally supposed, from the great numbers of them traveling on the continent, to be listeners of course, their national anthem was played in every kind of style, singly, with variations, and with fugue.

Thus terminates such a half hour of pleasure as does not happen every day, the memory of which will ever abide with me, and constitute one of the most agreeable souvenirs of this tour. Would that he, whose soul was attuned to the loftiest heavenly harmonies, and who loved to call them down by touching himself the solemn chords of the noble organ, would that he had heard and described this incomparable instrument, with the pen that records the symphonies of angels on the first sabbath after the creation, which

"Was not in silence holy kept; the harp  
Had work and rested not; the solemn pipe  
And dulciner, all organs of sweet stop,  
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,  
Tempered soft tunings, intermixed with voice,  
Choral or unison;"

all which are comprised in this single instrument at Fryeburg.

**KALMUC CHURCH MUSIC.**—This church music is the most horrible which can be heard in the whole wide world, and the noise which our forefathers made with their rattling weapons, or that which the South Sea islanders make at the meals on their slain enemies, becomes quite insignificant. Think of men's voices, which have never been burdened by cultivation, and which have usually the power only to bring forth four or five different, but painfully sharp and harsh tones, under the lead of a head singer not much better than his fellows, and accompanied by instruments which must have been manufactured in the infernal regions—and you will have a tolerably correct idea of Kalmuc church music. The great trumpet is held by two men, and sends forth a tone sufficient to pierce through all the houses in a village; and is assisted by a gigantic kettle drum. Their metal plates make out quite a respectable noise, and are helped out by blasts on conch shells, which also serve South Sea islanders for battle cries. Milder stringed instruments are not yet suited to the stern tastes of the Kalmucs.—*Rheinische Beobachter.*

A company of forty Russian horn players are giving concerts in Germany.

## THE DAISY.

Poetry by JOHN MASON GOOD, author of "Studies of Nature,"  
Maestoso.

GEO. J. WEBB.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep, Need we to tell a God is here; The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep, Tells of his hand in lines as clear. What power but His who

arched the skies, And poured the day-spring's purple flood, Wondrous alike in all it tries, Could read the daisy's curious bud; Mould its green cup, its wiry stem, Its

fringed border nicely spin; Can cut the gold embossed gem, That, set in silver, gleams within, And fling it with a hand so free, O'er hill and dale and desert sod, That man, where'er he

walks, may see In every step the stamp of God. That man, where'er he walks, may see, That man, where'er he walks, may see In every step the stamp of God. That man, where'er, &c. That man, where'er he walks, where'er he walks, That man, where'er he walks, may see In every step, That man, &c.

## GOODRICH. C. M.

1. In God's own house pronounce his praise, His grace he there reveals; To heaven your joy and wonder raise, For there his glory dwells.

2. Let all your sacred passions move, While you rehearse his deeds; But still the work of saving love Your highest praise exceeds.

## GLENCOE. L. M.

C. B. PORTER, New York.

Descend from heaven, immortal dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings, And mount and bear us far above The reach of these in -

## TRUST IN GOD.

Words by J. Johnson, Jr.  
Maestoso.

From the Musical Class Book.

ferior things.

1. When along the stormy ocean, Rush the winds in wild commotion, And the heavy billows swell;  
2. Now in dusk and gloom appearing, Lo! the dreadful ice-mount nearing, And destruction rules the night;  
3. When red lightnings thick are falling, So, when cloud to cloud is calling, With a trumpet tone on high,

Allegretto.

Still the eye that knows no slumber Marks the waves and has their number; He will guard his children well, He will guard his children well.  
Still a father's hand is guiding, And a - mid the danger riding, Hail we, safe, the morning light, Hail we, safe, the morning light.  
Though in fear our hearts may waver, In the storms of life still ever We've a helper strong and nigh, We've a helper strong and nigh.



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## Miscellaneous.

### BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

Commencing with the year 1784, a grand musical festival has taken place in the city of Birmingham, England, once in every three years. The present is the regular year for its occurrence, and it accordingly "came off" on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th, days of August last. The English musical periodicals teem with accounts of the performances, some of which we transfer to our columns entire. We ~~also~~ <sup>also</sup> the town hall ~~in which the performances were given.~~ It is a gothic building, of stone, admirably calculated for musical effect, and contains one of the largest organs in the world. About three thousand persons can be accommodated in the audience part of the house.

The following is the programme which appeared in the papers, for several weeks previous to the festival:

#### BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

In aid of the funds of the General Hospital, the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th days of August next, under the especial patronage of her most gracious majesty the queen, her majesty the queen dowager, his royal highness the prince Albert, his royal highness the duke of Cambridge, her royal highness the duchess of Kent *President*, the right honorable the Lord Wrottesley. *Vice presidents*, the nobility and gentry of the midland counties, &c. **PRINCIPAL VOCAL PERFORMERS.** *Soprano*, Madame Grisi, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Bassano, Miss A. Williams. *Contralto*, Miss M. B. Hawes, Miss M. Williams. *Tenor*, Signor Mario, Mr. Braham, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Lockey. *Basso*, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Machin, Signor F. Lablache, Herr Staudigl. *Leaders*, Mr. T. Cook, Mr. Willy. *At the organ*, Dr. Gauntlett, Mr. Simpson. *Conductors*, Dr. F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Mr. Moscheles. *Sub Conductor*, Mr. Munden. *Chorus Master*, Mr. Stimpson.—The instrumental band and chorus will comprise above four hundred performers.

#### SOME OF THE PERFORMANCES.

*Tuesday morning, August 25.*—Hayden's Oratorio of the Creation, and a selection of foreign music.

*Wednesday morning, August 26.*—Dr. Mendelssohn's new oratorio, Elijah, and a selection of foreign music.

*Thursday morning, August 27.*—The Messiah.

*Friday morning, August 28.*—Beethoven's Grand Mass in D; Hymn to God, Spohr; Psalm XCIII., composed for base and alto solo, with chorus and orchestral accompaniments, by Moscheles (first time of performance); and a selection.

*Wednesday evening, August 26.*—A grand miscellaneous concert.

*Thursday evening, August 27.*—The Overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream, with the whole of the vocal music, and a selection.

*Friday evening, August 28.*—A dress ball, at the theatre. (All the musical performances will be in the town hall.)

**TICKETS.**—Tickets for secured places for the morning performances in the hall, £1, 1s.; for other places, 10s. 6d.; tickets for secured places for the evening performances in the hall, 15s.; for other places, 8s.; for the ball, at the theatre, gentlemen's tickets, £1; ladies' do., 10s.; for spectators to the upper tier of boxes, 5s.; to the gallery, 2s. 6d.

J. F. LEDSHAM, Esq., chairman of committee.

The following notice also appeared simultaneously with the programme:

"BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL, August 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th.—A strangers' committee has been appointed to ballot for and select places for parties who cannot attend, or may wish to avoid the trouble of ballot. ~~For this purpose~~ will select the best places which the chances of the ballot will permit. Applications by letter, addressed to George Whateley, Esq., Birmingham, will be attended to, if accompanied by a remittance of the full price of the places required. Applications for the performances of Tuesday and Wednesday must be made not later than Thursday, the 20th of August, when the application book will be closed as respects those days. Applications for the performances of Thursday and Friday must be made not later than Friday, the 21st of August, when the application book will be finally closed. Parties applying by letter are requested to sign their christian and surnames at full length, and to add their places of abode. Unless this regulation be complied with, the strangers' committee cannot insure accuracy in the ballot or in the delivery of tickets. No tickets for the secured places will be delivered out at the ballot, or sent by post.—They must be called for at the ticket office, Waterloo street, on or after Monday, the 24th of August; and they will be delivered only to the party in whose name the places were balloted for, or some one bearing his written authority to receive them, which must contain the name and address of the messenger. After the ballot and allotment of places, the plans and books for letting places will be removed to the ticket office, Waterloo street, a which place only, parties may secure places not disposed of by ballot, and buy tickets for secured places and books. The railway trains from every part of the kingdom will be found very conveniently arranged for these performances. Persons desirous of engaging apartments during the festival, are requested to make application to Mr. Harrison, music seller, No. 30 Colmore Row, where a register of lodgings may be inspected."

An off-hand report from a correspondent of one of

the London journals, seems to give a tolerably good description of the performances. We copy it, verbatim:

"On Tuesday morning the programme consisted of *The Creation*, and selections from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The performance gave general satisfaction. In Hayden's oratorio, the principal vocalists were, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Bassano, Messrs. Hobbs, Lockey, H. Phillips, Machin, and Staudigl. Madame Caradori was too *Italian* in her delivery of Hayden's exquisite music. 'T is a pity so great an artist, at such a time, should lay herself open to objections. She could, if she pleased, interpret the music divinely. Miss Bassano was chaste and cold in the portion assigned to her. This young lady wants energy only to make her an accomplished singer of the first rank. Messrs. H. Phillips and Machin delivered the music assigned them with much effect. The former is ever excellent in sacred composition. He found no lack of admirers on the present occasion. Mr. Hobbs sang, 'In native worth,' with great sweetness, and Staudigl was rapturously encored in the splendid recitative and air, 'Now heaven in fullest glory shone.' We must not forget the very meritorious singing of Mr. Lockey. He has a good tenor voice of fine quality, but rather deficient in power for so large a room as the Birmingham Hall. The choruses were all finely given. 'The heavens are telling,' was sung with astonishing force, and produced a rapturous effect on the hearers. On the whole, we have seldom indeed listened to Hayden's masterpiece with so much unqualified delight.

Mario, Grisi, Miss Bassano, and Staudigl, were the solo interpreters of the *Stabat Mater*. Mario sang the aria, 'Cujus Animam,' with every grace and effect it was capable of realizing. His voice is exquisitely adapted for tender strains; and in Rossini's air—albeit it lacks somewhat of a sacred feeling—its sweetness and plaintiveness were never more faithfully translated.—Grisi and Miss Bassano were encored in the duet, 'Quis est homo?' a compliment which extended no less to the fair Englishwoman, than to her more experienced and more brilliant coadjutor. Staudigl did not altogether please us in the famous aria, 'Pro Peccatis.' It was given with too much effort. The last chorus produced a very grand effect. It was one of the finest specimens of the *gran maestro's* vocal scoring. Mr. Moscheles conducted. We were delighted to see him enter the orchestra, as various rumors were circulated, hinting at the impossibility of his attendance, from illness. Mr. Moscheles at least seemed in good spirits, if he were not in excellent health.

Wednesday, the day of all days at the Birmingham festival, was ushered in by a transcendent morning, and before breakfast-time the streets were choke-full of visitors and spectators, all anxious to hear and see. All were soon on the move. The composer was seen hurrying along to the music hall, heated and excited, his brain full of *Elijah*, and his heart throng-full of Mendelssohn. The reporter with his bit of paper in his waistcoat pocket, and his silver pencil-case in his hand, was, in his abstraction, treading on the toes of sundry old women, or visiting the heels of some gaping artist, as he pondered on some sweet adjective, or balanced

a pet phrase to have ready to despatch by the night post for the next day's paper. That's fact. The choruses elbowed onward with emulative strides, rehearsing particular notes, and clearing their throats. Make way there; whose coach is that? That's Grisi and Mario; but they don't sing in *Elijah*—ha! more's the pity. On they go, in a long human stream, vocalists, and choristers, and instrumentalists, and committee men, and amateurs, and connoisseurs—the amateurs the most eager—and musicians, and poets, and critics, and would-be ditto, and politicians—a few—and military men—one—and trades and professions ad libitum; all straining for the goal. Glory to Birmingham, &c., which means everything!

Well, the goal is gained! but woe on the luckless wight who comes unprovided with a ticket. We observed one little fat man in particular, in a terrible state of excitement, demanding admission at the door, on the strength of his having been introduced to Mendelssohn at a supper party in Upper Harley street. 'We can't admit you, sir, you have no ticket,' said the stern functionary. 'Here's my purse, help yourself, only let me pass,' said the fat little man. 'Can't sir, indeed.' 'But it is dreadful,' entreated the little fat man, taking off his hat and wiping his brow; 'it is dreadful. I came only last night from Cornwall; you don't expect I could purchase my ticket before I came. Here's my purse—help yourself—only let me pass!' 'Cannot, indeed, sir. You must go away; I cannot attend to you,' and the musical Cerberus turned from our fired friend, to attend to new comers. The little fat man directed one furious glance at the back of the atrocious functionary's head, set his hat firmly on his crown, took three pinches of snuff, buttoned his coat, and uttering in a voice that made the organ within doors send back a hollow response, 'Hang me, if I don't write to the Times,' turned on his heel, and disappeared in the crowd. At last the hall was gained, all the seats were occupied, and then awhile, a deep silence pervaded the multitude assembled therein. The crowd was tremendous. One waving mass of human heads was alone visible in the body of the hall. Every nook, crevice, and 'coign of vantage,' had its tenant. The room was excellently ventilated, or woe upon some of the tender occupants of the hall, for the day was warm, and the heat from the crush must have been intolerable, but for the refreshing breezes that occasionally came, and sported round the hall, and helped to neutralize the steam from nearly three thousand breaths. Suddenly a buzz is heard, and then a shout, and then a roar—it is Mendelssohn. It was indeed a proud moment for the great composer—perhaps the proudest in his life. There was never a more enthusiastic reception. The noise must have scared our little fat friend as he reached the threshold of the Hen and Chickens up in High street, determined to get day-drunk to spite the Birmingham festival, and made him turn round to transmit another look of defiance at the imaginary porter, and vow a deeper epistle to the Times. We shall forbear, for manifold reasons, offering our own simple opinions on the *Elijah* of Mendelssohn, which will be recorded by far abler hands than ours, but we cannot refrain from expressing the delight and astonishment with which we listened to this most magnificent work of the great master. We trust Mendelssohn may respond to the call made on him, to produce the oratorio in London, before he leaves the country. After the oratorio, Grisi and Mario sang two arias from Mozart's *David Penitente*, and Cimarosa's *Sacrificio d'Abraamo*. The

performance closed with a chorus from Handel's anthem, 'The king shall rejoice.'

The first grand miscellaneous concert took place in the evening, and was attended by a numerous and fashionable audience. The performance commenced with Beethoven's grand symphony in A. This composition is decidedly one of the loftiest inspirations of the mighty genius. We have heard the symphony better played than on this occasion, and in the last movement the band were by no means perfect. A glee of Webbe followed, sung as well as it deserved, by Miss M. B. Hawes, Messrs. Hobbs, Lockey, and H. Phillips. These glees are very sorry affairs, and belong to the dust of by-gone times. Why so sad a composition should be called a glee, is beyond our ken; perhaps by a parity of reason with that which the Irish fruit-woman used, calling oranges Chaney oranges—'bekase they came from Lisbon.' Glees were very well in their day, and they have their uses yet; they procure some poor musician every year a small annuity of some three-pounds, subscribed by sundry *gents*, who constitute themselves into a community, respectfully denominated a 'glee club;' but the composition is never heard after the first rehearsal—they recline in the dark caves of oblivion, and there let them lie. They are warts on the sweet visage of Apollo. So much for glees!

Mario gave the aria from *Don Giovanni*, 'Il mio tesoro,' as no one could give it but Mario, always saving and excepting Rubini, Donzelli, and a few others. Next came Grisi and the eternal 'Qui la voce,' from the *Puritani*, which sets forth the capabilities of her voice to the very acme of perfection. Grisi and Mario were both encored. After this, Moscheles performed his favorite piece, 'Recollections of Ireland,' and so great was the effect produced by the incomparable playing of the incomparable musician on the incomparable airs of the green isle, that several Irish ladies would have gone into hysterics, but for the decorum necessitated by the time and place, and energetically postponed their fits till they got home to their native country. The acclamations consequent on Mr. Moscheles's performance had not yet ceased, when Miss Bassano made her appearance, and 'silence' being bawled from every part of the hall, and tumult thereupon appeased, the young lady delivered with much expression and good taste Hayden's cantata, *The Mermaid*. The Misses Williams followed next, with Macfarren's delicious duet, 'Two Merry Gipsies,' and were rapturously applauded. Thence Madame Caradori Allan delighted her hearers with the hacknied aria, *L'Amor suo mi fe beata*, from *Roberto Devereux*; after which, Staudigl sang an air of Hayden's with German words, which pleased nobody; and the first part concluded with the celebrated comic duo from *Il Fanatico per la Musica*, in which Grisi and Frederick Lablache enraptured the audience, and won an unanimous encore.

Spohr's wonderful overture to *Faust* commenced part the second of the concert. It was most indifferently played. At one time the band were completely at fault. It was a most elaborate composition, and required more rehearsals than the orchestra seemed to have bestowed upon it. Query? Did they rehearse it at all? After the overture, which went off tamely, Grisi appeared, and delivered the aria, 'Lascia ch'io pianza,' from Handel's *Rinaldo*. The fair cantatrice never displayed her unrivaled powers to greater advantage. The depth and fervor of the German master were as truly interpreted by the enchanting songstress, as though she were rioting in the florid graces of the more volatile expression

of her own Italian school. Miss M. B. Hawes was as frigid as Wenham ice in Dr. Arne's air from *Artaxerxes*, 'Oh! too lovely,' and Mr. H. Phillips followed suit in a song by Mr. Moscheles. Miss Bassano and Madame Caradori Allan next gave a duet from Verdi's opera, *Nino*, which their pure singing could not redeem from utter insipidity. Only imagine Verdi in a concert room! Mario followed with a French *chanson*, with chorus added, excellently given. Staudigl was encored in the magnificent song, 'Oh! ruddier than the cherry,' from Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, and the second part of the evening concert admirably wound up with the *finale* from the *Così fan tutte*, sung by all the principal vocalists. The concert did not seem to afford all the satisfaction that might have been expected. We think a more appropriate selection might have been obtained.

On Thursday morning the same excitement prevailed as on Wednesday. The grand feature of attraction in the music hall was Handel's undying oratorio, *the Messiah*. Every seat was occupied, hundreds were standing, and hundreds rejected from the doors. We were unable to ascertain whether our quondam friend, the fat little man, made a second essay for admittance, or whether in his wrath he hurried off to Cornwall to pen the threatened epistle to the Times. We were exceedingly grieved we could not light upon his whereabouts, or learn anything of his movements, as, in reality, the little fat man seemed to us one of the features of the Birmingham festival. Would that we had exchanged cards. We chanced upon a knot of London musicians in the streets. They were canvassing with great enthusiasm the new oratorio. One and all pronounced it a masterpiece of excellent grandeur and power, and one that must endure for ages to come, a mighty monument of a mighty master. We were pleased. How gratifying to find the opinions of those who must know better than yourself, tallying with your own! We are modest—and we know it!

We are sorry to have to record the utter failure of *the Messiah* by the performance of the Birmingham band and choir. Surely there was something rotten in the state. It is nothing to say that portions of the oratorio were delivered with all capable effect, that some of the choruses were sung finely, that the soloists were at times excellent—no apology should be needed. We have heard *the Messiah* far better rendered at a first rehearsal by the Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall.—What! at one of the greatest festivals in the kingdom, was it politic, just, or honest, to have the *chef d'œuvre* of the greatest of all masters treated with the listlessness that would have discredited a tenth-rate production by a country choir! When thousands flocked far and near to listen to the divine inspirations of Handel, was it creditable such a work as *the Messiah* should be read off-hand, like an amateur's madrigal, or a glee of no pretence? Shame on the rulers of the festival, that could suffer such things to be. We speak not our own sentiments only. Hundreds, after the performance, cried loudly against the desecration on the author. We have hardly patience to analyze the performance. The principal vocalists in *the Messiah* were Madame Caradori Allan, the Misses Bassano, M. B. Hawes, M. and A. Williams, Messrs. Braham, H. Phillips, Hobbs, and Staudigl. We shall forbear from offering any opinion of Braham's attempt at singing. He is 300 years old, and that's apology sufficient for him in all conscience. Several encores were awarded to the principal singers, in some instances justly. Madame Caradori Allan

was exceedingly effective in 'But thou didst not leave,' and well merited the encore she received. Staudigl delivered the magnificent air, 'The trumpet shall sound,' with great power and fidelity. The chorus, 'All we like sheep,' was finely given; but with this, all eulogy must needs be suspended. 'The Lord of hosts,' was rendered with indecision, and the tremendous 'Hallelujah' execrably sung. We shall speak no further of the *Messiah*; 'tis a thankless task to find fault, and one we would fain avoid if it could be helped."

"On Thursday evening, Weber's overture to *Preciosa* opened the second concert of the festival. The band performed it with great precision and effect. Caradori succeeded with an aria of Donizetti, after which Staudigl gave a splendid song from *Jessonda*. The duet and chorus *Giovinette che fate*, then followed, a composition altogether out of place in a concert room. Grisi appeared, and sang a doubtful aria from *Lombardi*. Moscheles and Mendelssohn afterwards performed on two piano fortes, the *Homage to a Handel*. Miss Bassano subsequently delivered *Non più di Fiori*. After a solo on the clarinet—what intolerable bores these solos are—by Mr. Williams, Mario sang an aria from the *Matrimonio Segreto*. The duet from *Semiramide* next elicited applause, through the singing of Grisi and Miss Bassano. After some other pieces, not worth naming, the first part closed with a chorus from *Ernani*.

Mendelssohn's overture to *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, commenced the second part, with selections from the incidental music thereto. Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Bassano, the Misses Williams, Messrs. H. Phillips, Lockey, Hobbs, Machin, Herr Staudigl, Signor Mario, and Grisi, each and all added their miscellaneous efforts to give life to the concert. But the performances did not go off with spirit. With the solitary exception of the music from *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, there was nothing further worthy of reporting in Thursday evening's performance.

Friday morning the performances were of a very mixed kind, and by no means unexceptionable. Only portions of the *Missa Solennis* were given, and these by no means with excellence. A 'psalm' of Moscheles was very well received, and exhibited the high powers of the composer. We have no time to analyze it. 'Let the bright seraphim,' was an unmistakeable failure, between Madame Caradori's indifferent singing and Mr. Harper's incompetent playing. Mr. Harper cannot play a note. A very delicious aria of Stradella was admirably sung by Mario. A chorus from *The Mount of Olives*, was highly effective, and excellently given. It was the gem of the day's performance. We cannot discover to what extent the committee are indebted to Dr. Gauntlett; but this we are assured, that their thrusting him forward so prominently only served to render themselves and Dr. Gauntlett objects of meriment. Dr. Gauntlett improvised, too, and then *condescended* to introduce an air or two of Handel's into his own redundant flourishes. Preserve us from such future exhibitions at a great festival! The directors of the festival have, in more than one instance, brought themselves into disrepute; Dr. Gauntlett's improvisation was the crowning rose of their errors. (The programme shows that Dr. Gauntlett was one of the organists who officiated at the festival.) The day's performance concluded with a selection from Handel's 'Coronation Anthem.'"

The whole performances closed on Friday evening with a dress ball at the theatre. The receipts for all the performances were £11,050 (\$53,040.)

THE proprietors of the Musical World, the best English musical periodical, at the commencement of the present year promised a concert, in the course of the year, to which subscribers to that paper would receive a free ticket. The concert came off on Wednesday, July 8th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M. Several of the most distinguished living performers took part in the performance, among whom were Vieuxtemps and Sivori, violinists, and Moscheles and Madame Pleyel, pianists. The following, from the London Daily News, gives a description of the performance:

"The principal Parisian musical journals, the *Gazette Musicale* and the *France Musicale*, are in the custom of giving several concerts every year, to which their subscribers are gratuitously admitted. This example has now been followed by our well known journal, the *Musical World*, by whose proprietors a concert was given in the Hanover-square Rooms, yesterday morning. It was of a highly classical description, and gave the greatest satisfaction to a crowded audience. The performance began with Beethoven's Ninth Quartet, in C, of which it is quite sufficient to say that it was executed by Sainton, Sivori, Hill, and Rousselot. Mozart's famous cantata, 'Non temer,' was then sung with great brilliancy and beauty by Madame Thillon, who was admirably accompanied by Lindsay Sloper. The next piece was Beethoven's sonata in C minor, for piano forte and violin, played by Madame Pleyel and Sivori. This lady has now discovered that the English public can understand and enjoy the most refined kinds of instrumental music. The sonata in C minor is one of its author's grand and lofty conceptions, demanding on the part of both performers great executive power, combined with energy, feeling, and the utmost delicacy of style and expression. The performance was a trial of strength between two of the most accomplished artists who now exist—a contest in which both were victorious, for nothing could be more magnificent or triumphant than the effect they produced. Madame Pleyel afterwards played, with Vieuxtemps, Beethoven's sonata in F, the performance of which, at the last meeting of the Musical Union, we have already noticed. She has now, in several public appearances, made the *amende honorable* for the exclusive devotion she at first paid to the shallow fashionable style of the day, and has shown that her powers embrace the whole range of the art. Towards the conclusion of the concert she played Kalkbrenner's fantasia on the airs from the 'Pirate.' In all these pieces she received the most rapturous applause, and several movements were encored. A romance for four violoncellos, composed by M. Rousselot, and played by him, Piatti, Casella, and Hausman, gave great pleasure to the audience. It was an *andante* movement, full of sweet melody, richly harmonized, entirely in accordance with the genius of the violoncello, and unpolluted by any of those scrambling passages which render this noble instrument a bad imitation of the violin. The only other instrumental piece was Bach's concerto for the piano forte, accompanied by two flutes and a double quartette of stringed instruments. Moscheles, who played the piano forte part, had previously introduced it to the acquaintance of the amateurs at his own *matinees*. It is a charming specimen of the genius of the great old master, showing that he could be light and graceful, as well as profound and sublime. There was a good deal of excellent vocal music. Madame Macfarren sung her husband's fine aria, 'Ah, non lasciarmi,' with great purity and expression. There were two songs by Mr. J. W. Davison, both taken from his 'Vo-

cal Illustrations of Shelley.' The first, sung by Miss Bassano, was Beatrice's song, 'False friend, wilt thou smile or weep?' from 'The Cenci,' an impassioned strain, of which the wild and fitful character has been happily expressed by the composer. The other, 'Swifter far than summer's flight,' from Shelley's minor poems, was sung by Miss Dolby. Both songs were greatly and deservedly applauded, and the latter was encored. The duet, 'Come, let us be gone,' by H. Smart, was very prettily sung by the Misses Williams. It is an elegant composition, and never fails to please. Mr. Macfarren's trio, 'Merrily meet again,' sung by Miss Bassano, Madame Macfarren, and Miss Dolby, concluded a concert which may well be called one of the best of the season."

The following advertisements, from an English paper, show the manner in which musical situations are sought and disposed of in that country:

**ORGANIST SITUATION WANTED.**—The advertiser, having had considerable experience as a parochial organist, and who can obtain the highest testimonials as to professional ability and character, wishes for an appointment to a church where there is a good organ. The south or west of England preferred. A liberal premium will be given for a successful introduction.

**TO PROFESSORS OF THE PIANO FORTE.**—A gentleman who has a large provincial practice some distance from London, finding his engagements more numerous than he can undertake, wishes to dispose of his entire connection in a town, the income of which has hitherto averaged fully £180 per annum. Any qualified professional gentleman, who would devote his sole attention to this practice, might realize a much larger income, as the advertiser has only been able to devote a portion of his time to this connection, on account of his other engagements.

**TO ORGANISTS.**—A gentleman, who has been accustomed to church duty, would be happy to undertake the whole or a portion of the duty of any organist requiring such assistance, or the advertiser would be happy to treat with any person who could introduce him to a permanent organ duty.

**WANTED, AN ASSISTANT.**—A professor of the piano forte wishes to engage a gentleman as assistant, to whom a rising salary would be given should his qualifications be found suitable: first year's salary, £80.

The following, from an English paper, shows how organists are elected, in that country:

"On Thursday, the candidates for the office of organist at St. Julian's Church, Shrewsbury, (Miss Wigley having resigned,) performed before the minister, church wardens, and a small number of parishioners. Three candidates played, and after a very able contest, the judge, Mr. George Hay, of Wolverhampton, decided in favor of Mr. Hackett, at the same time complimenting Mr. Lewis, (another of the candidates,) very highly upon his proficiency. The candidates were each required to play a voluntary, a chorus from 'Israel in Egypt,' ('They loathed to drink the waters,') and a MS. psalm tune, with figured base, composed by Mr. Hay for the occasion, between the verses of which, extemporaneous interludes were to be performed."

A correspondent writes from New Haven, that the performance of the *Messiah*, by the New York Sacred Music Society, in that city, (noticed in No. 17,) was not creditable to the society. That the society in question can perform the *Messiah* well, we have had arricular demonstration. If they *did not* on the occasion referred to, those who attended have a right to criticise the performance.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1846.

We have received many suggestions with regard to the musical part of our paper, of which we have apparently taken no notice, for the reason, that we have not been able to decide what answer to give to them. We are free to confess that our only object in publishing music at all, is to please our subscribers. Personally, we have no choice as to which of the various branches of music we publish. We have before us ten communications upon this subject. Letter No. 1 suggests that we publish nothing but hymn tunes; says that the Gazette is extensively taken by choirs in that vicinity, and that it was understood that hymn tunes alone would be published. No. 2 suggests that more glees be published; says that the paper is taken by several glee societies in that neighborhood, and that if it contained nothing but glees it would be more acceptable to them. No. 3 says that the paper is taken by but few choirs, and that as a family paper it would be much better to have songs and duets, than four-part compositions.—No. 4 says there is difficulty in procuring new instrumental music in the country, and that if our music pages were devoted to instrumental, instead of vocal music, it would be more acceptable. No. 5 suggests that an occasional organ voluntary would be of great value, particularly to organists who cannot well extemporize. No. 5 thinks that music of a higher and more classical character would tend to elevate musical taste. No. 7 suggests that choirs in the country require a much simpler style of music than we publish, and offers to furnish us with a supply of easy tunes. No. 8 wishes to furnish us with enough of his own compositions to fill our columns for some months to come. Letters 9 and 10 contain suggestions in the main like some of the above.

Two months ago we penned the above, and have been endeavoring ever since to decide upon some course which would satisfy all. There is force in every suggestion offered; but for the following reasons we have concluded, as a general thing, to follow the course we have heretofore pursued. 1st, our first numbers contained glees and hymn tunes, giving the impression that all of our music would be of this description. In consequence, many choirs and glee societies have subscribed for the Gazette, and justice to them requires we should not change. 2d, songs and instrumental pieces, that are new and good we cannot procure. We are not acquainted with composers who write such music, and such as is published is always copyrighted. 3d, we never saw an organ voluntary that would in all respects be suitable for the services of our churches. Such may exist, but we know not where to look for them. Enough excellent German voluntaries can be found, but they are generally designed as skeletons to be filled up.

We scarcely know *why* we gave the above named varieties of music in our first numbers, but as we *did*, we think it will be best, on the whole, not to alter them.

It is rumored that the inhabitants of Berlin contemplate erecting an equestrian statue, in honor of Meyerbeer.

LAST, the best living pianist, recently gave a piano concert in aid of a benevolent society at Brühl, (Austria,) in the open air! Upwards of two thousand persons were present.

## A DAY IN NEW YORK.

Two or three weeks since, we were obliged to visit New York on business, which, although it did not actually occupy half an hour in its transaction, obliged us to spend an entire day in that noisy village. While seated at the door of the hotel, wondering what we should do with ourself during the day, a little ragged specimen of humanity thrust a paper in our face, with the usual salutation, "Buy a Herald, Tribune, or Mirror, sir?" We bought one, we can't say which, and began lazily to con its crowded columns. Soon our eye rested upon the following notice:

"TRINITY CHURCH ORGAN.—The following gentlemen will perform on the organ, this day, at the hours named. At 10 o'clock, Mr. C. D. Judah, of Calvary Church; Mr. Caard, of St. Stephen's; Mr. Phillips, of St. Thomas's. At 11 o'clock, Mr. William Rolfe, of London; Mr. William Shack, from Berlin; Mr. A. A. Wheeler, of Albany; Mr. Samuel Jackson, of St. Bartholomew's. At 12 o'clock, Mr. Greatorex, of St. Paul's; Mr. Carrington, of Dr. Hutton's Church; Mr. Cornell, of St. John's. At 1 o'clock, Mr. George Loder, of Grace Church; Mr. Kingsley, of Brooklyn. At 4 o'clock, Mr. Timm, of the Church of the Messiah. Mr. William A. King and Mr. Timm will perform a duet on the organ."

Instantly dropping the paper, we crowded all sail towards the most splendid church edifice of America, and mingled in the crowd who were pressing towards the door. When we at last reached the entrance, we found that a ticket was required for admission, and that these tickets were neither to be "bought nor sold," but were given away at a bookstore some little distance from the church. With what of patience we could command, we extricated ourselves from the press, and bore away for the bookstore, where we found two smiling clerks doing an active business in the line of ticket giving. Obtaining entrance to the church, we found that the organ was in full blast, and the audience in full march, examining the various parts of the building, most being busily engaged in conversation upon various topics, with only here and there a group listening to the organ. We remained about an hour, during which time we estimated that the audience was entirely changed more than once. Two or three different organists played, while we were present, but, in our humble opinion, they did neither themselves nor the organ much credit. We do not know how to describe the playing better than to repeat the language of a small party of fashionables, who for a few moments condescended to converse close to our inquisitive ears. "I don't think they play in a very interesting manner, do you, Miss —?" "No, sir, it's quite tiresome to listen to it." "Yes, it's nothing but chord! chord! chord! and then diddle! diddle! diddle! dee! all of the time. I can't make out any sense in the whole of it." "Very much of your opinion," said we, mentally, at the same time wishing we had retained the paper, so that we might ascertain whether Dr. Hodges, Zeuner, or any other "old school" performer was on the list. We understood that the organ was to be exhibited for two days. We have no doubt many good performers were among the number who assisted in the exhibition, but they certainly were not among those who performed while we were present. It was difficult to judge of the quality of the different stops, especially of the more delicate ones, amid the noise of so many footsteps upon the stone floor. It seemed to us, that although the organ is undoubtedly the *largest* in the United States, there is room for a *?* about its being in every respect the *best*. Its dimensions are as follows: 53 feet high, 28 wide, and 32 deep. The *case* is made of solid oak, elegantly carved, and is of the pure

gothic order. It has three rows of keys from CCCC and two octaves of pedals; there are forty-four stops, and nearly 2500 pipes, the largest of which is made of wood, thirty-two feet long, and three feet by two feet six inches—making upwards of two hundred and fifty cubic feet. The large metal pipe which stands in front, measures twenty-two feet in length, and is five feet six inches in circumference. The organ was made by Henry Erben, of New York, and cost \$15,000. Upwards of 17,000 persons visited the church during the performance. We understand that Leopold De Meyer played on the organ, on the Monday succeeding the above exhibition, and expressed himself highly pleased.

On leaving the church, we sauntered towards the Battery, over the gate of which hung an immense sheet of canvas, on which were the words, "THE GREAT FAIR," in letters a yard long. This great fair we found to be the fair of the American Institute, in Castle Garden. We paid our "quarter," and entered, to see what we could of new inventions, mechanical, agricultural, and, more especially, musical. Although the number of the two former was almost without number, the only musical instruments we could find were two square and one grand pianos. The square pianos could make no very great pretensions as to beauty of case; further we could not judge, as the instruments were locked. The grand piano was of a much shorter pattern than we ever saw before. It was not only unlocked, but the cover was off. We had nevertheless no opportunity to judge of its quality, as a young miss was performing sundry well-known marches and waltzes upon it, as long as we were within hearing, to the great delight of a circle of auditors twelve deep around the whole instrument. Other musical instruments of any kind or shape we did not see, although we may have possibly overlooked some. We wonder if all three of the pianos will take the prizes?

On our way from the garden across the Battery, we noticed a crowd assembling on the water's edge, and found they were waiting to see the Great Western go out. Having nothing better to do, we also procured a good standing place, and watched this mammoth vessel as she *bucked* down the East river for about a mile, making sundry unsuccessful attempts to turn around. At last, after nearly backing on to Governor's Island, she succeeded in getting her bowsprit pointed towards Staten Island, when she fired a gun, and took her way "over the deep, deep sea."

Having watched the Great Western sufficiently long to gratify our curiosity, we turned away, and espied at the corner of the street a notice that the "Isaac Newton," the largest steamboat in the world, would make her trial trip to Albany that afternoon, leaving pier foot of Liberty street at six o'clock. It was now past five, and as we always feel desirous of seeing all the biggest things in the world, be they mountains, steamboats, or anything else, we bent our steps towards the aforesaid pier. We arrived at the boat time enough to examine her before she left, and can express our belief that she is not only the *largest*, but also the *handsomest* steamboat in the world. It was quite a treat to see the ease with which she got under weigh, compared with the awkward manœuvres of the Great Western. On board the "Newton," not a word was heard, but the cables were quietly cast off, and the "floating palace" skimmed away over the glassy water with the ease and grace of a swallow, attended by a hearty "three times three" from the crowd of spectators on the pier, and the "ding dong" of sundry steamboat bells in the vicinity.

We returned to the hotel, intending to have spent the

evening in calling upon some of our musical friends who reside somewhere between one and fifty miles "up town," but on taking up a paper we found that Leopold De Meyer was to give a concert in the Broadway Tabernacle close by, and as it always seems to us about as far from down town to up town, in New York, as it does from New York to Boston, out of sheer laziness we indefinitely postponed our calls, (for which may our friends forgive us,) and turned aside to hear the "lion pianist." As the time for the commencement of the performances was not designated in the advertisement, we went a little before seven, to secure a good seat. We found, however, that even at this early hour all of the good seats were occupied, and so we selected a place in a front pew, our seat being about three feet distant from the piano, in a position where we could see every one of the keys. The performance did not commence till eight o'clock, and we had abundant time to meditate upon the architectural beauties of the building, as well as upon the various physiognomies which filled it. The house was crowded. There could not have been less than three thousand present, who, if their tickets cost as much as ours, paid three thousand dollars, entrance money.

De Meyer was assisted by "Mr. Joseph Burke, Fraulein Korsinsky, Mlle. Rachel, Herr Hecht, and by Mr. Geo. Loder with his whole orchestra, consisting of forty-two artists and several amateurs."

The first piece was, "Overture to Fingal's Cave," by Mendelssohn, performed by full orchestra. 2d, the "Hebrew Maiden's Lament," sung by Mlle. Rachel. 3, grand "Fantasie on Semiramis," played by De Meyer. 4, "Air from Donizetti," sung by Herr Hecht. 5, "Romance from Auber," sung by Miss Korsinsky. 6, "Improvisations on Russian airs," by De Meyer. (This performance was encored, but De Meyer, instead of repeating it, gave an improvisation on American airs, introducing Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle, in sundry different shapes and keys.) 7, "Carnival of Venice," violin, by Burke.

Part second consisted of—8, "Grand Triumphant March," composed by De Meyer, and executed by the orchestra. 9, "Air from De Beriot," sung by Mlle. Rachel. 10, "Grand Fantasia on Robert le Diable, containing the Waltz Infernal," composed and executed by De Meyer. 11, "March Marocaine," composed by De Meyer, performed by the orchestra. 12, "Air from Der Freischütz," sung by Fraulein Korsinsky. 13, "Grand Duet from Wm. Tell," performed by Burke and De Meyer. 14, "Duet from Donizetti," Miss Korsinsky and Mr. Hecht.

We were not disappointed in De Meyer's playing. He can make a tremendous noise on the piano; probably more with one hand than common performers can with two. He has also a clean and clear touch, and can run the chromatic scale in less time than most people can wink. In these particulars, he fully equalled all we have heard about him, and if rapid execution and loud thumping constitute a great performer, then he is one. We have some how or other got the idea into our heads, that loud thumping is loud thumping, that rapid execution is rapid execution, and that neither is necessarily music. We once heard a young man perform several pieces of music upon the piano, in a manner we never heard equalled before or since. It was at a private concert in Germany, and the performer was a wealthy man, who was not in the habit of appearing in public, but cultivated the piano from innate love of the instrument. The pieces he performed were

by Beethoven and Mozart. Such shades of expression! such taste! such pure intonation! (aye! intonation!) such feeling! such exquisite trills and turns! we fear we shall never hear again. The pieces were not difficult. Any well-educated performer could have executed them; but this young man had devoted the time which De Meyer and those of his stamp have employed in learning to *thump* and *run*! in acquiring the ability to express the compositions of the great masters, in a superior manner; and express them he did, in a manner which we before thought impossible on the piano. We call his performance a concert of music. We call De Meyer's, an exhibition of difficult finger feats. We could discover no music in his whole performances from beginning to end. Positively, the only musical ideas, contained in all he played which we can now in any measure recall, were "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," and the airs from "Wm. Tell." We have heard much about the "March of Marocaine," as evincing great talent on the part of its composer. We were indeed surprised at it, but not at any musical ideas it contained. Never before heard we such a racket in a concert room. Had the orchestra consisted of ten times forty-two instruments, we should not have thought them capable of making so much noise. With one exception, all of the pieces which De Meyer performed were of his own composition, i. e., were arrangements designed to exhibit to the best advantage his execution. We cannot think he excels as a composer. Why could he not have given some of the works of those who have excelled as composers? We know of no other reason, than that it is his "forte" to astonish by execution, rather than to charm by performing good music. We are aware that our ideas upon this subject are somewhat different from those of the "public," but we cannot help expressing them, especially when we have excellent authority for holding such opinions. At the private concert referred to, (it was the rather a "private social party," with music supplying the place of eatables,) Mendelssohn, Schnyder, and many other distinguished German musicians were present, and we heard them contrast the young man's performance with those of the "finger-feat" school, in a much stronger light than we have done. Far be it from us to deny De Meyer great credit for his execution, but we earnestly wish to convey the idea, that by many competent judges, a "piece of music," and a "piece of rapid fingering," are considered two entirely different things.

Mr. De Meyer's programme, with which the audience was supplied, was headed with a wood-cut, a caricature of himself, in which he was represented with a couple of grand pianos slung over his shoulders, a cigar in his mouth, from which issued copious fumes of music notes! and a large bag of dollars in his hand, stamped "Boston," "Philadelphia," &c. In this trim, he is tramping across the land, while underneath his boots appears a rude sketch in notes of "March Marocaine." We could not get rid of the idea, throughout the evening, that his whole performance was as comical as the "figure head" of his programme. He would put on such an odd "phiz" as he glanced to various parts of the audience, while his fingers were flying over the keys, like lightning over the telegraph wires. He would give the orchestra such a curious look, and then roll his eyes about the house again, whilst his wrists, arms, shoulders, and even his whole body, was engaged with might and main in pummeling the instrument before him. In every piece the sweat fairly poured from his face, which we took to be a part of the performance. And then at the

conclusion of each piece he *did* retire with so many smirks and smiles upon his good-humored countenance, dodging as well as he could the numerous wreaths and bouquets which were thrown at him, that, taking it all together, it was with difficulty we could keep from "roaring right out." It seemed to us that if, immediately after striking the last chord of the piece, he had turned a sunset over the piano, it would have been in perfect keeping with the performance.

Mr. Burke proved himself an extraordinary violinist, and we were glad to hear the thunders of applause (more hearty, as it appeared to us, than that which followed De Meyer's pieces,) with which his performances were greeted. If we are a correct judge, he equals the best performer who has appeared before an American audience, with the exception, perhaps, of Viouxtemps. Mlle. Rachel, we believe, is considered a musical wonder. Although her voice is good, there is considerable room for its cultivation.

We said that we secured a seat where we could see the keys of the piano; and so we did, as it stood when he was *not* playing upon it. Before he played, they moved it just six inches too far towards the centre of the stage, for us to see a key!

The audience was a fashionable as well as a large one. At the side of the organ, behind the orchestra, we noticed John Tyler, ex-president of the United States, with his young wife, and there were doubtless other great folks present, whom we did not notice.

We cannot conclude our notice of this concert, without expressing our opinion that De Meyer is really a great performer, and that if he followed his own taste, his selections would be from a different style of music. He has evidently got the idea that he shall make more money by astonishing Americans with his great execution, than by charming them with the performance of excellent music; and we are by no means sure that his idea is not correct.

The concert closed at eleven o'clock, at which time we retired to our hotel. Whoever was in the Park at half past five the next morning, might have seen the senior editor of the Musical Gazette en route for Boston, via Peck slip and New Haven, *sans* baggage, solitary and alone, but conscious that he had not spent the hours of the previous day quite so unprofitably, as on the previous morning he had reason to expect.

HENRI HERZ, the author of innumerable piano-forte compositions, and one of the many distinguished performers on that instrument now living, arrived at Boston, in the steamship Caledonia from Liverpool, October 20th. We presume he will make a concert-giving tour of the country, *a la* De Meyer, Ole Bull, &c.

A writer in the London World endeavors to prove that the reason why as vocalists the English are so much behind the Italians, is owing to incompetency on the part of the teachers. Another, who signs himself "An English teacher of singing," replies, that the chief reason why English singers do not equal the Italian, is that because, after studying a year or two, they are flattered by their friends into a belief that they are accomplished and perfect singers, and being impatient to come before the public and drink whole draughts of that flattery of which they had hitherto only tasted, they bid adieu to all further study.

LOGIER, the inventor of the system of teaching the piano forte in classes, recently died in Dublin, aged 66.



For the Musical Gazette.

## WHAT INSTRUMENTS ARE BEST ADAPTED TO CHOIR ACCOMPANIMENT?

Undoubtedly the organ, in this respect, has the pre-eminence. So to speak, it is entirely an ecclesiastical instrument. There is something in the very tone of a good church organ, that appeals directly to the religious sensibilities of the soul. It is a matter of wonder that an irreligious organist can listen to the tones of his instrument, and not feel that he ought to be a christian. When seated with the worshipping assembly, on a quiet Sabbath morning, and listening to its rich and swelling harmonies, poured forth under the hands of a devout performer, how readily do we fancy the air filled with celestial listeners, delighted, that on earth, amidst all its discords, they may hear strains so near akin to those of their own bright abode!

The organ has been denominated the "king of all instruments." Surely the appropriate place of his throne is in the midst of "the great congregation."

The expense of *first-class* instruments does not admit of their introduction only into churches in the cities and larger towns; the cost of erecting a church edifice in the country, being less than is sometimes paid for an organ, in the city—three, five, seven, or ten thousand dollars. Bearing in mind the fact, that but a small portion of such large instruments is commonly used for choir purposes, and considering also the difference in the size of city and country churches, five or seven hundred dollars, judiciously expended, will purchase an organ that might answer extremely well the ordinary purposes of choir accompaniment. Where even that amount of money cannot be afforded, a tolerable substitute for an organ may be found in the instrument called the "melodeon," provided it be properly constructed, and correctly tuned, which is not the case with all that are in market. The cost of this instrument is from thirty to fifty dollars.

A most beautiful effect may be produced by a combination of instruments, such as flutes, violins, violoncellos, and contra basses, provided they be *well played*.

To be a *competent* accompanist upon any instrument, the performer must be able to transpose the music before him into any assigned key; not only because that is sometimes required to be done, but because whoever has sufficient knowledge of his particular instrument, and of music in general, to enable him to do it, will be quite sure of *always* playing correctly and tastefully.

In most places, it would be found easier to raise five or ten hundred dollars for the purchase of an organ, and the requisite salary for a player, than to find half a dozen performers (of the required skill,) upon as many different instruments. So that in this view the organ is the cheapest, safest, and most to be depended upon. Whatever the instrument or instruments used for accompanying, unless in good hands they had better be dispensed with entirely.

An organist whose scientific attainments are subjected to the control of devout affections, needs not to be told how he should play. It may not be out of place here to advise all others, that *trivialities* in style or sentiment, with an organist, should be considered as much out of place as with a preacher.

Were organists more generally to *study* the subjects of their voluntaries and interludes, and not throw themselves entirely upon the fancy of the moment, they would doubtless play quite as acceptably.

The writer has not chosen to enter upon a discussion of the propriety, in a religious view, of the use of mu-

sical instruments in the house of worship. If we sometimes meet with persons who object to such use, the number is fast decreasing. They are fast passing to a world where they will hear the strains of a redeemed choir, as "*they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb,*" echoed from a "sea of glass," and accompanied by none other "musical instruments" than the "harps of God." Vide Rev. 15: 2, 3, 4.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MOZART COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC, containing Melodies and Chorals set to fifty different metres; also the celebrated Christus and Miserere by Zinzarelli, with the adaption of English words; to which is prefixed the new method of teaching the rudiments of music: by E. IVES, JR.

We have not examined the musical portion of this work sufficiently to express an opinion upon it. We have glanced over the new method of instruction it contains, but have not yet obtained sufficient light with regard to it, to exactly comprehend in what respect it is an improvement upon the common method. When we can feel that we clearly understand it, our readers shall be favored with our opinion concerning it.

BRAINARD'S SELECT MELODIES, principally from the operas of Bellini, Auber, Donizetti, Rossini, &c. arranged as solos, duets, trios, and quartets, for the flute or violin. Cleveland, Ohio; published by S. Brainard, and for sale at all music stores.

Extract from the preface—"The following pages, consisting principally of duets for the flute, have been selected and arranged more particularly for those who are somewhat advanced in the science of music, and who are already familiar with all the old dances, songs, jigs, &c., which have appeared in most of the flute and violin collections for the last half century. The subjects for these duets have been principally selected from the operas of Bellini, Auber, Donizetti, and Rossini. It has been the intention of the compiler of these melodies to place before the amateur a collection which should contain something new. Those who appreciate the delightful operas of the above composers, will, we doubt not, find enough in this collection to amply repay them for a careful perusal of its pages."

## CONCERTS IN BOSTON.

Since our last, the Handel and Hayden Society have performed the oratorio of *David*. The Apolloneans have given several performances. The Hutchinsons have made their first appearance before a Boston audience, since their return from Europe, and have given three concerts to overflowing houses. On their first evening, the first piece commenced with,

"We're with you once again, kind friends,  
No more our footsteps roam,  
Where it commenced our journey ends,  
Amid the scenes of home."

Signora Rosina Pico and Miss Julia L. Northall, gave a concert, October 27, assisted by Messrs. Maeder, T. T. Barker, and G. F. Hayter.

The Boston Academy of Music have advertised a series of six concerts, similar to those given for several years past. A symphony by Mendelssohn, "the best of living composers," overture to the tragedy of "Nero," by Reissiger, and "Overture Gurre," a jubilee overture by Lendpainter, will be given at the first concert. The orchestra engaged for the present year is said to be in many points superior to those of former years. It is composed of six first violins, six second violins, two violas, three violoncellos, three contra basses, three flutes, two clarinets, two oboes, two bassoons, two tram-

pets, four horns, three trombones, one ophelide, and three drums. Conductor, Prof. Geo. J. Webb. Leader of the orchestra, Mr. Keyzer.

Mr. Lover, author of "Rory O'More," "Handy Andy," &c., has given two or three entertainments, which he calls "Irish evenings," described in his advertisement as being "illustrative of the national characteristics, mirth and melody of his native land, with his own songs, the celebrated tale of 'Shamus O'Brien,' and his own original comic story of the gridiron."

Camilo Sivori, the great Italian violinist, made his first appearance before a Boston audience on Wednesday evening, October 28.

The Boston Philharmonic Society have advertised a series of four concerts, similar to those given last year.

The Harvard Musical Association advertise a series of six chamber concerts, to be given at Mr. Chickering's piano forte warerooms, on every other Tuesday evening. The performers are, Mr. Wm. Mason, piano; Mr. Blessner, first violin; Messrs. Groenveldt, Werner, and Meyer, second violin, viola, and violoncello.—The first concert took place on Tuesday evening, October 27.

A contributor to a popular magazine gives the following illustration of the entirely different character which different words and different time will give to the same piece of music:



Rink, the celebrated organist and composer, died at his residence in Darmstadt, (Germany,) August 7th. He had been chapel master at Darmstadt for nearly fifty years. His "Organ School," "chorals," "motets," and "fugues," are known throughout the world. "The professors of the Gymnasium, the Grand-ducal Chapel, and all his numerous friends, male and female, assisted at his burial. In addition to these, many of the nobility and officers of the household of the grand duke attended to pay their last sad mark of respect to one not more distinguished by great and eminent talent, than by kindness of heart, amiability of disposition, and a long and blameless life. Some of his most beautiful compositions were sung at the grave. An oration was most impressively delivered, and the whole ceremony was of the most touching and heartfelt solemnity."

PISCHEK and HOELZEL, two celebrated base singers, Germans, have spent the past season in London.—("The season," in London, is, if we mistake not, from about April or May to August.) Pischek sang at ninety musical entertainments during the season, for each of which he received fifteen guineas. He was for several years principal base, at the Opera in Frankfort.

Weber's opera of *Der Freischutz* (pronounced *fry shoots*,) has been performed two hundred and thirty-nine times in the Berlin Opera House, since its first publication, twenty-five years since. The treasury of the opera has received 100,000 dollars from its performance, and the publisher has realized as much more. All Weber ever obtained was *forty louis* (less than \$200.)



## ANTHEM FOR TRANSCENDING.

Composed expressly for the Boston Musical Gazette.  
Allegro moderato.

GEO. J. WEBB.



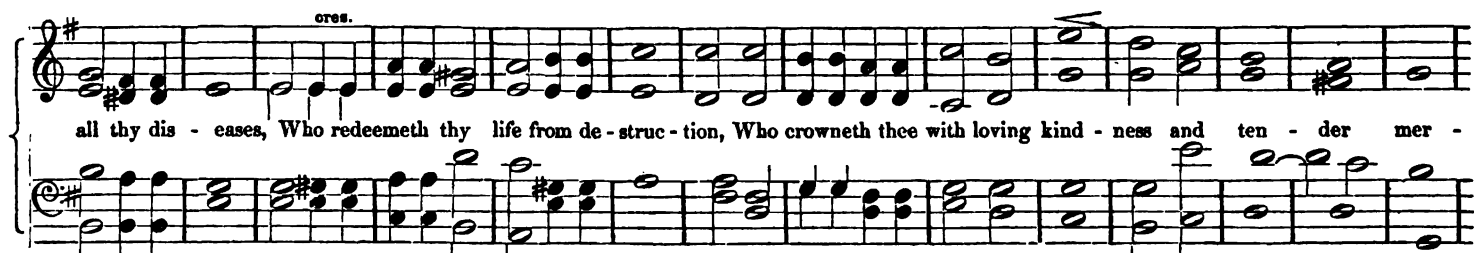
*f* Bless the Lord, O my soul; And all that is within me, bless his ho - ly name. Bless the Lord, O my soul; And



*cres.* all that is with - in me bless his holy name. *Duo. Tenors.* Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all his ben - e -  
*Instrument.*



*Duo. Trebles.* fits. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his ben - e - fits, *messo.* Who forgiveth all thine in - i - qui - ties, Who healeth



*cres.* all thy dis - eases, Who redeemeth thy life from de - struc - tion, Who crowneth thee with loving kind - ness and ten - der mer -



*\* Coda.* cics. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

\* Repeat the first twenty-two measures, and then close with the Coda.

Hal - le - lu - jah.



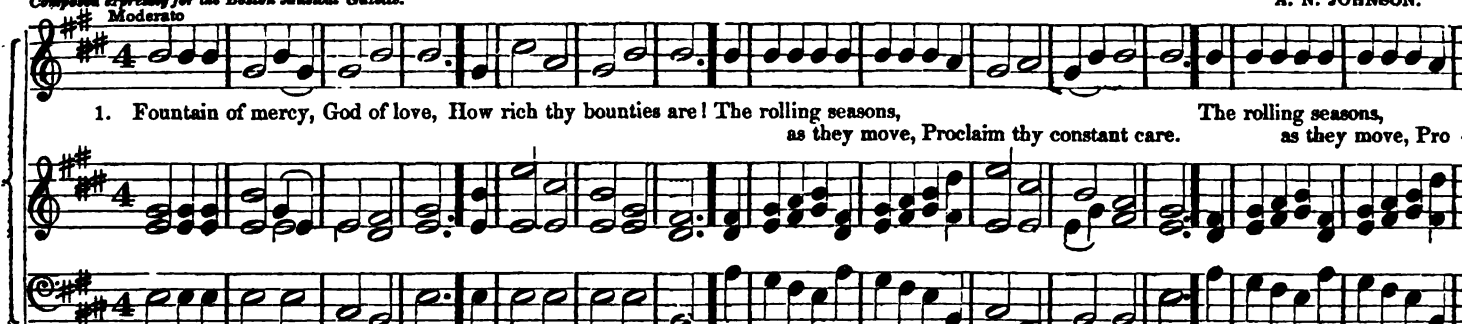
*cres.* Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - men. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - - - men.  
Amen, A - men.

## HYMN FOR TRANSSEIVING.

Composed expressly for the Boston Musical Gazette.

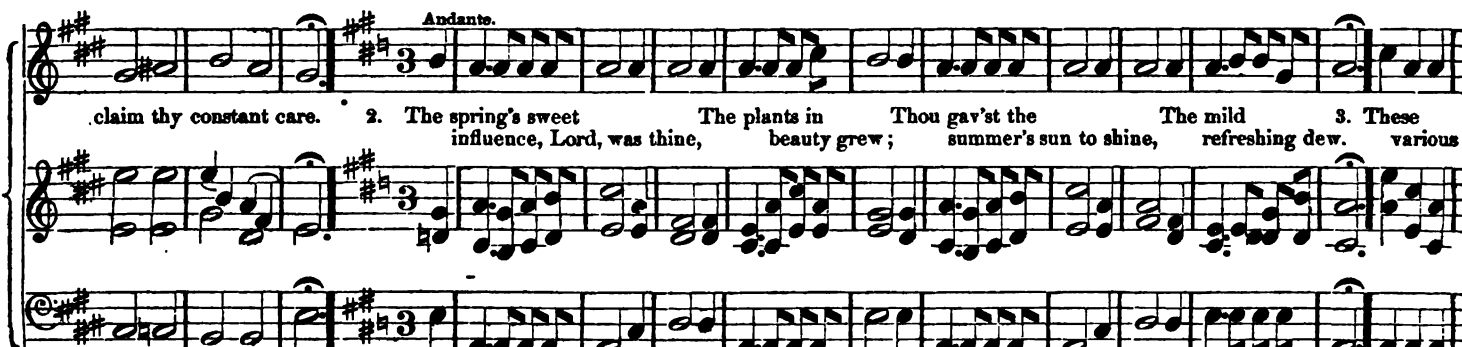
A. N. JOHNSON.

*Moderato*



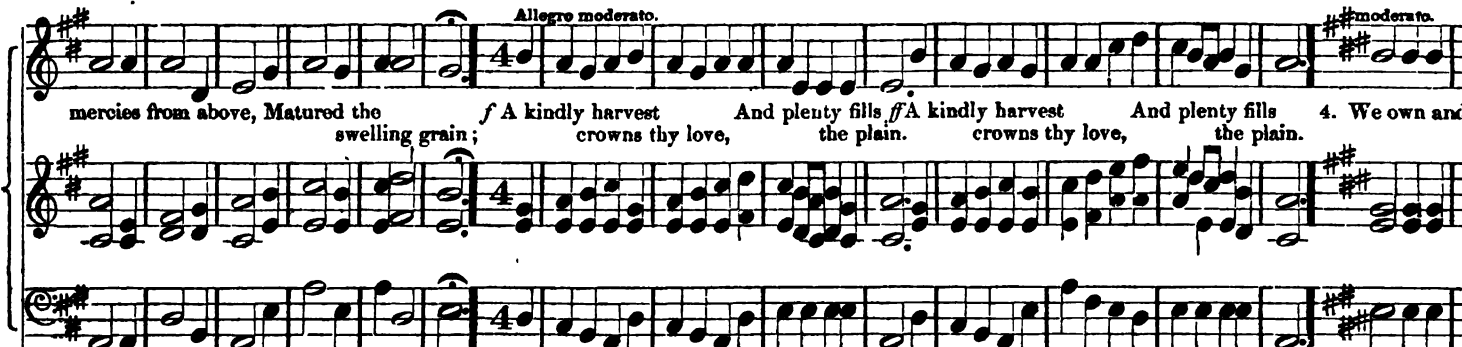
1. Fountain of mercy, God of love, How rich thy bounties are! The rolling seasons,  
as they move, Proclaim thy constant care. The rolling seasons,  
as they move, Pro -

*Andante.*

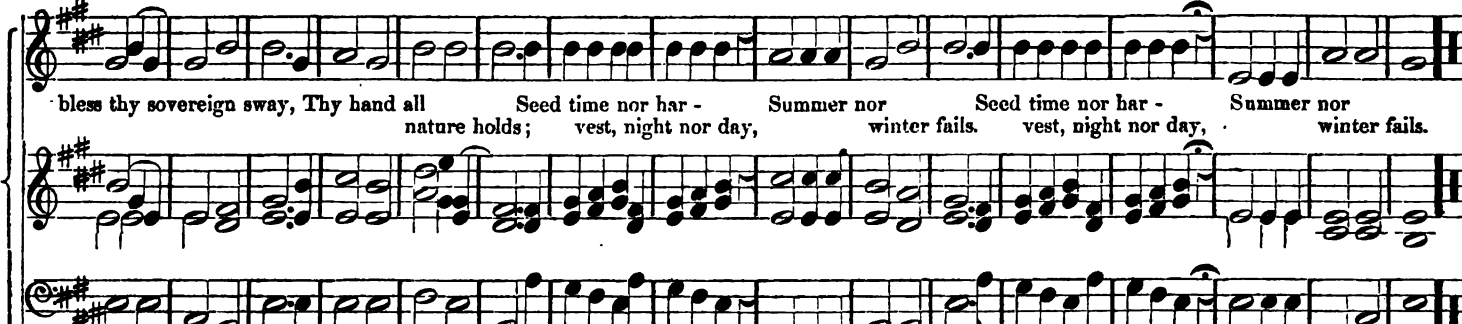


claim thy constant care. 2. The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine, The plants in Thou gav'st the The mild 3. These  
beauty grew; summer's sun to shine, refreshing dew. various

*Allegro moderato.*



mercies from above, Matured the swelling grain; *f* A kindly harvest And plenty fills *ff* A kindly harvest And plenty fills 4. We own and  
crowns thy love, the plain. crowns thy love, the plain.



bless thy sovereign sway, Thy hand all Seed time nor har - Summer nor Seed time nor har - Summer nor  
nature holds; vest, night nor day, winter fails. vest, night nor day, winter fails.

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Vol. I

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## Miscellaneous.

### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN EUROPE.

NUMBER EIGHT.

The singing in the "Paul's Kirche" and the "Reformirte Kirche" will serve as a specimen of all in the Lutheran and reformed churches. Nevertheless, let us visit the French church in the afternoon. It has a plain, chaste appearance in the interior, is small, having but one gallery, and contains a good deal of marble, about the pulpit, and in the shape of flat pillars around the walls. Let us ascend to the gallery. On this side of the organ there is but room for a dozen persons, so let us pass to the other, by the narrow passage through the instrument. Now we may view two of the most active members of the congregation—the organist and organ-blower. The former has quite a comfortable seat at one corner of his instrument. The manual projects a foot or so from the case, and the stops are above the keys, which are colored quite the reverse of ours, the sharps and flats being white, and the natural ones black. The voluntary is a good, simple one. Look into this closet in the back part of the organ. Here we behold an old man, who seems hopelessly endeavoring to kick down, and keep down, three or four beams, which do not seem willing to stay where he places them. He treads one down to a horizontal position, then performs the same operation with the next, while the former begins to rise; and by the time the third is down, the first is at its greatest elevation. How extensively this mode of blowing organs prevails, I cannot say, but should think it no better than our method of having but one handle, and that worked by hand.

The service is conducted in the French language, and is very similar to what we have heard before. As has been elsewhere remarked, the French language does not contain enough full, sonorous tones, to be remarkably suitable for chorals. It is very fine for chat and small talk, but deficient in strength and euphony.

There are two ministers to this church, and as only one service takes place each sabbath, their duties can hardly be very arduous. Father Bonnet has entered the pulpit, and the organist commences his voluntary. It is a plain and simple one, much such as we expect in a New England church. The chorals are not so long here as elsewhere, so we soon come to the place of the sermon. I like Father Bonnet. He seems to speak

with a heart-voice, and not that merely of an orator. In this respect he stands almost alone in Frankfort-look, he has taken his stand at the front of the desk, and gathering the sleeve of his gown into a convenient shape for leaning, he reclines upon his left arm, and looks upon his congregation, as if about to enter into a familiar conversation. He commences with, "Mes freres," "My brethren," and then follows a good, affectionate, kind, christian talk, about the love of God, and how beautiful the gospel is, and how the Lord esteems differences of name and tongue but lightly, and his benevolent desires flow out toward all the world, Jew, gentile, French and German, Lutheran, and reformed. When he has finished, and, perhaps, repeated the Lord's prayer, the last singing takes place. Where is our organist? He has vanished, and his place is supplied by a young man, like a plump, lubberly schoolboy, who, with his younger brother, has been watching the keys with a singular sort of avidity. He is rather unskillful in accompanying the chorah, being probably not used to the little interludes which occur between each line. But when the concluding voluntary commences, he shows no slight degree of facility in execution, and a good knowledge of harmony. He is a son of Aloys Schmidt, and is training, just now, I presume, for the post of organist to the English society, which holds a meeting at noon in this house.

There is a misconception, with many persons, as to the salaries of German organists. They are not large, probably not large enough. There is this, however, to be considered—they have nothing to do but to play on Sunday, which is but a small proportion of the labor of those among us, who combine playing with the direction of choirs.

As we pass out of the door, (dropping a *kreutzer* into the silk bag which is held for us by a deacon,) let us turn our steps toward the old "Katrina Kirche," in the square called the "Parade Platz." There is a service here at 4 P. M., for servants and those who have digested their dinner, and have a fancy for more spiritual aliment. Those who have a taste for antiquity, will find about the "Katrina Kirche" enough to interest them for a long while. On the outside there is nothing particularly interesting. The main building is long, placed sideways to the street, and has a high, peaked roof. In front of the middle of this rises a square stone tower, like the church, built of reddish stone. On the top of this is a structure, somewhat like a little octagonal two-story house, surmounted by a belfry. Here a family live, who amuse themselves by listening to the tickings of the great clock, watching the affairs below them, and looking out for fires, which last is their legitimate occupation. It must be a very dull one, for not a fire has occurred for fourteen or fifteen months. The authorities have some preventive regulations with respect to fire, which we should like to see adopted in our own cities. We doubt, however, whether our authorities will take the trouble to inquire into the subject. When they do, we shall be happy to advise.

As to the inside of the old edifice, it is antique enough to suit any lover of dry bones and rusty armor. It was, not long since, owned by the catholics, but by an exchange of buildings, became protestant. The altar, and

a fine picture behind it, still remain. There are two tiers of galleries, extending along one side and the two ends. The opposite wall is almost covered with armorial bearings of various families, whose members once bore gleaming lances, or held high rank in the halls of beauty. Some descendants, no doubt, still exist, make money, walk, and talk, in the good town and promenades of Frankfort. Some houses, however, have no representative in the present generation. Their history may be found in musty volumes. Of their ashes—a portion may be annually springing up, on forgotten battle fields, in the shape of good, honest vegetables, to be transported, in due time, to the table of peasants, or on the heads of various chattering market women, to be exposed for sale at a cent a turnip, and six cents a cabbage. Another part may rest beneath us. Tread lightly, yankee friend! Who knows what heroes sleep below, snugly locked up in fame's great cellar? Tread lightly!

"The knights are dust,  
And their swords are rust,  
Their spirits are with the saints, we —"

hope, but with considerable doubt in some cases. In the "noble days of chivalrie," people were, after all, a great ways from perfection. Indeed, we do not see why donning a few burnished pots and kettles should have a tendency to purify and refine the character; and history shows our idea to be about correct. The fronts of the galleries are finished off with square panels, each of which contains a moral picture. The subjects we cannot well discern without an irreverent stare, but they seem to be, the danger of sin illustrated by a man running away from Satan, and Satan running after him; the same unfortunate person, or one like him, flying, with all the speed possible in primitive days, (before locomotives were invented,) from a devouring flame, representing purgatory, or something of the kind.

The organ is a fine one, large, with gilt pipes, reminding one of home. It is well played, too, and we shall be repaid for listening. Where is the pulpit? Opposite us, near the middle of the church. It has a curiously-ornamented sounding-board, which might well take a place in the Chinese Museum. This church will hold, perhaps, two thousand persons, but at present contains about fifty. This congregation enters into choral singing with much spirit, and in connection with the powerful organ, quite fills the house. I particularly admire the energy of this pleasant, polite old man next us. He seems to be a constant worshiper. If he be often alone in the gallery, his querulous falsetto is still oftener alone in singing, for his zeal drives it constantly half a measure beyond, if not a second or third higher than anything else. The rest of the story about this four o'clock service is soon told. Sermon time comes, the minister enters a private door, trots up into the pulpit, and preaches a thirty-minute discourse, as cold and bare as a stone wall, then pronounces a benediction, and trots out again. The congregation sing, then bow their heads in silence till the voluntary commences, when they commence walking toward the door, feeling in work-bags and waistcoat pockets for "*kreutzers*." Let us imitate the example of our neighbors. \*

ECONOMY.—Smoking three cigars a day, and denying one's self a paper which costs two cents a week.

**THE FIDDLER NERO.**—Nero was a striking instance that music has not *always* that humanizing effect which is generally ascribed to it. He was passionately devoted to the art, and held public contentions for superiority, with the most celebrated professors of it in Greece and Rome. The solicitude with which this detestable tyrant cultivated his vocal powers, is curious, and seems to throw some light on the practices of singers in ancient times. He used to lie on his back, with a thin plate of lead on his stomach; he took frequent emetics and cathartics, abstained from all kinds of fruit, and from such meats as were held to be prejudicial to singing. Apprehensive of injuring his voice, he at length desisted from haranguing the soldiery and the senate; and after his return from Greece, he established an officer to regulate his tones in speaking.

**MUSICAL MIMICRY.**—It is related of a gentleman who resided in London some years ago, that he possessed such extraordinary musical talents, that he could play upon two violins at one time, and imitate the French horn, clarinet, organ, and trumpets, in so astonishing a manner, as to make them appear a whole band, with the sound of different people singing at the same time. The pieces of music which he played were principally from Handel's oratorios. His imitative faculty was not confined to musical instruments. He could imitate a carpenter sawing and planing wood, the mail coach horn, a clap of thunder, a fly buzzing about the window, a flock of sheep with dogs after them, a skyrocket going off, the tearing of a piece of cloth, the bagpipes, and the hurdy gurdy. He generally finished his performance with the representation of beating a dog out of the room, which was accounted the most difficult, and, at the same time, the most natural imitation of all.

**ROYAL PRECEPT.**—When Farinelli was at Venice, he was honored with the most marked attention from the emperor, Charles VI.; but of all the favors he received from that monarch, he used to say that he valued none more than an admonition which he received from him on his style of singing. His imperial majesty condescended to tell him one day, with great mildness and affability, that his singing was, indeed, supernatural, that he neither moved nor stood still like any other mortal; but "these gigantic strides," continued his majesty, "these never-ending notes and passages, only surprise, and it is now time for you to please; you are too lavish of the gifts with which nature has endowed you; if you wish to reach the heart, you must take a more plain and simple road." These few words brought about an entire change in Farinelli's manner of singing; from this time he mixed the pathetic with the spirited, the simple with the sublime, and by these means, delighted as well as astonished every hearer.

**WRATH OF AMURATH SUBDUED.**—Sultan Amurath, a prince, notorious for his cruelty, laid siege to Bagdad, and on taking it, gave orders for putting thirty thousand Persians to death, notwithstanding they had submitted and laid down their arms. Among the number of victims was a musician, who entreated the officer to whom the execution of the sultan's orders was entrusted, to spare him for a moment, while he might speak to the author of the dreadful decree. The officer consented, and he was brought before Amurath, who permitted him to exhibit a specimen of his art. Like the musician in Homer, he took up a kind of psaltery, which resem-

bles a lyre, and has six strings on each side, and accompanied it with his voice. He sung the capture of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones and exulting sounds which he drew from the instrument, joined to the alternate plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, rendered the prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul. He even suffered him to proceed, until, overpowered with harmony, he melted into tears of pity, and repented of his cruelty. In consideration of the musician's abilities, he not only directed his people to spare those among the prisoners who yet remained alive, but also to give them instant liberty.

**HARP OF THE NORTH.**—The harp was the favorite musical instrument among the Britons and other northern nations, during the middle ages, as is evident from their laws, and from every passage in their history, in which there is the least allusion to music. By the laws of Wales, a harp was one of the three things that were necessary to constitute a gentleman, that is, a freeman; and no person could pretend to that title, unless he had one of these favorite instruments, and could play upon it.

In the same laws, to prevent slaves from pretending to be gentlemen, it was strictly forbidden to teach, or to permit them to play upon, the harp; and none but the king, the king's musicians, and gentlemen, were allowed to have harps in their possession. A gentleman's harp was not liable to be seized for debt; because the want of it would have degraded him from his rank, and reduced him to a slave.

The harp was in no less estimation and universal use among the Saxons and Danes; those who played upon this instrument were declared gentlemen by law; their persons were esteemed inviolable, and secured from injuries by very severe penalties; they were readily admitted into the highest company, and treated with distinguished marks of respect wherever they appeared.

**THE VIOL-DA-GAMBA.**—Abel, the German composer, was so fond of the viol-da-gamba, in the performance of which he excelled all contemporary practitioners, as to prefer its shrill tones to the notes of every other instrument. At a dinner party given one day by Lord Sandwich, at the Admiralty, the properties of the different musical instruments forming the topic of conversation, his lordship proposed that every gentleman should say which was his favorite. One named the organ, another the hautboy, a third the clarinet, &c.; but no one naming the viol-da-gamba, Abel suddenly rose from his seat, and left the room, apparently much piqued, exclaiming, "Oh, dere be de brute in de world; dere be dose who no love de king of all de instrument."

**QUEEN ELIZABETH.**—Queen Elizabeth was very partial to music; indeed, she is said to have been a great player, and to have amused herself with the lute, the virginals, and the violin. She was also particularly careful to have the royal chapel furnished with the best singing boys that could be procured in the kingdom, even by an extension of the royal prerogative, very discordant to modern feelings of the liberty of the subject. In Sir Hans Sloane's collection of MSS. in the British Museum, No. 87, there is a royal warrant of her majesty, authorizing Thomas Gyles, master of the children of the cathedral church of St. Paul, "to take up such apt and meet children as are most fit to be instructed and framed in the art and science of music and singing, as may be had and found out within any place of this our realm of

England and Wales; to be, by his education and bringing up, made meet and liable to serve us in that behalf when our pleasure is to call them." And the said Thomas Gyles was authorized, with his deputy or deputies, "to take up in any cathedral or collegiate church, and in every other place or places of this our realm of England and Wales, such child or children as he or they, or any of them, shall find and like of; and the same child or children, by virtue hereof, for the use and service aforesaid, with them or any of them, to bring away without any contradictions, stay, or interruptions to the contrary."

**LAWES.**—Henry Lawes, who composed the music of Milton's *Mask of Comus*, is said to have been the first who introduced the Italian style of music into England; but he strongly censured the prevailing fondness for Italian words. "To make the public sensible of this ridiculous humor," says he, "I took a table or index of old Italian songs, and this index (which, read together, made a strange medley of nonsense,) I set to a varied air, and gave out that it came from Italy, whereby it hath passed for a rare Italian song."

**LUTHER.**—"Music," says Luther, "is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows, and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline, it refines the passions, and improves the understanding. Even the dissonance of muskifull fiddlers serves to set off the charms of true melody, as white is more conspicuous by the opposition of black. Those who love music, are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music," adds Luther, "and would not, for a great matter, be without the little skill which I possess in the art."

**FREDERICK THE GREAT.**—Frederick the Great of Prussia was a very celebrated musician, both as a composer and performer. His productions are very numerous, he having composed for his own use only, one hundred solos on the flute, on which he played skillfully, until within a few years of his death, when, by the loss of several of his fore teeth, he was unable to practice his favorite amusement. When he was not in the field, he dedicated four hours every day to the study or practice of music. Quanta, his favorite, composed three hundred concertos for him, which he performed in rotation every night.

**DR. HERSCHEL.**—Dr. Herschel, the celebrated astronomer, was originally brought up to his father's profession, that of a musician, and accompanied a German regiment to England, as one of the band, performing on the hautboy. While acting in this humble capacity in the north of England, a new organ was built for the parish church of Halifax, by Snetzler, which was opened with an oratorio by the well known Joah Bates. Mr. Herschel, and six other persons, became candidates for the organist's situation. A day was fixed, on which each was to perform in rotation. When Mr. Wainwright, of Manchester, played, his finger was so rapid, that old Snetzler, the organ builder, ran about the church, exclaiming, "He run over de key like one cat; he will not give my pipes time to speak." During Mr. Wainwright's performance, Dr. Miller, the friend of Herschel, inquired of him what chance he had of following him. "I don't know," said Herschel, "but I am sure fingers will not do." When it came to his

turn, Herschel ascended the organ loft, and produced so uncommon a richness, such a volume of slow harmony, as astonished all present; and after this extemporaneous effusion, he finished with the old hundredth psalm, which he played better than his opponent—"Aye, aye," cries old Snetzler, "tish is very goot, very goot intee; I will luf tis man, he gives my pipes room for to speak." Herschel being asked by what means he produced so astonishing an effect, replied, "I told you fingers would not do;" and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, said, "One of these I laid on the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above; and thus, by accommodating the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands, instead of two." This superiority of skill obtained Herschel the situation! but he had other and higher objects in view, to suffer him long to retain it.

Translated from the Leipzig Musical Gazette.

### LETTERS FROM FAR-CORNER.

#### NUMBER ONE.

Your discriminating mind, Mr. Editor, must have led you to remark, that not everything which appears in musical and unmusical journals, about music, &c., is true and interesting, and some things are written on the subject, that have no connection with it. Thus, articles sometimes appear about religion, which have very little of its letter or spirit. I have been for some time of the mind to commence a correspondence which must be valuable to you, giving various true and interesting incidents which occur in Far-Corner, and reflections on things in general; but unfortunately my genius and I have had quite a quarrel. My genius is very stubborn; and I have not yet given up to anybody. He is determined that I shall take some pains to please him, be careful what I ask, and turn the thoughts he gives me many times over in my mind before I give them to the public. This I will not do. Why has Mr. Genius taken lodgings within me, if I must think and think until I become a veritable martyr in the effort, before I can hold proper communication with his majesty? By no means. When I sit down to write, he shall at once furnish me with most refined and elegant observations, sharp and true criticisms, and most original, finished, beautiful ideas. All things shall come to me, as Schiller says, as easily as if I dreamed them. He has long resisted me, but is now quite subdued, as you will notice in my future letters. Before I begin, however, I must charge you strictly, never to lay aside or return any of my communications, and never to alter a single word in them. What happens in my town, in Far-Corner, and is written by me, needs no change to make it interesting to the world. It must be remarked here, that nothing interests the Far-Cornerers so much as flattering notices of their town; and that I like no articles better than those which have flown from my own pen.

A literary demagogue lately gave me to understand, that when a person is writing descriptions for the world, he should not think so much about what is acceptable to Far-Corner, as about what will best please the world. That would give a person too much to do. The world is a many-headed monster, and is, besides, very large. No! Every one is not only the nearest and dearest, but the most interesting to himself. This is a sentence containing a sentiment with which every one will agree; consequently the whole world is of my opinion.

I am, &c.

#### NUMBER TWO.

Ever since my birth, I have been very original. Still, a person cannot quite unloose himself, when in the giant grasp of the spirit of the age. As this spirit seems to be of the opinion, that the person of an author is more interesting to the world than what he thinks or writes, I yield, somewhat unwillingly, and will hereafter speak of myself as often and as much as I can.

You must, then, understand in the outset, that I am no musician, but am, however, almost everything else. I have studied law, theology, philology, philosophy, and various other *phi's*. In spite of all this, I had to wait a famous long time for an office. At length, however, the day appeared, when I was solemnly taken into the service of the state. It was hinted to me beforehand, that it would not be well to expect the very highest salary in the world. My style of living could not then be very extravagant, since my circumstances were incompatible with luxury.

In order to obtain a few conveniences, I began, with some trembling, to exercise in the art of debt-making. I succeeded very well. In my thirtieth year, when I received fifty dollars salary, I could not pass through a single street of my native state, (which is about the same thing as my native city,) without stumbling on bills and bill holders, who urged, in the strongest terms, a settlement of their claims and accounts.

You will comprehend, that a man in such a situation cannot think on matrimony. I am, in my devotion to the state service of Far-Corner, condemned to be a bachelor. For this cause I have thrown myself in the arms of the noble art of music, and, having been for some years a diligent reader of various journals, feel myself fully competent to serve the musical world, by lighting new luminaries, and snuffing old ones, thus creating an universal illumination.

This, therefore, I shall now commence to do, out of pure love to art, and for a proper compensation.

I am, &c.

#### NUMBER THREE.

Day before yesterday evening, our public had a most delicious treat, in the performances of the piano-fortissimo virtuoso, *Charles Raving*, eleven years old, who gave a grand concert quite alone. The child is, for his age, extraordinarily large and massive. His child's voice, too, sounds compressed and forced, and when he is lively or angry, it sometimes suddenly emits a note or two of rather low tenor or base. His father attributes this to sickness, and an approaching, too early maturity, and points to his short child's jacket and pantaloons, as undeniable evidence of his tender years.

The little one was received with a perfect storm of applause, although not a single Far-Cornerer had ever heard him. It had, however, appeared in our paper, "The Town Clapper," that the wonderful child, in his journeys through America, Africa, Asia, and Europe, had never played except on the condition of receiving this mark of appreciation at the outset; and Far-Corner will never be behind the customs of the world in any such particular. Besides, it would not do to risk his displeasure, or sudden departure. After returning a half-gracious, half-contemptuous bow to the greetings of the public, (as was proper, in view of the majesty of his genius, and the stupidity of his hearers;) after, during a quarter of an hour, completely pulled off both gloves, and raised the expectations of the audience, and their impatience, to the highest pitch, he let his fingers loose on the keys, with his eyes, not on the piano-

fortissimo, but upon his hearers—struck, however, false notes. He attempted something supernatural, and of course failed. After this failure, in itself a mark of genius, he turned his eyes straight toward his instrument, and now—how he went it! His name is appropriate—he *raved* most enchantingly up and down, around, over, through, every way. He understands the use of the pedal, and uses it in the most artistic style, that is, about all the time. This pedal working is something peculiar to the piano-forte-issimo virtuosos of the present day. Besides the advantage, that should any passage suited to the comprehension of common minds occur, it is buried beneath a crowd of chords, and undistinguishable, there is something mystic, poetic, supernatural, in these tone-fogs, which cannot fail to have the best possible effect on an audience. "Unbearable!" cried, involuntarily, a person who stood near me. By this he meant, no doubt, that it was impossible to bear such a load of rich sounds and ideas, through a whole concert. I can hardly think of any higher tribute to genius, than that contained in this single word. May pedals never go out of use.

The little one showed himself a great composer. He played his own pieces, each of the six representing some particular things, which was distinctly announced on the programme. The first was of a tragic character, and was called "The dew-adorned flowers in MOONSHINE, three quarters of an hour's walk from BERLIN." An astonishing piece, truly. The dew, the flowers, the moonshine, Berlin, and even the three quarters of an hour's walk, were all accurately delineated by the great artist, who played just forty-five minutes.

This piece, like the others, was in the common, much esteemed, study form, and made out of a theme one measure long, wonderfully changed and varied by being placed repeatedly in each of the twenty-four keys.

Not to be tedious, I will merely say that the third study, a comic piece, entitled "The Bat with a pinched tail," was the greatest favorite with the public, and the fifth, "The Characterless," with me.

The play of the young master was rendered more attractive, by the various twists and turns of his body, all very necessary to wring out his fine ideas. Mozart, Beethoven, Goethe, Schiller, Milton, Raphael, Correggio, Canova, must have been wonderful twisters!

Every piece was encored.

As the little one was riding home, four-and-twenty young Far-Cornerers precipitated themselves on to the horses, drove them away, and drew him in triumph to his hotel, where the city band played first "God save the king," in honor. After this, thirteen singing societies of the neighborhood sang each several songs or glees. Next came a torch possession of our united citizens, with the mayor at the head, who gave us a long speech on the subject, that Far-Corner had now reached the culmination of its glory, and that it was not much matter whether the town went down or not—there was something for posterity to talk about. This speech so affected the enthusiasm of an old lady, that she tried to climb up to the first window of the hotel, in order to give the boy a farewell kiss. Though the wall was quite smooth, and the child had left the window, she did not relax her efforts, and the crowd left her about midnight—and when the town was awake next day, there she was, still trying to climb, singing, meanwhile, "God save the king!" Her friends had to take her away by force, but it was not until ten days after that she came to herself, all that time trying to climb up the wall of her apartment.

Yours, &c.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1846.

In the last number of the Gazette, the senior editor expressed the opinion which he had formed of De Meyer's playing, having heard him but once, in New York. The junior editor heard him in Germany a year or two since, and more recently in Boston. His opinion of this famous performer is given in to-day's paper.

When we first commenced our editorial duties, we were in constant trepidation lest we should not be able to get together copy enough for each successive number. Our greatest trouble now is, to know which to select from the pile of materials we have on hand. We have commenced several series of articles, and after getting to number 1, 2, or 3, the succeeding numbers have been crowded out. We shall endeavor to complete the subjects, however, before we finally leave them.

In our description of Trinity Church organ, our types said the base was made of carved oak. We believe it was the case which was made of that beautiful wood.

Our agents to receive subscriptions in Rochester, N. Y., are Messrs. Alling, Seymour & Co., booksellers, who are also constantly supplied with church music of all kinds, instruction books, secular music, &c. &c.

In our last we told our readers how we passed "A day in New York." Week before last we had the pleasure very pleasantly to spend

## A DAY IN PROVIDENCE.

A teachers' institute, composed of school teachers resident in that vicinity, was in session. We attended some of its meetings, listened to several interesting lectures from Dr. Alcott and others, and troubled the institute with a lecture upon musical instruction ourselves.

Several hours of the day we occupied in visiting some of the public schools in Providence, in company with Mr. Jason White, who gives regular instruction in music in all except the primary schools. It seems to us that these public schools are under a more perfect organization than any others we have ever visited. For musical instruction, at least, the arrangement is peculiarly advantageous. If we understood correctly, there are fourteen primary schools, each composed of one hundred children, under two female teachers; eight intermediate schools, also composed of one hundred children each, under two female teachers; seven grammar schools, each composed of two hundred children, under one male and two female teachers; and one high school, composed of two hundred scholars, under three male and three female teachers. All of these schools are under a superintendent, who devotes his whole time to the duties of his office. The musical instruction commences where it always should—in the primary schools. In these schools the children are taught to sing by rote, by the teachers of the schools themselves. In the intermediate schools, Mr. White gives one lesson, of a half hour's duration, each week, in the elementary principles of music, besides which, the scholars are often required to sing the songs with which they are familiar, when Mr. W. is not present. In the intermediate schools, Mr. White goes as far in the elementary principles as the extended scale. In the lesson which we attended, the pupils were required to sing the scale several times, with and without beating time, and also in various kinds of time. The scale was then written upon the blackboard in va-

rious ways, for example, four quarter notes on the first added line below, a whole note on the space below, two half notes on the first line, &c. &c., which exercises were promptly and correctly sung by the pupils. Little exercises or tunes were then written, with regard to which the pupils readily answered every question which was asked, showing a ready acquaintance with the signification of such musical characters as were then on the board. After one of these little exercises,



had been sung a number of times with the usual syllables, Mr. White told them to sing it with the following words:

"Sing by rule—while in school;  
See you make—no mistake;  
Careless pupil, don't you know?  
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, do."

It really did one's heart good to see the zest with which the little things entered into the exercise. As these words were announced, their eyes sparkled with pleasure, like so many diamonds. In the intermediate schools Mr. White uses no book, but writes his exercises upon the board, and teaches the songs, both words and music, by rote.

We visited three of the grammar schools, and were very much pleased with the proficiency of the pupils, and also with the interest they manifested in the exercises. We think we can with truth say, that we have never been in schools where more interest in the lessons was manifested. In the grammar schools, Mr. White uses the Musical Class Book for Common Schools, as a text book. While we were present, he required the pupils to sing many of the exercises in the elementary portion of the book, some even of those which are in difficult rhythmical relations (dotted quarter notes, &c.) all of which were performed with a facility we little expected to hear, in schools where music has for so short a time formed a part of the regular studies. Many of the songs were also sung in fine taste and style, and in some instances in two parts. Two lessons a week, each of a half hour's duration, are given in the grammar schools.

Our last visit was to the high school. In this school, composed of one hundred young gentlemen and one hundred young ladies, who have passed through the primary, intermediate, and grammar schools, we enjoyed a treat that is not often accorded us. The school house contains six rooms of sufficient size to accommodate forty pupils each, and one large and commodious hall, furnished with settees, capable of seating two or three hundred. We arrived at the house a little before the commencement of the school, and entered one of the small rooms. The boys were walking about and conversing with each other, and with their teachers, but in a quiet and gentlemanly manner, to which we have not been accustomed. Soon the town clock, near by, struck two, and with it struck, pianissimo, the teacher's small bell. The boys immediately took their seats in the same quiet, silent manner. We were then shown to the large hall. In a few moments all of the pupils were in their seats in this hall, taking their places so qui-

etly, that we verily believe if our eyes had been closed, we should not have known they were in the room. Mr. White then ascended the platform, and commenced his lesson. The Musical Class Book for High Schools, is used in this school. Many of the most difficult of the solfeggios contained in that book, were correctly sung by the pupils, with great readiness and facility. At our request, Mr. W. asked questions, ranging through the whole course of the elementary principles, and they were answered in the manner which our visits to the grammar schools had led us to expect. With the exception of the young ladies' schools in New York, in which Mr. Root is the teacher of music, we have not visited a school of this character with whose musical proficiency we have been so well pleased.

We can but congratulate the school committee of Providence that they have in their employ a man who is so competent an instructor in this branch, and who is at the same time so deeply interested in the success of the experiment. It is easy for a teacher in any branch of instruction, to teach his pupils very superficially, and still make them "show" well at examinations, especially if these examinations are not conducted by skillful committees. In no branch, however, can this "slighting" of work be carried on with half the impunity that it can be in teaching music. Besides the fact that many who are skillful performers themselves, are utterly deficient in those points which constitute good teachers, many who can teach well if they choose, will not, if they think they can satisfy their employers with less labor and pains taking. Mr. White is evidently very far removed from this latter class. If we are a judge, his schools bear evidence of patient and unwearied labor on his part, as well as evidence that his labors are crowned with success.

Unlike the Boston schools, in which the sexes are in separate rooms, and in most instances in separate school houses, in Providence the pupils in every school are half girls and half boys, who are in every school in the same room, except at the high school. Whatever may be the merits of these arrangements in other respects, the Providence system is certainly the best for musical instruction.

If we mistake not, it is owing to Mr. White's personal exertions, that music was introduced as a regular branch of instruction into these schools. It has now been taught as above described, for a year and a half. Are there not teachers of music in a multitude of other cities and large towns, who will personally and patiently exert themselves to effect its introduction? Music will make railroad progress in our country, when this delightful art shall form a part of the elementary instruction in every school.

In the evening, we attended a rehearsal of the Providence Beethoven Society, which consists, we were told, of twenty-five gentlemen and twenty-five ladies, vocalists, and an amateur orchestra of from twenty to twenty-five instruments. The vocalist portion of the society meet every Tuesday evening, and the instrumental portion every Friday evening, the whole meeting together once a month. We heard the vocal part of the society only. While we were present, they sang three choruses from the Boston Academy of Music's Chorus Book, and one chorus (*non piu mesta*) from Rossini's *La Cenerentola*. We know that newspaper praise is not highly esteemed in these days, but we cannot help expressing our admiration at the performances of this society. Although, owing to the inclemency of the weather, but about forty were present, the choruses were given with



a power of voice and a facility of execution, to us altogether unexpected. The secret we found to be, that the members of the society were carefully selected from among the various choirs in the city, by a committee appointed for the purpose, and, consequently, there are no "wooden guns," which cannot "speak," among the members. We have known so many musical societies, to which numerous members have been admitted without reference to their musical qualifications, that we were quite unprepared for the volume of sound which burst upon us from a choir, every member of which has a powerful voice, and is a fluent performer. Mr. Frieze, principal of one of the schools in Providence, is the conductor of this society. On the evening when we were present, Mr. Adler, a German, and a teacher of music, presided at the piano.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—In the preface to his "Preludes and Voluntaries for the Organ," Mr. Zenner says the pedals (sub-base, I suppose he means,) should be used only with the full organ. Most organists practice differently from this; for we not unfrequently hear the sub-base used with but a single stop, and that the softest in the instrument. This has proved a matter of perplexity with some young practitioners. Does Mr. Zenner say what he does not mean, or is the common mode of playing, in this respect, all wrong? T.

## THE PIANO-FORTE TEACHER.

CHAPTER SIX.

### THREE OR FOUR LESSONS.—THE SCALE.

In teaching the piano, it is desirable to have as few objects of attention as possible before a pupil. Thus, if your second exercise is a piece, it can hardly be so simple that the learner will not have to think of time, a proper motion of the fingers, passing the thumb under, playing legato, and probably the proper way of striking with the wrist.

Mr. D. wished to have one thing thoroughly learned before proceeding to another. He therefore, after carrying Charlotte through all the lessons in *Hunten*, which do not embrace more than the compass of five finger exercises, lent her Bertini's book, and in the course of a week or so, she had mastered all similar exercises there. As her thumb had been pretty severely exercised, it was, in some sort, prepared for playing the scale.

It will hardly be believed, in future years, but it is true, that some teachers regard the scales, which are printed in every instruction book, as pieces, or tunes, or something of the kind, to be learned in two or three weeks, and then laid aside forever! They are intended as gymnastic exercises for the fingers, and though embracing, as they do, every key which can be struck on the piano, they are important in determining the proper succession of fingers and thumb in all kinds of running passages, their chief utility consists in developing and refining the muscular powers of the fingers.

"I presume," said Mr. D., "that you by this time will like something more varied in your tunes. I have prepared your hand somewhat for this, but other exercises are necessary. Please place your right thumb on C. Now play C D E—thumb on F—no, do not move your hand until you have struck with the thumb—this is a thing of very great importance; if you twist your hand around, or let go of E before you strike F, you will never play even. Now your thumb is on F, let your hand pass over, and strike G with the first finger—

now A B, and place your thumb under, as before, and strike C. Now play D E F G A B C, as the others—now down again. There—I should like to have you practice this scale, (for it is a scale you have played,) very carefully every day, observing these directions:

1st, lift each finger very high, (keeping it pointed toward the part of the key which it will strike.)

2d, hold the hand perfectly steady and square before the keys.

3d, play no faster than you can do it and make every motion correctly, and continue until the fingers are very tired.

4th, play perfectly legato."

"What is legato?" inquired Charlotte.

"By legato, we mean that style of playing or singing, in which all tones are joined perfectly together, one not ending until the very point of time at which another commences."

A great many persons do not understand exactly what *legato* on the piano is. Without it, playing must be insipid, and practice nearly useless. It is absolutely necessary to produce sounds melodious, easy, and flowing. By a disjointed style, where a little fragment is clipped from each tone, a great deal of music is wasted, and the touch almost certainly made rough and uneven. To play legato, one must hold each finger on the key it has struck, and that key as far down as it will go, until the next key is struck down as far as that will go, and no longer. In playing the scale of C, some persons take up E as soon as the thumb has touched F, and some when F is half way down.

A series of single tones will not sound smooth, flowing, legato, unless there is always one key pressed down as far as it will go, and never more than one.

Some persons play legato by pressing hard upon the keys with the strength of their hand and arm. This of course destroys all lightness and grace, and will not do; and the difficulty is to keep the keys down a proper length of time without using anything but part of the weight and strength of the fingers.

Many persons practice for years without ever playing a scale correctly; and it is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, in consequence of not observing the simple directions we have recorded. As, for instance,

1st, when the fingers are not elevated, part of the tones are indistinct, and the others generally too loud, in consequence of involuntary jerks of the hand or arm.

2d, when the hand is not square (i. e., when a line drawn from the knuckle joint of each finger to its first joint does not point nearly straight along the length of the keys,) and twisted around when the fourth and eighth keys in a scale are struck, time is wasted, and the machinery of the fingers employed unhandily.

3d, when the fingers go faster than the mind can follow them, of course they cannot play right. *The mind should always be perfectly informed of what each finger is doing.* No exercises can contribute to the growth or flexibility of the fingers, hand, or arm, unless they are pursued to such a degree as to induce some fatigue.

Of the 4th point we have already spoken. \*

The correspondent of the London Musical World, writing from Algiers, says, "Ole Bull, the violinist, has arrived here. The *France Algerienne* has already begun to puff him preposterously, and he will doubtless, perforce of good cheer and good humor well distributed, make the reputation in Algiers, which he made in the United States, and failed to make in London and Paris."

## LEOPOLD DE MEYER.

This gentleman has been sometime before the public, and it is proper that we should do our share towards informing people what he is, and what he is not. We had the pleasure of hearing him several years since, in his native land. He did not carry his German audiences away in a tornado, as he seem to do his American ones. He seemed to be a pleasant, well-behaved gentleman, entered, bowed, played, and retired, as if he felt himself to be in the presence of competent critics, and did not, if our memory serves us right, mingle much tom-foolery with his performance. He received all the applause he merited, which was a great deal, and was spoken of as one of the best pianists in the world, about on a level with Thalberg, Dohler, &c. He did not create *fiore*, neither was his talent unappreciated. We were delighted with the neatness of his touch, the distinctness and celerity of his runs, and in general with the good taste and mechanical perfection of his performance. Our memory of him was quite a pleasant one, and of the numerous modest advertisements of concerts, contained in newspapers, and in small handbills sparingly pasted about the streets, none would make us wend our way to the concert saloon sooner than his own.

It is a common idea, among the descendants of the Goths, that English people, although possessed of a great deal of energy, are not blessed with a very refined intellectual taste, nor a great deal of common sense. The same judgment is pronounced on Americans, because little difference is perceived between the two nations. It is, then, considered the best, among knowing ones, to make progress among Anglo-Saxons, as much by fooling them, as by displaying real merit before them. De Meyer seems to have had rather a high estimate of our gullibility, and he or his friends took the rather unnecessary trouble (for his fingers would have introduced him full well enough,) to circulate a pamphlet, previous to his arrival, containing an inflated account of his travels and successes. In this book, our republican eyes were treated with a view of several of the royal families of Europe, with Leopold displaying before them; also a plate representing him before the Philharmonic Society in London, where he played one way, and looked another; and lastly, with a caricature, in which he is portrayed playing with fingers, knee, and elbows.

When sufficient stir had been made in Gotham and elsewhere, the lion pianist came rolling over the ocean, opened his instrument before an already enthusiastic audience, and caused it to give what, in Oak Hall parlance, would be called a "good, old-fashioned ROAR!" This peculiar tone of the piano seemed to awaken considerable enthusiasm, more seemingly than what the most delicate and finished touch could bring forth.

We had the pleasure, the other evening, to hear him the second time. Conceiving the chief attraction of the concert to be his wonderful power of execution, we put ourselves in the best position to please the eye, i. e., close to the piano. After some fine singing by Miss Stone, the jolly pianist trotted after his moustache, on to the platform, made a very smiling bow, at the side of the key-board, took his seat, and, very properly, thought a moment. After a thundering prelude, displaying a perfect command of chord playing, he launched out into a sea of scales, harmonics, and trills. We wished that every scholar we had, or that intended to choose us as instructor, could have been present, to witness the perfect mechanism of his execution. We have to lecture not a little on the best way of striking with

the fingers, with the wrist, with the arm, and constantly inculcate the idea, that by pursuing a course similar to that we recommend, the best players in the world attained their present eminence. It is replied, that nobody, or very few, play as we say, and we suffer a great deal for want of models. Now here is a living specimen.

As far as fine music is concerned, we have, perhaps, preference for some other kinds of concert performance; but we like, once in a while, to see what can be done on the piano, and think it perfectly proper that there should be five or six persons in the world, who may serve, as we say, for models.

We were somewhat better pleased with De Meyer than with his audience. They clapped the loudest when he made the most noise; whereas we will agree to thunder with equal vehemence, with the aid of a couple of brick-bats.

We would advise every one who plays the piano, to "go and hear" this piano wonder, taking good care to hear him as a wonder, and not as a maker of fine music. There are hundreds of young men in Europe, who are practicing themselves to death, to become just such players as he. We hope that no American young man will have just such an end in view. If one can play Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, and Cherubini well, he had better spend the rest of his intellectual strength in becoming acquainted with harmony and counterpoint, the art of composition, or the art of teaching. Musical curiosities may always henceforth be imported, and the concert-going public will always be ready to stand the expense. \*

### EXAMINATION

*Of the Imperial Music Class in the Academy at Moscow.*

[Translated for the Gazette, from a letter of J. von Wolf.]

At the present time, when it is universally conceded that music is absolutely necessary in the education of youth, awaking the noblest powers of the soul, and exerting a great influence on morals and manners; when governments even, are seeking to elevate their subjects by the influence of music, especially vocal music; when this art has become indispensable to society—it is much to be regretted that the greater portion of teachers neglect their work, or discharge their duties so inefficiently.

If teachers of the piano forte (I speak now only of this instrument,) were subjected to a severe examination before being allowed to practice further their profession, we fear that but a few would receive credentials.

It is a pity that we have no institutions for the instruction of music teachers. The conservatories of music do not answer the purpose. Their object is to make fine musicians. The knowledge and experience which a teacher finds necessary, he gains usually at the cost of those parents who first entrust their children to his care.

Holding these opinions, I was not a little pleased, while attending the examination of the academical music class, to find a proper course of things in progress. The instructor has here fulfilled all that could be asked, and shown that a systematic course of instruction will lead to remarkable results.

Before giving the plan of instruction, it is necessary to say a word about the institution itself, and the formation of this music class.

Three institutions, viz: the Erziehungshaus (house of education,) Findlingshaus, and the Lombard, form a grand union, under the protection of the empress. The buildings constitute a small town in themselves, in which the number of inhabitants, that is, children and

teachers, amounts to 7000. It is governed by a council of the Lombard, which also has charge of the treasury.

The Erziehungshaus, or academy, receives only the orphans of officers. They number 350 girls and as many boys. The latter have it in their choice to fill civil offices, or to obtain a collegiate education. The girls are intended for governesses, and receive a very careful education for their future station. The matron, Frau. v. Zeimaun, attends to moral education.

The more advanced pupils are placed in a class, where the art of teaching is particularly attended to. The empress, five years ago, gave command that a similar class in music should be formed. All pupils were already instructed in the art. Those in this class studied like others, but devoted more time to music. The teacher, who was then appointed, was directed to select a few of the most talented girls from other classes. The course was to extend through six years. The graduates were then to be transferred to various institutions about the country, where they were to remain six years as teachers, receiving fixed, good salaries. After this time, they were to be free from all control. Johann Reinhardt, court pianist, who was selected to conduct the studies of the young teachers, has finished one course in four years, instead of six, having found pupils who had already made considerable progress, before they commenced the course marked above.

His plan was the following. Five pupils commenced the first year. After two years a second class was to be formed. After two years more, each of the first five were to take a pupil, thus forming a third class. Each year there was to be an examination before a few invited artists, and at the end of the sixth year a grand exhibition before the public. In this the five who had played longest were to appear, and each to let her scholar also perform, to show her capacity in teaching.

Grand pianos were placed in five or six different chambers, and things were so arranged that the playing of one would not disturb the other; while, by means of glass doors, those who had the oversight of the classes could at any time inform themselves of a pupil's diligence, without being observed themselves.

Those in the first and second classes receive a lesson three times a week, and have three hours a day practice. The third class receives daily a lesson from the members of the first.

In the room where pieces for several pianos are executed, hangs enframed a collection of the signatures of the greatest artists who have visited Moscow. These are generally invited to examine scholars, and to play before them.

In the fifth year, the pupils commence the study of harmony, not for the sake, however, of becoming composers. At examinations, questions, written and thrown into an urn, are taken out at random, and answered. As an exercise in reading, the first class plays trios with violin and violoncello accompaniment.

Herr Reinhardt gives his lessons sometimes in Russian, sometimes in German, and sometimes in French, to accustom his pupils to the musical expressions in those languages.

(Here follows a list of the pieces practiced during the course, which we have not room to insert.)

As has been remarked, the first selection of scholars have been carried through in four years. At their public examination, the performers elicited much well merited applause by the precision and beauty of their playing. The following is the

### PROGRAMME

Fifth symphony of Beethoven, arranged by Liszt, five pianos in unison.

Fantasia on the *Juive*, from Liszt, by pupil No. 1.

Two fantasies on *Lucia*, from Liszt, by pupil No. 2.

Andante from Thalberg, by No. 3.

Transcription of *Kullak, Lucretia Borgia*, by No. 4.

Fantasia from *Norma*, Thalberg, No. 5.

Trio from Beethoven, at sight.

*Moscow, summer of 1846.*

"You were formerly pastor of the church in —, were you not?" said we to a somewhat aged clergyman, to whom we were introduced. "Yes. It is now fifteen years since I asked a dismission from it." "Why did you leave?" "The church and society were in such a distracted state with regard to the singing. Never in my life did I know parties in a church to run so high. I strove to restore peace for two years without success, and then asked a dismission." "Upon what points did the congregation differ?" "With regard to the leader. We had a large and excellent choir, but three men wished for the office of leader, and each used every means to obtain it. On one sabbath there were two choirs present, one in each gallery, under different leaders. When the hymn was given out, both choirs rose and sang it, each to a different tune. I would not have believed it possible for any subject to have caused such an excitement, or, having caused it, to have so prolonged it."

We wonder if those who thus disturb the peace of a church, ever reflect that the time is coming when they must render an account of their deeds to the great Head of the Church. Offences in the church will come, but woe to those by whom they come.

### CONCERTS IN BOSTON.

In our last, we made the dates of the concerts of Camillo Sivori, and the Harvard Musical Association, just one week too early. Our eyes probably got on to the wrong week in the almanac. Sivori has given two concerts since our last, one of which we had the pleasure of attending. He is undoubtedly the best violinist who has visited us, with the exception of Vieuxtemps. We have seldom listened to a more charming concert.

The Boston Academy of Music gave the first of their series of concerts Nov. 14, and the Philharmonic Society were to give the first of theirs Nov. 21. The programme of the Boston Academy's concert is as follows:

PART I.—1, Overture Guerriere, P. Lindpaintner, a jubilee overture, composed for the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the coronation of King Wilhelm, of Wurtemberg; 1st movement, "God save the king," corneopon obligato, Mr. Flagg; 2d movement, allegro con spirito; 3d movement, battle piece, and grand march; 4th, "God save the king," by the full band. 2, aria, "Salut a la France," from the opera *La fille du Regiment*, Donizetti, by Mlle Juliette de la Reintrie. 3, overture to the tragedy "Nero," Reissiger. 4, solo, French horn, by Herr Schmitz, from Munster, in Germany; his first appearance here. 5, cavatina. *Mi par che un lungo secolo*, Coppola, by Mlle de la Reintrie. 6, overture, *La fille du Regiment*, Donizetti. PART II, grand symphony No. 3, (in A minor,) Mendelssohn, (reputed the *chef d'œuvre* of the greatest living composer.) 2, Introduction and Allegro Agitato. 2, Scherzo assai vivace. 3, Adagio cantabile. 4, Allegro guerriero, and Finale maestoso.

In addition to the above, Sivori has performed three evenings at the Howard Athenaeum, a theatre with another name. The Handel and Haydn Society have rehearsed "David," Madame Blessner playing the harp accompaniment.

## TAKE IT EASY.

*Light, graceful, and very fast.*



1. Take it easy! life at longest But a lengthened shadow is, And the brave as well as strongest, Dare not call to-morrow his.  
 2. Take it easy! done with fretting, Meet your neighbor with a smile, From the rising sun to setting, Live the present all the while.  
 3. Take it easy! what is hidden, Or is wrong, or seemeth so, Leave it as a thing forbidden, Out of which a curse may grow.

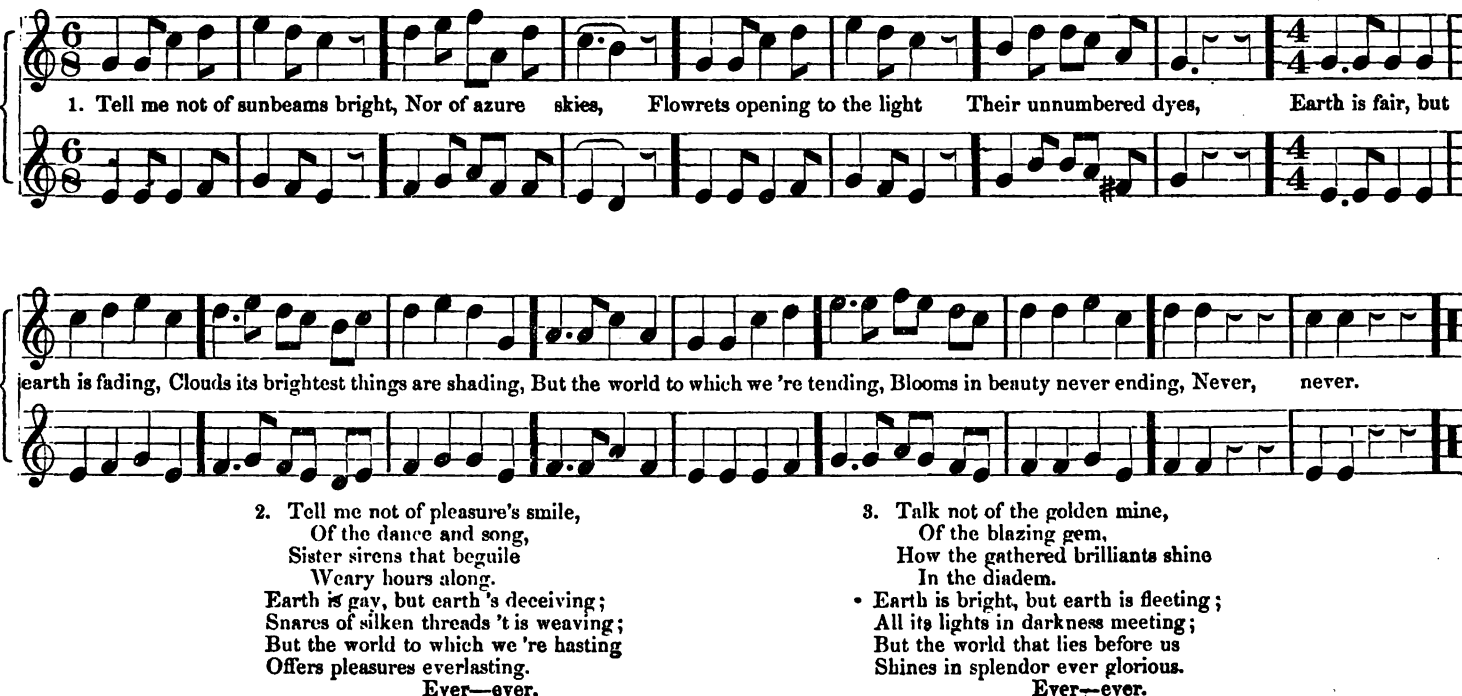
4. Take it easy! daily turning To the mon-i-tor within, On its altar always burning, Keep an incense free from sin.  
 5. Take it easy! ever leaning To the side of truth and right; Happiness from virtue gleaning, Peace of mind from wisdom bright.

And the brave as well as strongest, Dare not call to-mor-row his. Take it ea-sy! for to-day All your plans of wisdom lay.  
 From the rising sun to setting, Live the present all the while. Take it ea-sy! every vow Make in reference to now.  
 Leave it as a thing forbidden, Out of which a curse may grow. Take it ea-sy! never pry Into what may cause a sigh.

On its altar always burning, Keep an incense free from sin. Take it ea-sy! never fear While you keep a conscience clear.  
 Happiness from virtue gleaning, Peace of mind from wisdom bright. Take it ea-sy! for at best, Life is but a sorry jest.

## TELL ME NOT OF SUNBEAMS BRIGHT.

S. S. WARDWELL, Providence.



1. Tell me not of sunbeams bright, Nor of azure skies, Flowrets opening to the light Their unnumbered dyes, Earth is fair, but  
 earth is fading, Clouds its brightest things are shading, But the world to which we're tending, Blooms in beauty never ending, Never, never.

2. Tell me not of pleasure's smile,  
 Of the dance and song,  
 Sister sirens that beguile  
 Weary hours along.  
 Earth is gay, but earth's deceiving;  
 Snarers of silken threads 't is weaving;  
 But the world to which we're hasting  
 Offers pleasures everlasting.  
 Ever—ever.

3. Talk not of the golden mine,  
 Of the blazing gem,  
 How the gathered brilliants shine  
 In the diadem.  
 Earth is bright, but earth is fleeting;  
 All its lights in darkness meeting;  
 But the world that lies before us  
 Shines in splendor ever glorious.  
 Ever—ever.

## THE CORNER STONE.\*

Music by Mr. S. HUBBARD.

Poetry by Mrs. E. L. EVERETT.

1. This corner stone, this corner stone, How many hopes are o'er it thrown ! And visions wreathed with rosy light, Are opening to faith's inner sight.

2. This corner stone, this corner stone, Will lure the homeless, sad, and lone, Will be a star, whose brilliant light Shall shine serene in trouble's night.

3. This corner stone, in prayer laid low, Its mission all may freely know ; Thus Christ was low, that man might rise And claim his birthright in the skies.

4. This corner stone, this corner stone, When we who view it now are gone, Will still uphold a home for thee, Son of the deep, unquiet sea !

Of sins repented, sins forgiven, Of wandering ones led home to heaven By Him whose emblem now is shown In this our humble corner stone. stone.

Will be an anchor, firm and fast, When clouds the moral sky o'ercast ; Will be a voice, whose gentle tone Shall whisper soft, "this corner stone." stone.

We'll ask in faith, we'll hope in joy, That this may be the blest employ Of this, the seed of good now sown, To bear its fruits, this corner stone. stone.

A home of rest, where every day We'd gild with virtue's brightest ray, Till thou shalt bless, with heartfelt tone, This corner stone, this corner stone. stone.

\* Sung at the laying of the corner stone of the Mariners' Church, Boston.

## DORCAS. C. M.

DARIUS E. JONES, New York.

1. My God, my Father, blissful name, Oh, may I call thee mine? May I with sweet assurance claim A portion so divine.

2. This only can my fears control, And bid my sorrows fly. What harm can ever reach my soul, Beneath my Father's eye?

3. Whate'er thy holy will denies, I cheerful - ly re - sign ; Lord, thou art good, and just, and wise ; Oh, bend my will to thine.

4. Whate'er thy sacred will ordains, Oh, give me strength to bear ; And let me know my Father reigns, And trust his tender care.

## JUBAL. S. M.

N. P. BASSETT.

The pity of the Lord, To those that fear his name, Is such as tender parents feel ; He knows our fee - ble frame.

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## Miscellaneous.

### MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.

It is something more than ten years since Mendelssohn produced his *Paulus*, at the great Rhenish festival held in Dusseldorf. The success of this, the composer's first great sacred composition, was decided. During the period that has elapsed from the date of its introduction to the German public, May, 1846, up to the present epoch, Mendelssohn has devoted much of his time to the composition of music for the church—several psalms, a symphonic cantata, entitled the "Hymn of Praise," (*Lobgesang*), and other minor works of the same tendency, having proceeded from his pen. But it was only about eighteen months ago that Mendelssohn conceived the design of a second oratorio, which he has now completed, and has engaged to superintend its production at the Birmingham festival immediately forthcoming; of which it is scarcely necessary to premise that it will constitute the grand feature. The subject of the oratorio is Elijah, the prophet, whose predilections, persecution, miracles, and final apotheosis, are interwoven by the author of the book into a connected drama of considerable interest. A single hearing of a work of such length and importance does not justify any attempt at minute analysis; but a survey of the plan of the oratorio, in regard both to the conduct of the story, and its musical treatment by Mendelssohn, may not be unacceptable to our readers on the eve of the public decision which presently awaits it at Birmingham.

The oratorio commences with the awful prediction of Elijah the Tishbite, provoked by the iniquities of Ahab, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." Mendelssohn has expressed this in a few bars of solemn recitative for a base voice, which lead immediately to an instrumental movement, that serves in the place of overture. The effect of the recitative is highly impressive, and the idea of its position wholly original. The overture, if such it may be called, is an elaborate fugued movement, on a simple theme, given out by the bases; the key is D minor; the character of the movement is mysterious and agitated, illustrating what may well be presumed to have been the effect of Elijah's menace upon the people who had walked in the sinful paths of Ahab.

The overture does not come to an end, but, working up to a splendid climax, through the medium of a masterly pedal point, conducts to a chorus, in the same key, "Help, Lord," in which the people complain of their privations, and appeal for divine aid. This chorus is grand and largely developed; the full orchestra, including the trombone and organ, is employed at intervals throughout; a semitonic phrase beautifully conveying the feeling of supplication, is introduced after the delivery of the first theme, and gives the predominant coloring to the whole movement; the voicing shows consummate skill in counterpoint; and the instrumentation is picturesque and splendid. A short choral recitative leads to a duet for sopranos, "Zion stretcheth her hands for aid." The theme continues to be the complaints and supplications of the Israelites. The duet, in A minor, is a snatch of quaint melody, in which the spirit of Mendelssohn is incontestible; there is a quiet, undulating accompaniment for the violins, with the basso *pizzicato*, the clarinets, and occasionally the flutes, supporting the voices, while the bassoons and horns enrich the harmony at intervals. A new and charming effect is produced by the chorus of sopranos, and of tenors, and bases, alternately responding in unison to the cadences of the duet, by a kind of melancholy refrain, which is given out at the commencement.

A prophet now admonishes the people to repent, which gives occasion for a recitative and air for a tenor voice. The air, "If with all your hearts ye seek me," in E flat, is flowing and devotional; the score is confined to the quartet, one flute, clarinets, and bassoons, but the harmony is not the less satisfactory and complete. Indeed, one of the great charms of Mendelssohn's instrumentation lies in the variety of his combinations; omitting sometimes one instrument, sometimes another, and never employing his full band except in grand choruses, or in situations of energy and passion, he avoids monotony, and doubles the value of his orchestra, so that when a *fortissimo* is required, a *fortissimo* is obtained with tremendous effect. The people respond to the prophet in a magnificent chorus in two parts, beginning in C minor, and ending in the major; the first part, "Yet doth the Lord see it not," is full of despair; it abounds in masterly counterpoint. The second part, "For He is the Lord," is solemn and majestic, the theme is cleverly worked, and the *plagal* cadence finely employed at the conclusion.

An angel now commands Elijah, in a recitative, to depart to Cherith. A double quartet in G major, for sopranos, altos, tenors, and bases, "For he shall give his angels charge over thee," is an inspiration of pure melody, which, without hyperbole, may be termed angelic; it is, moreover, a great relief to the minor mode which so much prevails throughout the first part of the oratorio.

In another recitative, an angel invokes Elijah to go to Zarepath, to the house of a widow. The widow, as the reader of scripture will remember, has a sick son; she calls on Elijah to aid her, "Help me, man of God! my son is sick." This supplication is introduced by an air for soprano, in E minor, three-four time, in which grief and anxiety are conveyed in a manner perfectly original and impressive. The beautiful effect of the

oboe in this air is well worthy of remark; it is interrupted by a recitative, in which Elijah calls upon the divine interposition in favor of the widow; the widow responds with a fragment of the first air, acknowledging the power of Elijah. "The sick is cured," and a chorus of thanksgiving in G major, "Blessed are they that fear him," a heavenly melody, developed with great power, and exquisitely colored by a continuous figure of *arpeggio* given to the violas, ends this scene, which is picturesque and interesting to a very high degree. The viola accompaniment gives an indefinable sensation of happiness, easier felt than verbally conveyed.

But the grand feature of the first part is yet to come. Elijah, the prophecy of drought fulfilled, determines to appear before Ahab; his determination is expressed in a fragment of the recitative in which he delivered his prophecy at the beginning, here transposed into a major key, as though indicating the approach of a happier day for Israel. Mendelssohn, by this reading, has shown himself no less a poet than a musician; such a subtlety would have escaped a common mind. Ahab asks the prophet, "Art thou Elijah? art thou he that troubleth Israel?" The chorus respond, "Thou art Elijah!" Elijah owns his identity, denies having troubled Israel, accuses Ahab of idolatry, bids him summon his prophets, and defies him to a test which shall establish who is the true God. Ahab accepts the challenge. A bullock is to be sacrificed, and both parties are to invoke their gods to send down fire and consume the bullock; whichever god shall answer is the true God. All this is conveyed in the music by a succession of recitatives, in which Elijah and Ahab and his party alternately take part; these recitatives are magnificently written, the profane levity of Ahab being finely contrasted with the solemn godliness of Elijah. The rest agreed on, the priests of Baal address their idol in a chorus, "Baal, we cry to thee," in F major. The melody is exquisite, the instrumentation delicious, the employment of the trombones and horns giving a peculiar character of voluptuousness—we can find no better term—to the harmony. And yet, amid all this, a feeling of unsatisfactory excitement, as though a consciousness of sin obtruded itself unwillingly upon the gaiety of the Baalites, is most happily conveyed, but by what secret of the composer's art, it would be hard to explain, however unquestionably it may be felt. A second part is added to this chorus, on the words, "Hear us, Baal," in which, though the same key, F, is preserved, a new character is obtained, by the use of an *arpeggio* figure of accompaniment, in thirds and sixths, for the violins and violas, and subsequently the violoncellos, which conveys an increased feeling of disquietude to the adjuration of the Baalites. This accompaniment is developed with surprising power, and as the chorus advances, the interest of the listener arrives at a degree of intensity which is almost painful; the wind instruments, with rare conceptions, hold substantial harmonies throughout. At the conclusion of this wonderful chorus, Elijah taunts the priests of Baal with the ineffectuality of their prayer, in a recitative, "Call him louder! for he is a god," &c. The Baalites respond by a short chorus, "Hear our cry, O Baal!" in the dominant of F sharp minor;

this is full of restless character, admirably expressed in the uninterrupted reiteration of the wind instruments. In another recitative, Elijah calls upon his adversaries to use other means of invocation, "With knives and lancets cut yourselves after your manner, leap upon the altar ye have made," &c. The enraged idolaters respond in a chorus, "Hear and answer, Baal; mark how the scorner derideth us." This chorus, in F sharp minor, depicts the madness of disappointed enthusiasm in the height of its fury, the stringed instruments tear away in an impetuous torrent of semiquavers; the wood and brass instruments sustain, in holding notes, the most startling harmonies; the basses take up at intervals strange passages of triplets, while the voices scream out hard, uncouth phrases, in which despair is fearfully conveyed. The effect of this chorus is awful; the *coda*, on the words, "Hear and answer," with the long intervening pause, in the vain anticipation of a reply, would curdle the blood of the most cold-hearted, and "make men tremble who never weep." It is, indeed, a triumph of art!

And now Elijah, beholding the impotent convulsions of the Baalites, calls to his own disciples in a strain of divine melody, "Draw near, all ye people," in which the clarinets and bassoons induce a deep sentiment of devotion by the pure rich harmonies allotted to them. A melodious quartet in E flat, "Regard thy servant's prayer," involves the angels' petition in favor of Elijah. Elijah, in a recitative, calls upon the true God to declare his greatness, and in a magnificent air for base, in A minor, "Is not His word like a fire," enforces his conjuration by homage to his terrible attributes. This air is transcendently fine, superior even to the celebrated "Consume them," in *Paulus*, albeit it partakes largely of its character, especially exemplified in the voice part, which in both songs frequently move in unison with the base of the accompaniment, by which a fierce and energetic character is obtained. Such peculiarities are so well husbanded by Mendelssohn, who only employs them in his score for particular and urgent purposes, that they invariably come out in bold relief.

Elijah is successful; the fire descends from heaven, and consumes the offering, which is expressed in an admirable chorus in E minor, calling into action the entire resources of the full orchestra; a devotional passage of harmony in four parts, with the organ, towards the conclusion, produces a grand climax. Elijah, triumphant, in a recitative, responded to in unison by the chorus, orders all the Baalite priests to be taken out and slain. A pathetic air, in E minor, "Woe unto them who forsake Him," follows, and is remarkable, not only for its intrinsic beauty of melody and harmony, but for the simple quartet accompaniment that clothes it, not one of the wind instruments being employed.

Another incident in the first part gives occasion for poetical treatment, of which Mendelssohn has availed himself with great power. The Baalite priests destroyed, the people cry for rain; Elijah tells a youth to go up towards the sea, and bring word what he shall behold,—the youth comes back, and says, "There is nothing; the heavens are as brass above me." Elijah prays, the people complain, the youth is once more despatched, but returns, saying, "There is nothing; the earth is as iron under me." Another prayer from Elijah is more successful. The youth goes, and returns again, with good tidings, "Behold, a little cloud riseth from the waters!" The rain comes in floods, the people are refreshed, and a chorus of thanksgiving, "Thanks be to God!" concludes the first part of the oratorio.

Mendelssohn has described this in a connected series of short recitatives, airs, and choruses, forming one complete and masterly whole. There are so many beauties scattered throughout, that we must refrain from detail; but a charming air in A flat, "When the heavens are closed," enriched by a remarkably beautiful accompaniment, in which the violoncellos play in two distinct parts; and occasionally help the bassoons to form a richly harmonized quartet, must not be passed over without especial notice. The final chorus in E flat is one of the noblest compositions in the oratorio, and, not to speak it profanely, approaches very nearly to the sublimity of Handel; the feelings of exultation and gratitude for divine mercy, could not have been expressed more magnificently.

We have entered so much at length into the merits of the first part, that a rapid survey of what follows must suffice for the present. A short recitative, announcing the advent of Elijah, and his neglect by the Jews, leads to a soprano air, "Hearken Israel," in B, in which the people are reprehended for forsaking the Lord. An effective transition introduces a chorus in G, "Be not afraid," which is brilliant and spirited; the same transition is used to good purpose more than once in the progress of the chorus, when the theme is resumed after a cadence in the key of the preceding song; increased animation is secured further on by the introduction of a triplet figure in the violin accompaniments.

Subsequently, in a splendid recitative, Elijah reproaches Ahab for his idolatries. Ahab's queen, Jezebel, retorts by reproaching her husband for submitting to Elijah's power, and ends by threatening the prophet's life; this is embodied in a finely written recitative for contralto, which is interrupted at intervals by short choral responses, approving the suggestions of the queen, the idea and development of which are equally novel and striking. A clever chorus in A minor, "Do unto him as he hath done," leads to a recitative and air for base, "It is enough, O Lord," in which Elijah, tired of persecution, entreats God to take him; the air, in F sharp minor, is very pathetic and beautiful; and involves some exquisite violoncello points; an allegro is introduced on the words, "I have been very jealous," which is angry and passionate; the first theme is then resumed, and the air concludes in a pathetic strain. Elijah, lying down to sleep under a juniper tree, is watched over by angels, who utter words of consolation in a duet, "Lift thine eyes unto the mountains," for soprano and contralto, in D major; this is followed by a chorus of angels, "He is watching over Israel," in the same key. The burden of this chorus is a reproach to Elijah for his sleepfulness, and a promise of the Lord's assistance. Anything more lovely than the melody, more skillful than the voicing, or more enchanting than the orchestration, could not well be imagined.

An angel now admonishes Elijah to arise, in a recitative. Elijah responds by complaining of the persecution and slaughter of the prophets, and his own solitary apostleship. The angel consoles him in an air, "O rest in the Lord," in C major, a composition of exquisite simplicity and grace, scored merely for quartet and one flute, with some expressive obligato passages for the violoncello. A short and pleasing chorus in F, "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved," leads to a recitative, in which Elijah expresses his earnest desire for the presence of the Lord, a recitative, in which an angel conjures him to arise and stand upon the mount, for he shall see the Lord, then conducts to a chorus in E minor, "And, behold! the Lord passed by;" an effort of the

loftiest genius. The different modes in this chorus of expressing the tempest, the earthquake, and the fire, and the reading of the words, "But the Lord was not in the tempest," "in the earthquake," "in the fire," proceed from nothing less than pure inspiration. The chorus terminates in the major of the original key; all the instruments of the orchestra are employed in the score, and with astonishing variety of effect; the expression of the last words, "And after the fire there came a still small voice, and in that came the Lord," is in the highest degree poetical. A solemn quartet and chorus, in C, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord," in which there are some original and beautiful harmonies, lead to a recitative of Elijah, indicative of the prophet's exultation at having beheld the Lord, followed by an air, in C, in six-four time, "For the mountains shall depart," a fervid and graceful melody, accompanied by the simple quartet of stringed instruments.

The next chorus, "Then did Elijah," in F minor, an effort of consummate dramatic power, is descriptive of Elijah's ascension into heaven, in a fiery chariot, borne by a whirlwind; this chorus is long and elaborate, and the instrumentation intricate and difficult; but the effect of a finished performance cannot fail of being striking. A tenor song, "Then shall the righteous shine forth," in A flat, followed by recitatives for contralto and soprano, the last of which involves the declaration, by an angel, that Elijah will be sent on earth before the last day, lead to a chorus, "Thus saith the Lord," in D major, another elaborate and masterly composition, in which the entire orchestra is brought into constant request, the subject being the glorification of Elijah by the Lord. A quartet which follows, "O, every one that thirsteth," in B flat, is a stream of divine melody that flows in every one of the vocal parts with equal freedom, and in the *ensemble* is perfection; its instrumentation includes an oboe, bassoons, horns, and quartet, and is accomplished with the utmost delicacy and finish; the words are episodic to the text. Then follows immediately the final chorus, "Unto Him," in D major, a composition not inferior to any of those we have already cited; a splendid pedal point introduces the theme in the base, with fine effect, and gives way to the "Amen," which is rendered with absolute sublimity.

We must abstain from general remarks until other occasions of hearing it shall have rendered this important work more familiar to us. At present, our impression is very strongly in favor of the oratorio of *Elijah*, as being the greatest achievement of Mendelssohn's genius, and this in spite of the entire absence of fugues, which in an oratorio by the most accomplished living musician, is calculated at first sight to cause somewhat of surprise. At any rate, it is tolerably certain that one more great work has been added to the repertory of art, and this is a great event in the present dearth of serious purpose.

Sing at your work; 't will lighten  
The labors of the day;  
Sing at your work; 't will brighten  
The darkness of the way.

Sing at your work; though sorrow  
Its lengthened shade may cast,  
Joy cometh on the morrow—  
A sun-beam cheers the blast.

To pain a brief dominion  
Is o'er the spirit given,  
But music nerves the pinion  
That bears it up to heaven.



## MILITARY SERVICE AT CHURCH.

A correspondent of the Salem Register, writing from Montreal, gives the following interesting account of the Church of England service for the military stationed in that city:

"Another most interesting meeting was the Church of England service of the military exclusively, which is attended in Christ Church, nearly opposite to the French Cathedral, in Notre Dame street, at 2 o'clock, P. M., between the morning and evening services for the citizens. The soldiers form at the barracks, and march to the church in military order, in full uniform, headed by the band, but without music. Their long lines made a beautiful display; but it was a strange sight to see these men of war in martial array filling the sacred house, and paying homage to the God of peace. The sermon was a very common-place affair, its chief aim seeming to be to impress upon the soldiers the duty of contentment with their lot; but the chanting and singing, of which the largest portion of the service consisted, surpassed anything I ever heard. They were indeed sublime. The organ was a powerful and splendid instrument, touched with masterly skill, and the choir was composed entirely of male voices, about twenty-three in number, some five or six of them being boys. The major part of the performers were members of the band of the infantry regiment, and they were stationed in an enclosure prepared for the purpose, below, in the broad aisle, near the pulpit, at the opposite extremity of the church from the organ. The parts were admirably balanced; but one of the boys, in the uniform of the band, a lad of fourteen, had a voice so sweet, so clear, so powerful and thrilling, and poured forth his notes in such a perfect gush of melody, that all eyes and ears were at once intent upon him, ~~as the~~ <sup>the</sup> wood effect, in the bloom of youthful beauty, with flashing eye, and heaving chest, every nerve seemingly alive with inspiration, as you have seen some winged warbler, in the ecstasy of its joyous song. And when all joined in the chorus in the Te Deum, or one of those glorious old chants, or sublime masterpieces of Handel or some other of the great composers, with the grand accompaniment of the deep-toned organ, the harmonious notes would almost raise you from your feet, tears would unbidden start, and the whole frame tremble with pleasurable excitement. It were worth a journey of a thousand miles to hear such music, were it nothing more than one of those thrilling "Amen," which the choir would peal out in harmonious response to the several prayers. The music is alternately performed by the choirs of the infantry and rifle regiments; and the rivalry between them may serve to heighten and preserve the standard. We saw the rifle choir (about forty in number,) on Saturday, marching up to the church for practice; on the Sunday previous, they performed selections from the Creation in the most superb style."

From an interesting description of the Rockland county (N. Y.) school celebration, in the Syracuse Teachers' Advocate, we make the following extract:

"At two o'clock, P. M., the audience of teachers, pupils, parents, and friends of education, were assembled by the performance of some beautiful airs; and the exercises were resumed by an address from Rev. Mr. Hopper, of Piermont, on the proposition 'that vocal music as a branch of common school education, raises up a powerful auxiliary in the moral training of youth.'

The reverend gentleman proceeded in a simple and somewhat systematic manner to explain the meaning,

character, and tendency of music, and its bearings upon individual and social enjoyment, its power over the moral feelings, and the salutary discipline which it exercises over all minds, and particularly the young, while engaged in its attainment; and said that he considered *vocal music* a necessary part of common school education, because of its utility in the establishment of moral principle in the mind of all children and youth, and regarded it as a powerful auxiliary in promoting the work of education. The potent charm of vocal music, said he, is universally acknowledged, both among barbarous and enlightened tribes of men; and among all nations the most affecting incidents of the history of their country and of individuals, find their way into metre and song—and thus, too, their memory and their influence are the better perpetuated. The reverend speaker elucidated his subject with many happy allusions and anecdotes of the experience and sentiments of distinguished men as to the power and influence of vocal music upon all classes, and concluded with the observation, 'If such, then, be the power of vocal music in regulating the moral feelings of men—of men advanced in life, and perhaps in crime—who does not see that the principle, brought to bear upon the minds of children and youth, in the manner proposed, would indeed be a most powerful auxiliary in forming the moral sentiments, in modifying and correcting the moral feelings, and in training up the rising generation to such habits of thought and of action as would fit them to enjoy life, and prepare them to appreciate the value of our civil institutions, and the worth of our religious privileges. None can doubt but that it would serve eminently to prepare them to enjoy social life here, and, by the blessing of God, life eternal hereafter.'

**MUSICAL INFANT.**—In 1788, a musical prodigy, of the name of Sophia Hoffman, attracted the notice of the scientific and the curious. This child, when only nine months old, discovered so violent an attachment to musical sounds, that if taken out of a room where any person was playing on an instrument, it was frequently impossible to appease her but by bringing her back. The nearer she was carried to the performer, the more delighted she appeared, and would often clap her little hands together in accurate time. Her father, who was a musician, cultivated her infantine genius so successfully, that when she was a year and three quarters old, she could play a march, a lesson, and two or three songs, with tolerable correctness; and when two years and a half old, she could play several tunes. If she ever struck a wrong note, she did not suffer it to pass, but immediately corrected herself.

**DEAF AND DUMB AMATEUR.**—It is a singular fact, that the deaf and dumb are not excluded from the pleasures arising from music. A remarkable proof of this is related of an artist of the name of Arrowsmith, a member of the royal academy, who resided some months at Winnington, about the year 1816, exercising his profession of a miniature and portrait painter. "He was," says Mr. Chippindale, of Winnick, who relates the anecdote, "quite deaf. It will scarcely be credited, that a person thus circumstanced should be fond of music; but this was the case with Mr. Arrowsmith. He was at a gentleman's glee club, of which I was president at that time, and as the glees were sung, he would place himself near some article of wooden furniture, or a partition, door, or window-shutter, and would fix the extreme end of his finger nails, which he kept rather long,

upon the edge of some projecting part of the wood, and there remain until the piece under performance was finished; all the time expressing, by the most significant gestures, the pleasure he felt in the perception of musical sounds. He was not so much pleased with a solo, as with a pretty full clash of harmony; and if the music was not very good, or rather if it was not correctly performed, he would not show the slightest sensation of pleasure. But the most extraordinary circumstance in this case is, that he was evidently most delighted with those passages in which the composer displayed his science in modulating the different keys. When such passages happened to be executed with precision, he could scarcely repress the emotions of pleasure which he received, within any bounds; for the delight he evinced, seemed to border on ecstasy. This was expressed most remarkably at our club, when the glee was sung with which we often conclude; it is by Stevens, and begins with the words, 'Ye spotted snakes,' from Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. In the second stanza, on the words, 'Weaving spiders come not here,' there is some modulation of the kind above alluded to, and here Mr. Arrowsmith would be in raptures, such as would not be exceeded by any one who was in his immediate possession of the sense of hearing."

**POWER OF MUSIC IN BATTLE.**—Music has sometimes the effect of inspiring courage in the most timid dispositions, and thus even triumphing over nature. An old officer who served under the duke of Marlborough, was naturally so timid, as to show the utmost reluctance to an engagement, until he heard the drums and trumpets, when his spirits were raised to such a degree, that he became most ardent to be engaged with the enemy, and would then expose himself to the utmost dangers.

"The tone of the voice in speaking, and the tune of the voice in singing, bear not the slightest resemblance to each other; they are formed upon principles directly opposite; the different inflections of the voice in speaking, are not musical intervals—in singing, they are, or should be, nothing else. If we feel the outside of the throat while speaking, and then change from speaking to singing, it will be perceived that the arrangement within which produced speaking must be changed before we can form a musical sound."

**CURIOUS LEGACY.**—Mr. Hugh Kennedy, who died some years ago, left a small annuity to the presbyterian church in Hagerstown, Md., on the condition that they should sing nothing but the Psalms of David. When they depart from this, they lose the legacy, which amounts to \$200 per annum.

**DE MEYER.**—A curious case came before the fourth ward court yesterday, says the New York Evening Post, in relation to the *lion pianist*. It appeared from the testimony, that De Meyer employed a literary gentleman, named Burkhardt, to translate a puff from the German to the English language, for the purpose of publishing it in a morning print as editorial commendation on his performances. Burkhardt charged \$25 for his work, but the lion pianist was unwilling to pay more than \$10, and hence this suit. It was testified by one individual, that the effect of the puff could not be calculated, and that he would be willing to give \$50 for such a one previous to giving a concert. The jury sided with the plaintiff, and as it was proved that he had already received \$10, they returned a verdict in his favor of \$15.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1846.

Three more numbers will complete the first volume of the Gazette. We believe a musical journal, properly conducted, to be of great benefit to every one engaged in the cultivation of music. We believe the universal circulation of musical journals among the musical community to be a desideratum which cannot be too highly valued. We believe the opposite and narrow-minded views entertained by many with regard to the same subjects, the disputes which often arise among musical men, and the low estimate in which the professors of this art are generally held by the community at large, to be occasioned, in part at least, by a lack of that kind of general information which it is the office of a musical periodical to supply. We believe, that if of two teachers enjoying in other respects equal advantages, one should be the constant reader of a musical periodical, and the other should never read such works, at the end of five years the "reader" would as much surpass the other in knowledge and intelligence, as a newspaper-reading merchant surpasses in mercantile knowledge a merchant who has not for five years looked at a newspaper. How can a man be an *intelligent* merchant, who does not read mercantile intelligence? How can a man be *intelligent* in music, who does not read musical intelligence? With these "beliefs," can we help pressing upon all interested in the cultivation of music the importance of sustaining musical periodicals, and the absolute necessity of reading them? Can we be excused for respectfully asking the aid of our subscribers in extending the circulation of the Gazette? Will any be surprised to hear that we earnestly wish for a large list of subscribers with which to commence a happy new year?

We have filled a large space in to-day's paper with an analysis of Mendelssohn's new oratorio. If report speaks correctly, it is destined to rank well up to the Messiah. We can hardly imagine what greater musical event can occur, than the production of such a composition, nor what is worthy of a larger space in the columns of a musical journal. The article is copied from a London periodical, in which it appeared previous to the Birmingham festival.

The number of newspapers in the United States is upwards of two thousand. We cannot find time to read all of these; if we could, no important musical transaction in any part of the country would escape us. Our readers will materially assist our endeavors in recording American musical news, if, when they see an important musical article in their daily or weekly papers, they will take the trouble to send a copy of the paper to us.

Although our terms are strictly in advance, there have been some few instances, in which the Gazette has been ordered by those who at the time did not know the price, and consequently did not inclose the money. A few names are not marked paid on our book. To such we enclose a bill in the present number. We have endeavored to keep our accounts straight, but possibly we have omitted to credit some who have paid. If a bill is inclosed to any such, will they do us the favor to inform us that they have paid?

We have received another beautiful song from the pen of Mrs. Marion Dix Sullivan, entitled "The Field of Monterey."

MESSRS. EDITORS—Having read with interest your report of the lectures delivered by Mr. Lowell Mason, before the "Musical Institute," at the "Tremont Temple," in August last, (I refer to the lectures on the art of teaching music,) I have thought that a description of a "first evening lesson," given by a teacher not quite so well skilled in the *art of teaching* as the musical veteran whose name has been mentioned, might be interesting and useful, to some beginner at least. Perhaps good teachers may receive no harm from such an exposition.

The *knowledge* of the science of music, or of any other science, is one thing; the art of teaching, or an ability to communicate that knowledge, quite another. There are among us a goodly number of skillful musicians, and probably many who are well versed in the *science* of music; but is it not evident, that there are comparatively few who have the requisite ability, or (what is called) an "aptness" to teach?

Some time ago, in company with several persons, I attended the "free lesson" of a teacher of music. Said teacher, as it appeared, had been engaged in teaching for some years! and, for aught that we know, understood the general subject of music thoroughly. But we concluded, before the close of the lecture, that he had not studied the *art of teaching* very closely, or, if he had, he was at that time quite confused and forgetful.

Before attempting to give a history of the lesson, however, I wish to assure you, that my design is not to amuse merely by giving your readers an account of a confused and imperfect lecture on the rudiments of music, neither is it my wish to expose the deformities and blunders of a teacher, in the belief that they are the faults of *one* teacher only. I believe that the failures so prominent in the lesson about to be described, are far too common among music teachers the country through. Now, as the Musical Gazette is taken by many teachers, some of whom may be good teachers, and some, possibly, inclined to be bad, the exhibition of a *bad lesson* may be of service to both classes; to the latter, unless there be some in it so very bad that their ability to teach is, in their opinion, *good enough*; to the former class, even a bad lesson may now and then do good, by quickening and encouraging. Indeed, a good teacher is always *learning*, and never refuses to improve, even from another's faults, if it be possible to do so. The art of *teaching* is an art which our teachers in general have but begun to learn.

The lesson now in my mind, and which I thought objectionable at the time of its presentation, was commenced on this wise. Said the teacher, "I shall consider the audience as totally ignorant of the rudiments of music. I shall first *explain* a subject or article in the rudiments of music, and then ask questions upon the subject explained." "I shall ask no question that has not been previously *explained*, so that every person who gives his attention will be fully competent to answer every question." Mark what follows. The teacher sung to his attentive hearers two sounds. He said "one was long, and the other short," and immediately wrote the words "long or short" in very large, scrawling letters, on the black board, in the sight of the school. The words were so badly written that we could not easily read them. No questions were asked in reference to the subject now presented. We all believed there had been made by our teacher a long sound and a short one, for we heard them, and, more than that, he said so, as I told you. Our judgment was not called for on article *first*.

"In what other respects do sounds differ?" said the

teacher. Here was a *poser*, to those who remembered that the teacher had promised to *explain* before questioning us on a new subject; but to one young person present the question seemed to be understood, and he said "*pitch*"—he had been to school before; but we, ignoramuses, how could we, or how *dare* we, answer? How many thoughts rushed into our brain; how many answers suggested themselves; but the teacher had as yet explained nothing, and we of course hesitated. We knew that some sounds were good, and some bad—the railroad-whistle made a shrill and screaming sound; the bursting of the boiler a dreadfully terrific and detonating sound; a pair of grimalkins in mad concert, sitting upon disputed territory, and about to "set in" for the "extension of the area of" one party's "freedom," often make disturbing sounds; Jim's fife sounded nicely last night—and did we not almost want to speak about this last, so sweetly did that fife's tune seem—but the teacher had not explained. Oh! if he had only told us, then we would or could have answered. But as it was, the answer, "*pitch*," stopped further doubt—suspension was at an end. Yes, "*pitch*," responded the teacher, "or high or low," and he wrote in scrawls those words so large that it was evident the black board could not contain many more such. He now sung two sounds, one of which was high, and the other low, as he told us. Had he told us that fact before, as he promised, we could have answered.

Thus was article second disposed of for the time being. Teacher sung two sounds, one louder than the other, and before giving us any clue to an answer, other than the *singing* of those tones suggested, he demanded an answer to, "In what other respects do sounds differ?" This we thought was not so bad, for the reason that we began to understand his *promises*, and also began to get some inkling that after he had made two sounds, he expected his hearers to decide upon their relative quality. Yet you will have perceived that there was so little uniformity in his proceeding, that one must be pretty "cute," to be able to catch the idea above suggested. A precocious one or two, or two precocious ones, replied, "Loud and soft," before we were quite ready, and so we lost that. The teacher was encouraged; he said "Right;" there was *hope*, evidently, and the teacher gathered strength. As yet but about two voices had been heard. Teacher remarked, (after having written the words "loud and soft" on the board,) "There are departments in music, as in other sciences; the first of these is called what?" Here was a dead silence, and yet we were all alive and looking. Pretty soon, from the same corner out of which had issued three answers in three successive times, came a voice, in shape of the word "melody." We did not blame ourselves for not answering this last question, for who could have thought of that word, if he had not been told before? We began to think the teacher had introduced some one of his learned pupils into that seat, and he was thus imposing upon the "country folks." (That was the *fact*, I believe, though I have no doubt the thing was done with good intent.) The teacher said "No; the first department is called rhythm." We were almost glad that there had been one mistake from that learned corner. A spot was found for the word rhythm, and it was chalked thereon accordingly, that is, according to the foregoing method.

"The second department is called what?" None replied. The teacher said, "Melody is the name of the second department;" and he tried to crowd the word into a snug place on the board. "The third is called

dynamics," said he; and perhaps the initial, D, was written on the board. "There is still another department," said he, "and it is called what?" "Combination," cried a voice, as boldly as ever. "Yes," exclaimed the teacher, and turned to write it upon the board—but no, the board was full; it would receive no more (and who could blame it!) The teacher remarked that he could not very conveniently write it down, and that it was not essential. "Yes," said he, "combination, or union; and union forms harmony. The three departments, rhythm, melody, and dynamics, form combination, or what is called harmony." This was an unexpected announcement. We had heard of harmony when applied to music, before, but that its component parts were each composed of one of the essential properties (or attributes) of a musical sound, we did not before this believe. And on more thorough consideration, we concluded that if every musical sound must have length, pitch, and power—if these constituted a musical sound—then harmony was nothing more than a mere sound; and what is the use of the word harmony in the place where the teacher put it? And again, we must have another word to represent what we used to understand by the word harmony.

However, we by this time concluded, too, that the teacher had not properly studied his lesson, or if he had, he had forgotten it. He was, perhaps, confused. Still, a teacher who had been such for years, ought not to tell untruths. *Teaching is not understood.* The art of teaching *good things* is a noble art. If a man has picked up his knowledge by the way, and without any *system* has examined his subject, although he may possess all necessary knowledge, in relation to that subject, for his own use as a practical man, yet, without study and much pains taking, he can never be a *successful teacher* of the knowledge he possesses. If he has acquired his ideas of music without *system*, as most American music teachers have done, he must carefully arrange them—take time, and be patient in so doing—and he will find his account in it. Indeed, he cannot be a good teacher, without *system*. Truly yours, NUMBER THREE.

—, October 7, 1846.

MESSRS. EDITORS—As I shall remain in — for the present, you will please send my paper to — until further notice. Please send back numbers from first week of convention, as the last I received was at that time. I don't know whether you have sent an agent for the Gazette this way, or not. The only subscriber in this vicinity I know of, is a gentleman in —. I wish some means could be adopted, by which the Gazette could find its way into every choir in New England. I am doing what I can, to advance the interests of sacred music in this region; have established three schools, and hope to be successful in establishing three more. I should be glad to have the Gazette, or some other "John the Baptist," go before me, for I find the greatest obstacle, in the way of getting up schools, is a sort of apathy on the subject of music, which seems to settle down upon community like a thick cloud. But if I cannot have the Gazette to go before me, I will do what I can to make its paths straight. Yours, &c.

ECENTRIC CONCERT.—In the reign of Charles IX. of France, music was much patronized; and Mersennus gives a curious description of a viol, sufficiently spacious to contain young pages, who sung treble to the airs, while he who played the base part on the viol, sung the tenor, in order to form a complete concert in three parts.

## THE PIANO-FORTE TEACHER.

### CHAPTER SEVEN.

#### PROPER MODE OF PRACTICING THE SCALES.— WRIST MOTION.

The course of Mr. D.'s pupil, for some weeks after the lessons we have attempted to delineate, does not need particular description. The various sharp scales were successively introduced, and when Charlotte was sufficiently familiar with their construction, she was requested to practice two each day, with each hand separately, being careful to play perfectly *legato*, to lift her fingers as high as possible, and to avoid all action in the hand and arm, (except a *passive* action, if the expression may be allowed, sideways, up and down the key-board.) She was to play as fast as was compatible with perfect correctness, and *not to cease for a moment, after once placing her thumb on the keys, until every chord which has any connection with playing, was well tried*; thus obtaining the greatest possible amount of exercise from each scale. The two scales would, then, occupy as much as half an hour per diem, quite enough for such vigorous practice.

In connection with this, it may be well to say, that teachers would gain, if they recommended *vigorous* practice, as much as a *great deal* of practice. We once had a different idea of the necessity of a great deal of practice, but our conscience did not feel exactly easy in recommending so much time to be devoted to this science, as to hinder a proper progress in others. We were then glad to be convinced, by our own experience, and by conversation with those whom we regard as very high authority, that a person can make good progress by employing a moderate portion of time properly. We wish that this principle was carried into all studies. We generally, now, recommend that young persons who attend school, (and are forced to *sit before their books* for six or seven hours,) should practice two hours a day, and those who have more time, (merely attending to light music,) three hours. Where one is very anxious for rapid progress, or has nothing else to do, or is preparing for a teacher, *six* hours can be profitably and even pleasantly spent, much variety, in this case, being introduced. If one can practice more than *six* hours without fatigue, it betokens either uncommon powers of nervous action and endurance, or a too slothful style of study.

There are some changes in the mechanism of the fingers which cannot be effected at once. Joints and muscles must *grow* into the right state, and this alteration, in originally stiff ones, must necessarily occupy years in its progress, however much a person may study. Therefore, where persons can afford it, it is decidedly better, (for young persons, especially,) to be under a teacher's care three or four years, than to crowd all musical study into a few quarters.

Mr. D. had, with considerable difficulty, managed to carry his pupil through a number of lessons, without ever having two notes played by the same hand, at the same time. Now he thought it time to introduce such ones; and instead of commencing with an exercise, as some teachers "of the stricter sort," would do, he preferred to commence with a piece, that the difficulties there encountered might show the necessity of an exercise. As players are constituted, or should be constituted, it is easier to practice an exercise, or any such "abstraction," when one can see the use of it.

Turning to the "Pastorale," near the commencement of Hunter's instruction book, he requested Charlotte to

play the right-hand part. This she did, after a fashion, using her whole arm in striking.

"You notice," said he, "that I can strike those two keys, D and B, in four different ways. Now I hold my hand still, and strike with my fingers. This sound is almost too soft. Now I bend my wrist, and strike with my hand, keeping the fingers stiff as so many claws. The sound I produce is stronger and sharper. Again, I use the fore part of my arm, using the strength of nothing above the elbow, and something still stronger and heavier is produced; and I can also move the whole arm from the shoulder. The second motion, with the wrist, is the one I wish you to use in this piece. Please to try again."

She played now with a wrist motion, to be sure, but a very timid one, raising the hand but half an inch or so, and pressing hard on the keys, when she had them down. This last is a very common fault, and generally arises from the same cause, i. e., timidity. In practice for execution, one should *always* give a smart blow, with the arm, hand, or finger, and when it reaches the keys, and has produced a tone, let it instantly be deprived of all disposition to go farther, and rest without exertion in its place.

The lesson in which the piece under consideration was played, also involved a direction to practice certain exercises in sixths, thirds, &c., where the wrist motion was necessary. The hand was to be elevated as high as possible, an *excess of every motion* being advisable in study. It is to be observed, also, that to acquire a good and delicate touch, one must have as good command over the muscles which raise the fingers, hand, or arm, as those which depress them.

As, for a month or two, Charlotte received nothing out of the course already marked out, we propose, in our next, to accompany Mr. D. on his professional visits in various places, giving him opportunity to vent his indignation at various abuses in his profession, and at his profession. We invite the attention of teachers, as well as pupils, to the maxims we are the means of transmitting them; suggesting, that by following our directions, they will surely have the upper hand of those who "don't subscribe." \*

## MONUMENTS TO COMPOSERS.

In the course of a few observations on the habit of erecting monuments to departed composers, by the editor of the *Musikalische Zeitung*, the following scene is supposed to take place between Weber and his friend:

"Long live Weber!" cried, exultingly, the young man whom Hoffmann had brought with him, "the greatest musician of the present day! May the holy art to which he has devoted himself, and which to his eyes appears in the fulness of its beauty, make his life easy and happy; may he be ever filled with genial thoughts and brilliant fancies, and ever ready to add new treasures to those beautiful tone-structures, which have power to raise man above the drudgery of existence, and cause him to forget all pains and sorrows!"

"All pains and sorrows?" replied Weber, who seemed just to awake from a gloomy reverie, with a bitter smile, "really *all*? Ah, he who must console others, has for himself little consolation. While he is offering all his peace and health for the welfare of his art, who takes care of his family? Who shields him from need and sorrow, misery and despair? A man's works will outlive him, they say. Yes, certainly. After fifty or sixty years, when yourself and children have all starved, and are lying peacefully in the grave, a kind thought

will arise in the minds of a few good people—they will proclaim your genius, add to your fame, and show to the world that then exists how wicked this world is in letting you suffer so. Then, then they'll vote your apotheosis: Everybody knows how it goes. A philharmonic society is constituted under your banner, a great dinner is advertised, (tickets \$2, wine extra,) at which a great deal is eaten and drunk to your fame, and you much spoken of and toasted. At last, when the glass has circulated pretty freely, and all are in sympathetic vein, an orator arises, and relates, in the most affecting way, your labors and suffering, and calls for the erection of a monument. A storm of applause greets the proposition. A committee to receive subscriptions is immediately appointed. The alarm is sounded in all the journals of Europe. Thousands of names appear on the list; gold pieces rain in from all directions, and soon some modest sculptor is found, who, for the trifle of some thousand louis d'ors, engages to chisel marble into your likeness. At last appears the solemn joyful day of consecration; the veil sinks from your laurel-crowned, flower-adorned statue, and the acclamations of an art-loving public rend the air. Your name is in all mouths, every school girl tingles away at some of your music, and perhaps a beautiful, costly edition of your complete works is published. The crowd, as they return from the sight, pass by the houses of poor living artists, as meritorious as you. But your genius has triumphed. Your name belongs to posterity. But your family—who thinks of them? Alas, perhaps your son will have to sell the inherited silver watch, to give you a decent burial!"

There has been a grand musical festival in the Hippodrome; the orchestra was the most powerful that was ever heard in Paris, being composed of eighteen hundred wind instruments. According to the report of Berlioz, (the highest authority,) all music in the open air is a mere chimera; he thinks that five hundred instruments in a close hall would have produced a more completely musical effect. The receipts of the evening amounted to twenty-five thousand francs.

EMINENCE AND FAME NOT ATTAINABLE WITHOUT TOIL.—"It is a very great error," says Mozart, "to suppose that my art has been so very easily acquired. I assure you that there is scarcely any one who has so worked at the study of composition as I have. You could hardly mention any famous composer, whose writings I have not diligently and repeatedly studied throughout."

### ORGANS.

Mr. Geo. Stevens, of East Cambridge, Mass., organ builder, has just completed a very superior instrument for the unitarian church in Sandwich, Mass. It contains open diapason, stop diapason treble, stop diapason base, principal, flute, dulciana, twelfth, fifteenth, and hautboy, (the whole in a swell,) one row of keys, and foot pedals. The case is eight feet wide, thirteen feet high, and five feet deep. Price, put up in the church, \$600. Mr. Stevens possesses a peculiar "knack" in getting up organs of this description, and we can bear witness to the superiority of their tone and mechanism. We notice this organ with pleasure, because the price is within the means of a great majority of our country churches.

Messrs. Simmons & McIntire have just completed and have for sale an organ contained in a case four-

teen feet high, eight feet front, and six feet deep, with foot pedals, and two rows of keys. The great organ contains open diapason, stop diapason base and treble, clarabell, flute, principal, twelfth, fifteenth, cornet, and trumpet. The swell, open diapason, stop diapason, dulciana, principal, hautboy, stop diapason base; besides which, there is a pedal base, coupler great organ and swell, do. pedals and keys, and pedal check. Notwithstanding the small size of the case, we do not hesitate to state that the organ has twice the power of common organs of twice its size. The power is truly startling to one who expects the quantity of sound usual in organs of its size; and yet every tone is pure and liquid, quite the reverse of what would be expected in an organ voiced so loud. It is for sale, and must be a desirable instrument for churches that are pressed for room in the organ loft.

### CONCERTS.

Herz and De Meyer have been giving concerts in Baltimore; not in conjunction, but in opposition.—Rather a spirited correspondence between them appeared in the Baltimore papers, in relation to De Meyer's leaving his pianos in the room where Herz gave his concerts, and Herz obliging him to take them away in the rain. One thing can be said in favor of Herz. His coming to this country was not preceded by newspaper puffs nor splendidly-illustrated pamphlets.

A couple of young ladies, twins, are giving concerts down east, consisting of songs, duets, marches, quick-steps, &c., one playing the violin, and the other the violoncello, as accompaniments to the voice.

M. Jullien, a "getter up" of novel and popular concerts in London, has arranged what he calls "The Grand Descriptive British Army Quadrille." In its performance at M. Jullien's concert, besides a large orchestra, four distinct military bands took part, viz., "The band of her majesty's 3d life guards, under the direction of Mr. Waetzig, by the kind permission of Col. Williams; the band of her majesty's royal horse guards, under the direction of Mr. Fulton, by the kind permission of Col. Smith; the band of her majesty's grenadier guards, under the direction of Mr. Schott, by the kind permission of Col. Home; and the band of her majesty's Coldstream guards, under the direction of Mr. Godfrey, by the kind permission of Col. Shawe. These four military bands will, during the progress of the quadrille, be combined with the concert orchestra, and form a musical ensemble at once novel and extraordinary." M. Jullien procured great popularity for his concerts last year, by a somewhat similar piece, entitled "The Navy Quadrille," in which various nautical operations were represented by the music, and sundry nautical airs were introduced in various ways.

Perhaps the "concert givers" who have earned the most money, during the past three years in Europe, are two little girls, known by the title, "The Sisters Milanollo." We heard them some three or four years since, at which time one was eight, and the other twelve years old. The oldest plays the first, and the younger the second violin. It seemed to us at the time, that the older sister played as well as Ole Bull or Sivori, and the younger not far short of them. In this respect we may be mistaken; but one thing is certain, they played the same pieces which these great artists play, and played them exquisitely well. We see from one of our foreign papers, that these "Sisters Milanollo have found dangerous rivals, in two little 'Sisters Meruda,' the younger of whom is only seven years old. Her perform-

ance on the violin has created the most lively sensation through the states of Bohemia."

Some of the political papers say that the political songs of the Hutchinsons do not find much favor in New York, and that their abolition songs will not go farther south. Is it possible that our southern brethren don't like abolition songs?

We have received the programme of the "twelfth annual concert of the Litchfield County Sacred Music Society (Conn.," given on Wednesday evening, Nov. 4, under the direction of Mr. P. M. Trowbridge.

PART I.—1, chorus, Blessing and honor, by Mozart. 2, The Lord our God is merciful, by Nauman. 3, The Church's Welcome. 4, How excellent thy name, O Lord, by Handel. 5, The Wanderer's Evening Song. 6, motet, Go not far from me, O God, by Zingarelli. 7, He shall come down like rain. 8, prayer, quartet by Rossini. 9, The great Jehovah is our awful theme, by Handel. 10, The Christian Hope, by Bellini.

PART II.—1, Blessed is the man. 2, duet, Go where the mists are sleeping. 3, Holy Lord God of hosts, by Mozart. 4, duet, God is love. 5, solo and chorus, Glorify the name of the Lord. The following selections from the oratorio of David, viz: 6, He falls, the monster falls. 7, our fears are over. 8, Mighty Jehovah. 9, See where the throng are pressing. 10, Daughters of Israel.

At the concert of the Boston Academy of Music, the programme of which was in our last, Camilo Sivori unexpectedly came forward and volunteered a solo on his violin. He also volunteered a solo at the concert of the Philharmonic Society, Nov. 21. This concert, we understand, was honored with an overflowing house. The following is the programme:

PART I.—Introduction, organ. 1, overture, Der Freischütz, full orchestra, Von Weber. 2, song, Hymn to the night, from "The Desert," with full orchestral accompaniment, Mr. G. S. Paige, F. David. 3, duetto, Eben a te ferisci, from Semiramide, piano accompaniment, Madame Arnould and Mr. Mayer, Rossini. 4, solo, French horn, adagio, thema and variations, on a favorite Tyrolean air, composed and executed (with orchestral accompaniment) by Herr J. Dorn. 5, cavatina, Di Piacere, from La Gazza Ladra, orchestra accompaniment, Madame Ablamowicz, Rossini. 6, overture, Alessandro Stradella, full orchestra, Von Flotow.

PART II.—1, overture, Euryanthe, full orchestra, Von Weber. 2, duet, In una Tenbra, from the opera "Lucia de Lammermoor," Madame Ablamowicz and Mr. Paige, Donizetti. 3, duo concertante, French horn and flute, with full orchestral accompaniment, Herr Dorn and Sig. Rametti, F. Bauman. 4, cavatina, Se pietoso, from Il Furioso, piano accompaniment, Madame Arnould, Donizetti. 5, Irish melody, 'Tis the last rose of summer, Madame Ablamowicz, harp accompaniment. 6, Quartetto, Cielo in mio labbro inspira, Madame Ablamowicz, Madame Arnould, Mr. Paige, and Mr. Mayer, Rossini. Leader of the orchestra, first part, Mr. Schmidt; leader of do., second part, Mr. Mueller.

Sivori has given two more concerts in this city, besides those we have already mentioned.


Herr James Dorn, horn player, gave a concert Nov. 28.

HAIR PRESERVATIVE.—Some three months since, we were presented with a bottle of magnificent hair preservative, the manufacture of Messrs. Kitchen & Henderson, Congress street, Boston, with a request that we would "notice" it. We have used the article, and know it to be the best in the market, but as hair preservative is not a musical article, we must decline saying anything about it. A late London Musical World contained an extended notice of a new cookery book, and excused itself by saying that cookery had much to do with the preservation of good voices. Now, although hair preservative has undoubtedly as much to do with the voice, we scorn to make that an excuse for puffing the above-named article, and shall therefore say nothing about it.

## WINTER SONG.


From the Musical Class Book.  
Allegro.

Words by J. JOHNSON, JR.



1. The snow-flakes are mer - ri - ly fly - ing, A - down to the grass-covered lawn, } Farewell, then, to autumn's bright  
And softly the breezes are sighing, A - mid the lone boughs of the thorn; } There's joy in the ice - covered

2. A - rise in the cool winter morning, A - way to the toils of the day, }  
And fear not the chilling cold breezes, Nor wish for the summer's hot ray; }



3. The river will soon lose its barrier, The snow-drift dissolve in the blast, } The sun will have poured its ef -  
And every swift brooklet be swelling The stream which is hur - ry - ing past; }


pleasures, Cold winter is coming a - gain, And spreadeth his glittering treasures A - far upon forest and plain.  
river, There's mirth in the wind and the snow, There's beauty when noon-day is beaming, And rest when fair daylight is low.

fulgence On meadow, and forest and hill; Rejoice, then, while winter re - freshes, For soon will be loosened the rill.

## THE FISHERMEN.


From the Musical Class Book.  
Allegro.

Words by J. JOHNSON, JR.



1. O'er the sea, O'er the sea, Swells the sound of mel - o - dy, Where the lay floats away, Fairy echoes play.  
2. Soft and low, Soft and low, From afar their voices flow; Now more near, loud and clear, Swelling on the ear;

3. From the main, Safe again, Welcome to the fish - er - men, Friends most dear banish fear, When their barques are near.




'Tis the fishers of the main, Sailing to their homes again; Hope and cheer wait them here, Welcome warm and dear.  
While across the wave they sweep, Bearing treasures from the deep, Joy - ous - ly, Shout reply, O'er the swelling sea.

Prayer went with them o'er the brine, Grateful thoughts with tears entwine; Cease to roam, cease to roam, Welcome, welcome home.

**PARKER'S CHANT. MAJOR. C. M.**

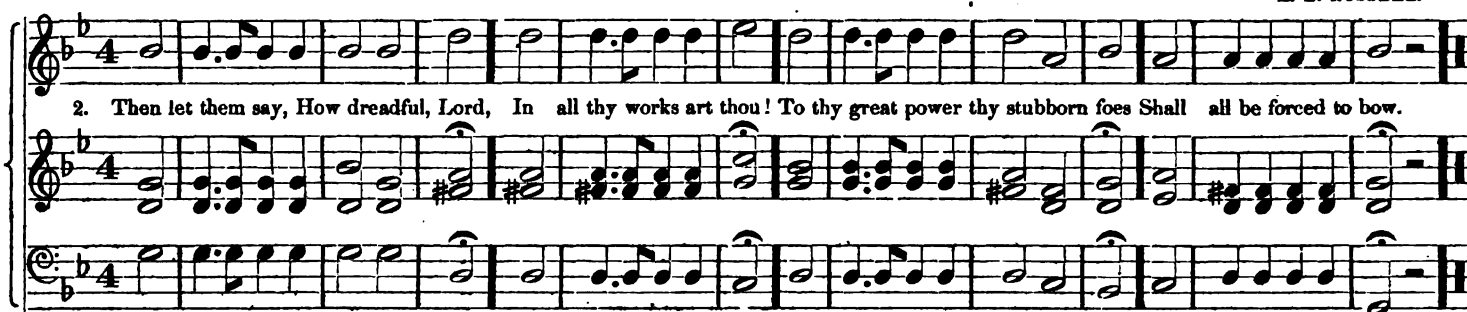
E. E. RUSSELL.



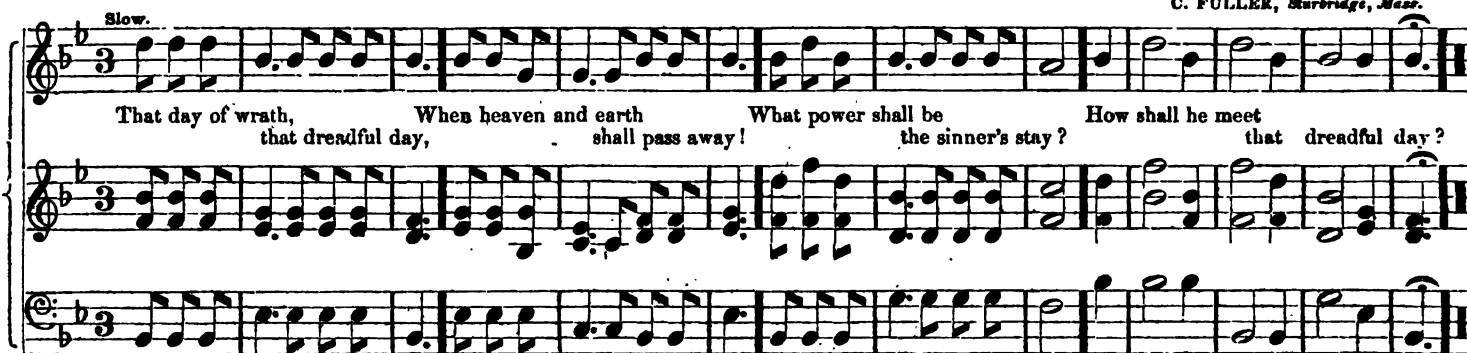
1. Let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God their voices raise: Sing psalms in honor of his name, And spread his glorious praise.

**PARKER'S CHANT. MINOR. C. M.**

E. E. RUSSELL.

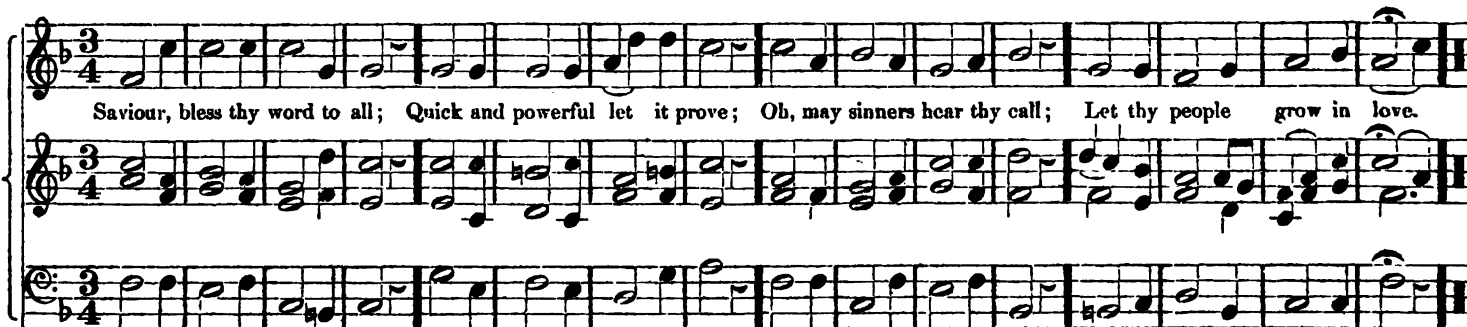


2. Then let them say, How dreadful, Lord, In all thy works art thou! To thy great power thy stubborn foes Shall all be forced to bow.

**HARMONY. L. M.**C. FULLER, *Sarbridge, Mass.*


Slow.

That day of wrath, When heaven and earth What power shall be How shall he meet that dreadful day, shall pass away! the sinner's stay? that dreadful day?

**MADLEY. 7s.**


Saviour, bless thy word to all; Quick and powerful let it prove; Oh, may sinners hear thy call; Let thy people grow in love.



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## Miscellaneous.

### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN EUROPE.

NUMBER NINE.

If I weary you, gentle reader, by the length, dryness, or volubility of my descriptions, let me beg at once your pardon, and the liberty to continue them. I learn from some good source or other, that it is best to make one's self as *useful* as possible in all situations. Now, as we have churches at home, and are not a little interested in what concerns at least one part of the exercises, it may be useful for me to point out what I find of good or evil in German sacred music, hoping, if you are a person of considerable influence, you will secure the good for us, and put away what of evil we may find common to our neighbors and ourselves. Come with me, then, to the Roman catholic cathedral.

We will look at the outside a little, if you are in no hurry. Have no scruples about entering, for it is very doubtful here whether protestants or catholics are the best christians. Not much can be said of the spirituality of either; but as much *sincerity* may no doubt be found in the *Dom* as anywhere else. Besides, there is one priest here who preaches quite scriptural sermons. If that does not assure you, (for it is a rather pokerish thing for some persons to pass the holy water, and have their heads bow, almost from sympathy, to the Virgin and half a dozen of her acquaintances,) stand in the doorway. The tower is protestant, and you may safely remain within its limits. A number of years ago, protestants worshiped here, and catholics in the *Katrina Kirche*. They agreed to exchange, but the *Dom*, or cathedral being too large for a "fair swap," the latter party did not receive the tower, which belongs to the (protestant) city government.

The edifice is very large, and quite old. It is built of dark brown stone, which is now considerably the worse for weather. It has a high, peaked roof, with numbers of little windows staring most inquisitively downwards into the streets. They might once have served as arrow slits. It was intended, when the edifice was erected, to have a stone spire three hundred feet high. It only reached two hundred and twenty feet, however, and was then surmounted by something in the shape of a bowl turned upside down. In this bowl now live a family, who keep a lookout for fires. Some one of the tribe has to blow a whistle every fif-

teen minutes during the night, to show that not all are napping. They are provided with a long trumpet with a tremendous sharp tone, and a mammoth twisted speaking trumpet two feet high, also various signal flags and lanterns. A rope also communicates with the great "storm-bell" in the tower, so that in fire-time there is quite a fuss in "upper air."

I like to look at the old *Dom*. It is a regular piece of antiquity. I am not alone in my feelings. A friend of mine, after gazing awhile at the massive structure, suddenly felt the spirit of verse moving within him, and exclaimed, "O, thou venerable pile!" Just then his inspiration left him, and he could not proceed. Let me ride Pegasus a little. He is rather rough-shod, and, Roman friends, if he treads on your toes, please excuse it. His rider has not been too gentle with your protestant cotemporaries.

"O, thou venerable pile!"

I look at thee, and muse the while.  
How long thy stones have beld together,  
In wintry times and stormy weather.  
Say, when were thy foundations laid?  
And who among the mighty dead  
Planned out thine arches tall and slim?  
Thy memory, old church, grows dim!  
Some unblest priest, with impious hand  
Presumed to bless this queenly band.  
Then from the rich he got enough  
To rear the walls, and span the roof.  
And from the starving and the poor  
Gleaned still the funds to build a tower,  
And got enough, to end History,  
From proselytes and purgatory,  
To keep the church in good repair,  
And save his stomachs wear and tear.  
(They meant to give the church a steeple;  
'T was not allowed such wicked people.  
Its fretted spire would pierce too high,  
And mar the freshness of the sky;  
So now their tower lies for a crown  
A porridge bowl turned upside down.)

Then king and sage,  
And knight and page,  
And short and tall,  
And great and small,  
The emperor,  
And ladies fair  
With poor and rich  
From throne and ditch,  
Came sun and feast days to the church,  
To wash their sins off in the porch,  
To hear good music, and confess,  
And smooth their rumpled consciences.

Through painted pane,  
The sun looked in  
By gilded rail,  
And shrouding veil,  
On candlesticks  
And crucifix,  
On monkish cowl,  
And priestly stole

The choir-boy rang the tiple call,  
That each before the bos should fall;  
Liar and murderer downkneeled,  
And rose forgiven, with pardon sealed.  
Now time his mouldering tooth hath laid  
On cornice edge and balustrade.  
And may he gnaw, until at least  
He's spoiled the image of the beast.

Stop there, Pegasus. Quite enough of a ride for the present.

Every one knows what the service of the Roman catholic church is; and it does not vary much in any part of the world. The organ is an old, cracked one, but, with aid of the reflecting and mellowing power of those lofty arches, produces pretty respectable music. The little old man who plays it, seems part of the concern. If you should place him among those dumb angels who try so hard to blow their wooden trumpets, it would not seem inappropriate. It is doubtful whether his fingers need any assistance from his intellectual department, to go through the service aright.

They have congregational singing in the *Dom*. It alternates very agreeably with monotonous chants by the functionaries in front of the altar. Many peasants from the neighborhood, with blue blouses or short frocks, join heart and soul in the chorals; and it must be confessed that their voices, although often shrill and rough, make pretty good harmony, and a strong, rich body of tone. Indeed, where can persons sing, and *feel* what they sing, without producing good music. There is one portion of the congregation which deserves a passing notice. A school is connected with the cathedral, the pupils of which are required to attend service in the church every morning. I often hear them, quite early, sometimes before it is fully light, singing the responses and choruses. This is a fine way to build up congregational singing; and the boys contribute not a little to the sustenance of that piercing melody which now fills all portions of this vast hall with its intensity.

In New England, I wish that the young could be allowed to sing a number of standard tunes in school. They would make an appropriate commencement and close to daily exercises, and, in the end, much improve Sunday singing.

Hark! the priest is chanting, and the people silent. Now the host is prepared, and amid the whirl and swing of the smoke of incense, ascends toward the altar. The bell! Bow your heads, O worshipers! Again it is heard, and stubborn knees bend; and again, with an earnest tone—and who now is erect, who dares stand before the body of our Lord! We hardly keep ourselves from prostration, so powerful is this undefined, this awful feeling produced by such imposing ceremony. And now an anthem begins, and hosannas, pealing and loud, go up to Christ and his virgin mother, and the sacred bread and wine! Let us go. What! friend, do you bow to Mary or her shrine! What possesses you? Take your hands out of that holy water!

O monks and friars, bishops with bellows-top caps, and cardinals with broad brims! You know the power of tone, and how to use it. Would that our deacons, and churches, and ministers, to say nothing of choirs and leaders, thought more on the subject, and thought more understandingly! If they did, ministers and people would think of the choir as something else than a means to draw an audience, and singers would have more respect for their profession. \*

The following is well worth the room it occupies. It is an anecdote of the younger days of

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

"Amidst all the sacred composers of his time, the one whom John Sebastian admired most was Dieterich Buxtehude, organist at Lubeck. Sebastian especially

admired the large style of this master, and had for a long while felt a strong desire to see him, and hear him play a whole Sunday. But how was he to manage? His salary was barely sufficient to exist upon, and the small sum of money he got from his family he had employed in procuring the books indispensable to his studies. Thus, for want of money, the journey was impossible; he was forced to resign himself; and every time the desire came, he sat down to his harpsichord, and commenced a fugue. But, alas! the remedy frequently only irritated the suffering, for the piece he studied was generally by Buxtehude.

Nevertheless, this great passion for traveling seemed a little calm; Sebastian appeared to have resigned himself; when one day, at the close of the service, an amateur, a member of the body of musicians of the town of Arnstadt, put into his hands a new fugue, with pedal obligato by Buxtehude, upon which he should be glad, he said, to have the opinion of a young man who gave such promise. Sebastian trembled with pleasure, and shut himself up in his room with his treasure. Two hours did not suffice for his labors; he had just ended the fugue for the sixth time, when he began it anew, and stopped a long while over a passage of which he no doubt sought to guess the style; for he executed it sometimes with impetuosity, sometimes with calmness and grandeur, but always shaking his head like a man in doubt, and who perceives that a thing is incomplete. He suddenly rose, shut his harpsichord, took up his hat, and went out. John Sebastian traversed the town, and, as if he had sought solitude to compose some new motet, he took the road to the Lubeck gate.

A week afterwards, at high mass, when the priest gave the reply, the organ did not as usual raise up its voice. The inexactness was remarked; and the beadle hastened to the tribune in order to admonish the organist to be careful another time; but the beadle found the door shut, and the organist from his post. This news flew from mouth to mouth; and, in less than ten minutes, it had made its way round the church, and disturbed all the congregation.

Three months had elapsed since the disappearance of John Sebastian, and the worthy citizens who had been so agitated the first day, had ended by contenting themselves, by way of religious music, with a few base and falsetto voices, which harmonized more or less well. Gradually the people of Arnstadt, consoling themselves, took pity on the singers and choristers; they made an effort to assist them in their labors, and the music was soon powerful enough to fill worthily the church.

But it was not without serious uneasiness that the inhabitants saw Easter approach, (for Easter was the festival of organs, and on that day people arrived from all the surrounding country to hear them.) On that day, from a very early hour in the morning, the church was full of women and children, of laborers and workmen, who came to celebrate the resurrection of our Lord. The neighboring populations gave each other rendezvous on the market-place of Arnstadt, and during the holy week the roads were covered with caravans and processions, with men on horseback and men on foot, with pilgrims hastening, in order to arrive soon enough to find beneath the dome a stone to kneel on, and with beggars who made strong efforts, of legs and crutches, to gain an hour on them, and thus be enabled to choose their places under the portal. Great perseverance, and, moreover, great talent, had been required thus to attract the concourse of pilgrims. The life of one man had not sufficed to attain this result; and old John Bohm, after

exhausting himself during fifty years at his difficult task, had, on his death-bed, elected his successor, and left the sovereignty of organs to John Sebastian. The latter had worthily sustained the glory of the master who had preceded him; the new church of Arnstadt had become celebrated, and no organ dared to raise its voice when Sebastian's announced, by the sound of bells, that it was about to speak.

The concourse of the faithful augmented yearly, and it seemed impossible that the dome could cover them all at the approaching festivals. On that point none had thought of troubling themselves; and Master Wilhelm Floh, the most joyous of the innkeepers of the place, had said on the subject, 'The pious will have to say their prayers under the portal with the poor, the curious must come again another time; and, besides, if they find no places in the church, they will look for some in the inns, and that will be profitable to the city.' Would to heaven the citizens of Arnstadt had no other care! But, alas! the Sundays succeeded each other rapidly, and the organ remained dumb. From the first, they had written to all the organists of Germany, and every day they received a letter in which it was said that Froberger, Caspar Kerl, Paschelbel, or some other, would have felt great pleasure in accepting the invitation of the citizens of Arnstadt, but that the day of the resurrection was too solemn a festival for a man to abandon his post or confide it to an inexperienced pupil.

The evening of the day preceding Easter Sunday, the notables were assembled and conversed sadly about the morrow, when the beadle hastened in, bringing a letter addressed to the chapter. They all clustered around him, disputing for the precious missive, which the oldest and most erudite man of the assembly was commissioned to read aloud. A profound silence ensued; Master Sebald arose, and with the help of his spectacles, and the beadle, who held the lamp for him, he read the following:

*Gentlemen of the Chapter of the City of Arnstadt*—The spontaneous appeal you make to me, is the most agreeable recompense I have yet derived from my grave studies, and I shall never cease to glorify myself, as having been preferred by you to all my brethren, the organists of Germany. Although I consider myself unworthy of so much honor, I should have been happy to come to you at once, and to celebrate the paschal solemnities in the midst of your family; but, alas! my engagements with the town of Lubeck are sacred. Seeing that it was impossible for me to accede to your request, directly I received your letter I hastened to a young organist to whom I have given advice for the last three months, in order to beg him to fill in your church the honorable place which you destined for me; but it seems as if the Lord wished to deprive me of every means of proving my gratitude. The young man was gone, and no one could tell me which road he had taken. You will think this conduct strange, you who do not know the mysterious character of the scholar of whom I speak. He arrived one day, with dusty feet, and a traveler's staff in his hand. He sat down to the organ, and the sounds he drew from it entranced me. We have worked together for three months. Last night he departed, without saying a word of it to me. He was here laborious, chaste, benevolent, and of evangelical modesty. If he is an angel, may God send him to you. I wish it with all my soul.

DIEBTSCH BUXTEHUDE,

*Organist of the Church of St. Mary, at Lubeck.*

A great clamor then arose; each one wanted to assure himself of what he had just heard, and it was not

without difficulty that Master Sebald succeeded in escaping from the group which surrounded him, and thus getting rid of all the discussions which followed the second reading of the letter.

At last the sun rose, the black veil was rent, and all the bells of Arnstadt rang in a way to render envious their cousins, who formerly made the cup fall from the hands of Doctor Faust. In the streets were seen fine ladies and workmen, young girls and old men, all confounded together, without distinction of rank or age, their missals in their hands, going to church. From seven o'clock all the churches were full; two especially, so that the crowd overflowed into the middle of the market-place. These were the churches of the holy virgins, and the new church; the one frequented for its silver shrines, its painted windows, and its old walls covered with archangels and saints—the other only for its organ and its John Sebastian. Ancient Germany seemed to have awakened with its profound faith, its simple belief, and to revive at this moment in the persons of those worthy citizens of Arnstadt, and especially in those of their daughters. It was a sentiment of joy and love which had united this crowd in the church, and yet all did not appear equally happy. By the side of the most serene countenances were sad ones, as in things of this world where what makes the happiness of one, makes the misery of another. By the side of a handsome, fresh, and rosy girl, who rejoiced in the preparations of the festival, another sadly drooped, like a flower in the shade; yet it was Easter, and on that day sunshine is all over the church.

The bells ceased ringing, the priest knelt down at the foot of the altar, and suddenly the organ sounded spontaneously. If the virgins and seraphim, descending by miracle from their stone niches, had come in procession to take part in the celestial praises, the inhabitants of Arnstadt would not have been more bewildered than they were when this organ, which had been silent as a tomb during three months, woke up its glorious chords. The astonishment was general. The priest who recited at the altar turned his head to see whence this harmony proceeded, and the choristers were twice wrong in their responses. The organ continued unmoved; it played for the gradual, it played for the offertory, it played for the elevation. Never had divine service been more august and magnificent. The large crucifixes of gold and silver, as well as the torches and the eyes of the young girls, shone through a mystic mist of harmony and incense. 'What earthly musician could ever attain that magnificence!' exclaimed Master Sebald, in the ecstasy into which he was plunged by a *largo* triumphantly executed. 'It is an angel who is up there in the organ loft!' said little Gretchen to her neighbor; 'the Virgin would not allow the good town of Arnstadt to grieve for its organ on so great a festival!' But the congregation was far from unanimous on the nature of the mysterious organist, and here is what the German historian says on the subject. I quote his words:

'As I wished, according to my habit, to make some use of all the suppositions which this unexpected music would give rise to among the faithful, I slid into the crowd; I made the circuit of the church, collecting the words that fell from every mouth. Every one invented his or her legend; and all these flowers exhaled an equal perfume of mysticism, which carried you to the midst of a garden of a cloister during the middle ages. The elevation was rung; I shut my eyes to listen with more attention to a celestial prelude, a melody so fresh and pure, that it was in perfect accordance with the great

mystery which was being accomplished at the altar. When the choristers' bell and the movement of the whole church aroused me from this divine slumber, I saw by my side Martin Wilprecht, a musician of the town; he was in tears, and sighed deeply. 'What is the matter, Master Martin? What makes you sob thus on Easter day?' 'And what makes you, my friend, unmoved at this music, which would make marble weep? Did you not hear the melody which exhaled itself during the elevation? I thought at first, like my neighbor, that it was angels singing; but, alas!—' The poor man sighed again, and said, a few minutes after, 'Ah, sir! the six last bars have overwhelmed me with grief, for in them I recognized the subject of a piece which I lent six months ago to that unhappy Sebastian. He has no doubt died of hunger, and it can only be his soul which is making all this harmony vibrate!' 'Why not his body and soul?' 'A curious question! Do you think it sufficient to put the fingers on the notes, and the feet on the pedals, in order to attain to such effects? Besides, John Sebastian had not composed that piece; in spite of all his genius, he never could have executed it in that way without the help of his blessed patron, who is in heaven!'

Meantime, the mass ended, and whilst the strangers were still praying, all the townspeople assembled at the foot of the stairs leading to the organ, awaiting with great impatience the unraveling of this great mystery. At last, long after the last sounds of the organ had been heard, the door opened, and a young man came out, holding a music book under his arm; he had long, fair hair, which fell in disorder over his neck; his face was thin and pale, but handsome, and, by its expression of serene sadness, recalled the type which tradition has preserved to us of the head of Christ. When he reached the bottom of the stairs, all this multitude was seized with a panic, and opened a passage for him; he, taking no heed of what surrounded him, passed through the crowd, and would have quitted the church without saying a word to any one, if he had not recognized near the holy water the round and jovial face of Master Martin Wilprecht. 'Sir,' said the young organist to him, 'it was you who, three months ago, asked my opinion of a motet in C minor; I thought I could not answer you better than by executing it to you exactly in the style of the great master who composed it. Perhaps you thought that I hurried the movement a little in the last bars; but Dieterich wills it so. Take back this motet; I hope you will not bear me any ill will; for if I have kept it so long, it was in order to return it to you annotated by the master's hand; and to an amateur like you, the delight of possessing such a treasure in his library could not be paid for too dearly.'

John Sebastian had reason to remember the festival of Easter all his life, for the day of the Saviour's resurrection was also that on which his genius appeared to Germany in all its glory. From this moment the young artist existed for the world, and free cities and princes were about to struggle for him. Two months had hardly elapsed, before he received from all parts offers of situations as organist; for those who had heard him at Arnstadt praised his genius and talent so highly, that all the churches were in commotion, and desired to know what this sun was whose rays darted such distant splendor. In 1707, the place of organist in the church of St. Blasius at Mulhausen was offered to him. He accepted it. The inhabitants of Arnstadt, in despair at his departure, came to propose to double his salary, if he would consent to remain among them. Sebastian re-

plied that his tastes were too simple for money ever to influence his resolution, and he still felt too much the want of traveling and of instruction to think seriously of settling in any town; 'but I shall always think of the one which has received me so well in my obscurity, and shall remember it all my life like a second mother.'

The adieus were touching on both sides; and the inhabitants, seeing it was useless to press any further, prepared to accompany him to the gates. It was a great day for the artist of twenty, when all the inhabitants of Arnstadt assembled on his passage, to prove to him their admiration of his talents, and their sympathy for himself. From an early hour of the morning, the city was astir; and such was the crowd assembled in certain streets, that a stranger, who had no doubt arrived the day before, weary with endeavoring to force his way through the groups, asked what saint's day they were celebrating. 'Oh!' replied a man of the people, 'it is Saint John Sebastian. You do not know him, perhaps; but although he is not in the calendar, he, nevertheless, has a place in our hearts by the side of the patron of the city.' Unless the bells had been rung and incense burned before him, we do not know what greater honors could have been paid him. The notables walked by his side, the people pressed towards him as if they wanted to hear him, and the beautiful girls, leaving the spinning wheel, went down with their mothers to contemplate for the last time the celestial musician of the festival of Easter. Some sang his cantatas; others, (those whose memory was slower at retaining music,) proclaimed aloud how many poor families he had relieved. When they had reached the gates of the town, Sebastian, moved to tears, renewed his adieus to those who surrounded him; and when the carriage which carried him away drove off, shouts of affection and blessings accompanied him to a great distance, and the young girls promised him to pray to the Virgin for him and for his children. Happy is the artist whom an entire population accompanies in this manner, and launches with such adieus upon the high-road of life!

**POPE'S OPINION OF HANDEL.**—Handel used frequently to meet Pope at the earl of Burlington's. The poet one day asked his friend, Arbuthnot, of whose knowledge in music he had a high opinion, what he really thought of Handel as a musician. Arbuthnot replied, "Conceive the highest you can of his abilities, and they are far beyond anything you can conceive." Pope, nevertheless, declared, that "Handel's finest performances gave him no more pleasure than the airs of a common ballad singer."

**UKRAINIAN SINGERS.**—The singers in all the principal churches in Russia, and also the chapels, from the imperial to that of the wealthy citizen, are from the Ukraine. The sweetness and unlimited combination and range of the voice of the Ukrainians, produce an agreeable and unique style of church music, unknown even in Italy.

The genius for music in the Ukraine is so general, that frequently a woman, while at her work, will modulate her voice, so as to affect the hearer to tears. "Whenever," says a modern traveler, "I saw a group of women sitting at the threshold of a door, or a merry throng of village maidens sporting on the banks of a river, as is the custom, I was certain of hearing those pathetic sounds which never fail to awaken the exquisite pleasure of sensibility."

**GAINSBOROUGH.**—Gainsborough, though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, never had sufficient application to learn even the notes of music; he has been known to give ten guineas for an old lute, and ten more for a music book of no value, and then throw them both aside for the first new instrument he heard. "When I first knew him," says Mr. Jackson, "he lived at Bath, where Giardini had been exhibiting his then unrivaled powers on the violin. His excellent performance made Gainsborough enamored of the instrument; and conceiving, like the servant maid in the Spectator, that the music lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he possessed the instrument which had given him so much pleasure, but seemed much surprised that the music of it remained behind with Giardini."

He had scarcely recovered this shock, for it was a great one to him, when he heard Abel on the viol-da-gamba. The violin was then hung on the willow. Abel's viol-da-gamba was purchased, and the house resounded with melodious thirds and fifths from morn till eve. Many an adagio, and many a minuet, were begun, but none completed.

"The next time I saw Gainsborough," continues Mr. Jackson, "he was in the character of King David. He had heard a harper at Bath; the player was soon left harpless; and he really stuck longer to this instrument than to any other, when a new visit from Abel brought him back to the viol-da-gamba."

**CLAUDE DE JEUNE.**—Claude de Jeune, when at the wedding of the Duc de Joyeuse, in 1581, caused a spirited air to be sung, which so animated a gentleman present, that he clapped his hand upon his sword, and said it was impossible for him to refrain from fighting the first person he met; upon this, De Jeune caused another air to be performed, of a more soothing kind, which soon restored him to his natural good humor.

**VIOLINS.**—The most celebrated makers of violins have been the Amatis, Stainer, and the two Straduaris's; but few particulars have been handed down to us respecting them; nor is this surprising, considering that their celebrity is owing, in a great degree, to time, by which alone their works have been brought to perfection. An *Amati* is a phrase often in the mouths of amateurs, without their being perhaps aware that there were four makers of that name, viz: Andrew, the father; Jerome and Antony, his sons; and Nicholas, Antony's son. The handsomest *Amatis* are those made by Jerome. All these individuals, as well as the two Straduaris's, belonged to *Cremona*; and hence that other phrase, by which, in order to designate a violin of the first order, it is called a *genuine Cremona*. Of the visible characteristics of the works of these different artists, the most prominent are these. The Stainer violins, compared with the Amatis, are *high* and *narrow*, and the *box* more confined; the *sound holes* are cut more perpendicular, and are *shorter*; there is also a kind of notch at the turn. The Straduaris violins are of a *larger* pattern, particularly those of Antonius the son, and have a *wider box* than the Amatis, and *longer sound holes*, which are cut at the ends very sharp and broad, with a little hollow at that end which other makers cut flat. The varnishes of the Amatis and Stainers are yellow, as well as those of Straduaris the father; the son's varnish is red. Of the *audible* characteristics, surely of the most importance, though too frequently a secondary consideration, generally speaking, the Amatis have a mild and sweet tone, the Stainers a sharp and piercing tone, and the Straduaris's a rich, full tone.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1846.

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**—We have been often requested to insert advertisements, but have heretofore uniformly refused. In future, however, we propose to insert them on the following terms, viz: not exceeding ten lines, \$1.00 for each insertion. Exceeding ten lines, 10 cents per line for each insertion. We are not desirous of having the same advertisement remain for many successive times, and therefore charge the same price for each insertion. We are aware that the price here charged is somewhat higher than usual. The small size of our paper is our excuse; but its size, if we mistake not, will increase its value as an advertising medium, rendering it certain that every advertisement will be seen and read. Our circulation is not far from fifteen hundred, which number we doubt not will be materially increased on the commencement of our second volume. Although the number of our subscribers is not large, they are scattered through all the northern, middle, and western states, and it will be borne in mind that they are all more or less directly interested in music, consequently notices of music, musical instruments, &c., will reach the eye of a much larger number of those for whom they are particularly intended, than in any other paper in the country.

**TO PUBLISHERS.**—We propose in future to publish a quarterly list of new musical publications. Publishers will confer a favor by forwarding us a catalogue of new musical works, just previous to the first of January, April, July, and October.

It would be a great convenience to us, if those who design subscribing for volume two of our paper would do so immediately. We know this is an uncommon request, and perhaps unreasonable, but as we have undertaken the publication of the Gazette with the benevolent design of serving the musical public, (we have not realized a red cent of profit from it, and it's not very likely that we ever shall,) we feel that we are entitled to a little more consideration on the part of our readers, than newspaper publishers in general. We are extremely desirous of commencing our next volume with an edition of the right size, neither too large nor too small. We have been much troubled for back numbers of the present volume, and wish to avoid that difficulty in our next. We make no promises for the coming year, but will express our humble opinion, that the longer we exercise our editorial abilities, the more editorial abilities we shall have to exercise; in short, we shall do our best to make the Gazette interesting and useful.

Mr. Israel Cheney, of Fulton, N. Y., is a general agent for this paper, with authority to empower others to act as agents. We must apologise to Mr. Cheney for delaying this notice. It should have appeared in No. 18.

**FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.**—We have more copies of the Gazette from No. 8 to No. 20 on hand than we shall probably want, and therefore propose to give them away. Some of these numbers contain excellent music for choir and social practice. Subscribers to volume two may order a dozen copies of either of the above numbers, and they will be forwarded as long as they last, which will not be long.

**INTERESTING FACT.**—We have now not far from fifteen hundred subscribers. If each of these should procure us two new subscribers, we shall have to print more than four thousand copies of the second volume.

A liberal commission will be paid to energetic agents to procure subscriptions to the Gazette. We are confident that agents who understand the business can do as well with the Gazette as with any other periodical.

New subscribers sending in their subscriptions to volume two, immediately, can receive the remaining numbers of volume one, gratis. We make this suggestion, because it is so exceedingly important that we know how many copies of the second volume to print, at the commencement of the volume.

If we are not mistaken, ours is the first musical periodical that ever got through a year without stopping, and with perfect regularity in the times of its publication. Since its commencement, it has not failed in a single instance of being mailed at the appointed time; nor will it ever fail, while under our control. We have suffered much from the bad character of our predecessors, but we hope the musical community will now feel confidence, that in subscribing for the Gazette they will be sure of receiving what they pay for, and that with the same promptness that is observed in the best-conducted weeklies.

If there is any one thing which we dislike to do more than another, it is to solicit favors of any kind. We have given some pretty strong hints to-day, that we need the aid of our friends in sustaining our paper and extending its circulation. If we were dependent upon our pen for our livelihood, we should feel ashamed of such requests, although we might be obliged to make them. But the Gazette is not a source of profit to us. Any one familiar with the expense attending such a paper, can easily understand that we stand little chance of making money in this part of our business. We believe that in bestowing the art of music upon mankind, the Creator bestowed a blessing that cannot be too highly prized. Whoever assists in promoting its universal cultivation is a benefactor to his race. We know of no way in which its universal cultivation can be better promoted, than through the agency of the press; and for the purpose of contributing our mite towards this object, we commenced and have continued the Gazette. This being our moving motive, we feel that we have a right to ask for the good offices of the friends of music, with an importunity which we should not have "brass" enough to exercise, if we published the Gazette for pecuniary emolument.

**TEACHERS' INSTITUTES.**—In the month of August, 1834, the Boston Academy of Music invited such teachers of music as were so disposed, to attend a course of lectures and drill exercises, to be held in the Academy's building, (the Odeon,) and to continue in session ten days. This meeting or convention of teachers, has been held annually ever since, under the auspices of the Academy; and every August now witnesses the assembling of hundreds of teachers of this beautiful art, to improve themselves by listening to the lectures and taking part in the exercises. Such evident improvement in the cultivation of music has resulted from the establishment of these conventions, or institutes, (as friends of common school education have more recently named such assemblages of teachers,) that the Academy several years ago

opened a similar class in Rochester, N. Y., and, more recently, in several other places. The Boston Academy of Music is an institution which has for its object the universal cultivation of the art of music in all its branches; and this object it has steadily pursued, wholly unmindful of the opposition, slanders, and calumnies, of numerous enemies, whose object in thus opposing, slandering, and calumniating such an institution, no mortal, other than themselves, can divine. It sometimes seems as if Satan cannot bear to have such an enchanting art wrested from his service, and so instructs his servants to oppose every effort to restore it to its legitimate uses. In no department of their operations have the Academy been more slandered and sneered at, than for the establishment of these institutes; and yet the friends of education have seized upon the self-same method, as the very best means for improving teachers of every branch of education. Not a week passes in which the proceedings of a dozen teachers' institutes are not chronicled in the columns of our exchanges. We do not know that the idea of these institutes was taken from those of the Academy; but we are certain that one is an exact copy of the other; and as the classes of the Academy were in operation many years before common school teachers' institutes came in vogue, we presume it is entitled to some of the credit of originating these exceedingly useful meetings.

In the records of the proceedings of the various common school teachers' institutes which we meet with in our exchange papers, we are happy to find among almost every series of resolutions, one recommending the immediate introduction of vocal music into all common schools. The following, from the proceedings of the Yates (N. Y.) County Institute, will apply equally well to music teachers' institutes:

*Resolved*, That we hail with joy the organization of teachers' institutes in our land, and consider them as the Mecca to which the teachers of each county should resort, not only annually, but semi-annually; making a pilgrimage, not merely to behold the splendid tomb of an impostor, but the humble birth-place of new capacities for usefulness, by new suggestions, new theories and modes of teaching, as well as new friendships, all having for their common object the cultivation of the nobler faculties of ourselves and our race.

**INHARMONIOUS MUSIC.**—There was a grand musical convention in New York, last month, whilst we were there—a sort of national meeting, which performed some splendid pieces from Handel and Haydn; but before the convention separated, they got by the ears, went to quarreling, and finally separated in a storm. The great matter in dispute was, whether learners should be taught to call the notes fa, sol, la, me, or ut, do, ra, me; they differed about every other word, but all stuck to me. Why is it that musical bodies are so much more apt than other people to disregard the laws of harmony? and when they do, we generally notice, their differences arise from very insignificant causes.

We cut the above from one of the October numbers of the Augusta Banner. We do not wonder at the editor's surprise on hearing professors of music gravely assert that the use of one set of syllables makes it inconceivably difficult to learn to sing, while the use of another set does away with every difficulty. We were present at this same convention, and could scarce credit the evidence of our senses. This was a "difference arising from a very insignificant cause," with a vengeance. Will teachers of music, as a body, ever become so well informed with regard to the true nature of the science they profess to teach, as to put an end to the attempts which are now almost daily made to induce them to embrace absurd and ridiculous theories, under the name of new methods of instruction?

A copy of 1837-38 Boston being in Europe first 1846.

## ORGANS.

Mr. Thomas Appleton, of Boston, has recently built for the South Church in Worcester, Mass., a splendid organ, with three banks of keys, containing in the *great organ*, two open diapasons, base and treble stop diapasons, claribella, principal, twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtra, base and treble trumpets. In the *choir organ*, base and treble stop diapasons, open diapason, dulciana, principal, fifteenth, flute, cremona. In the *swell organ*, stop diapason, double stop diapason, open diapason, dulciana, principal, flute, cornet, trumpet, hautboy, tremulant. Also, sub-base, couple swell and choir, couple swell and great, couple great and choir, couple keys and pedals.

Mr. Appleton has finished, and has for sale, a large organ with two banks of keys, containing in the *great organ*, base and treble stop diapasons, open diapason, claribella, principal, twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtra, flute, base and treble trumpets. In the *swell organ*, stop diapason, open diapason, dulciana, principal, flute, picola, clarinet, hautboy, tremulant, flute, base, stop diapason base. Also, sub-base, couple, couple keys and pedals, pedal check. Price \$2300.

Mr. Appleton has also for sale the organ which was formerly in Rev. Mr. Young's Church, in this city. It contains, in the *great organ*, base and treble stop diapasons, open diapason, principal, twelfth, fifteenth, base and treble sesquialtra, trumpet. In the *swell organ*, stop diapason, dulciana, principal, hautboy, violino, flute. This is a very fine-toned organ, and is certainly a bargain to any society wishing an instrument of its size. Price, \$900.

The art, so to dispose an audience as to make applause certain at the end of an air, duct, or chorus, belongs to the Italians, who have it to perfection. It has carried many a worthless composition triumphantly through the world. The immortality thus reached, to be sure, only endures a few years, but those are amply sufficient to place the musician in a situation in which he can peacefully enjoy the *dolce far niente* for the remainder of his life. The greatest German genius of his time, Mozart, was a poor fellow. Rossini, the greatest Italian genius of his time, is a rich man. Many German artists, with meagre and famished countenances, have feasted their enraptured vision on the lovely scenes of a future life. The Italian laughs at the other world and eternity. He coolly makes the most of the present life. If his lot is not so poetic as that of the German, still it is somewhat more bearable. \*

The emperor of Russia has established a musical institution at St. Petersburg; M. Viennemps, the violinist, has been appointed superintendent. Rubini was first proposed for the honor, but he refused, or, rather, evaded it, by quitting Russia.

WRONG.—The last number of the World of Music contains a piece of music with the words "Come forth ye hunters, blithe and gay." We "am" the author of those words, and they are copy-righted twice over, once in the Gazette, and once in one of our books. They should not have been taken "without permission," but the "World" has not even given us "credit" for them.

"A lady who plays well on the piano, and desires to make this accomplishment a source of pleasure and not of annoyance to her friends, should be careful to adapt the style of her performance to the circumstances in which it is called for; and should remember that a gay mixed company, would be tired to death with one of

those elaborate pieces which would delight the learned ears of a party of cognoscenti. It is from neglect of this consideration, that many a really excellent performer makes her music a social grievance. Many a beautiful sonata or fantasia, to which at another time we would have listened with pleasure, has been thrown away upon a company who either drowned it by their conversation, or sat during its continuance, in constrained or wearied silence. We would never advise a performer to make any sacrifice to vulgarity or bad taste; but there is no want of pieces which combine brevity with excellence, contain in a small compass many beauties of melody, harmony, and modulation, and afford room for the display of brilliancy, taste, and expression, on the part of the performer. A piece of this kind will not weary, by its length, those who do not care for music, while it will give pleasure to the most cultivated taste; and with such things, therefore, every musical lady ought to be well provided."

A new "soprano" is attracting attention in London. Her name is Madame Anna Bishop. Her maiden name is Riviere. She was educated at the Royal Academy of Music, in London. Her first appearance in public was at a concert given by Bochsa, July 5, 1839. Grisi, Pauline, Viardot, Garcia, Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, all sung at this concert; Thalberg and Dohler presided at the piano, and Bochsa at the harp; still, in spite of this brilliant phalanx of artists, who threatened to eclipse altogether the talent of the new debutante, she obtained the most triumphant success. After this first triumph, she ventured on an artistic tour through the principal countries of Europe, and visited the most noted towns and cities of Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Tartary, Moldavia, Austria, Hungary, and Bavaria, in all of which she gave concerts with unvarying success.

The Liverpool Philharmonic Society originated in 1839. During that, and in each subsequent year, they have given subscription concerts. The first year the number of subscribers was 100; the last year it had increased to 1300. Feeling the want of a suitable hall for concerts, this society, the present year, decided to erect a building, to cost, with its furniture, \$150,000. The length of the building will be 175 feet, its breadth 112 feet, and its elevation 65 feet. In the arrangement of the building, every attention will be given to true acoustic principles. The building will have two fronts, finished of white stone in the Italian style of architecture; the back and side will be of red stone. The whole exterior of the building will be surmounted by a richly sculptured block cornice, on which appropriate musical emblems will be cut. The house is calculated to seat 2300 people. The orchestra will afford accommodation to 360 performers.

Translated from the Leipzig Musical Gazette.

## LETTERS FROM FAR-CORNER.

## NUMBER FOUR.

Not long ago, the opera, "The Postillion of Lonjumeau" was given in our theatre. As I was returning home, in company with my neighbor, the soap-boiler, he grumbled not a little about it. Said he, "A knave, spendthrift, and brawler, becomes in the end a rich and honorable man. The theatre can have a great influence on morals, and should have it, and it is a shame to give pieces at the sight of which a man of common modesty must blush, to say nothing of a pure and refined young lady. If a minister or a schoolmaster should use

but one of those expressions which are found by the dozen in French operas, he would at once lose his office. If a guest in a polite assemblage should dare thus to adorn his speech, he would be shown instantly—the door. On the stage, however, all is excused. But," said he, waxing quite furious, "I pray to be informed why! Can what is everywhere else vulgar or obscene, become noble, amusing, or fashionable, in the glare of opera lights? What would be said to such a law as this—that no person should be allowed to poison his neighbor, under pain of death, unless the deed should be committed on certain days, between 11 and 12 o'clock?"

I could not but smile at the zealous moralist. It was an easy task to break his argument to pieces. I began thus:

"A child, neighbor soap-boiler, a child will understand, that in everything which appears on earth, there is but one true and real idea. Heaven would not create anything for two purposes. Only a few good and sharp-sighted persons can discover this idea, and the mass form erroneous and incorrect opinions. Therefore, your idea of the stage is totally incorrect and false. But again: is this world perfect or imperfect? You will confess that it is imperfect. But the power that created it is almighty. It is, therefore, according to the divine will, that things should be imperfect, else they would have been created without deficiency. If your fancies about the stage were carried out, it would be perfect, and therefore contrary to the divine will. I know very well, that some foolish persons will have it, that imperfection was not thrown upon the earth to increase and grow, but to excite in us a brave and manly opposition to it, that by our efforts to obtain the victory, the powers of our souls should be strengthened and refined, our morality purified and elevated, and we thus be more fit to take a station among mighty intelligences in a future state. But—these persons are quite in error, as I will show you, as far as their theory has reference to the theatre, in a few minutes.

Shall moral plays benefit public manners? Shall follies and weaknesses be put to shame by laughable exhibitions, and crime and licentiousness be rebuked by living pictures of their awful effects? O, childish dream!

Who goes to the theatre? A single one who thinks himself a fool, or imbecile, or breaker of the law, or licentious person? I should like to know one, who ever took a stage lesson to himself, who ever at any particular scene struck with anguish on his breast, or ever found his likeness among the villains on the other side of the curtain? Every one thinks himself an exception. 'First rate!' cries he, at the perfect imitation on the stage. But no one ever says, 'Alas! I have sat for this picture,' or, 'This fool, or criminal, is no other than myself.' A moral piece is therefore a shot among the audience, which hits no one. Quite different is it with immoral pieces; they take full effect, they have their perfect work.

When errors and sins are comically, lightly, or jestingly depicted, and made quite pleasant and amiable, why, then, every auditor confesses to himself, that he also has such small and innocent weaknesses; even the best of men have them, and every hearer is, in his own opinion, almost the best of men. A faithless husband is represented. His loving, chaste wife, becomes acquainted with his deficiencies, and becomes angry, reproaches him, puts herself in rather a ridiculous light before the audience, amuses by the piquant scenes between herself and the other head of her family, and



finally forgives him. No one fears to perceive in himself such a husband. Such a play or opera excuses little failings, and is quite agreeable. Where, however, stern Truth takes the pen, and brings before one's view the consequences of untruth and sin, where the lovely, pure, angelic companion of a villainous husband has twined her very heart-strings around him, and at a cruel blow finds her whole life gone, and sinks wan and joyless into a premature grave—such a husband is not found in the audience.

In short, immoral acts, followed by appropriate punishment, have no connection with theatre-goers, and have no right to be placed before them. Immoralities, which are excused, turned into jests, made light things, and at last forgiven, do not frighten one, but rather induce imitation, and every hearer is very willing to make closer acquaintance with them. Therefore, by such means a bad state of morals in society is induced; inducing a bad state of morals contributes to the imperfection of our earth; imperfection in the earth was intended\* at its creation. Therefore writers for the stage do right in pursuing the course they do; and they are manifestly wrong who decry them."

Here we arrived at my house door, and my neighbor left me without a word of reply, so completely overcome was he by my argument. I am, &c.

\* Though this satire is an excellent one, we ought not to refrain from noticing, that the author of these letters transgresses his own principles a little. An argument so monstrous should not be treated with levity, or should not, at any rate, involve the agency of our Creator. Sacred names should never be lightly used. German schoolmasters, or preachers, or we know not whom, introduced the habit of calling our Creator "the dear God." As we think, in consequence of this, and as we believe, universally among their countrymen, and countrywomen, too, "God," and "Lord Jesus," are common interjections. Thus the name of God is taken in vain.—Ed.

"Mr. Henry Russell," says the *Liverpool Mail* of Sept. 26, "has been favored with crowded audiences, at the Theatre Royal, Church street. His entertainments comprise nearly all his favorite songs, from the 'Maniac' to 'John Knott,' with several nigger melodies, and amusing anecdotes of black slaves in America. According to Mr. Russell's statement, he composed a number of songs of this class, while in the backwoods of America, such as 'Lucy Long,' 'Getting ober de mountain,' 'Old Dan Tucker,' &c., and was quite surprised, on his return to England, to find them enjoying a full tide of popularity here."

Most people will be surprised to hear that Henry Russell is the author of the above-named colored people's melodies. We confess that we are.

Once upon a time, a king of Prussia made a tour through a certain portion of his dominions. The citizens of a certain town had made preparations to receive him in a becoming manner, and among the foremost in arranging the fete, was a good schoolmaster, who paraded his pupils at the side of the road by which his majesty was expected to arrive, with the intention of surprising him with a song. A shower of rain came up, causing the children to scamper for shelter, and making it necessary for the schoolmaster to return home and change his clothes. The clouds, however, passed away, and presently the king approached, and was much pleased with the fine performance of the juveniles; so

much so, that he requested a copy of the words, in order to have the pleasure of reading them at leisure. Our dominie was prepared for this emergency. He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew from thence a nicely folded paper, and presented it, with a due number of genifluxions, to his liege lord and sovereign. What was the astonishment of the latter, when he found the paper to contain the somewhat moderate, unreceipted—bill of a shoemaker! A little reflection convinced him that the schoolmaster was very poor, and had taken this delicate way of requesting pecuniary assistance. With this idea he despatched a sum of money to the man of letters, who was on his part quite dumbfounded at finding, in the pocket of the coat he had thrown off after the shower, the identical copy of verses which he presumed was in the hands of his gracious king. \*

MILTON.—This famous poet rose at four in the morning during the summer months, and at five in the winter. He studied in the forenoon, exercised in the afternoon, and in the evening sang, accompanying himself on some instrument. He had a fine voice, played well on several instruments, and understood harmony; and, judging from his *Paradise Lost*, he must have been passionately fond of music, and the perfume of flowers. He usually retired at nine, and composed awhile in bed.

#### CONCERTS.

The American Musical Institute, New York, performed Spohr's oratorio of the Last Judgment, and Mendelssohn's Lobgesang, December 2. The solo parts were sustained by Mrs. E. Loder, Miss E. Watson, Messrs. R. W. Paige, and J. T. Massett. Conductor, Geo. Loder; organist, H. C. Timm.

A concert, under the direction of Dr. Hodges, was given in the Apollo Saloon, New York, December 4, for the benefit of the Church of St. George the Martyr. The choir of Trinity Church were the principal performers.

Sivori gave his last concert in New York, Dec. 3. He gave one concert in Philadelphia, and has gone farther south.

Leopold De Meyer has sailed from Philadelphia for Havana.

Henri Herz gave his last concert in Philadelphia, Dec. 9, and his first in Boston Dec. 14. We presume his Philadelphia concerts must have been well attended, for his last advertisement requests those who purchased tickets and were unable to obtain seats at his previous concert, to call and receive their money back. Mr. Herz's first Boston advertisement announced that "Henry Herz, composer and pianist to his majesty the king of the French, and professor of the Royal Conservatoire of Paris, would give his first concert in Boston, Dec. 14," and that, "having a leave of absence from the Conservatoire of Paris for six months only, he will be unable to give more than two concerts in Boston." The programme of his first Boston concert consisted of, 1, grand concerto for piano forte and orchestra; 2, fantasia on favorite airs from Lucia de Lammermoor, piano forte; 3, variations on the March from Otello, piano and orchestra.

The Hutchinsons gave their fourth and last concert in New York, Dec. 10, and have gone to Philadelphia. The N. Y. Evangelist says of their third concert:

"The third concert by the justly celebrated Hutchinson Family was given on Tuesday evening, to a very large and attentive audience, at the Tabernacle. These beautiful and most worthy singers were never before greeted with such overflowing popularity as at this present visit; and the excellence of their music, and sim-

licity and exquisite taste of their performances, never entitled them to it more. Their songs all have a meaning—often the highest and most excellent—and the hearer gets as much instruction as entertainment.—Their fidelity to freedom, truth, and religion, deserves not only commendation, but the decided countenance of the good."

The Apolloneons have returned from the east, and are giving concerts in New York. It will be recollected that these are the youthful instrumental players whose performances in Boston we noticed at length. We think their name unfortunately chosen. Most persons suppose them to be one of the hundreds of vocal quartettes which are constantly "perambulating" the country.

The Boston Handel and Hayden Society performed the oratorio of Moses in Egypt, Dec. 6 and 13.

The Boston Academy of Music gave their second concert on Saturday evening, Dec. 5, at the Melodeon, and to a very large audience. The excellent music offered on the occasion was fully appreciated and warmly applauded by those present. The "Overture Guerriere," a composition of great merit, of a bold and inspiriting style, was admirably played by the orchestra. "God save the king," with the corneopiean obligato, was very neatly done; the same piece, the finale of the overture, was well played by the full band. The second movement of the fifth symphony by Beethoven, one of the sweetest compositions of this great master, was very effectively played. The music is almost too delicate for the popular ear. The orchestra gave, in fine style, the overture, "Alessandro Stradella." Part second we did not hear. Mr. Ribas's solo on the oboe reflected great credit on his musical skill. Mr. Keyser received an encore for his solo on the violin, which was a very neat performance. We were much pleased with the performances of Saturday evening, and were glad to see that the public so well appreciated the efforts of the Academy to give a series of concerts the present season, which in excellence should take rank with those of the previous seasons.—*Mercantile Journal*.

A concert for the benefit of Miss Anna Stone, one of the best of our Boston vocalists, was given in the Melodeon, Dec. 12. The performers, besides Miss Stone, were, Herr J. Dorn, Messrs. Barker, Hayter, Kendall, and the entire orchestra of the Handel and Hayden Society.

Dempster is giving concerts in Liverpool with no little *eclat*. He is there called "the celebrated American vocalist." We always supposed he was a native of Great Britain.

CHURCH MUSIC.—We are well aware that we have not given so many articles upon this important subject as we at first gave reason to expect, and as many of our readers have desired. The fact is, there is so much that is wrong in the manner in which church music is almost universally conducted, so much that is wrong in the estimation that is put upon it by the religious community, so many faults in relation to it on the part of members of choirs, on the part of leaders, on the part of organists, on the part of ministers, on the part of deacons, on the part of churches, and on the part of congregations, that we have never been able to decide where to begin, or where we have begun, or where to leave off. We have many times commenced articles on various abuses connected with this subject, but have so soon got into a perfect fury of indignation, that we have heretofore deemed it prudent not to trust ourself. We have now got to be an old and experienced editor, and in our next volume we shall try to give this subject the attention it deserves.

Rummaging among some old papers, we came across the manuscript of the glee published in to-day's paper. It was given us while in Germany, by our old master, the author. Although somewhat difficult, it will well pay for the trouble of learning it.



**LIGHT OF DAY IS FADING.**

Words by J. JOHNSON, JR.

XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEA.

Light of day is fading; farewell! farewell! Soft murmuring tones breathe far from the echoing bell. Now night winds are whispering;

peacefully slumbering, the birds rest on light trembling branches. Soon again, wanderer, Soon again, wanderer, Sleep lulleth thee,

Sleep lulleth thee. Soon again, wanderer, Soon again, wanderer, sleep lulleth thee, Sleep lulleth thee. Soon again, wanderer, Sleep lulleth thee. Soon again, wanderer, Soon again, wanderer, Sleep lulleth thee, Sleep lulleth thee. Soon again, wanderer, Sleep lulleth thee. Soon again, wanderer, Sleep lulleth thee. Sleep lulleth thee. Soon again, wanderer,

wanderer, Sleep lull - eth thee Soon again, wanderer, Sleep lulleth thee, Sleep lulleth thee. wanderer, Sleep lull - eth thee. Soon again, wanderer, Sleep lulleth thee.

**DURANTE. C. M.**

L. MASON.

1. Sing, all ye nations, to the Lord, Sing with a joy - ful noise; With mel-o - dy of sound record His honors and your joys.

2. Say to the power that formed the sky, How ter - ri - ble art thou! Sinners before thy presence fly, Or at thy feet they bow.

3. Oh bless our God, and never cease; Ye saints, ful - fil his praise; He keeps our life, maintains our peace, And guides our doubtful ways.

**GARDNER. C. M.**

JOHN RUGGLES, JR., Brighton.

The stars are but the shining dust Of my divine abode; The pavement of those heavenly courts, Where I shall reign with God.

**SOMERTON. L. M.**

O. L., Chorus.

There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God; Life, love, and joy, still gliding through, And watering our divine abode.

**BACH. C. M.**

WM. MASON.

O thou, to whom all creatures bow, With - in this earthly frame, Through all the world how great art thou! How glorious is thy name!

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## Miscellaneous.

From the New York Mirror of December 7.

### HENRI HERZ.

We have already announced that this celebrated musical composer gives his first concert in this country to-morrow night, and no doubt the public, or at least the musical portion of it, will crowd to do honor to the man with whose compositions they have been so long familiar. We presume there is scarcely a musical portfolio in the country that does not contain more or less of Herz's music; for he is, as regards the theory of piano-forte playing, perhaps unequalled, and as a performer, we understand he is scarcely less celebrated throughout Europe.

He came among us without any of those preliminary notices which artists have generally considered necessary to their success—a mistaken notion, by the bye, and which will doubtless be proved so, in the case of Henri Herz. He relies upon his intrinsic merits, and the interest which attaches to his name, and he will, we feel assured, find these all-sufficient to insure a reception worthy of him. We are, on this side of the Atlantic, comparatively but little acquainted with this gentleman's history, and we therefore avail ourselves of the means of learning something more about him, furnished by a work entitled "Lives of Celebrated Pianists," which Mr. Ullman has been, for some time past, translating, and preparing for publication. We publish the following, however, not at the request or wish of Mr. Herz, either directly or indirectly expressed, but because we believe the article will be, at this time, particularly, of sufficient interest to render it acceptable to our readers.

Henri Herz was born in Vienna (Austria.) He began his musical studies at the age of four years, and the progress he made was so rapid, that although only eight years of age, he was called upon to play at a concert given in honor of the emperor Napoleon. The piece selected for that occasion was one of Hummel's most difficult compositions, and the success he obtained was so great, that his father, determined to devote him entirely to the study of the piano forte, and under his guidance he soon acquired that rapidity of execution, particularly in running passages, for which he still stands unsurpassed. At the same time he took lessons in harmony and counterpoint from the celebrated organist Hunten; and he was no less precocious as a composer than as a pianist. When nine years of age, he com-

posed a sonata, of which Beethoven said, "This is the eldest son of a numerous and hopeful family."

Henri Herz arrived in Paris in the year 1820, and, notwithstanding the strict exclusion of all foreigners, prescribed by the rules of the royal conservatoire, he was unanimously admitted as a pupil, after having undergone a severe examination before a jury composed of the greatest musical celebrities, and presented himself, in the same year, as a candidate for the first prize. He unfortunately fell sick a few weeks before the appointed day, and his fellow students, rejoicing at having thus got rid of a powerful rival, sat about studying Dussek's twelfth concert, and a toccata by Clementi, which were the prizes chosen by the directors. One day only, before the public trial, he felt sufficiently recovered to resume his studies, and, contrary to the advice of his friends, to wait till the next year, he presented himself, and, to the astonishment of all, the first prize of honor was unanimously awarded to him. A few months after, he made his first public appearance in Paris, at a concert given by Catalani, and the press teemed with praises of the youthful prodigy.

Having now obtained a perfection of execution unsurpassed by any living pianist, he devoted the greater part of his time to composing. The first piece that attracted the attention of the musical public, was his "Air Tyrolien," which had an immense sale; but his proper career as a composer began with his variations on an air from the "Swiss Family," which was the *cheval de bataille* of every pianist, for several years. They were followed by his celebrated "Ma Fauchette est charmante," the march from *Otello*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Crociato*, *Norma*, *Weber's Last Waltz*, *Preaux clerics*, *La Violette Donna del Lago*, *Joseph*, four great concertos, with orchestral accompaniments, a grand polonaise in E, a brilliant rondo, dedicated to Moscheles, his fantasias on *Semiramide*, *Puritani*, *Lucia de Lammermoor*, and many others too numerous to mention. He published, moreover, a complete method for the piano forte, which ranks among the best ever written; copious studies, admirably calculated to impart a brilliant execution; and many minor pieces. The whole number of his works is between two and three hundred.

Henri Herz visited Germany in company with his friend and fellow composer, Lafont; they gave concerts in nearly every city of that country, which were crowded to excess. In England, Scotland, and Ireland, he created an enthusiasm which it is impossible to describe. The duchess of Kent, who wished to place the now reigning queen under his instruction, and many families of the highest aristocracy, begged him to settle in London; but the exclusive of the conservatoire, faithful to his adopted country, returned to Paris, where he devoted himself to instruction, composition, and giving several concerts in the course of the year, which were invariably crowded, and rank even higher than those of Benedict, in London.

Henri Herz is a great performer—the neatness, rapidity, precision and vigor of his execution, are said to be unsurpassed. He is the author of his own fame, for he scarcely had any teacher, and this proves, more than all, the greatness of his genius. Nobody knows how to select more beautiful *themes*, and the style with which

he treated them, in his variations, has never been excelled. His compositions are very difficult; but every pianist studies them with pleasure, because the difficulty has a purpose. He is deservedly called the father of the modern piano-forte school, in which most of the present great pianists have been formed. The writer of this sketch lived in Vienna two years in the same house with Thalberg, and he perfectly recollects how assiduously he used to study Herz's works. Less dashing than the style of our recent octave players, it is sounder and more perfect—not merely astonishes, but pleases, nay, delights; it principally relies upon the finger, and uses the wrist as a set-off; expression, taste, and, above all, feeling, are never sacrificed to brilliancy, but they walk hand in hand. This explains the stability of the Herz school of playing the piano forte over any other school.

Always anxious to take advantage of everything that could tend to the improvement of his art, Henri Herz has turned his attention towards the melioration of his favorite instrument. Stimulated by this wish, he has established in Paris an immense piano-forte manufactory, in which more than three hundred workmen are continually employed, under his superintendence. The improvements he has made in the mechanism have given to his piano fortes such a superiority with regard to tone and durability, that the jury of the national exhibition, (which took place in Paris in 1844,) have unanimously pronounced his inventions to be deserving of a high recompense, and have awarded him the grand gold medal of the first degree, which was handed to him by the king of the French himself.

Not satisfied with the services thus rendered, he caused to be built, at his own expense, a magnificent concert-room, which had been sadly missed. This building, the cost of which exceeded a million francs, (\$200,000) has been pronounced the best room in Europe, with regard to sound, and is always offered to all foreign artists of distinction, who intend giving concerts in Paris. We conclude this notice by mentioning that Henri Herz has been nominated a chevalier of the legion of honor, and first pianist to H. M. Louis Philippe. Recently, the French government have confided to him the direction of the piano-forte department in the royal conservatoire of Paris.

From the Charleston (S. C.) Patriot.

The New York Evening Post furnishes us with an interesting little history, by way of showing how Uncle Sam is bamboozled into a full faith in the musical and other humbugs, which reach us monthly from foreign countries. It may instruct us even here, in the south, where we usually need so little instruction, to see what are the usual processes by which the simple public is persuaded. Concerts are the topic, and musicians.—"Who," asks our author, "are the patrons of musical talent, if we are not?"

"Hardly a night passes that our citizens do not crowd the Apollo, or the Tabernacle, or both, frequently paying for their privilege the respectable price of one dollar per head. At the present time, no less than four first class musical artists are catering for our patronage. Four grand concerts announced in one week! De Meyer, Perabeau, Sivori, and Samuel Lover.

Not one of all these understands the 'wires' like the 'lion pianist,' as De Meyer is called. De Meyer, who is only one among fifty European pianists, deserves credit for 'doing the thing up a little browner' than any of his predecessors. Let us relate how one of these artists goes to work. He begins the game at least two years before we have the felicity of seeing him on our shores. No expense is spared in puffing. The London press, which is just as venal as any other London commodity, is glutted with 'puffs.' These 'puffs' are carefully 'cut out' and re-printed (in most cases without consideration,) by American newspapers, precisely as a quack doctor puffs himself in the *advertising* columns of one paper, cuts out the paragraph, publishes it in another, giving credit to the first, as if the article had been editorial opinion. The artist, moreover, publishes extensive biographies of himself, adventures with kings, emperors, and sultans, illustrated with engravings, in some of which he is the fine and accomplished gentleman, as well as artist, while in others he is made to figure in rather a ludicrous light; by this means removing from the minds of the envious all ideas of his personal vanity.

In short, biographies and pictures, paragraphs to suit all palates, both grave and gay, do the work. Who is there among us that can tell fine music from very fine? Not one in a thousand; and should this one lift his warning voice, who would attend to it? When all is 'fixed' for his advent, the man himself comes over, opens his huge Paris piano, closes one eye in a knowing wink, and leeches us to perfection. Well, we are willing to bleed once for the curiosity of the thing, but we don't want to be bled dry. During the past few weeks, a series of anecdotes, appearing in some of our city papers, of which the 'lion pianist,' and sometimes his 'moustache,' and sometimes his 'grand piano,' were the heroes, led us to the conclusion, that

'Abram Brown  
Had come to town.'

And sure enough, shortly after, the 'lion' announced a new series of 'musical festivals.' These, we have heard it said, are got up for the special purpose of spoiling the concerts of Perabeau (a very worthy gentleman and most deserving artist), and Sivori."

The London Literary Gazette gives the following interesting sketch from real life, which is well worth copying: "Do you see that lady in a side box, who is dressed in a plainer style than any one else in the house? Her face wears a very sweet expression, and seems so familiar, that immediately on glancing at it we involuntarily ask ourselves, where could we have seen it before? What a noble forehead she has! how much expression is there in that finely curved lip! It is the dowager countess of Essex; her lord, the late earl, having a year or two since, paid the debt of nature. The countess of Essex's history is in itself a romance of real life. An old friend of mine tells me that he remembers seeing her a dirty, shoeless and stockingless girl, nursing a child, at the door of one of the obscurest lanes in Bristol. She was, in fact, a drabish maid of all work. But even then she was distinguished by her sweet voice; and one day, as she was singing to the child she tended in the dingy alley, a gentleman who casually passed by was struck by the rich melody of her tones, and took it into his head to remove her from her obscure situation, educate her, and have her taught the rudiments of the vocal art. The pupil well rewarded the benevolent gentleman's exertions; for, ere many years had passed

away, the name of Miss Stephens was well known all over the musical world. The Kitty Stephens of the dirty alley in Bristol, soon became the fascinating songstress of the metropolis, and stood, confessedly, without a rival. Her character was excellent; and amid a thousand temptations, she preserved her purity of mind and manners. The late earl of Essex, on the death of his wife—a dissipated, heartless votary of fashion—sought her hand; and a coronet sparkled on the brow of Kitty Stephens. Into her new station, if she did not take to it connections which increased its influence, she carried virtues which adorned her position. The most rigid investigations, and the most envious attempts to defame her, could not find a speck on her character. Not long ago, she became, by the death of Lord Essex, a dowager. Now, as one of the nobility of Great Britain, she sits, thinking little, it may be, of the time when she sang to the child, as, bonnetless, and shoeless, she paced the city thoroughfare."

From the London Musical World.

### MUSIC IN AMERICA.

New York, October 31.—Dear —, You can form little idea in London of what music is here; of how musicians comport themselves towards the public; of the relations between musicians and members of the press; in short, of the humbug universally practiced. I am not going to write an essay, don't imagine it, but I shall throw together a few particulars which may amuse you and your readers.

You are aware that Ole Bull, the violinist, made a large fortune in the United States. You are aware that it was not his talents which backed him throughout, but the skillful manner in which he made the American press serve his purpose. He fed, bribed, and flattered them all, from Mr. Bennett of the Herald, to the most insignificant punster in the Yankee Doodle. It must have cost him a mint of money, but it answered his purpose; and with a talent little more than mediocre, he left the United States, after a sojourn of two or three years, crowned with fame, and loaded with dollars. The Americans consider Ole Bull the greatest violinist in the world; but you know how little this estimate is true.

A man of much greater talent than Ole Bull—Leopold De Meyer, the pianist—came over here last September twelvemonth, and by similar means has contrived to gain similar notoriety. The art of puffing was never so transcendently developed as by Leopold De Meyer. He brought over many copies of a portrait of himself, stated to be a tribute of admiration and esteem from his friends and adherents; but this portrait, as you know, was drawn on stone by M. Baugnet, of London, at Mr. Meyer's own expense. He brought with him a caricature, which he ordered and paid for in Paris, and which he places at the head of his programmes, and with which he adorns the corners of his note and letter paper. He finally brought with him a memoir of his life, adorned with sundry portraits of himself, performing at the different European courts. This memoir also professes to be compiled by his friends and admirers, much against his inclination, and without his knowledge; let the bull pass. Now, it is well known that he never played either at the French or English courts; yet this memoir contains drawings, in which he is represented at the grand piano forte, in presence of Louis Philippe, &c., on the one hand, and Queen Victoria, &c., on the other. Moreover, I have heard it positively stated that the memoir itself, which is stuffed

with outrageous and ridiculous puffs from German, French, and English papers, was put together under Leopold De Meyer's own direction, by an Irish gentleman of letters whom the "lion pianist" engaged for the purpose. All these things were used to good purpose by De Meyer on his arrival here, and his *charge d'affaires* (!) Herr G. C. Reitheimer, who accompanies him everywhere, studiously promulgated their contents, by force of pecuniary arguments, throughout the press. De Meyer has traveled over the entire surface of the United States, giving concerts wherever there was a chance of gaining a dollar beyond his expenses, heralded by the puffs preparatory which I have enumerated. I think he must have made a considerable sum of money, though not nearly as much as he gives out. You would imagine that a man of De Meyer's unquestionable talent stood in no need of such charlatanic aid; but I can assure you it is absolutely necessary in America. Without it, nothing can be done; the finest talent, for want of it, will be neglected. Nothing, indeed, can surpass the despicable corruptibility of the American press. For one line of truth there are a dozen lines of falsehood, in almost every paper. Need I cite Vieuxtemps, the violinist, to whom Ole Bull is a mere cipher? Well, Vieuxtemps did comparatively nothing in the United States, while Ole Bull made a fortune! If you want to know more of this matter, ask Vincent Wallace, the violinist and composer, who is, I believe, in London. He is well acquainted with the subject, and can enlighten you to your heart's content.

On the 30th of September another musical celebrity from Europe set foot on the shores of New York—Camilo Sivori, the violinist. He came by the Great Western, and was in the dreadful storm that you must have heard of. He was taken ill on his arrival, and confined ten days to his bed. However, between the 12th and 24th of this month he contrived to give four concerts here, with great success, and has now gone to Boston on the same errand. Sivori has come with his brother, and was preceded by a *charge d'affaires*—M. Zany di Ferranti, a Spaniard, who appears to understand business as well as the "Reitheimer" himself, although the "lion pianist" is more conversant in the art of humbug than Sivori, who appears a very straightforward, unassuming person. The arrival of Sivori has been the cause of much disquietude in certain quarters. The "lion" loves to roar in solitude, and cannot abide even a growl from a brother lion. Accordingly certain of the venal press in his lionship's interest have commenced a regular warfare against the late comer. Sivori, however, is not without advisers, and De Meyer, owing to some personal peculiarities, has a considerable number of enemies. The consequence has been a counter attack upon De Meyer from that portion of the press that has not benefited by his largesses, or at least not enough to satisfy them. Doubtless they expect to be most liberally rewarded by Sivori, who on the other hand is shut out from the giant journals which have been bought wholesale by De Meyer at extravagant terms. Only when De Meyer has gone will these journals be open to a treaty with Sivori. They will then serve De Meyer as they served their first master, Ole Bull, and displace him from his throne in favor of his successor who remains upon the soil. In the meanwhile, the American public believe the criticisms of these men, and is influenced by them!!!

But now another lion has arrived, and, worse still, a pianist. This is no other than Henri Herz, whom all the world knows, and who will be a greater obstacle

in De Meyer's path even than Sivori. Herz has already given a concert at the Tabernacle with great success, and the friends of De Meyer are in dismay. What is to be done? Herz is a novelty; De Meyer is no longer new. Herz has a name celebrated all over Europe; De Meyer is comparatively little known. All the amateurs play Herz's music; few professors, even, can play De Meyer's. Nothing is left, on dit, for De Meyer, but to pack up his portraits, his caricatures, his Erards, and his *charge d'affaires*, and quit America ere the sun of his glory shall begin to set before the rising sun of his rival. Report is already busy. An invitation, which amounts to a command, from the emperor of Austria, De Meyer's illustrious patron, is spoken of in several places. What can De Meyer do? He must accept it, or he loses his income as *Kapellmeister* to the court at Vienna, which amounts to a sum in the face of which thirty thousand dollars would look as nothing. Off he must go, then, and leave behind him much of the fame and money he intended to have earned in yankee land. *C'est dommage—car c'est un bon enfant!*

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

*Dedicated to Plump Musicians.*

BY O. ELLIPIS.

"You say, my dear Tom, in your letter to me,  
That you think your humble servant a poet should be.  
Aye, aye, a fine thought! but with all veneration,  
Your wish has a taste of a world of vexation.

No, Tom, I do n't thank ye—I thank you, I mean,  
But I like to be fat, and I hate to be lean,  
And music, sweet music! thy charms shall avail,  
A tonic for all chronic woes which assail.

Just think of the list; just stand in a row  
Of solid musicians a dozen or so,  
And tell me, didn't ever see men fully grown,  
Less able to run, or less likely to drown?

In faith, no. Take Handel—a great man was he,  
And gulped at one dinner the portion of three;  
And good father Bach—no glutton was he,  
But 't was pleasant to see him at dinner or tea.

Of children a score, with their fat German faces,  
From one year to twenty, a group of Dutch graces;  
Their father and they did most lustily fare—  
At least I suppose so; I never was there.

What made Paganini a wonder? I trow  
It was, that a bone-bag such talent could show.  
The world was amazed, and thought that his sticks  
Were held by his digits, and moved by Old Nick's.

A glance at Burgmüller—how music must grow,  
When she lunches on twelve dozen oysters or so.  
Rosini—his *Mosses* from Egypt once strude,  
Nor made near the flesh-pots his willing abode;

Not so the composer—his kitchen and wine  
Most nearly the realms of his heart strings entwine.  
He wrote a new opera! perhaps they will make him,  
But the bait must be well cooked and sweeten'd to take him.

Pale spirits from Odin came eke through the gloom,  
And hailed brave Scheldt warriors with, "Still there is  
room."

Ptont Schnyder from Wartensee, would the sprites dare  
To send such a summons to thee through the air?

Ah! never, weird sisters, be never so rash  
As to send an invite to the mighty Lullabe;  
No room in Walhalla! impossible thing  
To admit a musician—must build a new wing.

In our town itself, (for we need not go higher,)  
There's a plump Mr. A—, who leads our church choir,  
There's B—, the great, and C—, not small,  
And D—, in diameter greater than all.

This C— once sang David. Tall stripling was he,  
Goliath might well have been frightened to see.  
But no; the young giant had nerve for the work,  
Swelled quite beyond—town, and moved to New York.

Thus Music hath charms for the outer and in,  
Who maketh her marks with a back-handed pen;  
But Poetry writeth obliquely ahead,  
And cares for her servants in all things but bread.

Alas for the gifted, who labored in rhyme,  
And oft heard in hunger dull midnight bells chime;  
Who lived in poor garrets, and died as they lived,  
From worldlings late justice and fame to receive.

Ah, music, sweet music! there's nought will console  
Like meat on the platter and soup in the bowl.  
Come, dwell in my bosom, and teach me those tones  
Whose virtues have merit with muscles and bones!"

## GERMAN MUSIC.

A letter writer from Berlin, in the Providence Journal, says: "It has often been said that the German mind possesses more natural musical genius than the English or American; but I see no just ground for such an opinion. The great reason why the Germans are so musical is, undoubtedly, because they so assiduously and generally cultivate the art. It forms part of their education, of their happiness, or the daily necessity of their life. Music is so common in Germany, that it is the cheapest of all luxuries. I have attended a concert of one hundred and fifty musicians, performing selections from all the great masters, and playing four hours, for a piece of money not equal in value to our quarter of a dollar. Every little German village has its rival bands; every garden and coffee house has its orchestra; music may be heard on the squares and in the streets at all hours of the day. The entire congregation, old and young, sing in the churches; and he who, on the proper occasion, cannot join in a hearty 'volk lied,' is looked upon with some little political suspicion, or at least, as one 'whose education has been neglected.' It is ten to one that a poor German boy who never saw the inside of a parlor, or boasted the possession of a yellow Louis d'or, can play with skill upon the bugle, and whistle through, with accuracy and expression, an overture of Mozart. This music is not confined to the wealthier class. Like 'pale death,' it visits 'the cottages of the poor as well as the towers of kings.' It mingles with the simple sports of the peasant's child, it weaves its enchantment around the bashful loves of his youth, it softens the burdens of his laboring manhood, and soothes the roughness of his penniless old age."

## READING HYMNS.

That part of the services of the sanctuary, which consists of the reading of the psalms and hymns, is most apt to be passed with a careless performance; and yet the best effect of the whole service depends very much upon it. We know some of our best preachers, who are very deficient in this particular; and who seem to regard it as of no consequence, whether their reading communicates the sentiment of the hymn or not. And on the other hand, we have known those who would produce as much impression by the reading of the hymns, as many would produce by a good sermon.

One important object gained by a good reading of them is, the preparation of the singers to catch and give a musical conveyance to the sense of the hymn. A good reader preceding the singing, has conveyed to the mind of the singers a true and vivid apprehension of the meaning of the sacred poet; and thus prepared the way for a better expression of the sense in the singing, and for the better effect of the singing on the congregation. So that the whole impression of the services of the sanctuary may be very essentially marred by a careless, lifeless, or monotonous performance of this reading. A good reader conveys ten-fold the sense and power of di-

vine thought, of what is conveyed by a bad reading. And the same law holds in the reading of hymns. The fault to which we allude is very general, and its correction is a matter of public interest.—*Puritan.*

We were never able to understand the necessity of reading hymns before singing them. It seems to us something like an episcopal clergyman's reading a prayer before praying it. If hymns are read, however, we coincide with the writer, that they should be so delivered as to convey the true meaning. We fancy a good reader would find it exceedingly difficult to convey the true idea of the poet, if he was obliged to omit every other verse of the hymn; but clergymen often force those who would sing with the spirit and the understanding also, so to mutilate the hymn as to make arrant nonsense of the whole exercise.

## ANECDOTE OF HAYDEN.

While Hayden was in England, he adopted the custom of shopping, and frequently wandered in the morning from house to house of the music sellers. He used to mention his dialogue with one of those persons. He had inquired for any particularly good music. "You are come exactly at the right time," was the shopkeeper's answer, "for I have just printed off Hayden's sublime music." "Oh! as for that, I will have nothing to do with it." "How, sir, nothing to do with Hayden! what fault is to be found with it?" "O, fault enough; but there is no use in speaking about it now; it does not please me; show me something else." The music seller, who was an enthusiast about Hayden's compositions, looked at the inquirer, "No, sir, I have other music, no doubt, but it is not fit for you," and turned his back upon him. Hayden was going out of the shop, laughing, when he met an acquaintance coming in, who pronounced his name. The music seller, whose vexation had revived with the sound, turned round and said, "Yes, sir, here is a gentleman who actually does not like that great man's music." The mistake was of course soon cleared up, and the person was known who alone might presume to object to Hayden's music.

Count Leibitz Piwnitzki, of Russia, has sent forth a circular, inviting the attention of violinists to a new method of holding the violin, by attaching it, somewhere about the bridge, to a frame, which is to be fastened about the performer's neck. This method, he says, affords the following advantages:

1. The instrument remains perfectly firm in its position, under the chin, without being crowded, or dampened by sweat!
2. It gains a fuller and clearer tone, by its freedom from contact with any soft substance.
3. Cravats, stocks, &c., are not so liable to be disarranged.
4. One can play from four to six hours without fatigue to the head and neck.

In Vienna, there are nearly twenty music schools. One of them is the school of the society for the improvement of church music. In this institution, those who intend to be schoolmasters receive thorough instruction, in order that through them and their pupils sacred music may become familiar to every one.

A certain person, says a Memphis paper, was so pleased with the singing and beauty of a Miss Carn-cross at a concert, that he walked up to the stage, and throwing down his white beaver, exclaimed, "You can take my hat, marm!"

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, JANUARY 4, 1847.

We are much gratified and obliged by the promptness with which our request with regard to the second volume has been already complied with. We judge that some misunderstood our offer with regard to back numbers. We have more of Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20, than we want. Subscribers to the second volume can order a dozen copies of either of these numbers, and receive them gratis.

We copy to-day a letter from the New York correspondent of the London Musical World. The corruption of the city daily press is almost past belief. With regard to musical matters, not the slightest confidence can be placed in the statements of any of the prominent papers in the great Atlantic cities. They are entirely bought up by interested persons, and no falsehood is too great for them to publish, provided they are well paid for the service. The statements in the correspondence are true to the letter, as every one versed in city musical operations well knows.

It is not possible for us to publish music in less than from three to six weeks after its reception. We almost despair of ever having our music without an error. Few are aware of the difficulty of correcting a music proof. In a singing book there is an opportunity to correct the proof twice, once in the types and once in the plates. We have only one opportunity to see the proof, and slight mistakes will sometimes escape us. In the glee in our last, the seventh note in the tenor should be B flat, instead of C.

We put in type an amiable correspondence between Leopold De Meyer and Henri Herz, which was published in the Baltimore Sun, in relation to some ungentlemanly transactions on the one side or the other, but found it occupied too much valuable space, and consequently have not published it.

Subscribers to our second volume will confer a favor by remitting their subscriptions by mail, directly to us.

Our offer to insert advertisements, is as much for our readers' benefit as our own. We deem it an important part of the office of a musical journal, to keep its readers informed of the publication of musical works. So long as we offer to notice works without charge, publishers do not seem to think it worth while to send us notices to publish. Now we offer to insert them at a good round price, we shall doubtless succeed better in keeping a list of new publications. The high price for each insertion will undoubtedly keep us free from long-winded advertisements.

J. A. Novello, music dealer, London, has commenced the publication of the oratorios of all the great masters, in monthly numbers, and at a low price. No. 1 contains a part of the "Messiah," which will be completed in twelve numbers.—The London Musical World copies the criticisms of the New York Sun, Herald, and Evening Mirror, on Leopold De Meyer and Sivori. Having paraded these silly and fulsome puffs before his readers, the editor indulges in a hearty John Bull laugh at the excessive gullibility of the universal yankee nation, especially in musical matters. He says that the American newspapers, in their accounts of foreign musical performers, tell ten lies to one truth. He don't say how much foreign musical performers pay the said American newspapers for publishing the said lies.—It is said that Jenny Lind, the wonderful Swedish song-

stress, has refused the most munificent offers for engagements at the various opera houses of Europe, and that she intends leaving the stage, and is on the point of being married to a young protestant clergyman. She is not yet of age, but has already realized an immense fortune from her theatrical engagements.—Much is said in European musical journals, of the benefits resulting from the use of the patent violin-holder recently invented. It is said to have been adopted by many of the first violinists.

## LEIPSIK CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

This institution is for the purpose of perfecting the musical education of those who are already somewhat advanced. It is, in fact, a musical college, for which, if we understand aright, a thorough and extensive course of preparation is necessary. The following is the list of its professors. We give the full German titles: Herr Music-director and Chapel-master, Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, composition and solo playing. Herr Music-director and Cantor to the St. Thomas School, Moritz Hauptmann, harmony and counterpoint. Herr Music-director, Ernst Fr. Richter, harmony and preparing for instrumentation. Herr Professor J. Moscheles, Herr Louis Plaidy, Herr Ernst Ferd. Wenzel, piano-forte playing. Herr Organist, C. F. Becker, organ and exercise in playing in parts. Herr Concert-master, Felician David, violin exercise in orchestra playing and directing. Herr Moritz Klengel, Herr Rudolf Sachse, violin. Herr Ferd. Bohme, solo and chorus-singing. Herr F. Brendel, lectures on the history, athletics, and literature of music. Herr Dr. Neumann, instruction in Italian, for solo singers. The price for instruction is eighty dollars (probably about \$60 American money,) per year. Five dollars must be paid for the use of the library, and one to the servant of the institute. Six free places (for Saxons only,) are retained by order of the king. Students have free or half-price admission to most of the musical entertainments in Leipzig. The last day for admission was the 30th of last September; the next, at Easter of next year. \*

Ernst, the king of German violinists, is on the point of leaving Vienna, on a tour through Russia.—Mendelssohn's oratorio of Paul has been given at Vienna, with an orchestra of a thousand.—Conradin Kreutzer has been appointed director to the court opera at Vienna, in place of Nicolai, who has accepted a post at Berlin.—J. Lind receives 100,000f. for four months at Vienna.

**HAYDEN AND MOZART.**—Hayden and Mozart, two of the greatest composers of ancient and modern times, had the highest respect for each other. "Mozart," said Hayden, when asked his opinion of Don Juan, "is the greatest composer now existing." And Mozart, hearing a German composer find fault with Hayden, said, "If you and I were both melted down together, we should not furnish materials for one Hayden."

At a concert, where a new piece, composed by Hayden, was performed, a musician present, who never discovered anything worthy of praise, except in his own productions, criticising the music, said to Mozart, "There now, why that is not what I should have done." "No," replied Mozart, "nor should I; but the reason is, that neither you nor I should have been able to conceive it."

After Mozart's death, Hayden was asked by Broderip, in his music shop, whether he had left any MS. compositions that were worth purchasing, as his widow

had offered his inedited papers at a high price, to the principal publishers of music throughout Europe. Hayden eagerly said, "Purchase them, by all means. He was truly a great musician. I have been often flattered by my friends with having some genius, but he was much my superior." Though this declaration had more of modesty than truth in it, yet, if the genius of Mozart, who died at the early age of thirty-six, had been granted as many years to expand as that of Hayden, the assertion might, perhaps, have been realized.

Mr. Thomas Atwood, who had the honor of being pupil to Mozart, as Mozart was to Hayden, declared, in a judicial proceeding respecting the Opera House, in which he was a witness, that he regarded "Mozart's music as the best in the world, and Don Giovanni as the finest of his compositions."

Providence, December 22, 1846.

**MESSERS. EDITORS.**—I thought it might be gratifying to you, as well as some of your readers, to hear of the rapid progress of musical taste in the city of Providence. Within eighteen months there have been two large societies started, and they are now under full operation. Last week the Beethoven Society gave the first of a series of four concerts. The instrumental department comprises about twenty-four instruments; the vocal about fifty. This is the older society of the two. The vocal department is under the direction of Mr. Henry Frieze, and the instrumental under the direction of Mr. Bohuszewicz. The Providence Handel and Hayden Society has been formed within the last seven months; the vocal department is under the direction of Mr. Richard B. Taylor, and the orchestra under Mr. Wm. Marshall; Mr. Fergus, formerly of your city, presides at the organ. The instrumental department comprises thirty-six instruments; the vocal department one hundred and thirty. Last evening, this society performed the oratorio of "David," (with the assistance of Miss Anna Stone and Mr. Richardson, of your city.)

I think great credit is due to the officers of these societies, for pressing forward, determined to advance the musical taste of this community. There is not another place in the whole Union, situated like Providence, between two large, musical cities, where there has been so much exertion for the advancement of musical taste. By the full and fashionable audiences that attended the concerts of the two societies, I should think that the prospect was very flattering for their long continuance.

A SUBSCRIBER.

## ELEMENTARY TEACHING—THE PESTALOZZIAN SYSTEM, &amp;C.

N. Y., December, 1846.

**MESSERS. EDITORS.**—In his introductory remarks before the last teachers' class in Boston, Mr. Mason observed that the Pestalozzian system of instruction was but imperfectly understood by the mass of teachers. One probable cause has been, they have mistaken a Pestalozzian or progressive system of *rules*, as laid down in books, for the Pestalozzian system of *teaching*, which, as I believe, cannot be written; or if it can be, has yet to be done. The best of written "manuals," "methods," and "systems," can claim to be but little, if anything, more than a progressive system of elements.

The Pestalozzian method of instruction, as I understand it, begins, continues, and ends, with the principle of teaching one thing only at a time, and each thing in its simple elements. Now the teacher who would "show himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," must study, upon that same principle, profoundly, in the

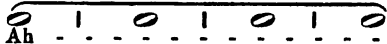


retirement of his private room, the things he wishes to teach. Not the experience a teacher gets in the class room, simply, makes him accomplished in the art of teaching. We must not "despise the [work of] small things;" for in carrying out the principle already alluded to, of exhibiting things in their constituent parts, many "small things" are involved; so small, indeed, that many a teacher of lofty aspirations entirely overlooks them. Neither diamonds nor gold are found by searching among the stars, but by delving in the earth, the vast fabric of which is composed of atoms.

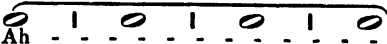
Another principle recognized by the Pestalozzian system is, that of teaching things, before signs. Disregarding this order of nature, teachers will often be in danger of teaching error for truth; as for instance, if I should mark thus, | | on the black board, and say to my class, "Those marks are called bars, and the space between them is a *measure*," it would convey a wrong impression; for that space is manifestly a "measure" in just the sense that the word "*pa*" is the father of my child, and in no other.

Let us take the following, as an illustration of the foregoing principles. Now a "measure," in a musical sense, is a piece, portion, or division, of time. You wish to impart a knowledge of that fact to your class; which we will let be composed of juveniles, as they always make the best Pestalozzian scholars, taking "what is set before them, asking no questions;" but always answering them, when once put in the way of it.

Directing all to be perfectly still, and shut their eyes, you sing at any convenient pitch thus,



You ask, "What did I do then?" Perhaps you discover that a little strategy is necessary, to induce them to answer; so you ask them of things you did not do. "Did I *speak* to you?" "No sir." "Did I *whistle*?" "No sir." "Well, what *did* I do?" "You sang." "Yes; and how did you know it?" "We heard you." Directing them to shut their eyes again, you strike a single key of the piano forte, a number of times in succession, and ask, "What did I do then?" "You played on the piano." "How did you know?" "We heard it." Taking the rod, you strike in the same manner upon the black board, and question as before. Then striking the board and piano-key alternately, you ask, "Which do you like most to hear, the sound from striking upon the board, or piano?" You then remark, "Yes; when I strike thus, [striking with the rod,] I only make a *noise*; but if I *sing*, [singing,] or strike on the piano, [striking,] I make a *musical sound*." You then sing again, thus,



and ask, "How many sounds did I sing then?" "One." You then sing again, in this manner,



and ask, "How many then?" Some say "One," and some "Two;" if so, you draw a line the length of the board, and a short one under it, and ask, "How many lines have I drawn?" "Two." You then sing again. "How many sounds did I sing?" "Two;" answered by all. "Were they just alike?" If this is answered in various ways, you point to the board, and ask, "How many lines did you say are there?" "Two." "Are they alike?" "No sir." "But they are both *white*, are not?" "Yes sir; but the upper one is the *longest*." You then sing again, and ask, "How many sounds did I sing?" "Two." "Were they alike?" "No sir;

one was *longer* than the other." "Which was the longest?" "The first one." "Can you tell *how* long it was?" "No sir." "Can you tell me how long that *line* is?" "It is as long as the board." "How long is the board?" "Do not know." "How can you ascertain its length?" "By measuring it." "How can you ascertain the length of a sound?" "By measuring it."

"Can you measure the length of a sound by the same means you would the length of the *black board*?" "No sir." "Why not?" No answer. "How did you know I was singing just now?" "We heard you." "Do you know or distinguish a black board by *hearing* it?" "No sir; by *seeing* it." "Well, that is the reason why the length of a sound and of a black board cannot be measured in the same way; the board we *see* and handle—the sound we only *hear*. Now I will tell you [you remark] how to measure the length of a sound: look through the glass in the clock there; you see the pendulum swing; it swings about once in a second; if I sound while that swings *ten times*, how long is the sound I make?" "Ten seconds." "What is a second?"—"The sixtieth part of a minute." "Well, is a minute a piece of a clock?" "No sir; it is so much *time*." "If I sing a sound one minute long, and another ten seconds long, which will be the longest?" "The minute." "Why?" "Because a minute is more time than ten seconds." We mean, then, when we say one sound is longer than another, that it takes more *time*; and one way to tell *how* long, is by looking at the pendulum. Now I will show you another way; it is by moving my hand so—down, up, down, up. The clock divides time into seconds, minutes, hours, &c.; but *this*, down, up, down, up, divides time into *measures*. This is *one measure*—down, up. Moving the hand so is called beating time; and *saying* down, up, down, up, is describing the beats." You then direct them to beat, while you describe, say two measures, and then ask, "How many measures did you beat?" "Two." You then remark, "Another way to divide time into measures, is by counting, thus—one, two, one, two, one, two. This is *one measure*—one, two." You then direct them to count one measure, which they do. "Listen to me; one, two, one, two—how many measures did I count?" "Two." "You count two measure;" which they do.

You next, for the purpose of realizing to them the true idea of "*measure*," and not for present use, count thus, "One, two, three; that is also a measure; is it like the others we have counted?" No sir; it is *longer*." "One, two, three, four; that is also a measure—like the others?" "No sir; longer." "One, two, one, two; how much time was that?" "Two measures." "One, two, three, one, two, three; how much time was that?" "Two measures." "Like the other?" "No sir; longer." "One, two, one; how much time was that?"—"One measure and a half." "One; how much that?" "One half of a measure." "One, two, three; how much that?" "One measure." "One, two, three, one; how much that?" "One measure and a third." You then direct them to *beat* the time again, while you describe down, up, &c., for a few measures; when at an "up" beat you bid them "*describe*," which they commence to do at the next "down" beat. After a few measures, you commence to sing, while they continue describing; after which you ask, "How many beats do you make in one measure?" "Two." "What did I sing when you said 'down'?" "La." "What did I sing when you said 'up'?" "La." "The sounds, then, we will say, were each *one beat* long." You then begin the exercise of beating and describing, just as before, and when

you sing, you sing *two la's* to a beat. "How many *la's* did I sing *first*, while you were saying 'down'?" "One." "How many did I sing *this time* at 'down'?" "Two." "How many at 'up'?" "Two." "How long were the two?" "One beat." "How long one of them?" "One half of a beat."

Thus you sing various lengths of sound, they making the measure; leaving it to a future exercise to require them to sing, perhaps—just according to their capacity and the length of the lessons. A class dealt with upon this plan, will be in no more danger of confounding a "*measure*" of time with its *sign*, than my child will be, when she learns to read, of confounding the word "*pa*" with the *person* she is accustomed to address it to. Leaving you and your readers to infer as best you may what are my ideas of the "Pestalozzian system," I will close an already too long communication, with saying, that were I to write a "book" upon the subject, it would contain no more than is here written. Yours, T.

GENTLEMEN—Our musical world here is in the same state of steady excitement as when I penned my last. The "bright particular stars," Herz, De Meyer, Sivori, Burke, are no longer here, but the regular concerts go off well, and great musical enthusiasm prevails. The Philharmonic Society is preparing for a series of brilliant entertainments; the usual number of secular concerts, the Misses Bramson, the Masters Bullock, and the Hutchinsons, attract decided attention and full houses; the Sacred Music Society gives occasionally an oratorio; and the American Musical Institute is energetically engaged in getting up some of the finest performances ever given in this country. The former have lately given "Mount Sinai," and are soon to give "David," and a series of several others; the latter have lately given Spohr's "Last Judgment" and the "Lobseggang" of Mendelssohn, and are now rehearsing "The Seven Sleepers." Among their series for the winter, they intend giving the "Judas Macabæus" of Handel.

The musical men of our city are deeply engrossed in the fall business of their calling, and of those who are not immediately engaged in concert-giving, we hear little. Several musical works are preparing, the only one of which I can speak definitely is a compendium of Warner's "Rudimental Lessons," in which the author is preparing to afford young pupils the advantages of studying his method of treating musical signs, by a process still more simple than in the larger work. Rumor also hath it, that a certain oratorio, named "St. John in Patmos," is to come off here if it is ever written, as we somewhat suspect it will not be, for the present season, at least. The author is strongly suspected of writing in fugues, and of following Handel very closely in his treatment of subjects; and if this be the case, we doubt not he will be long in coming sufficiently near to his great ideal to make the bringing out of his work an object with him, as his own well known modesty will lead him to shrink from a comparison with the least of European artists, and he deems it a fully admitted fact, that no American ever excels, except in the making of wooden nutmegs and broom-corn blooms.

An Italian opera company are said to be on their way hither, to be directed by that fine musician and most amiable man, our fellow citizen, Michelo Baseth. Several private entertainments are projected for the winter; among the rest, a clergyman of high standing and fine musical talents intends giving a series of quartette concerts at home.

Yours truly, ASAHEL ABBOT.

13 Wooster street, New York, Dec. 12, 1846.

## PITCHER PRESENTATION.

**MUSERS. EDITORS**—I had the pleasure, a short time since, of seeing a handsome SILVER PITCHER, which was presented by the members of the choir of the South Church in Ipswich, (Rev. Mr. Fitz's,) to Mr. GEORGE R. LORD, the leader. This gentleman has devoted himself, with energy and zeal, for several years, to the interests of the choir; and I have rarely heard better music than that produced by this choir, which proficiency is, in a great degree, owing to the untiring exertions of Mr. Lord. As the leader's services in this choir are gratuitous, it appeared to me as a very commendable manner of acknowledging the value of his services, to make him some present; and I wish that the instance may serve as an example to other choirs. ☞

Our principal recollections of Rosseau point him out as the man who was not asked, "whether birds confabulate or no," who composed "Days of Absence," who failed to show that melody was better than harmony, and who sent his children to the alms-house, to avoid the care of them. His townsmen seem to retain considerable regard for him, especially as the author of *Emil*.

Every two or three years, a Rosseau festival is held in Geneva. It is interesting, as well as affecting. A number of children of both sexes assemble on the border of the lake. They are dressed in picturesque costume, wear shepherdess hats, crowns, and garlands, and are guided by elegant young ladies to Rosseau's house, where they sing, chant, &c. The same ceremony takes place at his statue, which, by the way, stands over the very spot where, eighty-three years since, his celebrated work, "Emil," was burned by the common hangman.—*Allgemeine Zeitung*.

Henry Phillips recently gave a concert to a crowded audience in Liverpool, at which he sang many of his popular songs, and particularly delighted his hearers by a racy description of "yankee inquisitiveness."

## CONCERTS.

The London World says of Jullien's concerts, "On Monday night 'The Army Quadrilles' were performed for the first time, with the four military bands added to the orchestra. A more terrible effect we never heard produced within or without the walls of a theatre. The music involves a thousand particulars of natural phenomena and military life, and describes them with graphic volubility. The rising of the sun, the coming of the night, the advance of an army, the sound of victory, the cries of wounded men, the exultation of the unhurt, the clashing of swords, the beating of drums, the despair of retreaters, the command of the captains, the roaring of cannons, the sheathing of weapons, the firing of bayonets, the bellowing of eager hosts, and a million other matters too numerous to indite, were shadowed forth in the compass of this quadrille."

Henry Russell is performing in Dublin, as are also the Ethiopian serenaders, who seem to meet with surprising success.

A Liverpool paper complains of Dempster, for singing "Warren's Death on Bunker Hill," at one of his concerts in that city. Thinks such a song not suitable for a British audience.

A London paper says of De Meyer's concerts, "To judge by the American papers, the career of Leopold De Meyer in the United States has been a 'blaze of triumph.' Beginning with a spark, it has been puffed

into a furnace, and will, we have little doubt, grow into a volcano ere the 'lion pianist' shall have achieved his mission, that of thoroughly humbugging a nation, the chief element of whose character is humbug. That De Meyer may effect that, we wish as heartily as he can wish himself."

The American Musical Institute gave a secular concert in the Tabernacle, New York, Dec. 18, on which occasion Miss Clara M. Rolph made her debut. This society also held a musical festival, continuing the whole of Christmas week. The performances were, on Monday evening, Dec. 21, Spohr's oratorio of the Last Judgment. Tuesday evening, instrumental concert; solos by some of the first artists. Wednesday evening, Lowe's oratorio of the Seven Sleepers. Thursday evening, Hayden's oratorio of the Seasons. Friday evening, Christmas night jubilee, with full orchestra. Saturday evening, grand final concert, to close the festival. Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Mr. Frazer, were among the solo performers. Mr. George Loder conducted the performances. Mr. H. C. Timm presided at the organ and piano.

The Philadelphia Musical Fund Society gave their first concert for the season Dec. 22. Beethoven's third symphony, (usually called "the heroic,") Overture to Oberon, by Weber, and the overture to Shakespeare's Midsummer's Night Dream, by Mendelssohn, were among the pieces performed. Henri Herz took part in this concert, and performed a concerto in three parts, and a theme with variations and orchestral accompaniments. Signora Pico also appeared, and sang two of her songs.

The Hutchinsons have given six concerts in Philadelphia. Sivori gave two performances in Baltimore, on his way to Washington.

The St. George Charitable Society, in New York, gave a "musical festival" in aid of the funds of the society, Dec. 28. Mrs. E. Loder, Miss Northall, Madame Ablamowicz, Herr Dorn, H. C. Timm, and Geo. Loder, were the principal performers.

We were in error in saying that Henri Herz gave his first concert in Boston Dec. 14. He accidentally cut his hand, and was obliged to postpone his concert to the 17th. On the latter evening there was a severe snow-storm, and the Melodeon was by no means crowded to hear the celebrated performer. On the evening of the 19th, he performed again at the Tremont Temple, having an audience of perhaps nine hundred. The best description of Mr. Herz's playing we can give, is to say that he is a *pretty* performer. There is none of the "dashing" about him, which characterises De Meyer's playing, and, indeed, he is not, by far, the pianist that De Meyer is. His playing is not *deep*, nor does it abound in expression, but it is *pretty*, "musical box" like. His fingering is very graceful, the tones being all produced by the movement of the fingers alone, except in the full chords, where he uses, of course, the wrist, and occasionally the arm. The pieces which Mr. H. performs are not above the comprehension of common concert-goers; on this account, if on no other, we should suppose his performances would be popular.

The third concert of the season by the Boston Academy of Music, took place at the Melodeon, on Saturday evening, Dec. 26. PART 1.—1, Overture, "Nero," orchestra, Reissiger. 2, Solo, clarinet, by Mr. Groenveldt, with piano forte accompaniment by Mr. Webb. 3, Overture, "Fille du Regiment," orchestra, Donizetti. 4, Solo, violin, by Mr. Keyzer, with piano forte accompaniment by Mr. Webb. 5, Overture, "Zanetta," orches-

tra, Auber. PART II.—"Sinfonia Passionala," a prize symphony, by Fr. Lachner—1, introduction, andante; 2, allegro; 3, andante, con moto; 4, minuetto and trio; 5, finale, allegro. A prize was awarded to this symphony, (in preference to fifty-six others, which were offered in competition,) after a careful examination by seven distinguished professors, and the composition has been performed with great success at the "concerts spirituelles," in Vienna, at Paris, and other cities of Europe. This was its first performance in this country.

The Philadelphia Sacred Music Society performed the Seven Sleepers, Dec. 29, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Mr. Frazer. This society advertise as in preparation, the "Oratorio of Columbus," being a description of the sailing and voyage of Columbus, and the discovery of America. Signor Noronha is the composer.

Herz gave a concert in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, Dec. 26. His advertisement was headed, "The last concert but one, previous to Mr. Herz's departure for Havana."

The Tremont Vocalists gave a concert in the Melodeon, Boston, Dec. 28.

The Boston Philharmonic Society were to give their second concert on Saturday evening, Jan. 2, assisted by Henri Herz.

We notice an interesting programme of a concert to be given at Pittsfield, Mass., under the direction of Col. Asa Burr. Miss Anna Stone was to be present.

**ENCOURAGING TO NEWSPAPER AGENTS.**—A new article has of late been discovered in Maine, called the "American metallic lustre," which seems to be unequalled for cleaning and polishing metals. Its discovery, as related by the Maine Farmer, was on this wise: A young man from Boston, who had paid considerable attention to geology and chemistry, was traveling for the purpose of obtaining subscribers to a newspaper, when, passing through the town of Newfield, he noticed some bricks of a very peculiar color. He traced up the bricks to their clay bed, and purchased the farm on which it was situated, for which he paid fifteen hundred dollars, went to Boston, and sold half of it for four thousand dollars. Verily, knowledge is better than strength.

Since I have known God in a saving manner, painting, poetry, and music, have charms unknown to me before. I have received what I suppose is a taste for them; for religion has refined my mind, and made it susceptible of impressions from the sublime and beautiful. O, how religion secures the heightened enjoyment of those pleasures which keep so many from God, by their becoming a source of pride.—H. MARTYN.

## CHORUS BOOK.

**THE BOSTON ACADEMY'S COLLECTION OF CHORUSES**, for efficient musical societies, for sale by GEO. F. REED.

## GLEE BOOK.

**THE BOSTON GLEE BOOK**: this popular work, for the use of societies, as well as individual singers, for sale by JENKS & PALMER.

## CHURCH MUSIC.

**THE PSALTERY**, being the new collection of Church Music, by L. Mason and G. J. Webb, is published by WILKINS, CARTER & CO., under the sanction and approbation of the Boston Academy of Music, and the Handel and Hayden Society. Besides the large amount of other new music which this collection contains, it is enriched with a large number of new and fine tunes by Mr. Charles Zenner. The extensive introduction which the Psalterry has obtained in all parts of the United States, in the short time which has elapsed since its first appearance, may be mentioned as a further and conclusive evidence of the merits of the work. The Psalterry will be found a suitable companion to those popular works, the Boston Academy's Collection, and Cantata Sacra.

Arranged antiphonally.  
1st choir.  
Soprano.

# THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PERFECT PEACE.

ASAHEL ABBOT.

2d choir. Tutti. 1st choir.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee. Thou wilt keep him

1st Tenor.

Thou wilt keep him, Thou wilt

2d Tenor & Bass.

Tutti. 1st choir. 2d choir.

Thou wilt keep him, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace. Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace. Thou wilt

keep him, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace. Thou wilt keep him in per - fect, per - fect peace. Thou wilt keep him in

Tutti.

keep him in per - fect peace, be - cause he trusteth, trusteth in thee, because he trusteth in thee, he trusteth in thee,

keep him in perfect peace, because he trusteth in thee, he trusteth in thee, because he trusteth in thee, he trust - eth in thee,

per - fect, perfect peace, because he trusteth in thee, he trusteth in thee, he trusteth in thee, he trusteth in thee, because he

per - fect, perfect peace - - - in - - - peace, in - - - perfect peace, because he

he trust - eth in thee, because he trust - eth, he trust - eth in thee - - -

he trust - eth in thee, he trusteth in thee, because he trust - eth in thee - - -

trust - eth in thee, he trust - eth in thee, because he trusteth in thee, because he trust - eth in thee

**FIRMAMENT. S. M.**

H. V. B., Portland.

Be - hold! the lofty sky De - clares its Maker God; And all his star - ry works on high, - And

**BROOKLINE, 12s & 11s.**

Words by MRS. EDMUNDS.

CHAS. SPRING, Brighton.

all his star - ry works on high, Pro - claim his power a - broad. O praise ye the Lord for his mercies abounding. That

drop on our pathway like dews from above; O praise ye the Lord, in his mercy surrounding The land that we cherish with gifts of his love.

**MAVDEEN. 6s and 7s.**

NEUKOMM.

1. Angels, assist to sing The honors of your God; Touch every tuneful string. And sound his name abroad; Pour the trembling notes along; Swell the grand, immortal song.  
2. And ye of meener birth, Your joyful voices raise; Inhab - i - tants of earth, Your great Redeemer praise. Let your loud hosanna rise; Shake the earth, and pierce the skies.  
3. Let day and dusky night In solemn order join, His praises to re - cite, And speak his power divine. Every hill and every vale, Echo with the sacred tale.  
4. Ye winds and raging seas, With wild tempe-tuous roar Resound in mightier lays, His name from shore to shore Thunders, spread his name abroad, Lightnings, flash before  
5. Let every creature sing The honors of our God; Touch every tuneful string, And spread his praise abroad. Pour the trembling notes along; Swell the universal song. [your God]

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## Miscellaneous.

### MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

No energetic measures were taken to introduce music among the masses, and into common schools, until the year 1840. During that year, vigorous exertions were made to have it introduced as a branch of common school education. The following extract is from "the report of the committee of council on education."

"The information derived from the inspectors of schools, and from various other sources, had made the committee of council acquainted with the fact, that vocal music has been successfully cultivated in comparatively few of the elementary schools of Great Britain. In the Sunday schools of great towns, the children have commonly been taught to sing, in an imperfect manner, certain of the psalm and hymn tunes used in divine worship. These tunes are learned, only by imitation, from persons of little or no musical skill, and are therefore generally sung incorrectly and without taste. Thus the children acquire no power of further self-instruction, and little or no desire to know more of music. Notwithstanding these obvious imperfections, the children and young men and women employed in the manufactories of large towns commonly sing, during the hours of labor, the psalms and hymns they had learned in the Sunday schools.

In the infant school's, singing forms one of the chief features of the instruction and discipline. It is, however, to be regretted that airs have frequently been selected for infant schools altogether unsuitable to very young children. The words commonly sung are rather foolish than simple, and fantastic than sprightly. The infant school has, therefore, done little or nothing for the improvement of the taste, or for the general diffusion of skill in vocal music in this country.

Though vocal music has hitherto been comparatively neglected in the children's schools of England, there is sufficient evidence that the natural genius of the people would reward a careful cultivation. In the northern counties of England, choral singing has long formed the chief rational amusement of the manufacturing population. The weavers of Lancashire and Yorkshire have been famed for their acquaintance with the great works of Handel and Hayden, with the part-music of the old English school, and the admirable old English songs, the music of which it is desirable to restore to common use.

The manufacturing population of Norfolk, in like manner, has shown taste in the cultivation of vocal music, and has rendered service in the production of the oratorios sung at the festivals for which Norwich has been celebrated. Similar evidences of the native genius of the people are scattered over different parts of England. Among the lower portion of the middle classes, the formation and rapid success of choral and harmonic societies, is one of the most pleasing characteristics of the recent improvement of the class of apprentices, foremen, and attendants in shops, who, a century ago, were (especially in the metropolis,) privileged outlaws in society.

The chief reasons why singing has not been cultivated to a greater extent among the lower orders in Great Britain, consist in the too general neglect of elementary education, and in the fact, that vocal music has not been reckoned among the necessary subjects of the education of the poorer classes in this country.

Vocal music, as a means of expression, is by no means an unimportant element in civilization. One of the chief characteristics of public worship, ought to be the extent to which the congregation unite in those solemn psalms of prayer and praise which, particularly in the Lutheran churches of Germany and Holland, appear the utterance of one harmonious voice. One of the chief means of diffusing through the people national sentiments, is afforded by songs which embody and express the hopes of industry and the comforts and contentment of household life; and which preserve for the peasant the traditions of his country's triumphs, and inspire him with confidence in her greatness and strength.

A nation without innocent amusements is commonly demoralized. Amusements which wean the people from vicious indulgences, are in themselves a great advantage; they contribute indirectly to the increase of domestic comfort, and promote the contentment of the artisan. Next in importance are those which, like the athletic games, tend to develop the national strength and energy; but the most important are such as diffuse sentiments by which the honor and prosperity of the country may be promoted. The national legends, frequently embodied in songs, are the peasant's chief source of that national feeling which other ranks derive from a more extensive acquaintance with history. The songs of any people may be regarded as important means of forming an industrious, brave, loyal, and religious, working class.

Every schoolmaster of a rural parish ought to instruct the children in vocal music, and to be capable of conducting a singing class among the young men and women. The instruction, if communicated would enable him, with such encouragement as he might receive from the clergyman, to form a respectable vocal choir for the village church. This, in itself, would tend to increase the attendance on divine worship among the uneducated, and would spread an interest in the services of religion, which might prove the first step to more important benefits. A relish for such pursuits would in itself be an advance in civilization, as it would doubtless prove in time the means of weaning the population from debasing pleasures, and would associate their amusements with their duties."

### SINGING SCHOOL FOR SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Among the means first adopted to introduce music into common schools in London, was a singing school for school teachers, established with the approbation of the council on education. We have a copy of the prospectus, published on the commencement of this school, and from it make a few extracts:

"In those countries where the education of the people has received the greatest attention, instruction in singing has long been regarded as an important branch of school discipline. The sentiments appropriate to childhood and youth find expression in the music taught in elementary schools; and lessons calculated to make a deep impression on the character of the children, and to influence their future conduct, are linked with the most pleasing associations, in the songs sung in the schools of Germany and Switzerland. The religious duties of the school are rendered much more impressive where simple but solemn music forms a part of the exercises.

In this country, of late years, the importance of teaching vocal music in elementary schools has generally been acknowledged. It is now considered as an essential part of infant education, and is steadily making its way into other schools for the poor. The important and useful influence of vocal music on the manners and habits of individuals, and on the character of communities, few will be prepared to dispute. It is, however, satisfactory to know that the degrading habits of intoxication, which at one time characterized the poorer classes of Germany, are most remarkably diminished since the art of singing has become almost as common in that country as the power of speech—a humanizing result attributable to the excellent elementary schools of many of the states of Germany.

The elevation of the national taste must depend on the general cultivation of those arts which are accessible to the mass. If other considerations were necessary to prove the utility of cultivating vocal music, it might be sufficient to advert to the almost invariable inefficiency of the music which forms a prominent part of the services of the church, and of all public worship, but which is frequently so performed as to offend the most unpracticed ear, and almost always without the solemnity which would arise from more general taste and skill.

In some parts of the continent, more especially in Germany, music (both vocal and instrumental) has been so long and successfully practiced among all classes, that we are accustomed to regard it as the spontaneous growth of some native peculiarity of the people, rather than a result of continued and skillful cultivation. Regarded in this light, the musical excellence of the Germans would scarcely operate as an encouragement to our less musical countrymen; but among the French, a people with the least possible claim to a high musical organization, instruction in vocal music has recently made such remarkable progress, that the friends of elementary education are strongly interested to inquire by what means this has been effected, and whether they are applicable to elementary schools in this country."

"Methods are of little worth, unless put in operation by skillful and zealous teachers; and little progress can be made in the diffusion of a knowledge of music, in

elementary schools, until the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses themselves possess at least knowledge sufficient not only to second the efforts of occasional instructors, where their assistance can be obtained, but also to supply the want of that assistance, wherever it is not accessible.

In order, therefore, that the scholar may be taught, it is necessary *first to teach the teacher*; and for this object the 'Singing School for Schoolmasters' has been opened in Exeter Hall.

The instruction in this school is strictly confined to vocal music, on the method approved by the committee of council on education. The classes are conducted by Mr. Hullah; they consist entirely of persons engaged in elementary education, either in day schools, Sunday schools, or evening schools; and the course of lessons is so arranged as not only to impart to those who compose the classes such a knowledge of the theory of music as is necessary for the art of singing, but especially to enable them to turn their acquirements to account by teaching on the week days whatever they may have been taught themselves, or by enabling them to conduct with greater skill the sacred music of the Sunday school or public worship.

It is believed that there is no lack of teachers influenced by the laudable desire to improve themselves and their schools; but some may hesitate to enrol themselves members of a singing class, under an idea that they possess 'no voice,' or 'no ear.' This apprehension has, however, seldom or never any foundation. Such persons must be informed, that every individual, in a state of average bodily health, is capable of producing musical sounds, unless the vocal organ has been the subject of some specific disease. Persons who cannot discriminate one musical passage from another, are very rare exceptions to a general rule. 'Every ear,' says an ingenious writer on this subject, 'in a healthy state, is a musical ear; no voice, means a voice never exercised; no ear, means an ear whose power of attention has never been trained.' Frequent and well-directed practice will mend the least tuneful voice; and attention to the correct intonation of others will improve the most obstinate ear. A large body of voices, however uncultivated, is seldom materially out of tune; persons with good ears are seldom misled by the incorrect intonation of those who have bad ears; and the latter invariably, though perhaps imperceptibly, approximate the correctness of the former."

"The first class of the singing school was opened on the 1st of February, 1841. The lessons commence at 6 p. m. exactly, and terminate at 7, every Monday and Thursday.

The second class was opened on the 2d of March. The lessons commence at a quarter past 7 exactly, and terminate at a quarter past 8, every Monday and Thursday.

The third class was opened on the 22d of March. The lessons commence at half past 8 exactly, and terminate at half past nine, every Monday and Thursday.

To these three classes none are admitted but schoolmasters—male persons engaged in elementary instruction.

The first class of schoolmistresses was opened on the 24th of March. The lessons commence at half past 5 exactly, and terminate at half past 6, every Wednesday and Saturday. To this class none are admitted but schoolmistresses—females engaged in elementary instruction.

The members of all the classes are required to give

very regular and punctual attendance; and any one who may fail to be present at the appointed hour, on more than one successive evening, without assigning a satisfactory reason, will be considered as having withdrawn from the class.

The members are required to undertake that they will not attempt to teach the method in any school until they shall have received from Mr. Hullah a certificate of competency. Certificates of skill will also be given to such members as shall become skillful.

Every member, on admission, has the loan of a manual, for study in leisure hours.

Members of each class of schoolmasters have the privilege of attending the lessons of each other class of schoolmasters, on condition that they remain at the further end of the room, preserve silence, and make no part in the lessons.

On certain occasions it is considered expedient that more classes than one should meet at the same hour.

The terms of admission to the singing school are as follows: for the whole course of sixty nights, 15s. each member, paid in advance; or, if monthly payments should be preferred, then 2s. 6d. for each month, to be also paid in advance.

The liberality of many of the most distinguished friends of elementary education, whose subscriptions have provided for the chief expenses of the school, has made it possible to offer the course of instruction upon these terms, which are so low as to be merely nominal: it is hoped that they will be within the reach of all those for whom it is designed."

**BEAUTIFUL SWISS CUSTOM.**—It was formerly the usage of the Swiss peasantry to watch the setting sun, until he had left the valleys and was sinking behind the ever snow-clad mountains, when the mountaineers would seize their horns, and sing through the instruments, "Praise the Lord." This was caught up from Alp to Alp by the descendants of Tell, and repeated until it reached the valleys below. A solemn silence then ensued, until the last trace of the sun disappeared, when the herdsman on the top sung out, "Good night," which was repeated as before, until every one had retired to his resting place.

The Swedish mountaineers, since the days of the great Gustavus, have been extravagantly fond of music. The female mountaineers blow on an instrument called a *lar*, a sort of long trumpet, sometimes *several* feet in length. Its sound is strong, and at the same time sharp, yet by no means unpleasant. When supported by one and played on by another, it presents a very odd appearance, and may be heard at a very great distance.

From the Lowell (Mass.) Journal.

### THE ORGAN IN KIRK STREET CHURCH.

A very excellent toned instrument has just been set up in Rev. Mr. Blanchard's church, Kirk street, containing 1200 pipes, and of the following dimensions, viz: 18 feet high, 12 feet wide, 9 feet deep; in a very beautiful Grecian case, painted in imitation of rose-wood; gilt speaking pipes in front, and circular towers at the front corners, with rich carved ornaments, and of a different style of finish from any in this city. The organ has 27 registers or draw stops, viz:

The great organ has 1st open diapason (all metal); 2d open diapason; stop diapason, base and treble; principal; dulciana; flute; 12th; 15th; sesquialtera; clarabella; cremona; sub-base, CCC—the largest pipe of which is 16 feet in length. The swell organ contains:

open diapason; stop diapason; double stop diapason; principal; dulciana; flute; hautboy; cornet; viola; choir base; stop diapason base. Also, a coupling stop to connect great organ with swell, tremulant for minor passages, improved German pedals and shifting movements, &c.

The largest pipe in 1st open diapason, (all of metal) weighs over one hundred and fifty pounds; the cost of this stop alone, fifty-nine pipes, is \$150; the weight upon the bellows four hundred pounds, and the whole organ weighs nearly five tons.

This superb organ was built by Mr. Geo. Stevens, of East Cambridge, is one of the best instruments he has ever manufactured, and contains the greatest power, largest number of pipes, stops, &c., of any ever constructed in this country, with two banks of keys. The tones of the diapasons and the full organ are grand and majestic, while the solo stops are of the utmost sweetness and delicacy, all well balanced throughout, no stop preponderating over the others, but each doing its part to fill up the rich harmony of the whole. Other specimens of Mr. Stevens's workmanship in Lowell, are to be found in the first universalist church, Central street; St. Peter's church, Gorhams street; John street church, John street; first congregational church, Merrimack street; third universalist church, corner of Central and Merrimack streets; High street church, Belvidere—all excellent toned instruments, and worthy to be referred to by any church or society desirous of obtaining a good instrument.

**ABSTRACTION OF A MUSICIAN.**—Dr. Morell, who furnished Handel with the poetry of his oratorios, related that "one fine summer morning he (Dr. M.) was roused out of his bed at five o'clock by Handel, who came in his carriage a short distance from London. The doctor went to the window, and spoke to Handel, who would not leave his carriage. Handel was at that time composing an oratorio. When the doctor asked him what he wanted, he said, 'What de devil means the word, billow?' which was in the oratorio the doctor had written for him. The doctor, after laughing at so ridiculous a reason for disturbing him, told him that billow meant a wave of the sea. 'Oh, de rave,' said Handel, and bade the coachman return, without addressing another word to the doctor."—*Maidstone Gaz.*

### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN EUROPE.

NUMBER TEN, AND LAST.

There is much "unwritten music" in life. One whose ideas dwell much on melody and harmony may hear many an air amid its mingled scenes, and in the vicissitudes of his own being, behold a symphony more strange, more complicated than the compositions of Beethoven. How do the hours in childhood glide on, in one uninterrupted, flowing strain, scarcely varied by a discord, scarcely broken in its sweetness by a rest or pause. Listen, and enjoy. Are the chords too simple? Do you like aught sterner and firmer? Well, then, can you think deeply? Have you the second sight of dreams, or in this inner music can you hear something which is still more secret—a part, but not of it? The harmonies—there are many angel voices singing above and around us. They belong to life, they are sweet influences from heaven. And again, hearken to the deep, unchangeable, solemn bass of destiny. No existence is without it, and the being of a child is a real, a momentous, a beautiful, still an awful thing, a complete component of the full harmony of God's purposes.



But soon the key changes, and with varied and somewhat deep modulation, a new movement is introduced. The child is a youth. The current of light thought is often interrupted, new and grave ideas intrude, and the theme gives signs of its coming. An introduction may not last too long, and those sweet, gentle airs, which were in unison with heaven, must be brought to a close. In what form shall the composition proceed? Be careful that it contain nothing frivolous, that its march be such as to delight the ear at its close. Listen! there is still an accompaniment from the spirit land. Still the watchers and the helpers sing, to our ears faintly, as in the distance, and still come up the voices of the waves of the river of Time, and now, far away, reply the breakers of that dark ocean to which they hasten. And as we glide onward and downward, new harmonies are heard on every hand, till salt breezes blow upon us, and the lights of life grow dim in the unwonted atmosphere. Then what was faint becomes distinct, and the tones of eternity increase and are clearly audible, while those which are finite lose their power, and diminish, and fade, and are silent.

There is much in this world to occupy thought, and he who has a soul for it, may ever have something before him to interest or amuse.

Nature is an artist, and on a great scale. Every day shows multitudes of paintings from its master hand, and he who goes among mankind has no need of the drama or the opera—they are continually before him.

I love to wander forth at eventides or in the morning, or even in the glare of noonday. Each has its appropriate thoughts, its melodies, its key and character. When the rain beats, and the wind roars, it is not unpleasant, nor when autumn blasts shake down leaves to deck the flowers until their resurrection. And when some strange or sad event throws its own hue over a day and its fancies, their memory, though melancholy, is not unpleasant. Thus I sometimes think of an event, and its attendant feelings, in old Teutonia. If my simple recital does not move your spirit, it is because I have not skill to play upon heart strings, not that there was lack of musical power in the thing itself.

One February morning, as I passed  
Without the gates, and paced long, devious walks,  
Bordered by pine and fir, and leafless shrubs  
Which once were green and beautiful, and now  
But waiting for the spring, I marked  
The sky, and sun, and air, and thought how like  
A troubled life the scene. Lo, now,  
How warm and bright; the very birds rejoice,  
Leap gladly in their covert, call aloud  
On sun and breeze to hasten on the flowers.  
Anon, a cloud rushed forth. In dusky night  
It whelmed day's radiance, while its fleecy wings  
Brushed north and south, and swaying down to earth,  
It sent a countless host, small, snowy flakes,  
Assailing leagues at once. Alas! ye birds,  
Why dreamed ye of the summer? Bleak, and drear,  
And sorrowful, the fields in still despair  
Bow at stern Nature's bidding. Haste, away,  
To genial climes, fair songsters—stay, again  
'Tis spring and sunshine; cloud and snow are gone,  
Far to the east careering. Wonderful!  
The birds resume their song, and with it now,  
Mysterious music; list, my soul! From far  
Its heavenly breathings mid the blue serene.

"Thou haste, O mortal,  
Sorrow and pain,  
Thou sendest heaven  
Pleasure again.  
Faint not and fear not,  
Hope when you fail,  
Ever remember  
God over all."

One cloud is over,  
Still one is near;  
Death soon approaching,  
Meet him in cheer.  
Life, like a tempest,  
Shrouded in night;  
Death, like the morning,  
Heralds delight."

I love this spirit-music. Birds, and trees,  
And misty messengers on high, have tongues,  
And speak nought ill nor hurtful. So, my lyre,  
Be thou as pure, and seek the better part,  
To raise and bless mankind. Or bad or good  
Thy fortune here, thy fame is sure above.

Alas! the morning had a meaning then; a man  
I saw was dead! Yet old and full of years  
Was he, and why not die? Ah, well,  
'Tis always sad to know a man is gone,  
We think not why nor wherefore. List,  
My friend, perhaps you never heard  
The way of burying here. Wouldst see the funeral?

"Lover of pleasure,  
List to the knell.  
Mournful the music;  
Treasurer it well.  
Death hath a lesson,  
Death hath a voice,  
Bidding each earth-son  
Weep or rejoice."

Response and prayer were said, and out they bore  
The dead; and on the last sad way,  
That ends earth's troubles and its journeyings,  
Began his passage in the funeral car,  
The weary pilgrim. Four-score years and ten  
Had marked his brow and hair. 'T was time for him.  
A little band went with him; not the ones,  
His friends of former years; long dead were they  
And waiting for their comrade, in the tomb.  
Nor yet his wife, for she had gone before.  
Nor yet his family; 't was well.  
'Tis sad to see the form we used to love  
Consigned to kindred dust. The soul  
Has flown away, and as its tenement,  
All lonely and decaying, meets the eye,  
We shrink away, and rather train the mind  
To think on him that was, not this that is.  
So friends should spare bereaved ones too much sight  
Of what is not the lost. But come,  
Ye thoughtless and ye gay, and mark  
How ends the body that ye worship so,  
And think, where goes the spirit, when it breaks  
Its earthly bonds, no more akin to dust.

Thus marched our company to do death homage.  
Before was borne a gilded crucifix;  
Upon a staff upraised, all veiled and dark,  
His gloomy banner. Then a priest  
And incense-bearer walked, and next the hearse.  
Then followed men with measured gait, the paid,  
Accustomed helpers at the bier and grave.  
Then came a friend or two, and, last,  
A single carriage; just enough the show  
To cause a playful boy to turn aside,  
And cast a glance or two, and play again.  
The day was cold and clear. Afar and near  
The snow gleamed brightly from each level field,  
And creaked beneath the hearse wheels, as we trod  
Along the pathway to the "court of peace"—  
'T is thus they call it here. Toward the west,  
Seven graves stood ready for the week's account  
Of Death's dues from the city. By the first  
The bearers paused; and every head was bare  
While solemnly arose the funeral prayer.  
With loud response, the service for the dead  
Was chanted by the priest. In name of God  
The Father, Son, and Spirit, holy water  
Was strewn into the grave, that peacefully  
The dead might rest, and never rise, again  
To walk the troubled confines of the earth.  
A cloud of incense perfumed all the air,  
And made mild winter's roughness. Then again

The voice of prayer and holy benediction. Last,  
Some rattling soil was heaped upon the hearse  
That held its brother clay; a narrow house,  
But wide enough for him. Two tender plants  
Were planted o'er his head; too weak  
They were, and died ere aught was gone.

And there we left him sleeping; and as home  
We wandered, sad and slow, we met a train,  
Who bore a gentle maiden home. Thus young,  
And old, and middle aged, lie down,  
Right close together in the all-sheltering earth,  
To rise together in eternity.

**A NEW ERA IN MUSIC.**—Professor Plumble, the celebrated photographer, is entitled to the everlasting gratitude of all lovers of song, for his recent improvement in the publication of new music, by which the price is reduced fifty per cent.

We have before us two original pieces, embellished in the highest style of the art, which are sold at the unprecedented low rate of 12 1-2 cents per sheet.

"Weep for the gallant dead," is the title of a new piece, embellished by a beautiful Plumbotype portrait of Col. Watson, which alone is worth treble the price asked for it. This new style of music is sold by the National Publishing Company, near the capitol—Washington (D. C.) Fountain.

**HENRI HERZ.**—The New York Albion, good authority in musical matters, speaks as follows of this great composer and artist:

"It is difficult to convey to our distant readers the effect that has been produced on the public mind by the wonderful efforts of Herz on the piano. All the usual terms fall short in giving any adequate idea of the impression produced on the audience by this wonderful man. No one ever believed that instrument could be made to speak so exquisitely, that tones so heavenly could be produced from inanimate matter. The hack-nied term, enthusiasm, gives no idea of the feeling excited in the listener; he is rapt in intense admiration, and the next moment melted to tears; and the conviction rushes to his mind, that he is enthralled by some unearthly melody, that comes not from human hands. The performance of Mr. Herz exceeds our power of description. It is a combination of the grand and the beautiful, which reaches every heart, and leads captive all our sensibilities and emotions, and enchains our adoration at the foot of the charmer. Truly the season of 1846 will be a memorable epoch in the annals of music in this hemisphere."

**INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.**—Napoleon, confessedly the most consummate commander that ever lifted the sword, who by his tactics out-generated all Europe, had a strict regard to the pieces of music which were played by the soldiery on particular occasions. Certain tunes were at times prohibited; others used only under peculiar circumstances; and others served for the final charge, retained, perhaps, only to be let loose with the reserved corps; and it is stated that in making the famous passage of the Alps, under circumstances the most appalling and dreadful, if the soldiers at any time hesitated in their march, he ordered the bugles to sound their liveliest notes, and if the obstacle was so great as to bring them to a dead halt, the whole band were ordered to peal forth the charge to battle, which never failed to bear them over the most formidable difficulties. Every individual has doubtless heard of the influence of "home music" on the Swiss soldiers, so touchingly alluded to by the poet.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, JANUARY 18, 1847.

As this number closes the first volume of the Gazette, it behooves us, after the manner of editors, to make a closing address to our readers, recounting our good deeds, confessing our faults, and making fair promises with regard to our future course. We commenced the publication of the Gazette, because we thought the cause of music imperatively called for such a periodical. Numerous attempts had been made to establish papers and magazines exclusively devoted to the subject of music, but all had failed, or become prostituted to the vilest purposes; and at the time we commenced the Gazette, not a musical periodical was published in the country, with the exception of the *World of Music*, at Chester, Vt. This, although a valuable paper, had not the locality to secure so extensive a circulation as such a periodical ought to have.

For a long time previous to the commencement of this volume, the friends of music in this vicinity, ourselves among the number, had been desirous of the establishment of a periodical to advocate the cause of church music and musical education, and had long searched in vain for some one to undertake such a work. All were pretty well satisfied that such a person never would be found, and that such a paper never would be established. We, ourselves, long entertained this opinion; but about the first of January of last year, the thought popped into our head, "Why cannot we edit such a work?" and almost as suddenly the resolution was formed—"We will start such a periodical forthwith." Three months previous to the appearance of our first number, had any one prophesied that we were destined to become an editor, we should have had as much faith in the prediction as of one who should tell us we are destined to be the next president of the United States. Up to the time of commencing the Gazette, we never had written a word for publication in our lives, and our occupation for the previous ten years had not been such as to enable us to hold the pen of a ready writer. Nevertheless, we felt that a musical periodical ought to be established, and we established one, and have carried it on, with what success our readers best know. Almost everybody discouraged us at the outset; but we have persevered, for we never cared much for the opinion of this "everybody."

We have had numerous enemies, who have placed every obstacle in our way they possibly could, and sundry puppies have kept up a continual barking at us from the time we first commenced our enterprise. How much notice we have taken of our various opponents, our readers well know; and as for puppies, who ever thinks of paying any attention to them? Why any one should oppose us, is a problem we cannot solve; but who ever tried to subserve the true interests of music, that did not meet with opposition? One would suppose that every one interested in this glorious art would rejoice at every effort made to diffuse light upon the subject; but it has long been evident to us, that there is a certain class concerned in musical operations who "hate the light," and oppose every effort for its diffusion, probably "lest their deeds should be reprov'd." Like Samuel of old, we deem it a matter for boasting, that we have injured no one, and have not sought to decry others for our own advancement, a virtue before almost unknown in musical periodicals in this country. Perfectly understanding the manœuvring and trickery used

in various quarters, to put down this man and raise up that, to spoil the sale of this book and promote the sale of that, we still have held our peace; and although our private interests are often interfered with by these despicable operations, we have taken no more notice of them than if they never existed. Selfish beings as we are, we surely deserve praise that we have not used the mighty influence of the press for the promotion of selfish interests.

We need not press upon the attention of those who commenced the volume with us, the fact that we were utterly "green" in editorial business; they probably found that out long since, and we trust they have made due allowance for it. Our editorial labors are performed at intervals of time squeezed out from our somewhat arduous professional duties, or stolen from hours that rightfully belong to Morpheus. We seldom think of the increased labor we have taken upon ourselves to perform, in assuming the charge of the Gazette, without recalling the anecdote of the Frenchman, who described rheumatism as being fitly represented by placing one's hand in a vise and screwing it up until it became impossible to endure any more pain. Then, said he, give it one screw more, "dat is the gout." We had as much as we could possibly do, before, but took the Gazette upon our shoulders, in addition.

With the close of the volume, we of course expect to bow some out of the circle of our subscribers. We have already had the pleasure, since the first of January, of bowing an unexpectedly large number in. For our new friends we will endeavor to do the honors in our next; but we can hardly bid a final farewell to those with whom we have held converse for the year past, without a parting word. The reason why you leave us we neither know nor desire to know; but we earnestly hope your withdrawal from the circle of our readers, is not an evidence that you intend relinquishing the cultivation of music. Martin Luther says, "Music is a beautiful and noble gift of God. I would not part with what little I know of it, for any consideration." We believe he meant what he said, and we are sure we would not part with what we know of this heavenly art for the wealth of John Jacob Astor. Music is a noble and a beautiful art. It cannot be too highly praised or esteemed, notwithstanding the low estimation in which it has unfortunately and strangely been held in this country in years past. None ever had a more just appreciation of its true value than the master spirit of the Reformation, whose opinion we have quoted. Few at the present day seem aware that in his hands it was a prime instrument in effecting that mighty movement. Luther says "I would fain give that beautiful and costly gift of God its due share of praise, but I find that its uses are so many and great, and it is so noble and exalted an art, that I do not know how I shall begin or end, nor can I think of any form or way to show how dear and how worthy of every man's praise it is. I am so overwhelmed with the rich fulness of the praise of this art, that I am not able to exalt or praise it enough; for who can say what could be said on this subject? If one would say or show all, still would he forget many things, and finally find it impossible to praise or exalt this noble art enough." Strong language this for an art, which our fathers ranked lower than drinking or gambling, and which is even now too generally considered at most an accomplishment of little or no value. Yet to our own mind, the language of Luther is not stronger than the merits of the subject demand. Whoever examines the marvelous texture (so to speak) of the

science of music, cannot but rank it with the most wonderful of the works of the Creator. There is surely nothing in the visible world which bears more certain signs of divine origin, of being the handiwork of Infinite Wisdom. Wherefore was it created, and given to man, but for his good? A volume could be filled with evidences of its benign influence upon the heart. It refines and disciplines the mind. To quote again from Luther, "It makes people softer and milder, more polite, and more rational." It is a delightful recreation from the cares of business and the troubles and trials of life. It is, indeed, almost the only social amusement which can be indulged in without sin, and which elevates, improves, and refines, instead of demoralizing the mind. Foremost among the fine arts, it is the only one that can be cultivated socially. While the painter and the sculptor must labor solitary and alone, a thousand may engage at the same time in the production of a work of musical art. Nor is its office merely to gratify and please. It is in itself a language by the medium of which emotions may be expressed which are far beyond the power of common language; and the tones of music often speak a language richer in meaning than any words can convey. In the sanctuary, it alone can raise the mind on devotion's lofty wing, and win the world-bewildered mind away from earthly cares, to praise His name, give thanks, and sing. Music, indeed, is the language of the sky, and

"When we in heaven's most holy temple come,  
Petition there shall cease and prayer be dumb;  
But praise, in accents more sublime and strong,  
Shall there commence her everlasting song."

Do not, then, we entreat of you, give up your interest in music, although you no longer receive our semi-monthly visits. Have you no time to attend to it? take time. Can you not afford it? beg of some one better off than yourself the means for indulging it; or go to the almshouse, they will not be so cruel as to entirely deprive you of music, even there. Do you love gold so well that you grudge the time and money you must devote to qualify yourself to enjoy this divine art? that gold will encase itself around your heart, and form a barrier which not music nor all the influence of the spiritual world can surmount. Depend upon it, this subject is of vastly more importance than most people are wont to consider it. There is not more of poetry than truth in Shakspeare's assertion, that "he that hath not music in his soul, is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils." If you would keep your heart free from such unclean spirits, neglect not an art, of which a great and good man has said, "When music's in, the devil's out."

If we have had upon our list any of that numerous class of professors of the musical art, who are, in their own estimation, far removed above the possibility of improvement, and therefore have no farther need of our paper, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass for humbly suggesting, whether this very supposed perfection is not proof positive of consummate ignorance? Mozart, the brightest luminary that ever beamed upon the musical world, said, upon his death-bed, that he felt as if he was only beginning to understand something of his art. Have you so far transcended him? But we have prolonged this "parting word" far beyond what we at first intended, and must, therefore, somewhat abruptly bid all who will see our face no more, a sincere and unfeigned adieu.

The three notes of the cricket are in B.

We have but few promises to make for the ensuing year. We did intend enlarging our paper, although we believe we have nowhere expressed that intention. All with whom we have consulted, however, have strongly advised us not to alter its size, and, indeed, we cannot, without destroying its adaptedness for music. Should occasion require it, we may sometimes add two or four pages, in the form of an extra, but paged to be bound with the paper. The next volume will contain many more practical articles than the present, particularly on church music, and musical education. We have had a year's experience, and have twenty fold the facilities for furnishing a useful and interesting paper, than we had at the commencement of this volume. We shall make strong efforts to furnish better and more useful music, as well as to increase the general interest of our columns, but how well we shall succeed, time must determine. We have made arrangements to devote more of our personal attention to the editorial department, so we shall at least be without one excuse of which we have availed ourselves in closing the present volume. We have no doubt that the interest and usefulness of the Gazette will be materially increased the coming year, and we will at least promise that no exertion on our part shall be wanting to make it so.

The index and title page for volume one will be forwarded with the next number.

The greatest obstacle to our obtaining a very much increased circulation, is the impossibility of sending agents to every part of the country. In small towns, as a matter of course, there are but few who are directly interested in music, and consequently the expense of an agent would soon swallow up even the gross receipts. Under these circumstances, we shall take it as a very great favor if our subscribers will take the trouble to mention the fact that we are about commencing a new volume, to such as are interested in music in their immediate neighborhoods. We would not ask this favor, if it was possible to hire any one to perform the service for us.

We must apologise for the different quality of paper on which the last two or three of our numbers have been printed. The streams have been so low that the paper mills have not been able to supply the demand. We could not get the usual quality, and were obliged to take as near it as possible. We shall guard against a recurrence of this difficulty.

#### FOREIGN ITEMS.

It is said that Meyerbeer intends to settle in Vienna. —Paganini's son, who inherited a great fortune, now appears in the saloons of Paris, with the title, Count Paganini. —Moscheles has removed to Leipsic, where he is appointed professor in the conservatory. —A singer, with the euphonious name of Pigall, is now a favorite with the Leipsic public. —Spontini has been sick, but is better. So is Habeneck. —A Mr. Mattau has invented a new instrument, and exhibited it in London. He calls it the "hydromattaphone." It somewhat resembles the harmonica.

It seems the article on "The Musical Bed" has at length circumnavigated the globe, and appears in the "Euterpe," published in Weissenfels, Prussia, from which paper it started about six years ago. We inserted it in our first number, and not a few papers copied it, announcing the thing as a new invention, sometimes

crediting it to "English paper," sometimes to "New York Mirror," and sometimes to nothing at all. We hallooed at them, but they would not stop. We gave notice to friends in Oregon and China to look out for it, and though we have not heard from them, expect to hear of its flying past, in the pride of its new attire. At any rate, there it is, at home again, and announced as coming from foreign parts. We'll give it a new start, and translate it, as we did at first, from Euterpe:

"Foreign papers speak of a curious invention, made, as they say, in Germany, in which music plays the principal part. It is a musical bed, so constructed, that when a person lies down upon it, a gentle melody from Auber is played, which continues long enough to lull the most wakeful to slumber. At any time you please to set a clock at the head of the bed, you are awakened by a march from Spontini, with drums and fifes, which could almost wake the dead."

Go!

T—, N. Y., December, 1846.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Strict order and decorum, in a singing school or choir meeting, is indispensable. Yet it is not always secured, even from those we expect will prove the most troublesome, by talking a great deal about it, as the following anecdote will show:

A teacher (an acquaintance of the writer,) was employed in a certain town in this state, to teach a singing school, which was to hold its meetings alternately in an old-fashioned church, and the hall of a tavern a few miles distant from the church. This tavern was kept by one of your clever, always-staid-at-home Dutchman, "all of the olden time." The first night the school met there, he was very fearful that "mine cheers, and mine penches, and mine vinders," would all "get proke." So he told the "meester," "I have lock up my par, and poot te key in my pauckel; so dey will not get crazy mit te liquor, and prake tings." The teacher told him that he need not do so, for he presumed not a person would drink, if "liquor" was offered them. But he seemed to understand his neighbors better than those not so well acquainted. So he replies, "If tey ton't pehave, te conshtable lives just here, and I will send for him." The exercises commenced; and our boniface took a seat near the black board; and but few motions, or marks made by the teacher, escaped his attention.

When "intermission" came, he rose and caught hold of the meester, exclaiming, with vehement rapidity, "I—I—I never seed so many of dese peoples keep so shill as de mouse pefore; a—a—a—and you not say nothing to 'em all de while yet!" There is a secret, to maintain good order, and yet but seldom if ever speak of it.

#### TRINITY CHURCH ORGAN, AT NEW YORK.

The Anglo American notices the completion of the Trinity Church organ, as follows:

"The great organ at Trinity Church, which was built under the immediate supervision of Dr. Edward Hodges, during a period of about four years, has been adjudged the most effective and best organ in the country. It is well worth the trouble of those from abroad, sojourning in the city, to make a visit to Trinity Church, and listen to the deep and solemn tones, mingled with the choir, produced from that wonderful instrument, under the fingering of Dr. Hodges, and to communicate with that gentleman for the purpose of obtaining plans, and securing his supervision over the erection of organs that may be required elsewhere."

We have seen an elegant drawing of the front elevation of the organ, which we should suppose would harmonize well with the exterior of the building. One of

our attentive New York correspondents gives us the following particulars:

The whole organ is built of oak. The height of the screen to the level of the floor of the organ loft is 14 feet 5 inches; above which the organ towers 38 feet: making a total elevation of nearly 53 feet.

The width of the organ front is 34 feet, and the width of the organ loft is 34 feet, affording abundant room for an effective choir. The gallery or organ loft is surrounded on three sides by latticed work, to a considerable altitude.

Simply to state the number of stops, and the number of pipes pertaining to each, can communicate no accurate information; for, as the magnitudes in descending the scale increase in geometrical progression, it may happen that a dozen pipes in one organ may require and occupy as much room as a thousand pipes in another, or in another part of the same instrument.

The length of the pipes vary from nearly thirty feet to less than one inch, and the diameters from three feet to the size of a small goose quill.

The organ consists of four distinct departments, having three banks of manual keys, and one of pedals, or keys for the feet. The manuals pertain to the swell, the great organ, and the choir organ, respectively. The swell is an organ of 4 feet; the choir organ, (seen in front, projecting from the gallery,) an 8 feet organ; the great organ, 16 feet; the pedal organ, 32 feet.

The stops are grouped right and left of the keys, and are here enumerated: 1, clarion; 2, trumpet; 3, hautboy; 4, stopped diapason; 5, double stopped diapason; 6, dulciana; 7, open diapason; 8, principal; 9, cornet (five ranks;); 10, great organ and swell at octaves; 11, do. do. unison; 12, great organ and choir at unison; 13, choir and swell at octaves; 14, pedals and choir organs; 15, choir and swell; 16, pedals and great organ, 16 feet; 17, do. do., 8 feet; 18, pedals and swell base; 19, pedals, 32 feet; 20, pedals, 16 feet; 21, double diapason; 22, bassoon (half stop); 23, clarinet (half stop); 24, stopped diapason; 25, dulciana; 26, principal; 27, flute; 28, 15th; 29, trumpet; 30, clarion; 31, sesquialtra (three ranks); 32, 12th; 33, mixture (three ranks;); 34, 15th; 35, large flate; 36, principal; 37, stopped diapason; 38, principal; 39, open diapason; 40, open diapason; 41, dulciana; 42, serpent; 43, wind.

The compass or extent of the organs, respectively, is as follows; of the swell, four octaves and a half, or fifty-four keys; of the choir organ, the same, although at an octave lower pitch, the latter ending at F in alt., the other at F in altissimo; of the great organ, five octaves and a half, or sixty-six keys; and of the pedals, two octaves, or twenty-five keys. In connection with this latter department, there is this peculiarity, that the stop consists of thirty-seven pipes, and can be drawn so as to play two octaves from 32 feet C, or two octaves from 16 feet upwards, or both together. The stops called "swelled base," are also, properly speaking, pedal stops, although they can be acted upon by the manual keys also, so as to afford a great variety of effect.

The number of pipes is now ascertained:

Swell,	13 ranks of 54 each,	702
Choir organ,	6 " 54 "	324
Great organ,	16 " 66 "	1056
Swell base,	2 " 25 "	50
Pedals,		37

Total number, 3169

The swell is constructed upon a plan first introduced in England—about twenty years ago—by Dr. Hodges, resembling in principle the ordinary refrigerator. It consists of three distinct boxes or cases, through each

of which (when closed) the sound has to pass ere it reaches the ear. This plan of the swell, it appears, was published by Dr. Hodges, in the "Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review," vol. 8, No. 32, 1826.

The number of coupling stops in the organ is almost, if not altogether, unprecedented, conducing to almost interminable varieties of combinations.—*Philadelphia Saturday Courier.*

MESSRS. JOHNSON—Enclosed is two dollars, one of which is for my own subscription to volume two. For the other I wish you to send the Gazette to Rev. ———, pastor of the church of which I am chorister. My object in requesting you to send it to him at my expense, is, that by the perusal of the Gazette he may more perfectly understand the nature of the exercise in which it is my duty to lead, and thus be better enabled to co-operate with me in conducting this part of public worship in the manner which its importance demands. We choristers can do little without the co-operation of our pastors, and there are few pastors who would withhold their aid, if their multiplied duties left them any opportunity to become acquainted with the trials and discouragements which often beset the path of leaders who endeavor to conduct the music of the sanctuary in the manner in which reason teaches it should be conducted. There are few clergymen who would fail constantly to read your multum in parvo sheet if it was sent to them. Would not choristers generally find their account, in following my example, by making their pastors a new year's present of a year's subscription to the Gazette? Truly yours,

HINTS FOR PIANISTS.—Have your piano tuned at least four times in the year, by an experienced tuner; if you allow it to go too long without tuning, it usually becomes flat, and troubles a tuner to get it to stay at concert pitch—especially in the country. Never place the instrument against an outside wall, or in a cold or damp room, particularly in a country house; there is no greater enemy to a piano than damp. Close the instrument immediately after your practice; by leaving it open, dust fixes on the sound-board, and corrodes the movements, and if in a damp room, the strings soon rust. Should the piano stand near, or opposite to a window, guard, if possible, against its being opened, especially on a wet or damp day; and when the sun is on the window, draw the blind down. Avoid putting metallic or other articles on or in the piano; such things frequently cause unpleasant vibrations, and sometimes injure the instrument. The more equal the temperature of the room, and the less the *soft pedal* is used, the better the piano will stand in tune.

An amiable girl, who had just entered her teens, was brought by her indulgent maternal relative to see the menagerie in New York. On the large African lion being pointed out to her, she said in a tone of most amiable simplicity, "Ma, do get him to play 'Hail Columbia!'" "Play what, child? Why, he is the African lion. What put it in your innocent head that he could play 'Hail Columbia?'" "Why, I thought, ma," said the unsophisticated daughter, "that he was the lion pianist of which the papers speak."—*Kricker-bocker.*

HOW TO STOP A PAPER.—First, see that you have paid for it up to the time you wish it to stop; then write your name and post office address on one of the papers, with the word "discontinue," and mail it to the publishers.

INFANT PRODIGES.—Several instances of musical genius developing itself in infants, have been mentioned. To these may be added the following, which are equally striking:

John Hummell, a native of Vienna, discovered a strong propensity for music before he was three years old. As soon as he was able to utter his letters distinctly and with facility, he commenced his musical education under his father. After some time, he became a pupil of Mozart, whose manner and taste on the piano he faithfully copied. When about five years of age, he played publicly in the most correct style, and composed some select pieces of music.

In 1791, being then ten years of age, Hummell came to England, where his astonishing performance on the grand piano at the Hanover Square concerts, and other places in London, were the subject of universal admiration. A professional gentleman who heard him on one of these occasions, says he played one of the most difficult lessons he ever heard, with the greatest neatness and precision; and he adds, "I think I may venture to say, that few professors would attempt to surmount the many extremely difficult and complicated passages which ran through the whole of this lesson, and which he executed, so far as I could judge by the testimony of the ear, without missing a single note. The lesson was of his own composition."

Charles and Samuel Wesley, sons of the Rev. Charles Wesley, of Bristol, were both remarkable for musical precocity. Charles, before he was three years of age, played a tune on the harpsichord readily and in correct time. His mother had used this instrument almost from his birth, to quiet and amuse him; and before he could speak, he would not suffer her to play with one hand only, but would take the other and put it on the keys. As his years increased, his abilities improved, and he became a celebrated composer, particularly in some pieces for two organs, which were ably performed by himself and his brother.

Samuel Wesley, the brother of Charles, when three years old, attempted to play "God save the king," "Fisher's Minuet," and other tunes; and before he was nine years of age, he composed several oratorios, particularly the oratorio of Ruth, produced when he was only eight years old. Dr. Boyce being on a visit to old Mr. Wesley, was shown this oratorio, when after perusing it with great attention, he praised it in terms of the highest admiration, and said, "Nature has given to this child, by intuition, what it has cost me many years of close application to acquire."

In 1790, there was a child little more than four years old, brought from Warwickshire, to London, whose musical talents excited great astonishment. The boy, who was the son of a malster of the name of Appleton, near Birmingham, had, until he was more than three years old, so strong an aversion to all notes of melody, that he constantly burst into tears when either his father or mother sung, or played on any instrument. But suddenly he became so passionately enamored of those sounds, to which he had before shown such signs of aversion, that in nine months he was able to play several of the difficult fugues of Handel and Corelli on the piano and organ, with fine taste, and the most discriminative touch.

At the concert of the Boston Philharmonic Society, Jan. 2, the spacious concert hall of the Tremont Temple was crammed to its utmost capacity, with an intelligent, and delighted audience. Henri Herz was the principal attraction.

The Philadelphia Music Fund Society gave a miscellaneous concert, Jan. 5, and the Philadelphia Philharmonic Society a concert of similar character, Jan. 8. Camillo Sivori assisted at both these performances. He is about leaving this country for Havana.

The Boston Handel and Hayden Society have performed Rossini's Oratorio of Moses in Egypt once a week since our last notice of it.

We believe there have been no other important concerts during the last fortnight.

Old Hundred is of course the only suitable tune with which to close this volume, and we have accordingly used it for this purpose.

As we have heretofore intimated, our subscribers are scattered a few in a town, all over the United States. To send to each for his subscription to volume 2, is of course out of the question. We therefore respectfully request all who intend renewing their subscription, to forward us the amount by mail. We feel obliged to adhere to our rule, that subscriptions must in all cases be paid in advance. The amount is too small to make it an object for us to keep open accounts. Our friends will confer a great favor by sending their subscriptions immediately. It is of great importance that we know as soon as possible, how large an edition we shall need for the next year. We earnestly desire to avoid the inconvenience we have experienced during the past year from the want of back numbers.

#### NEW SCHOOL MUSIC BOOKS.

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL SONG BOOK. In two parts. The first part consisting of songs suitable for primary or juvenile singing schools; and the second part consisting of an explanation of the inductive or Pestalozzian method of teaching music in such schools. By L. Mason and G. J. Webb, professors in the Boston Academy of music. In the first part of the work will be found many beautiful little songs, tasteful in music and pure in morals, adapted to the intellect and musical capacity of young children. The second part of the work points out in the most familiar way, the Pestalozzian, or inductive method of teaching the elementary principles of music to young children. It is supposed that any mother or primary school teacher, who can herself sing, although she may know so little of the musical characters as not to be able to read music herself, may, by the help of these directions, be enabled to teach her pupils with good success, and thus prepare the way for a more thorough and extensive course in higher schools.

THE SONG BOOK OF THE SCHOOL ROOM, consisting of a great variety of songs, hymns, and scriptural selections with appropriate music, arranged to be sung in one, two, or three parts; containing, also, the elementary principles of vocal music, prepared with reference to the inductive, or Pestalozzian method of teaching; designed as a complete music manual for common, or grammar schools. By Lowell Mason and George James Webb. This work has been prepared with reference to the wants of common schools and academies, and is designed to follow the above work. In it will be found many songs, adapted to the various circumstances of school children and youth, from eight to ten, to fourteen or sixteen years of age. The variety is thought to be greater than in most similar works, including the sprightly and enlivening, the calm and soothing, and the sober and devout.

The publishers present this little volume to parents, teachers, and pupils, believing that it is not only free from that which is low, inelegant, and pernicious, but that the songs, while they are cheerful and pleasing, will be found to accord with the efforts of those who labor to make our children better and happier.

Teachers and school committees are requested to examine the above works. Published by WILKINS, CARTER & CO., 16 Water street, Boston, and for sale by the booksellers generally.

#### REED ORGANS.

THE subscriber would inform the public that he makes REED ORGANS for church or parlor use. They differ in their general construction, and in the application of the air, from the seraphine, and will admit of the execution of rapid passages of music. The tone is not confined to one variety, as in the seraphine, but has as much difference in its character as have the pipes in common organs, by the process of voicing. The maker has used much exertion to procure the variety which he introduces in his organs. And he hopes to receive the patronage of such men as have mind enough to know that a thing may be but newly introduced, and yet have merit. He assures those who wish to buy, that they may depend upon having a durable and good toned instrument if they buy of him. He warrants every particular of the construction of his organs. His prices vary from \$50 to \$300. Please to call.

M. O. NICHOLS.  
43 1-2 Congress street, Boston.

## COMPANIONSHIP WITH GOD.

H. K. SWEETLAND, Troy, N. Y.

*Andante.*



1. Father! Father! I ask not life of thee; My spirit longs to find re - pose; Far from this scene of strife, with thee, My  
 2. Father! Father! there is no wealth for me, Which earth can give, that I request; My body asks not health of thee; The  
 3. Give me, give me com-pan-i on - ship with thee, Thy love will lighten every task, Death will be but a sleep with thee; And

*Piano forte.*

heart its hopes up - on thee throws, My heart its hopes upon thee throws. Father! Father! I ask not life of thee.  
 grave a - lone can give me rest, The grave alone can give me rest. Father! Father! I ask not wealth of thee.  
 for e - ter - ni - ty I ask, And for e - ter - ni - ty I ask, Father! Father! com - panion - ship with thee.

## GLORIFICATION.

GEO. J. WEBB.



Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Blessed is he, Blessed, blessed is he that cometh in the name, in the name of the

Lord. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna in the highest, in the high - est.

## BESTROVEN.

H. SEAMAN.

*Solo.*

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'T were vain the ocean's

*Soprano and Alto.* *Alto solo.*

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul? 'T were vain the ocean's

*Tenor.*

2. The world can never give The bliss for which we sigh; 'T is not the whole of

*1st and 2d Base.*

3. Be - yond this vale of tears, There is a life a - bove, Un - meas - ured by the

depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

*Tutti.*

Or pierce to either pole, Or pierce to either pole.

life to live, Nor all of death to die, Nor all of death to die.

fight of years, And all that life is love, And all that life is love.

## OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

L. MASON.

*Harmonized with the melody in the Alto.*

Be thou, O God, exalt - ed high; And as thy glory fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there obeyed.

[END OF VOLUME ONE.]



1863 April - 1. 1847  
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**INFLUENCE OF SINGING UPON PHYSICAL EDUCATION.**

The various parts of the human body, in order that they may be kept in a healthy and active condition, require to be exercised according to the different functions assigned to them by nature. We are provided with a voice having the two-fold power of articulating words, and of uttering musical sounds. We may thence conclude, that both singing and speaking contribute to maintain, and even to improve, the healthy state of the various muscles and other organs, called into action when these physical faculties are exercised. The first question, however, that suggests itself when we consider the peculiar advantages singing affords to physical education, is this: Why do we prefer singing to performance on any musical instrument, and why does the former exercise a more powerful influence than the latter, on physical education? This question will be easily solved by an analysis of the results already obtained from the practice of singing; these results sufficiently prove that the elementary exercise of this art materially aids the future development of the chief physical faculties, and prepares that development, by removing such obstacles as the individual organization of the pupil may offer; under which latter circumstance instruction in singing is peculiarly valuable as a remedial measure.

One of the first benefits arising from vocal instruction is, improvement in speaking. It has been justly asserted that singing is the most effective way of improving the organs, if naturally good, and of correcting any defect in the speech, such as stammering, hissing, or a nasal enunciation. We therefore act in direct opposition to the purpose, and diminish the utility of vocal instruction, if, as is frequently done, we exclude from it those children who have defects in the organs of speech. Such natural impediments, if made known at first, may be entirely overcome, provided the master apply earnest care to their removal, and the pupil attend with persevering patience to his advice.

In the manner of speaking, as well as of singing, as in the voice itself, there is a marked difference in different persons. This difference consists in more or less facility of utterance, more or less agreeableness of pronunciation, and in the peculiar tone with which nature

has provided each individual. However various the shades of voice and tone, the practice of singing will be for all, we are assured, a never-failing means of improvement.

Instruction in singing serves to develop and cultivate the sense of hearing, the organs of which, like those of the voice, are not equally perfect in every individual. A great error will therefore be committed, in depriving those children of singing lessons who do not in the first instance evince a decidedly musical disposition, or what is popularly termed a musical ear. That quality, or faculty, is developed much more slowly in some persons than in others; there are some, indeed, in whom it seems totally deficient; but its absence often proceeds from their seldom or never having heard singing, and from their consequently not having had the opportunity of imitating the tones of others. By listening to singing, we learn to distinguish the relative position of the notes uttered by the voice; our ear thus becomes practiced and able to convey the nicest distinction of tone to the seat of perception. Thus, by endeavoring gradually to imitate others, we succeed in rendering the organs of voice capable of re-producing the sounds which the ear has received.

We come now to consider the influence of singing on the health of children. One of the prejudices most obstinately maintained against teaching children to sing, arises from an opinion frequently broached, that singing, if practiced at a tender age, may have a baneful influence on the health, and occasion spitting of blood, and other pulmonary affections. It is not long since this idea prevailed in Germany also; but the most minute investigations, made by governments as well as parents, have proved it to be quite erroneous. From the many thousand instances of contrary results, the German people have at last learned the utter fallacy of this notion, and have not only ceased to dread singing as being injurious to health, but go so far as to consider it one of the most efficacious means for giving strength and vigor to all the physical organs it calls into action. Nothing is better calculated than the practice of singing, to produce the power of free and lengthened respiration. In confirmation of this, we may safely refer to all who have cultivated their voices, and who have been able to compare the results of their first, with those of their subsequent lessons. At the commencement, to take a long breath, as it is familiarly expressed, is very annoying to the learner; he finds it difficult to hold even a quarter note, and several quarters in succession entirely exhaust his breath; but in a short time the pupil gains so much facility, that he finds it less fatiguing to sing several quarters with one breath, than to take breath at each note. He acquires by degrees the power of singing two, three, four quarters, then two, three, four halves consecutively, of a quicker or slower movement. It often occurs, that it would be beyond the capability of an untrained adult to sing that, which the lungs of a child execute with ease. Nevertheless, in this case, as in every other, excess would become injurious, and it would be as dangerous to fatigue the pupil by prolonged exercise, as it would be unjust to ascribe

every pulmonary complaint by which he may be affected, to the practice of singing.

On the whole, then, we are convinced that singing, or, as it may be termed, the art of breathing, is one of the best preventives of, and surest remedies for, general weakness of the chest; and that its use, provided always it be proportioned to the other physical powers of the singer, is calculated to exert a most favorable influence on delicate constitutions, to impart vigor to the organs connected with the lungs, and thus to conduce to a healthy state of all parts of the body.

**INFLUENCE OF SINGING ON MORAL EDUCATION.**

We have, we think, said enough to prove the beneficial effects singing is calculated to have upon the physical education of youth; it remains for us now only to show, that the influence it exerts on the moral development of man is no less wholesome and enduring, and that it may be truly regarded as a valuable agent in awakening within us high principles of action, and in fostering noble sentiments.

Every thinking observer of human nature is aware how closely the sense of the beautiful in art is allied to that of morality. He knows how frequently the former materially tends to improve and elevate the latter. He will therefore acknowledge, that the belief we here express in the important and most beneficial results, to be fairly anticipated from the extended practice of singing, is no visionary belief, but is one founded on experience, observation, and a knowledge of the constitution of our nature.

We are well assured that no argument of ours is necessary to prove the universally-admitted fact, that to music, (acting upon our nerves, and through them, upon our minds,) belongs the power of exciting the most varied emotions. Singing is the very foundation of music; it connects its own musical language with that of words; upon these words again, it must partly depend of what nature shall be the sentiments which music awakens within us; it is therefore evident, that it may address itself to the most holy and exalted of such sentiments.

Great as are the benefits of singing in physical education, those it affords in moral training are still greater. It calls forth the musical capabilities of the pupil, and this exercise of the physical organs is speedily followed by the development of the intellectual faculties. The perception of the beautiful constantly gains strength and clearness; the seed of artistical conception takes such firm root in the mind, that it brings forth new blossoms with every rising day; and to all the feelings, to all the secret springs by which the heart is moved, a tendency is given, which leads to self-respect, to the most pious sentiments, and to the most elevated thoughts of which our nature is susceptible.

How sublime are the emotions excited by a simple hymn tune played on an instrument, or the solemn peal of the organ; and can it be believed that the human voice, the most impressive of all musical sounds, when joined to words which speak at once to our feel-

ings and our reason, does not, when thus adorned and rendered more significant, exert a greater and more beneficial influence upon our whole being than any other excitement? and must not this influence be materially increased if we are ourselves performers?

It is useless, however, to adduce further proofs, when thousands are ready to bear testimony to the vivid, the sublime, the powerful sentiments which song has often awakened within them, and to the beneficial and enduring impressions it has left behind. If such effects are felt by persons unprepared perhaps to receive high impressions, or in whom the gentler sensibilities have been blunted by the common drudgeries and troubles of life, how powerfully must the practice of singing, carefully adapted to this end, act upon the hearts and minds of children, on whom the ills of existence have not yet left their baneful traces. The actual enjoyment which the child thence derives, (a circumstance of no mean importance,) must likewise be taken into consideration. It will greatly contribute to the moral improvement which musical training, when subjected to the regulations necessary in simultaneous instruction, cannot fail to produce.—MAINZER.

## THE PIANO-FORTE TEACHER.

### CHAPTER EIGHT.

#### VISITS AND VARIETIES.

"I don't think our Julia gets along at all," remarked Mrs. Bumblebee to her husband, as she sat at the breakfast table, meditatively sipping her coffee, after Miss had started for school.

"Why?" ejaculated her minor half, not moving his eyes, meanwhile, from the prices current in the "Morning Universe."

"Why, she has taken lessons a quarter and a half, and cannot play a single march or quickstep. I want her to perform before her friends, but she says she cannot play anything; and so there it is."

"Get another teacher," suggested Mr. Bumblebee, mechanically, and added, in a soliloquy, "lye, quotations at—eh, what were you talking about, my dear?"

"About Julia. You never hear when I am talking about family affairs. I say she does not get along at all."

"Well, settle it as you please," rejoined her spouse, subsiding into his newspaper.

"How do you progress with your music?" inquired Mr. Warmly of his young and amiable wife, as they were discussing their morning meal.

"Indifferently well. Of course I cannot see much improvement just now. I find that the qualities you so much recommend, patience, hope, and perseverance, are very necessary in this study, as well as in all the pursuits of life. However, I am promised, if I continue to practice as much as I have heretofore done, that I shall obtain the object I have in view, in the course of six or eight months."

This lady was endeavoring to acquire a new accomplishment, not for the purpose of being in the fashion, but with the intention of adding to the charms of her domestic circle, of making "evenings at home" agreeable.

"My (husband) shall (sing) and I will play,  
And merrily pass the day."

In a small room, with a cheerful fire beaming upon a bed and piano forte, which seemed the chief officers of

the small army of book-shelves, pamphlets, papers, music sheets, slippers, and odd things of all kinds, which pretty well filled all stations of importance and non-importance, sat a young man, now in the second year of musical study. It was his intention to become a teacher. Commencing after his joints had become stiffened by manhood, he had something of a task before him. By a careful adherence to several principles, however, he advanced much more rapidly than a majority of those who commence at an early period in life. Although he held to the right of private judgment, having confidence in his teacher, he followed his directions in all things, and found the benefit of following one course, instead of looking irresolutely along this or that avenue of improvement, pointed out by officious friends and rival musicians.

In a parlor, before a seven-octave piano, were gathered several young ladies, of the silk-and-feather school, who had fair faces, and fine coverings to their heads—and "when you have said that, you have said about all" respecting those prominent portions of their bodies. They were engaged in a vigorous tongue exercise, using up various persons' characters in the most approved style, and occasionally complimenting the young lady of the house on her very thumping performance of an execrable quickstep. They were, part of them, rich without refinement, and the other, portion not rich, without refinement. When philanthropists talk of substituting spinning wheels for pianos, they generally have some idea or memory of the tortured music which such useful members of society are wont to extort from their instruments. The playing of indifferent compositions in a poor way cannot well contribute to the intellectual refinement of the performer, or of those who listen to a performance.

"Bang! bang! bang! will Mr. Furious never stop his noise?" exclaimed the unmusical next-door neighbor of a young student, whose crashing chords found no barrier in walls and partitions. Not so very unmusical, either, was the neighbor. It is at present necessary to injure sentiment and expression in practicing a piece. It must be so, until some kind of machine is invented, by which the fingers may obtain a power to move fast and correctly, without touching the piano. It is not necessary, however, to destroy all good tone. Mister Furious was at that very certain and positive age when pupils are apt to know better than their teachers, and children than their parents. His teacher directed him in the way which from the highest authority he knew was right. Genius, however, admitted of no dictation, and a series of smashings, dashings, thumpings with hand and arm, with unbending rigidity in all muscles which should have been relaxed, was the result. By such means, rapid execution is often obtained. It would be obtained as soon or sooner in a proper mode of practice, while much more grace and expression would be added. Let friends and neighbors grumble as much as they please at soul-less playing or practice. They will aid teachers not a little, if they discourage it in every way. Mister Furious knew more than his instructor, and showed it by his manner, if not his words, and in not the most delicate way. It is to be observed, in the meanwhile, that this class of players, when they become "professors" themselves, generally turn, and regret that they had not commenced

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy were people who always did their duty, not because they seemed to like it, but because it was duty. They seemed to think everything should resemble a straight line. They passed the most direct way from the cradle to the tomb, and, on mathematical principles, seemed thus to be searching for the shortest distance between these two points. Their gaze was not toward the dirty earth, neither enthusiastically toward the azure sky. Neither did their rigidity permit them to admire the flowers which Providence had scattered on the right hand and on the left. It was strange, then, that one of their very perpendicular children should be learning such an accomplishment as music. Perhaps it was on account of the difficulties to be overcome, not from the end to be gained. Be that as it may, a very square piano had been bought, and Tabitha Jane set to learn the art of playing it. For three years she had conscientiously, and to the minute, fulfilled her appointed number of hours of study. Her mind was calm and clear, and she had made rapid progress. Now all common difficulties on the piano or organ were easily overcome. Time was perfect, the way of striking to a T pp, p, m, f, and ff, all observed in their recorded season, and scales of every kind were perfectly familiar. Her musical genius was like a finely-chiseled statue—every lineament, every proportion, perfect—and all it wanted was, *life*. And this it did want, and why? Because precept and example had crushed the elasticity of youth, and made no interval between laughing infancy and sober age? Or, perhaps, because she had been taught to *do*, rather than to *love* to do.

Another lady, a real one, must be reckoned among the number we describe. She was learning with the intention of filling an important and responsible station. Already possessed of a good education, her mind was drilled to study, and strengthened by its own exertions, and was capable of concentrating every energy upon any given subject. It was not to be wondered at, that the obstinacy of nerve and muscle were not proof against the force of her intellect, nor that her progress was much more rapid than that of those who have not such power of mind.

Another lady, equally conscientious, and with equal natural powers of mind, did not overcome difficulties so easily, nor perceive, with equal clearness, the proportions and bearings of the various portions of the pieces she was studying. The reason might be found in an idea which seems prevalent in our own country, and nowhere else, i. e., that the exercise necessary to secure robust health is unlady-like. Thus, many females practically profess, that pale faces, languid nerves, tuberculated lungs, impaired digestion, and the like, are necessary components of a refined constitution. In consequence of this belief, and of those sympathies which exist between our bodies and intellects, many minds are impaired, and rendered incapable of sound thought or study.

In a negligent dress, with a face somewhat haggard, and in an upper chamber somewhat similar to one we have already described, ruminated a student, who had determined to push through all obstacles, and by dint of at least ten hours per diem of strenuous exertion, to go faster than it was possible to go. A late evening's work had somewhat upset him, and he was sitting by the fire for awhile, to gather strength for a new assault.

Such persons forget that the human mind is not all powerful. When, after a few months, their eyes and nerves begin to give way, they are reminded of the fact, and in a very ungentle manner.

A mere musician is a small affair, and only half a man. Providence seems to have wisely constructed our minds, so that we cannot attend to one branch of knowledge, to the absolute exclusion of others. Let those who are over eager remember that they are shortening their days and impairing their usefulness.

The piano-forte teacher commenced his usual daily routine, armed with patience, and a mind somewhat in *status quo*, ready to shape itself as circumstances might require. When he came in contact with Mrs. Bumblebee, after something of a confab she became convinced that a person can no more play a good piece well, after practicing three or four months, than he can produce elegant specimens of penmanship, after practicing that art for a little while. Julia, who was really a well-meaning girl, but hindered by the ignorant interference of one parent, and the want of interest displayed by the other, obtained a little comfort and hope, and began the study of her next lesson with more vigor than usual.

Mrs. Warmly needed the inculcation of no new principle to insure respectable progress, neither did the young man described as in his cheerful "upper room." Sound sense is as great an aid in the study of music as elsewhere.

The young lady with flattering friends was duly admonished of her errors, but of course did not believe herself in the wrong, neither could she be induced to practice more diligently.

Mr. Furious received one more friendly warning, in addition to those already given. It was not entirely thrown away, for although he would not confess that he yielded to any one's judgment but his own, he was a little more thorough and careful during his next term of study.

Tabitha Jane played her lesson very well, but was constantly interrupted by Mr. D., with directions to make this or that note louder than its fellows, to observe here a crescendo, there decrescendo, &c. By this means he hoped to build up, step by step, a refined taste. The pale and languid lady was constantly urged to more vigorous playing. In this and other cases, there is much that a teacher cannot do, for a person's whole mode of life must be changed, materially, to affect the intellect.

The hard student was heard and warned, although with a secret wish that there were more like him. People in our country do not often die from over exertion in music. \*

The Free School Clarion, in closing a well-written article addressed to teachers in relation to books and periodicals, gives a list of the periodicals devoted to the cause of education, and says, "Any one of these is worth to a young man more than all the Graham's Magazines and Ladies' Books that the overburdened mail could bring him." The cause of musical education is but little less important than that of common school education, and educational periodicals cannot be more indispensable to school teachers, than musical periodicals to music teachers.

If any of our subscribers are not going to have their copies of volume one bound, they will confer a very great favor by sending us copies of Nos. 2, 3, and 5.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE ORGAN.

## NUMBER ONE.

On looking at a large church organ, the first thing which strikes the eye is the case, decorated with its various ornaments, as carving, gilding, &c., and with a number of large gilt metal pipes, symmetrically arranged, which fill up its exterior openings.

Within the case we directly see a principal piece or member called the sound-board, upon which are placed the ranks of pipes which form the stops. This piece, with its appurtenances, receives the wind from the bellows, and distributes it to each pipe at the pleasure of the organist. The most remarkable parts of it are the wind-chest, the grooves, and the sliders. The wind-chest is the reservoir into which the wind passes from the bellows; it contains the pallets or valves, with their springs, &c. The grooves are canals for the wind, the near ends of which lie over the wind-chest, and are firmly closed by the pallets. There are as many pallets as grooves. The sliders are moveable slips of wood or rules running the length of the sound-board, which serve to admit or exclude the wind from the pipes by means of draw-stops, which are placed on each side of the rows of keys and music desk, in front of the organ. These draw-stops communicate their movements to trunnels, which transmit it to the levers, and these again to the sliders, to which they are fastened.

It is thus that the organist opens and closes the stops. When he wishes to play on the instrument, he draws the stops which he intends to use, by pulling out the draw-stops belonging to the proper sliders; he then with his fingers presses down the keys, which open the pallets by means of a complex piece of mechanism, serving to communicate the action of the keys to the pallets, and which is technically called the *movement*; the wind then enters into the grooves which are now opened, and causes those pipes or stops to speak, of which the sliders are drawn. As the organist lifts up his fingers, the pallets rise by means of a spring placed underneath each, close the grooves as before, and the key rises at the same time.

Besides the principal or great-organ, as it is termed, there is generally another smaller one placed within the same case, which has its own sound-board and wind-chest, row of keys, and stops. This is called the choir-organ. Formerly, the choir-organ was, in appearance at least, detached from the principal or great-organ, and placed in front of it; this is still the case in the organs at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, in London.

A third organ, still smaller than the choir-organ, having its own sound-board, row of keys, and stops, is also placed in some remote part within the same case. This additional organ is called the swell. Its pipes are placed within a box, closed on all sides, so that the tone is scarcely audible, till, by the pressure of the foot on a pedal, a sliding shutter, or Venetian shades, or doors in front are gradually opened; the sounds then become louder and louder by degrees, as if advancing from a distance; as the foot allows the pedal to rise, the box again closes, and the tone gradually diminishes.

As the organist with his hands alone could not produce all the effect of which the instrument is capable, another set of keys, called the pedals, is placed within reach of his feet; these keys, when they have pipes exclusively appropriated to them, have their own sound-board, wind-chest, &c., or at least their own pallets, and is termed the pedal-organ.

At the bottom of the organ is placed the bellows, which are kept in constant action by an organ-blower, while the organist is playing. The bellows supply the wind-chests with all the wind expended in causing the pipes to speak. In old organs, the bellows (of which there were from two to twelve or fourteen pair, according to the size of the instrument) were generally placed outside the case.

Having given a general idea of the organ, we shall hereafter proceed to describe its various parts with more minuteness.

We are very happy to receive inquiries like the following. We will cheerfully answer questions relating to any department of music, to the best of our ability.

—, N. H.—"On the 13th page of the Psalter we have the following example:



I wish to know which is the intervening note which confines the effect of the # to the measure in which it occurs? Suppose the second measure commenced with C, would the # affect it? Answer, The D at the commencement of the second measure is the intervening note which stops the effect of the #. Had the first note of the second measure been C, the # would have extended its influence through that measure also. In the following example, every note on the third space is C#.



D—, N. Y.—"Does a # or ♭ in any case elevate or depress a note more than a half step? i. e., if a # is placed before a note, and immediately after it a ♭ before a note on the same letter, does the ♭ cancel the # and perform its own office besides, thus effecting a leap of a whole step?" Answer, It does, if so written, but it would not be proper to write it so. A # standing before a note signifies that the note is a half step higher than it would be if it was natural, without any reference whatever to what has preceded it. In example 1, below, the first letter is E# and the second is E♭, because a # always means that a note is a half step higher than it would be if it was natural, and a ♭ always means that a note is a half step lower than it would be if it was natural; and sharps and flats never mean anything else. Example 1 is not correctly written; if such a passage should occur, it should be written as at 2. Still, if it was written as at 1, it would mean E# and E♭. It may be well to remark, that according to the rules of harmony, such passages never can occur in music; so that the inquiry is of no practical importance.



A subscriber asks "if we are going to publish any music from the country during the ensuing year." A very large proportion of that we published last year was from the country. We answer the question by saying, that we shall be very happy to receive good music from any source. We must request our friends, however, not to send us any which is not first rate, if they wish to secure its insertion.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1847.

The present number of this paper being the first number of a new volume, we shall take the liberty to send it to some whom we presume to be interested in music, who are not subscribers. To such we beg leave to say that the object of the paper is to diffuse light upon the subject of music in all its branches, and to chronicle all of interest that transpires in the musical world, both in Europe and America. The editors are particularly interested in church music, and are desirous of doing all in their power towards promoting a taste for music among all classes of the community, and in all parts of the country. These two subjects may therefore be expected to occupy a prominent place in our columns; but no branch of the art will be altogether neglected. We believe a periodical like the Musical Gazette to be of great value to all who are engaged in the cultivation of music.

No one who is acquainted with the science of music, and who is capable of appreciating its sublimest strains, can deny that it is a precious and noble gift of God to man, nor that it is given to man for his temporal and spiritual good. Its wonderful effects upon the hearts of almost all the human race, civilized or savage, bond or free, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, are too well known to need a description here. True, there is here and there one who "has no music in his soul," and whose mind seems proof against the most enchanting melody, but such an one is the exception, and not the rule, and such an one, too, is generally fit but for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils." What is that which lends to the ball-room such enchantment? What to the battle field its excitement? What to the theatre its charm? And has not this noble art an equal power, when exerted to win men to those ways which are ways of pleasantness, and to those paths which are paths of peace? Or did the Almighty create it, and give it such an irresistible influence over the hearts of men, but to lure them to the ways of death? The very thought is impious. He made it to be used for our good, and woe to those who employ its mighty power, to draw men away from God and heaven—who secure so noble a gift to the service of Satan.

Music is an art whose influence for good is as unquestionable as it is unlimited; but to be instrumental for good, it must be properly cultivated and rightly directed. Few indeed are they to whom nature has given such talent for this art, that they need no aid from those who have gone before, or who are cotemporary with them, to the end that they may cultivate and use their talents aright. To aid in the right cultivation and use of this invaluable art, is the object of this paper. The ways in which we expect to accomplish that end, need not be enumerated. We shall endeavor to give line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. We shall bring to light the merits and faults of those who have distinguished themselves in music, both living and dead; we shall exhibit the proficiency many have made, and point out means of improvement in others. We shall record all that is doing in the musical world, and by the good works of some endeavor to provoke good works in others. Finally, we shall endeavor, so far as in us lies, to promote the general cultivation of this art in all parts of the country,

to the end that it may prove an instrument for the promotion of morals and religion in the community.

During the past year, the Gazette has been issued with unflinching punctuality, and it will continue to be published with the same regularity as heretofore. No exertions will be spared to increase its usefulness and interest, and we feel confident that its value will increase with its age. With the annexed commendations, from some who have made our acquaintance during the past year, we respectfully but earnestly commend the Gazette to the patronage of all who are interested in the cultivation or progress of music.

I have read the Boston Musical Gazette from its commencement, and am fully satisfied that it is well worthy of the patronage of the musical public, and especially of the lovers of sacred music. Mr. Johnson is acquainted with the German language, and this one circumstance must give him great advantages as an editor, since there are so many valuable books on music and musical periodicals in that language. He is a practical organist, teacher, and leader of a choir, and is, in my opinion, one of the best theoretical musicians in this country, having studied musical science under Schnyder von Wartensee, in Germany, than whom there is no greater theorist living. He has my entire confidence, and it gives me much pleasure to recommend the paper.

LOWELL MASON.

Being personally acquainted with the editors of the Boston Musical Gazette, and having been a subscriber to it from the time of its commencement, I cheerfully recommend it to the musical public, as a periodical well worthy of their patronage.

GEO. J. WEBB.

I have no hesitation in expressing my entire approbation of the Musical Gazette, as a paper well calculated to benefit the cause of music in this country. I read it with much interest and profit, and recommend it to all.

GEO. F. ROOT.

THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.—This excellent work is about commencing its second volume, as will be seen from the advertisement in another column. We have read the numbers of the past year with much interest, and take pleasure in commending it to the notice of all who are interested in music. It is the best musical periodical we have ever seen, and is entirely free from the conceited quackery which has characterized some of the attempts made in this line. The Messrs. Johnson are not only eminent in their profession, but possess sufficient tact in handling the pen to make a really valuable and interesting paper.—*Boston Alliance and Visitor*.

The following resolutions were passed at the last session of the Teachers' Institute connected with the Boston Academy of Music:

*Resolved*, That the advancement of the art of music requires the existence of periodicals devoted to the science; and inasmuch as the public at large is not, at the present time, so much interested in the cause as to render sufficient support, it becomes the imperative duty of those particularly interested in, and devoted to the art, to make sacrifices, if necessary, in their patronage of well-conducted periodicals.

*Resolved*, That in the "Musical Gazette," published by the Messrs. Johnson, we recognize a publication which has already given ample evidence of uncommon ability on the part of the editors, and which we recommend to patronage.

In starting upon our new year, we take the liberty to renew our oft-repeated declaration, that our sole aim in conducting the Musical Gazette, is to promote the interests of music. We are wedded to no party, neither are we actuated by selfish or pecuniary motives. We fully believe music to be an art worthy of every man's attention, and its professors entitled to a standing among the professors of any other branch of knowledge, and we intend doing what in us lies to extend

correct information on every branch of the subject, that we may contribute our mite towards elevating the art and the profession to the rank we are confident it ought to occupy. We wish it to be fully understood, that while our columns are open to sensible communications from any source and upon any branch of the art, we by no means hold ourselves responsible for the views entertained by correspondents. All that appears as editorial, expresses of course our own opinions, but we shall not reject well-written communications, even if expressing opinions diametrically opposed to our own. With regard to all articles published in the Gazette, we beg leave to affirm, that we do not claim infallibility, nor do we wish our ideas to be adopted by any one, simply because they are our ideas. We simply desire that those interested in music should search and see "whether these things are so."

## CHURCHES IN BOSTON.

NUMBER ONE.

At the suggestion of some of our country friends, we propose to give a short description of each of the principal churches in Boston, with as particular an account of their musical arrangements as we may be able to obtain. We shall take them according to their geographical position, commencing with the most northerly. For the benefit of those of our readers who have never visited the famous town of Boston, it may be well to premise that this goodly city is a little less than three miles in length, and a little more than one mile in breadth. It is almost entirely surrounded by water, being connected with the main land by a long and very narrow neck of land—by which circumstance the early settlers were enabled to keep the town comparatively free from wolves, rattlesnakes, and mosquitoes. In addition to Boston proper, of which the above is a description, another peninsula, called South Boston, and an island, called East Boston, are under the city government. South Boston contains 10,000 inhabitants, and is connected with the city proper by two bridges. East Boston contains 6,000 inhabitants, and is connected with the city proper by a steam ferry.

The city proper is divided into sections, known among the citizens as the *north end*, *west end*, *centre*, and *south end*. The *west* and *south* ends are almost entirely occupied with dwelling houses. The *centre* is almost entirely occupied with stores, and the *north end* with both stores and dwelling houses. The neck which connects the city with the main land is at the *south end*, consequently all the other sections border upon the water.

We commence, as before intimated, with the *north end* churches. This section of the city has one episcopal, two unitarian, one orthodox congregational, two methodist, one baptist, one universalist, and two catholic churches, and one seamen's Bethel. The *north end* is the oldest portion of the city, and was formerly the aristocratic part of the town, having been the residence of the royal governors of the Massachusetts colony, as long as the said colony needed such governors. At present, however, the *west end* is generally considered the "upper crust" section, although the *north end* has by no means lost all of its former glory. The two churches here described are the northernmost in the city. Christ Church is an episcopal church, and the New North a unitarian church.





CHRIST CHURCH.

Rev. John Woart, rector; B. F. Leavens, organist.

The corner stone of this building was laid April 15, 1723, and it was opened for public worship on the 29th of December in the same year. It stands at the northerly part of Salem street, on Copp's hill, and is one of the most prominent buildings in this section of the city. It overlooks the harbor, navy yard, and Bunker's hill, and is built of brick, with the exception of the spire, which is of wood. The walls are not less than three feet thick, even to the top of the brick tower, which is 78 feet high. The wooden spire above is 97 feet high, making the tower in all 175 feet high. This is the oldest church building in the city. The tower contains eight bells, which produce the tones of the diatonic scale. Any tune, the melody of which does not go out of this scale, and which does not contain accidentals, (for example, Greenville, Sicilian Hymn, Uxbridge, Duke Street, &c. &c.,) can be played upon these bells. In order that the performer may readily strike the required bell, a rope is tied to the tongue of each, and the eight ropes are then passed through holes in a plank, which is about five feet long, and about seven feet above the floor. The ends of the ropes are fastened to the floor, so that the performer has them all within an arm's length, and can strike either bell, by simply pulling its rope towards him. On the sabbath, the bells are usually played for fifteen or twenty minutes, an hour previous to the commencement of service, i. e., for the first bell, and about five minutes for the second bell, at the commencement of service. For a week before Christmas, they are played from nine to ten o'clock each evening, and at twelve o'clock on Christmas eve, they usher in the day "on which the Prince of Peace was born." To our own ear, there is no sweeter music, than to hear the sound of these bells, gently wafted upon the ear at dead of night. On the sabbath, hymn tunes are played upon them. At Christmas time, tunes of a more lively cast are given. Frequently at funerals, a solemn and melancholy air is pealed from that belfry tower, with an expression that will arrest the attention of the most thoughtless. The bells are rung in the room which is lighted by the small round windows in the tower. The bells themselves are in the loft above, from which they have an extensive prospect, both of land and sea. They had a full view of the battle of Bunker's hill, and could they speak as well as they sing, they would doubtless be able to tell many a tale of the times which tried

men's souls. The following mottoes are inscribed upon the bells:

1st bell—"This peal of eight bells is the gift of a number of generous persons to Christ Church in Boston, N. E., anno 1744, A. R."

2d bell—"This church was founded in the year 1723, Timothy Cutler, D. D., the first rector, A. R. 1744."

3d bell—"We are the first ring of bells cast for the British empire in North America, A. R. 1744."

4th bell—"God preserve the church of England, 1744."

5th bell—"William Shirley, Esq., governor of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, anno 1744."

6th bell—"The subscription for these bells was begun by John Hammock and Robert Temple, church wardens, anno 1743; completed by Robert Jenkins and John Gould, church wardens, anno 1744."

7th bell—"Since generosity has opened our mouths, our tongues shall ring aloud its praise, 1744."

8th bell—"Abel Rudhall, of Gloucester, Eng., cast us all, anno 1744."

It may interest some of our distant friends, to know that it was upon these bells that our musical genius first developed itself. We learned to ring them when about eleven years of age, and used to perform on them every sabbath, to the great edification of large audiences of boys and girls, who doubtless looked upon our performance as truly wonderful. When about thirteen, however, our zeal for such public exhibitions had greatly abated, and we have since devoted our attention to less noisy instruments.

The interior of this church is long, narrow, and very high, its form being decidedly favorable for speaking and musical effect. It has the old-fashioned high galleries, and the roof is supported by pillars which reach from floor to ceiling. The organ loft projects in a semi-circular form some two or three feet in front of the gallery. It will seat about fifteen or twenty singers in front of, or parallel with the organ, or if filled to its utmost capacity, with the seats at the side of the organ occupied, it will accommodate thirty singers. The present choir numbers eight members, whose services are voluntary, i. e., without pay. The organist's salary is two hundred dollars per annum. The organ contains in the great organ, open diapason, stop diapason, flute, principal, 12th, 15th, sesquialtra (half stop), cornet (half stop), treble and base trumpets. The swell contains, stop diapason, dulciana, violano, principal, hautboy. Upon the church records are the following votes, which is all the information we have respecting the age and make of the organ:

"August 17, 1736.—Whereas Mr. Wm. Price has received a letter from Mr. Claggett of New Port therein offering an organ for four hundred pounds, ready fixt and sett up in the church. It is now voted, That Mr. Price do write to said Claggett, in answer to the above proposal, that the church wardens and vestry are resolved not to pay above three hundred pounds this currency for said organ when fixt up in the church and in good order according to the approbation of proper judges."

October 5, 1736.—Voted, That the church wardens get the front gallery prepared after the best manner for the reception of the organ, and further to add what is proper in the beautifying and fixing up said organ in the church. Voted, That Messrs. Wm. Price, Geo. Monk, and Jno. Horton, be added as a committee to assist the church wardens in fixing up said organ."

It has a large, high front, and is much better outside than in. There are few organs in the city that present a better external appearance; but internally it is worn out. It was undoubtedly originally an English organ, and a good instrument, but is now probably like the man's jack-knife, which had been in constant use in his family for two centuries; to be sure, every time the blade was worn out, it had a new blade fitted to it, and every time the handle gave out, it had a new handle, but it was still the same knife. This organ has apparently been patched and mended until there is little of its original goodness left, and it is high time that it should give place to a successor.



NEW NORTH CHURCH.

Francis Parkman, D. D., pastor; Rev. Amos Smith, colleague pastor; James Flint, organist and conductor.

The first house erected upon this spot was dedicated May 5, 1714. In 1803 it was taken down, and the present house erected in its place. The present house was dedicated May 2, 1804. It stands at the corner of Hanover and Clarke street, about in a line with Christ Church, perhaps a hundred rods easterly from it. A church called the *old north* formerly stood in an adjoining street, which is the reason why this was called the *new north*. The *old north* was pulled down and used for fire-wood by the British soldiers, in the winter of 1776, (at which time Boston was closely besieged by the American army under Washington,) and it has never been re-built. The *new north*, however, still retains its distinctive name, although one of the oldest churches in the city. It is built of brick, with stone pilasters in front, and a series of attic pilasters over them. The cupola is of wood, the vane being about one hundred feet from the foundation. The organ was built by Thomas Appleton, of Boston, in 1827. It has two banks of keys, and contains, in the great organ, stopped and open diapasons, principal, 12th, 15th, cornet, sesquialtra treble and base trumpet, clarion. In the swell organ, stopped and open diapasons, flute, principal, hautboy, clarinet. The swell base consists of stopped diapason, principal, and flute. The swell organ extends down to E, third space on the base clef. Besides the above stops, the organ has a sub-base, from GG to F sharp, a couplet for keys and pedals, and a check pedal to take off all but the two diapasons, from the great organ. The singing is performed by a quartet choir, i. e., one voice on a part. The organ loft will accommodate a choir of thirty singers, but the

organ is placed so near the front of the gallery, that it would effectually divide such a number into two distinct choirs. The organist's salary is three hundred dollars per annum. The order of service in this church is, A. M., 1st, singing (usually a chant or anthem); 2d, prayer; 3d, reading the scriptures; 4th, prayer; 5th, singing; 6th, sermon; 7th, prayer; 8th, singing; 9th, benediction;—P. M., 1st, singing; 2d, prayer; 3d, singing; 4th, sermon; 5th, prayer; 6th, singing; 7th, benediction.

### EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

#### NUMBER ONE.

During the past year a series of articles entitled *Sights and Sounds in Europe*, have appeared in our columns, giving a brief description of the junior editor's journey to, and residence in, Germany. The senior editor having also made a pilgrimage to that far-famed country, and kept a journal of all that was musically interesting on his route, proposes, during the present year to publish short extracts from this journal under the above head. Here commences the first extract.

At 12 o'clock on a bright spring Saturday, embarked with some scores of other passengers on board a steamboat, at Whitehall, New York, and started in pursuit of the Liverpool packet ship, Stephen Whitney, which some hours previous had got under weigh for the above-named port. We soon came up with the ship, which under a press of canvass was going ahead at about the rate of half a mile an hour, off the quarantine ground. The steamboat's engine was stopped for a moment while the steamboat was made fast to the ship, after which it went ahead again, and ship and steamboat with "arms locked," pursued their way towards the ocean, while the baggage and passengers were transferred from one vessel to the other. There being no wind the steamer continued to tow the ship until it was well out to sea.

The first music I have to chronicle, is the performance of a beautiful hymn sung by a large number of Methodist clergymen, who came down in the steamer, to bid farewell to Bishop Soule, who was one of our passengers. They assembled on the quarter deck of the steamboat and commenced singing, just as she was cast off from the ship, continuing the hymn as long as the two vessels were within hearing of each other. On the following sabbath we had service on board the ship, and also on every sabbath during the voyage. Among the passengers there were five clergymen who officiated in turns at the sabbath services, while the humble author of this journal was unanimously elected chorister, which office he filled with distinguished success; sometimes pitching a tune which all could sing and sometimes selecting one, which, much to his surprise, he was obliged to sing alone. In the sea-sick scenes which all who do business upon the great waters are called upon to pass through, there is not much musical to record; neither is there anything peculiarly melodious, in the gales, thunder storms, calms, &c., which one who would cross the rolling ocean must encounter.

Among our steerage passengers was a rustic Yorkshire man, with a splendid voice, who would every evening regale the ships company with "The brave bold boak," and a hundred other glorious old English songs, for which service he received many a bottle of beer from the cabin. There was also a steerage passenger who played finely on the violin, who would occasionally

while away a weary hour on deck with his instrument. With these exceptions, and with the exception of the merry "Ho cheerily" of the sailors, as they hoisted out the studding sails, or set the top gallants, nothing of musical interest occurred on board, and I pass over the record of the tedious days and nights which elapsed, until, on the afternoon of the twenty-seventh day, a shout from the hundred Irishmen on our forward deck, announced that "Erin's green isle" was in sight.

### ORGAN IN THE TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

No. 21 of volume one contained an account of the Birmingham Musical Festival, with a brief notice of the town hall, in which the performances were held. The organ, we stated, had the reputation of being one of the largest in the world. We have since come across the following catalogue of the contents of the organ; and although, if this catalogue is correct, it falls far short of ranking among the largest in the world, it is considerably larger than any in America.

"Grand Organ in the New Hall, Birmingham.—This splendid instrument was built by Hill, and cost about £2000. It is thirty-five feet wide, fifteen feet deep, and forty feet high, and has four sets of keys and five pairs of bellows, the latter occupying a space of nearly four hundred superficial feet. The principal metal pipe, standing in front of the organ, is thirty-two feet long, and twenty-four inches in diameter, formed, as all the large metal pipes are, of zinc only. The compass of the great and choir organs extends from CCC (sixteen feet) to F in alt. (sixty-six notes;) that of the swell, from CC to F in alt. (fifty-four notes.) There are two octaves of pedals, which have four stops appropriated to them; the largest pedal pipes, thirty-two feet long, stand in the centre tower, and look very majestic. The timber alone used in this instrument, weighs between twenty and thirty tons; and the metal and other materials employed in its formation raise it to a total weight of at least forty tons.

#### GREAT ORGAN.

- 1 Bourdon and tenoroon
- open diapason united
- 2, 3, 4 Three open diapasons
- 5 Stopped diapason
- 6 Quint
- 7 Principal
- 8 Wald-flute
- 9 Twelfth
- 10 Fifteenth
- 11 Piccolo
- 12 Doublette, 2 ranks
- 13 Sesquialtre, 4 ranks
- 14 Mixture, 3 ranks
- 15 Furniture, 3 ranks
- 16 Posaune
- 17 Trumpet
- 18 Clarion
- 19 Octave clarion

#### CHOIR.

- 1 Open diapason
- 2 Cornopean
- 3 Unison sub-base
- 4 Dulciana
- 5 Stopped diapason, base
- 6 Claribel-flute, treble
- 7 Principal
- 8 Oboe-flute, to tenor C, and continued with dulciana base

- 9 Flute a cheminee
- 10 Dulciana, fifteenth
- 11 Cromorne
- 12 Fagotto
- 13 Echo dulciana cornet, 5 ranks

#### SWELL.

- 1 Double dulciana, CCC
- 2 Open diapason
- 3 Stopped diapason
- 4 Flageolet
- 5 Principal
- 6 Fifteenth
- 7 Corno
- 8 Tromba
- 9 Oboe
- 10 Clarion
- 11 Carillons
- 12 Echo piccolo
- 13 Doublette, 2 ranks

#### The great ophicleide

#### THE PEDAL ORGAN.

- Contra-open wood diapason, 32 feet CCCC
- The same in metal, do.
- Contra-Posaune, 16 ft, CCC
- Posaune, do."

A gentleman residing in Connecticut, (one of our subscribers,) having accidentally intimated to us that

he was present at the last election of organists for this organ, we requested him to furnish us with an account of the trial, which request he has kindly complied with. It gives an excellent idea of the manner in which organists are generally, if not invariably, elected in England:

"The situation of organist of the Birmingham town hall being vacant by the decease of the late organist, the committee proposed a trial, in presence of competent judges, of the skill of the various applicants for the vacant berth. The judges were, Mr. Goss, organist of St Paul's cathedral, London; Prof. Walmsley, of Oxford, and one or two others of equal eminence. The public were admitted by ticket.

On entering the hall, I found the immense building filled with an anxious audience. Presently a huge card was placed in front of the organ, numbered 1. This was to secure impartiality, the candidates' names not being announced. Well, No. 1 took his seat, and soon the room was filled with harmony issuing from the monster organ. All was hushed instantly. He played, first, a psalm tune from a figured base, afterwards an extempore fugue, and several other things, introducing in one piece, I remember very distinctly, the vesper hymn in various combinations, the effect of which was very beautiful. After an hour and a half's performance, he made his bow, was cheered immensely, and retired. The card was now No. 2. A young man of twenty-one or twenty-two took his seat, and played nearly the same pieces, in very fine style, and all noticed a great difference of manner in this performer. No. 1 was stiff, formal, measured, in his bearing, seeming to think—"I can play better than any of you." No. 2 was much more pleasing in his bearing, at least so I thought. No. 3 appeared in the person of a "modest, unassuming young man," about the age of No. 2. The feature of his performance was a fugue, I believe from the oratorio of Sampson; it was very difficult, but its execution was as near perfection as I can imagine anything. I was perfectly delighted. No. 4 seemed to attract but little notice, after the splendid performances preceding. The feature of his playing was a descriptive piece—"The Thunder Storm." Such things are rather out of date, I believe; but certainly there was considerable thunder that day, that is, from the organ.

The judges had a good deal of difficulty in deciding. The contest lay between Nos. 2 and 3. They finally decided for No. 2, Mr. Stimpson, of Carlisle, the present organist. No. 3 was Mr. Shargool, of Birmingham. No. 1 was Mr. Simms, also of Birmingham. I do not recollect the name of No. 4; he was from Warminster.

To carry out his character, No. 1 (Mr. Simms) came out with a card the following week, impeaching the judges' impartiality; but I believe musicians generally were well satisfied with their decision.

Among the music performed on this occasion, were fugues, &c., from Bach, Rink, &c. It was all of it of a very high order, and I can hardly hope for a treat, such as that, again.

I understood there were some qualifications required of the candidates which could not be determined in public, such as a knowledge of composition, harmony, &c."

CONCERTS.—The Boston Academy of Music gave the fourth of their series of concerts, Jan. 16.

The Boston Handel and Hayden Society performed the oratorio of Sampson, Jan. 24.



## THE SHIPWRECK.

GEO. J. WEBB.

1. Dark night comes on, and threatening clouds brood o'er the mighty deep; The sleeping winds, with fury roused, For-bid the sailor sleep. The sleeping winds, with fury roused, For-bid the sailor sleep.  
 2. On! on! the proud ship boldly rides, Nor fears the towering wave; The lightnings flash, the thunders roll, Ter-rif-ic to the brave. The lightnings flash, the thunders roll, Ter-rif-ic to the brave.  
 3. But though the lightnings flash around, And dart with frightful gleam, She boldly conquers every wave, Like magic of a dream. She boldly conquers every wave, Like magic of a dream.  
 4. As on she rides, like mountains high, The troubled waters rise; Th'affrighted sailors gaze around, With fear and sad surprise, Th'affrighted sailors gaze around, With  
 5. But now the ship reluctant yields, Subdued by furious blasts, No longer can withstand the storm, Deprived of sails and masts, No longer can withstand the storm, De-  
 6. The morning comes! No ship is seen, Though now the winds are hushed, But grief shall reign in many a heart, Whose fondest hopes are crushed, But grief shall reign in many a heart Whose

## I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

B. F. LEAVENS,  
organist at Christ Church, Boston.

Quartets.  
 1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a-bode, The house of thine abode, The church our blest Re-  
 2. We love thy church, O God! Her walls before thee stand, Dear as the apple of thine eye, Dear as the apple

deemer saved With his own precious blood, With his own precious blood, }  
 of thine eye, And graven on thy hand, And graven on thy hand, } 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as -

ce, For her our prayers ascend, To her our cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end, Till toils and cares shall end.

## ZADOK. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. How blest is he who ne'er consents By ill advice to walk; Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits Where men profanely talk!

2. But makes the perfect law of God His business and delight, Devoutly reads therein by day, And meditates by night.

## MOUNT LEBANON. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY, New York.

*Bold and energetic.*

1. The spacious firmament With all the blue And spangled heavens, Their great Th' unwearied sun, from Does  
on high, ethereal sky, a shining frame, Original proclaim. day to day,

his Creator's power And publishes to every land The work of an almighty hand, And publishes to The work of an almighty hand.  
display, every land

## GRAUN. L. M.

A. N. JOHNSON.

1. Great Source of being and of love! Thou waterest all the worlds above; And all the joys which mortals know, From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2. A sacred spring, at thy command, From Sion's mount, in Canaan's land, Beside thy temple cleaves the ground, And pours its limpid stream around.

3. This gentle stream, with sudden force, Swells to a river in its course; Through desert realms its windings play, And scatter blessings all the way.

4. Close by its banks, in order fair, The blooming trees of life appear; Their blossoms fragrant odors give, And on their fruit the nations live.

5. Flow, wondrous stream! with glory crowned, Flow on to earth's remotest bound; And bear us, on thy gentle wave, To him who all thy virtues gave.

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## EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL.—NO. II.

Soon after we came in sight of the rock-bound shores of Ireland, we espied a small Irish lugger with a single yellow sail, bearing down towards us, which proved to be "pilot boat No. 1;" at least these words were painted in large letters upon the sail. It soon came alongside, and the pilot, a genuine son of the emerald isle, informed us that the wind would blow a gale from the eastward for the space of one week, and that we had better allow him to take us into one of the ports near at hand, advice, however, which our captain did not see fit to follow. He then informed the passengers that they had better come on board his craft, and allow him to land them, as they would have abundant time to make the tour of Ireland before the ship arrived at Liverpool. As our captain did not doubt the correctness of the pilot's opinion about the wind, a dozen of the passengers, myself among the number, concluded to accept Patrick's proposition, and accordingly allowed ourselves to be hoisted out at the yard-arm, and lowered into the pilot boat, taking with us such baggage as we could carry under our arms. The operation of passing from the ship to the lugger was by no means so pleasant as it might have been; at least it was calculated to try the nerves of untutored landmen, as the billows were running mountain high, and the lugger was frequently out of sight, behind a wave. An old gentleman, since governor of one of the New England states, was the first to be hoisted out, and the rest of us dare not "back out," after he had set the example.

After beating about for three or four hours, and getting thoroughly "ducked" a dozen times by the sea breaking over us, we suddenly entered a narrow passage through the rocks, and landed at Crookhaven, a town consisting of three or four one-story stone houses, and fifty or sixty mud cabins thatched with straw. We stayed over night at the inn, a one-story house, with an attic, in which we slept, and in the morning started for Cork, a distance of perhaps a hundred miles. During this journey I saw more of poverty, wretchedness, and misery, than it ever fell to my lot to see before. The swine in New England are better housed and cared for than the wretched beings who constitute by far the larger part of the population of the towns through which we passed. The road on which we traveled was

a macadamized one, the best I had ever seen. About half the distance from Crookhaven to Cork we performed in an Irish jaunting car, the remainder in a mail coach. As on this route I saw nothing but wretchedness, of course I saw nothing musical, for music does not dwell among those who are degraded below the level of the beasts that perish. We arrived at Cork, a city of 120,000 inhabitants, on Saturday evening, and here for the first time found ourselves in a town which looked as if the inhabitants were civilized. On sabbath morning, in company with one of our passengers, I visited several of the catholic churches, Father Matthews' among the rest, but heard no singing. At 12 o'clock, passed a plain stone building, without a steeple, which had "Scotch Presbyterian Church" on a marble slab over the door, into which people were entering, and we entered with them. The building was small, and the congregation thin, but the minister was one of the most eloquent preachers I ever heard. The singing was congregational, without instrumental accompaniment of any kind. The tunes were pitched by a man who stood in front of the pulpit, but neither he nor any of the congregation excelled as singers, and I could get no definite idea of the tunes which were sung; perhaps because they were sung so slow that I could not keep the connection between one part of the tune and another. The "hymn book" contained only a versification of the psalms, each verse containing the same words which are in the corresponding verse in the bible, but transposed so as to form something like rhyme. In the small congregation we were easily recognized as strangers, and by some unknown method it was ascertained that my companion was a clergyman. On the conclusion of the service, the sexton informed us that the clergyman wished to speak to us, and, to our great surprise, he invited us home to dine with him, giving us a sample of true Irish hospitality. Although this church is called "Scotch presbyterian," both pastor and members are Irish. The morning service commenced at 12 o'clock; the afternoon service at 6 o'clock.

In the afternoon I attended a large episcopal church. It was a very large, gothic building, with a very high roof. A large, high gallery extended entirely around the building, while a smaller gallery, containing the organ and singers, was elevated some twenty feet higher still, so that the top of the organ nearly touched the ceiling. I should say, the bottom of the organ was not less than thirty-five or forty feet from the floor. The singing was performed by four voices, two male and two female, one on each part. The organ was a remarkably fine-toned one. It was played in a very florid style, the organist evincing a great partiality for the flute stop, and for chromatic passages, and trills and turns. The tunes were of quite a lively character, much more so than I had expected to hear in the old world. During the performance of the tunes, I heard sundry grunts and noises from among the scattered congregation, from which circumstance I concluded the audience were attempting to join in the singing, but it seemed to me that not a single one had either the tune or key right.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE ORGAN.—NO. II.

*Bellows and Wind-trunks.*—The bellows supply the wind by which the pipes are enabled to speak. They require a good deal of room, for which reason they are generally placed at the bottom of the organ, and the wind is conducted from them to the wind-chest by means of tubes, called the wind-trunks. The bellows consist of two wooden boards or leaves, which are so connected at the sides by ribs of wood, lying in folds, and fastened together at the edges with leather, that they admit of being opened and closed with regard to one another. The under leaf is fastened so as to be immovable; to the upper or moveable leaf is affixed a lever or handle, which, on being pressed down opens the bellows and sucks in the air; the moveable leaf then gradually returns to its original position by the downward pressure of several weights placed on the top of it, and in so doing forces the wind through the trunk into the wind-chest. In the under leaf of the bellows is inserted a valve, which, as the handle descends, opens inwardly to admit the air, but which immediately closes again, so that the wind shall not escape. Large organs have generally several pair of bellows, or one very large one supplied by several smaller ones, called feeders.

*Sound Board.*—The sound board is a box extending nearly the whole width of the organ, rather shallow, but of considerable breadth, divided by partitions into as many compartments or channels, called grooves, as there are keys, on the row of keys to which it belongs; these grooves are of various breadths, according to the size of the pipes. Each groove, at the end which lies over the wind-chest, has an aperture opening into it, which is kept closed by a large valve, called a pallet. The grooves run the entire breadth of the sound board, and serve as so many partial wind-chests—one for each key. The pallets are connected with the keys by trackers, and by moveable levers called rollers, so that by pressing down the keys they may be opened at will. The trackers are thin slips of wood, having wire hooks, and in some cases wire screws, at their ends. In the boards which close in the tops of the grooves, are bored as many holes over each groove as there are stops placed on the sound board; this is called the under board. Parallel to and directly over the under board, is situated the upper board, which is perforated with holes to correspond with these in the under board; in these holes the feet of the pipes are placed. Between the upper and under boards are situated the sliders. These are moveable slips of wood, perforated with holes exactly corresponding to those in the under board over the grooves, and also to those in the upper board; and which, on being moved backwards or forwards, either open or close at once all the holes belonging to the pipes of any one stop. Hence, there are as many sliders as there are stops in the organ. If a stop be drawn, the holes in the slider exactly correspond with those in the grooves and those in the upper board, so that on pressing down a key, the wind can enter into a pipe and cause it to speak. The pallets belonging to the grooves being placed in the wind-chest, are kept closely pressed against the bottom of the grooves by

means of springs, and are attached to the sound board by a leathern hinge. When the pallets are closed, the wind is excluded from the grooves, and when opened, by pressing down the keys, the wind rushes in from the wind-chest.

### THE MOST SUITABLE AGE FOR INSTRUCTION IN SINGING.

Long experience has taught us, that in proportion as matter is soft and plastic, it receives impressions the more readily and indelibly. The human body, being composed of matter, is necessarily subject to this physical law; and its mysterious union with the living principle, and with spirit, must contribute to increase, rather than diminish, the effect of that law. Childhood is the fittest period for instruction in general, and for vocal instruction in particular. All the organs of the voice are then soft and flexible, and susceptible of the slightest impression. The lungs expand with unobstructed ease, the muscles and nerves connected with the chest yield readily to the action of respiration, the ear receives and conveys sound with facility, and ideas given according to the principles of art, leave indelible traces.

Even for the instrumental performer, early instruction in singing and in the principles of music, is indispensably necessary. Singing doubtlessly constitutes the ground work of musical education, all other branches of which are only imitations of singing. Every instrument sings in its way, with a more or less brilliant, with a more or less powerful sound; has greater or less compass of voice, according to the character and resources of its peculiar mechanism. The difficulty of becoming familiarized with the mechanism itself, renders continued application necessary. That application, however, should in every instance be preceded by general lessons in music, and on the theory of the art. Youth is the fittest time during which to receive these lessons, and to acquire a thorough knowledge of the rules. And how can we give such preliminary musical knowledge in an easier, surer, and more practical manner, than by teaching the principles of musical theory, in connection with, and at the same time as, the practice of singing. While the voice is acquiring flexibility, the student will become familiar with the fundamental principles of music. To the knowledge of the notes, should be added lessons on musical signs, on the division of time, on the different scales, on the nature of syncopated passages, of chords, &c. All these lessons form a preparatory study, which can scarcely be commenced at too early a period.

If we revert for a moment to the observations contained in the first division of our subject, we shall at once perceive that it is during childhood—that cheerful, unobscured, open-minded age—that we may hope, by the practice of singing, to produce an effect upon the intellectual faculties of the pupil which shall influence his whole after-existence, and shed cheering rays on his future life.

The training of the voice ought in every instance to be commenced before the time comes at which the voice breaks. That remarkable period in life, which may be considered as forming the boundary between childhood and approaching youth, has an almost incredible influence upon the voice. Up to that age, the voices of boys and girls are of a similar diapason. As the body is developed, emotions, before unfelt, arise, new natural qualities come into action, and the voice, in both sexes, undergoes an entire change. The alteration, or breaking of the voice, is much more remarkable in boys

than girls; in the former, the higher notes disappear, and fall necessarily an octave lower; thus soprano, or alto, become in men tenor or base voices. This change occupies a longer or shorter time, according as different constitutions and temperaments, or some casual emotion, retard or hasten the workings of nature. It often goes on during two or three years; the child loses the higher notes, either at once, or one after the other, before the lower ones are formed, and is sometimes even almost entirely deprived of voice and speech. Sometimes this alteration is effected in a few months or weeks; and it has frequently happened that a fortuitous emotion has wrought a sudden change in the quality of the voice. The voices of female children, it is true, retain the higher notes, and the breaking is therefore less perceptible; but the inward operation of nature upon the disposition is not the less active. Any opinion, therefore, that may be formed before that epoch, upon the future quality of the voice, can only be presumptive, for high voices often become deep after this change has taken place. It sometimes occurs that the voice of a child, previously very indifferent, becomes after that period full, flexible, sonorous, and sweet; while on the contrary a previously fine voice is changed to one devoid of beauty, interest, and flexibility. Breaking, however, generally gives more roundness and fullness, and greater strength and charm to the voices of females, and imparts to them those qualities by which they acquire the distinctive appellations—*soprano* and *alto*. To the teacher, as well as to the learner, this period is of the greatest importance; the more so as the rules which the latter has to follow, and likewise the peculiar manner in which he is taught to sing, have a direct influence upon the breaking of the voice. Care must therefore be taken not to let the pupil practice too often, and still more, not to make him force out notes that are too high for his reach; because, should the vocal organs be thus weakened and lose their wonted flexibility, the most grievous injury will ensue. It is certain that too violent exertion used during this period, has often destroyed organs that had given promise of great beauty.

This is not the only motive, however, by which we are actuated, in advising that the practice of singing be suspended during this period. Due regard to the management of health renders the adoption of this precautionary measure desirable; because, by its neglect, we endanger the state of the chest at a period when it is most susceptible of pernicious influences. It is precisely at this epoch that the voice fully develops itself, and assumes a fixed and lasting character; it is therefore evident, that it is previously to this period, the pupil should become familiarized with all that relates to its mechanism and management. Childhood, then, we repeat, is the age which is most favorable for instruction in singing, because in childhood the ear is most acute, the voice most flexible, and the sense of rhythm most easily awakened.—MAINZER.

Boston, December, 1846.

MESSRS. EDITORS—In the New England Puritan of Nov. 19, I read an article, or communication, entitled "Church Music in New England," said to have been written by "A Traveler." "If the name of the author were known," says a notice of the article in another column of the same paper, "it would carry great weight with it." I hope, Messrs. Editors, that at least a portion of the readers of the Puritan are capable of appre-

ciating the opinions, or impressions of weighty minds even, when expressed upon a subject with which they (the common people) feel quite familiar, independent of the name of the author, however weighty that name might be, if made known.

Has it come to this, that the name of the writer, upon so trite a subject as church music, must be given, in order that his writings shall make an impression upon those who read them? Since we have not the name of the author, by which to be influenced in the examination of the subject of his remarks, I may be supposed to speak (if you shall see fit to permit me to speak at all) upon the subject, with a degree of independence. Says "A Traveler," "It surprises me to find how ripe your choirs are with new tunes." If he is not only "surprised," but is grieved also, at the introduction of so many "new tunes," he is not alone in such emotions, perhaps. I am of the opinion, that in New England, even, he might find many persons who would readily coincide with him in the choice of more "good old tunes," and who are now, and without the aid of his weighty name and sympathy, ready to "weep between the porch and the altar," because so many of their "good old tunes" are so summarily "extruded" from our sanctuaries. He asks, "Why is it, that so many of the old standard tunes are extruded from our sanctuaries?"

In reply, I would say, that the intangible, yet entangling spirit, called "the spirit of the times," inclines us, erring mortals, to introduce to public notice, new compositions, especially such as we call *our own*. The musician is not alone subjected to such an influence, neither is his profession the only one that yields to that power. What minister of the gospel, even, would expect to satisfy his people by preaching to them "good old" sermons, and few if any of his own composition? What if those old sermons are far better than the new ones, of his own "make," will his people, especially the "young people," remain quiet, long, if "good old" sermons only, or chiefly, were preached by their pastor? Again, has not "A Traveler" seen enough of New England, to make the discovery that we, as a people, are almost ready to sacrifice our very souls on the altar of a god, which the "spirit of the times" seems to have engendered, cycloped "originality?" "Give us something original," say the chief speakers, "and we will patronize you." Now when the popular voice becomes "the voice of God" (as it seems likely to become) to those of us who depend so much upon public favor and public patronage, for our food and raiment, what can you expect but a kind of cringing to popular taste, though that taste be superficial, or even silly, in many respects? Again, musicians of the present day are more or less prone to esteem their compositions better than those of old composers, that is, better for "the times." It seems as if "the spirit of the age" would make the square consist of only three right angles, if the thing was likely to become popular.

If not enough of the "old-standard-tunes" music is heard in our churches, the fault is, in part, yours, "A Traveler," and the fault of other men of "weight and influence." The fact is, you do not complain, so as to be heard and felt, or things would be different, not as respects music in our churches merely, but in respect to other grievances. You must not rest satisfied with stifled complaints, and perhaps a learned reluctance in a year or two, (and that published in some paper which refuses to admit a reply, though the character of the

reply be as sympathetic as the nature of the case would admit.) If your complaints be just, why not insist upon the removal of the cause of them? So far as we who compose your choirs are in the wrong, we ask to be righted; and if we did not thus ask, it would be none the less your duty to correct us if we were wrong, whether we were so by design or inadvertence. The choirs are not their own; they are, or should be, the property (so to speak) of the churches. Be assured of this also, that we who sing in the choir—though, in the opinion of “A Traveler,” so obstinate and exclusive—are really the most flexible people in the community in some respects; and shall we not soon select other music for the sabbath, when we are satisfied that our present selections do not edify the majority of the church?

But if you, fathers, in our churches, choose to believe that the young and inexperienced are better fitted to guide the helm, than you are, then give to the young the helm, which the Puritans supposed was safer in the hands of the wise, than in the hands of wisdom's children, who had not yet arrived at that maturity of knowledge, which could make them better counselors than their fathers; but do not complain if the ship careen, or even if she almost “go down,” for good intentions should receive due credit—and the mariners did as well as they could. Do not complain, unless you couple with it a confession that what your boys attempted to do, their fathers ought to have done. Be not “surprised” if, while they control, your ears, and your sense of what is proper as mediums of worship, are almost wholly, though unintentionally, left out of their consideration. Does not “A Traveler” know what things have happened in these days? that “young men have become the glory of the nation,” not simply as in other and more pnrntanical times, to act according to the counsels of their fathers, but to act and counsel too.

“A Traveler” says, “2d, I have somewhat to object to the style of singing in your churches; much of the singing I have heard has been deficient in solemnity.” In his remarks relative to style, I am not sure that he may not be found tripping. He attributes to performance, what may be the effect of the composition merely, “for,” he continues, “the choirs have evidently devoted much time and culture to their divine art. Their singing was scientific, [accurate, I suppose.] but it lacked gravity, tenderness, reverence; it had a sort of business air, a smack of the concert room which grated upon my feelings; it was in conflict with the other services; it enkindled no flame of devotion in the heart [his heart]; it impaired the impression of truth upon the conscience. I felt that a choir so trained, and in such circumstances, must be in great danger of offering their sacrifice to science instead of religion. The tendency was, to draw attention, not to the sentiment of the hymns, but to the singers. The apparent impression upon the congregation was, ‘That was well done,’ &c. &c. If a choir of singers trained to sing with accuracy, in all respects, are in greater danger of offering sacrifice to “science” [art] than choirs who feel that they sing well enough without training, then indeed we, who have been wont to believe that to God's altar we are required to bring the best we can offer, regarding manner as well as matter, word as well as spirit, are in a strait of temptation, truly. Poor human nature is always in danger of withholding the heart from God, in all offerings, whether as singers or any other class of worshipers; but are we more liable to sin, as singers, if we have been taught to perform our part accurately,

than if we had been instructed only in slovenly performance? Are those choirs more liable to forget the object for which they are set apart in the church, for being able to sing with ease literally right, to sing accurately as a matter of course? I do not suppose that the worthy correspondent, “A Traveler,” would teach that even in the choir, among the “Levites,” “ignorance is the mother of devotion”—true devotion, at least. The skillful singer will tell him, that he can give much more attention to the sentiments of the hymns now, than he could while it was a difficult matter for him to read and understand his music. “A Traveler” will find it comparatively easy to attend to the sentiment of the hymns he sings to his “good old tunes,” but require him to sing even as good music, with which he is unacquainted, and the task will be considerable; he will find his mind too much given to the art of the matter, to worship much.

The singer who can barely perform his part, though he may sing with fear and trembling, and manifest to the eyes of “A Traveler,” or looker on, no “business-like” tact, can hardly be supposed intelligently to worship, or, at any rate, to worship through the sentiments of the words he sings.

I may misunderstand the intent of “A Traveler,” but I think his language warrants the inference, that he feels opposed to system—that order has no right in the choir; at least, he is opposed to systematic training, such as results in easy and correct performance—such singing must, as a matter of course, be “business-like,” and in a worthy sense, too, as appears to me. Did “A Traveler” ever hear or think of the fact, that a congregation, if disposed to worship in the “songs of the temple,” can do so without audibly joining the choir? and that, while the choir is orderly and business-like? He that is wise will think on these things. It is an “inalienable right” and duty for all men to praise God. Have all men, and in all circumstances, that undoubted right to sing aloud the praises of Jehovah? I have heard of one Foster in the world, whose inalienable rights were so paramount to all other people's rights, that, in the exercise of that right, he one day so disturbed a whole congregation of other supposed rights, that the suppose party took it upon themselves to give the said Foster a hard cushion on the side-walk outside of the meeting-house, for he would not stand upright, because he had a right to lie down; and the people, now that the excitement is over, really believe that a congregation of rights, is more weighty than one man's notion.

That “smack of the concert room” which so grated upon the ear, may not have been a necessary “smack,” unless we make the disposition of a man to abuse that which Heaven designed for good, necessary. I should like to ask “A Traveler” whether a due degree of charity, such as the Apostle recommends, if abundantly cherished, would not have enabled him to have come to a different conclusion in reference to the effect of accurate performance, or, as he calls it, “scientific singing.” Now if he means that a talented or artful performer, in any department of worship, or duty, is more likely to be injuriously affected by flattery from others, (or that his own self-esteem, through others, is more liable to predominate,) than he who has no talent, we agree. Persons are able to harm themselves and others, according to the means they possess (in a certain sense) for doing good. Nevertheless, we are always taught, except at the schools of popish theology and tyrant's acad-

emies, that a good deal of good knowledge is a good thing for the good to possess. Great ability to preach well does not necessarily endanger the possessor's christian character. Is it not a true maxim—“The most wise among men are the most humble.” A congregation, unaccustomed to hear good oratory from their pulpit, might object to a good sermon if delivered by a stranger whose oratorical powers were of the highest order, but who would think of attaching blame to, or trembling for the moral character of the preacher on that account? The first-rate orator appears, when contrasted with some speakers, like a “business” man, indeed. Do not, I beg of you, Mr. Traveler, conclude that choirs who sing most accurately, are on that account the most worthy of rebuke, and as a matter of course in greatest danger of offering sacrifice to idols. If congregations are disposed to say of correct singing, “That was well done,” as “A Traveler” says they “seemed” to say in the churches which he attended, in New England, if they are disposed to flatter the singers by such secular and thoughtless remarks, in an improper time, there may be found persons listening to their folly, but who is the aggressor?

Again, let me ask “A Traveler” if the people say “well done” to correct singing in New England, what do the people of his country say, to such singing as they are accustomed to hear in their own churches? To say “well done” perhaps would be a libel there. I confess, that even the “truth should not always be spoken;” silence in the worshiping assembly is often much better than speech or song. But a lie should never be uttered. If “A Traveler” received a true impression as regards the “appeared to say” of the people who heard “nice” singing, that people had not yet been sufficiently accustomed to accurate singing, to listen to such as a matter of course, and so they ought not hastily and tartly to be censured, neither should the choir be censured for doing God's will in the best manner they were able. Do his (the Traveler's) choirs less than this? If they do as badly as they can, shall they be thanked? If they sing as well as they can, and yet the congregation do not feel that the singing is “well done,” what then?

But a word more. Accustom an intelligent congregation to hear bad singing, and “A Traveler” will hardly detect that people in the act of saying “That was well done.” Accustom the same people to good singing, and they, always having heard that kind, will give “A Traveler” no reasonable suspicion that they “appear to say, ‘That was well done.’”

A CITIZEN OF NEW ENGLAND.

On the 4th November, died at Bonn, in Prussia, Dr. Ries, the oldest musical composer in Germany, and father of the celebrated Ferdinand Ries, who died five years ago. The doctor was in his ninety-first year, and was for a long time master of the chapel of the Elector Maximilian Frederic of Cologne, which has reckoned among its members Beethoven, Reicha, the two Rombergs, and many other artists of transcendent merit. Dr. Ries was not only the writer of numerous vocal and instrumental compositions, but also the author of many recondite works on the history and theory of music. He was made a doctor by the university of Bonn, on the inauguration of the monument raised to the memory of Beethoven, whose intimate friend he was.

In renewing their subscriptions, many have given us valuable hints, which may influence our future course.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1847.

**OUR TASK.**—Having fairly entered upon a new volume of our paper, it becomes us to pause a moment, and inquire what subjects require our particular attention during the present year. In the first place, it is always our duty to keep our readers informed of all that transpires in the musical world. During the past year we believe we have succeeded in getting the "hang" of musical operations, both in the old and new world, and we feel confident that nothing of importance in musical transactions will escape our notice. A great work remains to be done, in placing music in its true light before the community. We believe it capable of the clearest proof, that there is no science, study, or art, that can with any propriety be ranked *above* this beautiful science. We believe it capable of proof, that no study whatever presents stronger claims to universal cultivation, not excepting "reading, writing, and arithmetic," nor any other branch of knowledge, from the studies of the primary school to those of the senior class in college. This is strong language, we know, and language that few even among professors of the art would feel justified in using. We nevertheless believe it not too strong; and it will be our aim to bring the subject before the minds of our readers in such a manner as to enable them to judge of the correctness of this view of the subject. A thorough reformation is needed in the manner of teaching music. Perhaps reform is as much needed in the requirements of the community, as in the practice of teachers; but it is certainly true, that a majority of those, throughout the country, who teach music, very imperfectly understand the science of teaching, however well they may understand the science of music. There are many honorable exceptions; but who that really understands the art of teaching, will not subscribe to the above assertion? We must exert ourselves to bring to light the deficiencies of teachers, and point out the remedy. If we do not succeed in doing it, the fault will be with the head and not with the heart. Next in order, but not least in importance, comes church music. Although we are deeply interested in the cultivation of every department of music, as a member of the church of Christ, we make no disguise of the fact, that

"Beyond our highest joy  
We prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise."

We place this subject next in order, because church music cannot be properly performed, unless music is properly cultivated; and music never will be properly cultivated, where it is not rightly esteemed. To say all that ought to be said on this department, would require a larger sheet than ours, but we shall omit no opportunity for doing what in us lies for the improvement of this all important department.

With regard to what are usually termed the higher departments, we do not know that anything more can be required of us, than to chronicle what transpires in various parts of the world, but we do not lack the will to do everything we can for the promotion of every branch of the art. Our "task" being thus before us, it remains to be seen how far we shall succeed in accomplishing it.

Here—pronounced Herts.

**USE OF A MUSICAL PAPER.**—Some of our readers seem to think that a newspaper is infallible on every subject—that what is printed must be correct, and that plans and suggestions offered by an editor ought to be adopted without hesitation. We say some of our readers seem to think so; at least, some write as if they acted upon this supposition. We doubt not that there are editors who would rejoice to lead their readers whithersoever they list, but sure we are that we do not belong to that class. We are by no means confident that all our ideas are correct, nor do we like to be over forward in advancing them. It is, rather, the design of a newspaper to bring facts, suggestions, and ideas, before its readers, and the readers' part to form opinions from them. We hope, therefore, that all our readers will hold to the right of private judgment, and not adopt our suggestions, except they accord with their own convictions.

**OUR MUSIC.**—We do not deny that our object in publishing music, is solely to make our paper acceptable to those who would not otherwise be likely to read it. This being our object, it can readily be understood that we have no personal partialities to gratify. Whatever will please our subscribers will please us, provided, however, as the lawyers say, it would not comport with the character of our paper to publish music of a low character. In the selection of music, we are, unfortunately, obliged to trust to our own judgment. The Irishman who puzzled his brains to discover a plan by which the frigate in which he sailed could surround the enemy's vessel, and thus prevent her escape, did not try harder to accomplish his object, than we to please our readers in our selection of music. But we cannot please everybody; would that we could. A patient consideration of the subject has led us to decide to publish only church music and glees. This decision we know will meet the approbation of seven eighths of our readers, and this is as large a proportion as we can well expect to satisfy.

We would suggest to the many choirs who receive the Gazette, the plan of making it a fixed rule to thoroughly learn *all* the music which appears in it. This will be a valuable exercise in reading music at least, and one which can be better carried forward with music which appears new, in small quantities, than from a large collection. He has little to boast of as a singer who can only perform such music as happens to please his ear. Glees form a valuable practice for choirs, in imparting lightness of execution, delicacy of expression, and accuracy in time. Most well-trained choirs employ them for the attainment of these ends, although they are of course useless as far as actual performance in church is concerned.

**CONTRIBUTIONS OF MUSIC.**—The above being our sole design in publishing music, those of our friends who send us their compositions for insertion in the Gazette, can imagine the perplexity we are in, when from a bushel basket full of manuscript tunes, we endeavor to make a selection which will be the most acceptable to our readers. There is no one of our editorial duties which causes us a tenth part of the trouble that this does. We have at this time a large drawer full of these contributions; enough at least to fill the paper from now until next February; and they are daily increasing. Although extremely anxious to avoid offence on this subject, we have no choice but to adopt

the following plan. We respectfully invite composers to send us as much good music as they can. We shall always, on its reception, throw it into a drawer which we have appropriated for the purpose, and on the day that we make up our copy, select from the whole, such pieces as in our judgment will be most acceptable to our readers. We do not say that we shall always select the best pieces, for it is not at all likely that we shall. If we receive as many contributions as heretofore, not more than one in twenty will stand any chance of an insertion. We wish it understood that we shall in no case regard the author's name, but simply make up the best variety we can for each paper. If any one can suggest a better method than this, he will be entitled to our warmest thanks.

**MUSIC IN SCHOOLS.**—A Pittsburg paper says: "The propriety of introducing music into our public schools as a branch of education, appears about to be acted upon to a considerable extent. The school directors of the second ward, at their meeting on Friday evening, agreed to employ Professor Bingham in the public schools of that ward. This gentleman has been teaching music in the public schools of the fourth ward for some time. Music forms a part of the regular exercises in the primary school of the third ward. It will, ere long, be introduced into most of our schools."

## CHURCHES IN BOSTON.—NO. II.



SALEM STREET CHURCH.

Edward Beecher, D. D., pastor; David C. Long, organist and conductor.

This is an orthodox congregational church. It stands at the corner of Salem and Bennet streets, a few rods south of Christ Church, and is built of brick. The house was dedicated January 1, 1828. The engraving above represents it as it was a few months ago, not as it is now. During the past year it has been raised twelve feet, so that the floor of the vestry is now two feet above ground, instead of being under ground, as before the alteration. In outward appearance the shape remains the same, with the exception that the two side front doors have been bricked up, and the steps to the centre front door have been removed, bringing the bottom of the door to a level with the sidewalk. The tower has also been altered, and now nearly resembles the tower of the Baldwin Place Church. Although this is perhaps the least expensive of the congregational churches in the city, in our estimation it transcends them all, in



the possession of everything that is really desirable for the purposes of a church. The first floor, which is a foot or two above the sidewalk, contains a large lecture room; two smaller rooms, carpeted, connected with the larger, by wide folding doors, and also connected with each other by folding doors; and two good-sized committee rooms. These rooms, as well as the church above, are lighted with gas. One of the carpeted rooms contains a piano, and is otherwise fitted up for the meetings of the choir. The church is one flight of stairs above the first floor, and is perfectly plain, but as neat and pleasing to the eye as heart can desire. It has an elegant mahogany pulpit, and is beautifully carpeted throughout.

Previous to the alteration of the house, it contained an organ with sixteen stops, and two banks of keys, built by Thomas Appleton, of Boston, one of the finest instruments of the size we ever saw. At the time of the alteration, this organ was sold to the congregational church in Manchester, Mass., and a superb organ of forty stops and three banks of keys, built by Simmons & McIntire, of Boston, purchased in its stead. This splendid instrument is twenty feet high, fifteen feet front, eleven feet deep, and contains 1818 pipes. The contents are—

GREAT ORGAN.		SWELL ORGAN.	
1, 2 Open diapasons		1, 2 Dbl. stop diapasons,	
3 Stop diapason, treble		treble and base	
4 Stop diapason, base		3 Open diapason	
5 Clarabella		4 Stop diapason	
6 Horn		5 Dulciana	
7 Principal		6 Principal	
8 Twelfth		7 Picolo	
9 Fifteenth		8 Flute	
10 Sesquialtra, 3 ranks		9 Cornet, 3 ranks	
11 Mixture, 3 ranks		10 Trumpet	
12 Trumpet, treble		11 Hautboy	
13 Trumpet, base		12 Tremulant	
14 Clarion			
CHOIR ORGAN.		Pedals, compass from	
1 Open diapason		CCC to C	
2 Stop diapason, treble		SUB-BASE COUPLERS.	
3 Stop diapason, base		1 Pedals and great organ	
4 Dulciana		2 Pedals and choir organ	
5 Principal		3 Great and swell	
6 Fifteenth		4 Great and choir	
7 Flute		5 Pedal check	
8 Cremona			

The organ stands in an arched niche, which is admirably adapted to throw out the sound, both from the organ and choir. The organ loft contains three rows of seats, which will seat sixty-one singers. The choir at present numbers sixty-two members. A meeting for practice is invariably held every Thursday evening the year round, and every member of the choir is expected to regularly attend this meeting. During the winter, this meeting is held alternately in the room under the church and at the houses of members of the congregation, i. e., about once a fortnight the choir is invited to the house of some member of the church or society. At the meeting held in the room under the church, the time is occupied in practicing such music as is performed on the sabbath. At the meetings at private houses the exercises are of a more social character. The meetings of the choir for practice are closed with prayer. The organist's salary is three hundred dollars. The present organist has held his office for eight consecutive years. The order of services is, 1, voluntary (either a chant or anthem, or a voluntary on the organ, but never both); 2, invocation; 3, reading of the scriptures; 4, hymn; 5, prayer; 6, hymn; 7, sermon; 8, prayer; 9, benediction;—P. M., 1, voluntary on the or-

gan; 2, hymn; 3, prayer; 4, hymn; 5, sermon; 6, prayer; 7, hymn; 8, benediction. The congregation always stand during the prayers, and also during the first singing in the morning, and the first and last in the afternoon. The Church Psalmody is the hymn-book used in this church.



BALDWIN PLACE BAPTIST CHURCH.

Baron Stow, D. D., pastor; B. F. Edmunds, chorister; W. R. Bradford, organist.

This church was organized in 1743. The first meeting-house was erected upon the present location 1746. The corner stone of the present edifice was laid May, 1810, and the house was dedicated January 1, 1811. In 1842 the house was raised eleven feet, and its interior arrangements are now like the Salem Street Church, which was re-modeled after it. Like the Salem Street Church, although not an expensive building, in point of convenience it is in advance of most others in the city. It is built of brick, and stands on Baldwin Place, of which it forms the end. Baldwin Place is a short court leading from Salem street, a short distance south from the Salem Street Church.

The plan of the singing gallery and organ loft was drafted by the chorister, and its adoption by the building committee redounds to their credit, inasmuch as interior accommodation is consulted, rather than outward beauty. To accomplish the design, it was necessary to dispense with the rear brick wall of the tower, and substitute a wooden one, slated, above the roof. The organ stands in an arched niche nineteen feet high, thirty-five feet wide, and twelve feet deep, the front of the organ being exactly on a line with the rear of the tower. The singing gallery is of the same width as the niche, having three rows of seats, except immediately in the centre, where there is only one row of seats, which extends across the front of the instrument, the other two rows being discontinued in the centre, thereby giving ample room for the chorister and organist. A choir of fifty can be seated without occupying any of the seats at the sides of the organ. This arrangement has been, by trial, found to be an admirable one for musical effect, and has been copied in other churches since erected.

The organ was built by Thomas Appleton, in 1834, is eighteen feet high, twelve feet wide, and seven feet deep, and has two banks of keys. The great organ has open diapason, stop diapason treble and base, dulciana, flute, principal, twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtra, cremona, and base trumpet, a pedal register to connect

pedals and great organ, with a sub-base to CCC within the case. The swell organ has open diapason, stop diapason, dulciana, principal, cornet, three ranks, and hautboy, with a stop diapason base. A coupling register to connect great organ and swell.

This society seems to have been remarkably exempt from the mutations usually attendant upon the administration of its musical department. The present chorister has been a member of the choir twenty-five consecutive years, and director of the music twelve years. Since the erection of the organ (1834) there have been but three permanent organists, one having served four years and a half, one six years, and the present organist two years; others have occasionally played, but merely as temporary supplies. The present choir numbers forty members.

The church is one of the largest in the city, and the organ but of a medium size, and by no means so loudly voiced as is the fashion in building organs at the present time; yet such is its advantage of position, that it is more efficient than many larger instruments not so favorably situated.

The order of service is, 1, voluntary; 2, hymn or chant; 3, prayer; 4, reading of the scriptures; 5, hymn; 6, sermon; 7, hymn; 8, prayer; 9, benediction;—P. M., 1, voluntary; 2, hymn; 3, prayer; 4, hymn; 5, sermon; 6, prayer; 7, hymn; 8, benediction.

The voluntaries sometimes are both instrumental and vocal, an anthem or chant being introduced in the course of the voluntary, and the organ continuing to play after the singing is completed, a practice, it is believed, peculiar to this choir. The hymn book used in this church is "The Psalmist," edited by Rev. Baron Stow, D. D., and Rev. S. F. Smith. Chanting is practiced, but in no case (except in the voluntary) unless the congregation are supplied with a copy of the hymn or selection chanted; the hymn book containing a compilation (by the chorister) of chants and selections for chanting.

The choir meets for practice every Thursday evening the year round. Five hundred and fifty dollars are annually appropriated for the singing. The pastor manifests a lively interest in the choir.

FOREIGN.—The king of Bavaria has just instituted a conservatory of music at Munich, designed for both sexes. The instruction is given in four classes. The first class study singing, the second the Italian language, the third the organ, and the fourth harmony and counterpoint. —It is said that Liszt, the great pianist, has recently married the daughter of a wealthy jeweler in Prague, who brought her husband a dowry of three millions of francs. Another report says he has married a Hungarian peasant girl. Liszt himself is now in Constantinople.—A piano has been made in London, for the use of Tom Thumb, on a scale suited to the capabilities of the diminutive hero.—Beethoven never wrote but one opera. In bringing out that, he became so disgusted with the squabbles and bickerings of the theatrical vocalists, that he vowed never to write another, and faithfully kept his resolution.—An English editor calls Madame Bishop the *prima donna assoluta* of the English stage, and says, "If fine, artistic singing, purity of intonation to an extraordinary degree, perfect execution in every particle of a phrase, and wonderful facility of vocalization, entitle a singer to the term we have used, most assuredly Madame Bishop deserves to be so called."—Rossini has at last written a new

opera, entitled "Robert Bruce." He has not written an opera before for twenty years.—A Lincolnshire paper, giving a description of a concert on the previous evening, says, "There was a large audience, and Miss —Aung Lucy Neale in a very superior manner, and was rapturously encored."—The most commodious public room in Manchester will not seat more than 300 persons. The Choral Society are about erecting a music hall of approved construction, capable of seating 1500 to 2000 persons, and furnished with a large organ.—There are thirteen papers exclusively devoted to music, published in Paris; besides which, all of the great daily journals have a column exclusively devoted to music.—A society of musicians has recently been formed in Brussels, with the following object in view. Each member who has been in regular standing for fifteen years is to receive an annual pension of six hundred francs; after thirty years, twelve hundred francs. To provide the requisite funds, each member is to pay an annual assessment of twelve francs; four concerts for the benefit of the society, are to be given each year, and private subscriptions for the formation of a permanent fund, are to be solicited.—A piano-forte virtuoso, named *Papendyk*, aged six years, is performing in Berlin.—The *Musikalische Zeitung* says that concerts are frequently given in the City Hall! New York, in which two hundred German amateurs take part.

**WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS.**—It has been our good fortune, during the past year, to exchange with a considerable number of most excellent weekly journals. Sensible that the benefit has been altogether on our side, we are too modest to ask a continuance of their visits; but if they do continue to come, they may be sure of a hearty welcome. To our mind, there is a vast deal of valuable information to be derived from these weekly papers. The editors have time to select and arrange their articles, and the printers have time to set up the matter correctly, and print it properly—which is by no means the case with those papers, of which a first, second, and third edition, each of ever so many thousand copies, have to be issued daily. Then, in the weekly papers, confidence can be placed in the veracity of the articles published, for as the editors' pens do not have to run so very fast, there is less danger of their running off the track, into the swamp of error; and last, though not least, in a weekly paper one generally finds a sheet filled with good reading matter, and not one all but three or four columns of which is made up of advertisements that have remained almost unchanged, time out mind.

**EFFECTS OF MUSIC ON THE PERUVIAN INDIANS.**—The character of the Peruvian Indians is uncommonly sombre. It was not so of yore, to judge from the lively delineations of the oldest writers on that country; but three hundred years of tyrannous wrong have marked it with this hue. It is strikingly apparent in their songs, their music, their dances, and their whole domestic economy. Their favorite instruments are the pututa and the jaina. The former is the great conch-shell, with which they produce a dismal music to accompany their mourning dances. In former times it was used at royal obsequies, and now it is sounded almost exclusively on the solemn days of mourning for the fallen native monarchy. The jaina, which appears to be a more modern invention, is an extremely simple kind of clarinet, made out of a large reed. The tone is

thrillingly sad, unlike that of any other known instrument, and of almost marvelous effect. The wildest horde of Indians, in the uproar of debauchery, or in the fiercest broil, grow still, as if by enchantment, if suddenly they hear the notes of the jaina, and, mute and motionless as statues, they hang in rapt attention on the magic melody. A tear will steal into the Indian's hard eye, that before, perhaps, was never moistened but by intoxication, and the sobs of the women are the only sounds that disturb the almost unearthly music. The sad strains of the jaina awaken a nameless, vague yearning, and leave behind them for days painful emotions; and yet the magic tones are always heard with unabated eagerness.—*Tschudi's Indians of Peru.*

**CONCERTS.**—Dempster gave his first concert in London December 16. From criticisms in the London journals, we are inclined to think he will be very popular in that metropolis.—Leopold De Meyer, and Burke the violinist are giving concerts in Havana, with the same success which has attended them elsewhere.—A new opera, entitled *La Damnation de Faust*, by Berlioz, was recently performed, like an oratorio, without acting, in Paris.—The Hutchinsons gave several of their charming concerts in Philadelphia, with their usual success. As several abolition songs were in their programmes, their performances were attended by numbers of the colored population, which caused so much dissatisfaction, that serious disturbances were threatened. The mayor requested them to admit no colored persons to future concerts, which request they refused to comply with; whereupon he informed them that the police would not interfere in case a riot should result from their course. This being equivalent to a public invitation for a mob, they declined giving any more concerts, and returned home.—A concert was given in Philadelphia January 28, at which purchasers of tickets were allowed to send in a conundrum for each ticket purchased. The tickets were numbered, and each conundrum handed in was numbered to correspond with the ticket. During the intermission between the musical performances, a committee was chosen to retire with the conundrums, and report which was the best. To the author of the best, a piano, which cost \$250, was awarded. The committee awarded the prize to the author of the following, "Why is the character of the prize piano estimated like the character of a great and good man?" "Because we judge of its grandeur by its action, its goodness by its tone." After the prize had been awarded to the author of this stupid affair, a hundred of the best conundrums were read to the audience. Among them was the following: "Why is a man asking his wife for pastry, like a claimant for the prize piano?" "He says, Give me the pie Anna." From six to eight hundred persons attended this intellectual feast.—Henri Herz gave a concert at Charleston, S. C., January 19. Camillo Sivori gave a concert in the same city January 20. Both these gentlemen were on their way to Havana, and the advertisements of both concerts contained a postscript, stating that they would give positively but one concert, as the steamer sailed January 21 for Havana. On January 22d, however, another advertisement appeared, stating that they had altered their route, and would give one more concert, together, previous to sailing for New Orleans. This performance must have been a grand affair. We would almost go the distance from Boston to Charleston to hear the duet from *Moses in Egypt*

performed by two such artists. Our Charleston friends (and, by the way, we have a number of subscribers there,) must have enjoyed a treat which has not been granted to their northern neighbors. This last concert was repeated with some variations, January 25.—Mr. Lover, the celebrated Irish singer, also gave several entertainments in Charleston about February 1st. In Richmond, Va., Mr. Lover must have felt himself highly complimented, for the legislature adjourned in the midst of an exciting subject, to allow its members to attend his performance. It is said that whoever can draw a body of Virginians away from a political meeting must possess wonderful power.—The Boston Philharmonic Society gave their third concert January 30. The Seguin and Mr. Frazer formed the great attraction, and the house, which will hold twenty-five hundred, was filled to its utmost capacity. Mr. Edward Walker, a native of Pennsylvania, performed a magnificent concerto, by Hummel, and a "theme with original variations," on a piano with a "harmonic attachment" of his own invention. His performance was quite equal to those of the celebrated foreign artists who have recently visited us.—The Boston Academy of Music gave their fifth concert February 6. With the exception of two songs by Miss Garcia, the performances were instrumental. Two overtures by full orchestra (forty-four instruments,) a flute solo by Sig. Rametti, a horn solo, beautifully performed by Herr Dorn, a duet for violin and piano, by Messrs. Keyzer and Wm. Mason, and the two songs, constituted the first part, and Beethoven's seventh symphony the second part. Our country friends, who have never had an opportunity to hear one of Beethoven's symphonies, can hardly imagine the exquisite enjoyment which this highest style of instrumental music affords. Although some of the city papers make a regular business of "black balling" everything the Academy does, we do not hesitate to say that we never listened to a more finished concert in the city of Boston than the one here described.

#### NEW SCHOOL MUSIC BOOKS.

**THE PRIMARY SCHOOL SONG BOOK.** In two parts. The first part consisting of songs suitable for primary or juvenile singing schools; and the second part consisting of an explanation of the Inductive or Pestalozzian method of teaching music in such schools. By L. Mason and G. J. Webb, professors in the Boston Academy of Music. In the first part of the work will be found many beautiful little songs, tasteful in music and pure in thought, adapted to the intellectual and musical capacity of young children. The second part of the work points out in the most familiar way, the Pestalozzian or inductive method of teaching the elementary principles of music to young children. It is supposed that any mother or primary school teacher, who can herself sing, although she may know so little of the musical characters as not to be able to read music herself, may, by the help of these directions, be enabled to teach her pupils with good success, and thus prepare the way for a more thorough and extensive course in higher schools.

**THE SONG BOOK OF THE SCHOOL ROOM,** consisting of a great variety of songs, hymns, and scriptural selections, with appropriate music, arranged to be sung in one, two, or three parts; containing, also, the elementary principles of vocal music, prepared with reference to the inductive, or Pestalozzian method of teaching; designed as a complete music manual for common, or grammar schools. By Lowell Mason and George James Webb. This work has been prepared with reference to the wants of common schools and academies, and is designed to follow the above work. In it will be found many songs, adapted to the various circumstances of school children and youth, from eight to ten, to fourteen or sixteen years of age. The variety is thought to be greater than in most similar works, including the sprightly and enlivening, the calm and soothing, and the sober and devout.

The publishers present this little volume to parents, teachers, and pupils, believing that it is not only free from that which is low, inelegant, and pernicious, but that the songs, while they are cheerful and pleasing, will be found to accord with the efforts of those who labor to make our children better and happier.

Teachers and school committees are requested to examine the above works. Published by WILKINS, CARTER & CO., 16 Water street, Boston, and for sale by the booksellers generally.

#### REED ORGANS.

**THE** subscriber would inform the public that he makes REED ORGANS, for church or parlor use. They differ in their general construction, and in the application of the air, from the seraphine, and will admit of the execution of rapid passages of music. The tone is not confined to one variety, as in the seraphine, but has as much difference in its character as have the pipes in common organs, by the process of voicing. The maker has used much exertion to procure the variety which he introduces in his organs. And he hopes to receive the patronage of such men as have mind enough to know that a thing may be better newly introduced, and yet have merit. He assures those who wish to buy, that they may depend upon having a durable and good toned instrument to their satisfaction. He warrants every particular of the construction of his organs. His prices vary from \$50 to \$200 dollars. Please to call.

M. O. NICHOLS, 45 1-2 Congress street, Boston.

## HYMN. "JERUSALEM, MY GLORIOUS HOME." \*

LOWELL MASON.

*Chorus. See.* *Solo.* *Chorus. Moderately quick.*

1. Je-ru-sa-lem! Je-ru-sa-lem! Je - rusalem! My glorious home! name ever dear to me! When, When shall my labors have an end, *Solo.*

1. Je-ru-sa-lem! Je-ru-sa-lem! Je - rusalem! my glorious home! name ever dear to me! When, when, when shall my labors have an end, *Solo.*

*Solo.* *Chorus. Treble & Alto.*

† In joy, and peace, and peace, in thee? In joy, - - - and peace, in thee *Solo.* Oh, when,

joy, - - - In joy, - - - In joy, - - - and peace, in thee? 2. Oh, when, thou city of my God, Shall *Chorus. Base & Tenor.*

In joy, and peace, and peace, in thee? In joy, - - - and peace, in thee? Oh, when,

shall I thy courts, thy courts as - cend, Oh, when, shall I thy courts, thy courts as - cend?

I thy courts as - cend, Where congregations ne'er break up, And sabbaths have no end? 3. There hap - pier bow'rs than

shall I thy courts, thy courts as - cend, Oh, when, shall I thy courts, thy courts as - cend?

*Solo.* *Chorus.* *Di.* *Chorus.*

No sin nor sorrow know, nor sorrow know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I on - ward press,

E - den's bloom No sin nor sorrow know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to

No sin nor sorrow know, nor sorrow know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I on - ward press,

\* This piece has been considerably altered from the copy contained in the "Carmina Sacra," and is believed to be much improved. † If the tenor and base voices sing this passage, the instrumental interlude (echo,) must be omitted, and *vice versa*.

## HYMN. "JERUSALEM, MY GLORIOUS HOME." (CONTINUED.)

*Dim.* *Semi-chorus.*

I onward press to you, I onward press to you. Je - ru-sa-lem! Je - ru-sa - lem! Name ever dear to me. 4. Why should I shrink at pain and

*Alto.*

you,

*Chorus. f*

wo? Or feel at death dis-may? I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of end - less day. 5. Je - ru-sa-lem! my glorious home! My

*Sol.* *Sol.*

soul still pants for thee; Then, then shall my labors have an end, † When I thy joys, thy joys shall see, When I - - - thy

soul still pants for thee; Then, then, then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys, - - - When I - - - - thy

soul still pants for thee; Then, then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys, thy joys shall see, When I - - - thy

*Chorus.* *Dim.* *Sol.* *Cres. Chorus.*

joys shall see, When I thy joys shall see. Je - ru-sa-lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ever dear to me - - - Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa - lem!

*Chorus.* *Chorus.*

Je - ru-sa-lem!

*Dim.* *Cres.* *Chorus.*

† If the tenor and base voices sing this passage, the instrumental interlude (echo,) must be omitted, and vice versa.



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## THE MUSICAL CRITIC.

"Why, John, what in the world makes you look so glum? Are you unwell?"

"Yes."

"Indeed? I'm very sorry to hear it. What's your complaint?"

"Nausea. I have just been forced to swallow a dose of folly and affectation, and it has made me sick. Are you acquainted with a young gentleman who styles himself P. Paganini Puffington?"

"No."

"Then you need not wish to be; not that he is much worse than a host of others, but he is one of a tribe with which I have no patience—I mean the *would-be* connoisseurs in music. The name given him by his parents is Peter Nebemiah Puffington, the expunging of the Nebemiah and the interpolation of the Paganini being an afterthought of his own, and one of which he is very proud. The Spectator, Uncle Toby, or somebody else, has said that of all species of cant the cant of criticism is the most intolerable. Whoever said so, I agree with him perfectly, while I would add, that of all canting critics, the musical one is the least bearable. I once sat beside Mr. Puffington at a concert, and before it was over I felt as if I could have threshed him soundly. The singing was in Italian. While Signora — was on the stage, he rolled up his eyes like an expiring donkey, and seemed about to evaporate in a cloud of ethereal rapture. A celebrated violinist was one of the performers, and while he was playing, Peter's head nodded and vibrated as if the fiddle-bow had been made fast, by some invisible cord, to his top-knot. Knowing, as I did, that he was wholly unacquainted with the Italian language, and did not know a common chord from a tomb-stone, this scene so thoroughly disgusted me, that I never see the fellow without feeling a strong inclination to box his ears."

"Do you suppose that he really believes himself to be a judge of music?"

"No indeed, not he. He is like hundreds of others, who, because music is fashionable, profess to be enraptured with that which they cannot comprehend, and which they would not care two straws for if they could. Such persons will sit for hours at a concert, or during

the representation of a popular opera, and exhibit every appearance of the most extravagant delight, while they are in reality tired to death of the whole affair, and wish, like Swift, that the brilliant passages which the performers find so difficult, were really impossible."

"And is there no remedy, think you, for such a state of things?"

"I know of but one, and that is, a *more universal diffusion of intelligence on the subject of music*. It would hardly reach such incorrigible coxcombs as Paganini Puffington, but it might be made to reach others, who would thus be enabled to detect the false pretensions of such a charlatan. It is the apathy and ignorance of those who ought to know better, which enable these musical fops to be what they are—of such chaps as yourself, for example—fellows who live in Boston, and don't even subscribe for the 'Musical Gazette.'"

"Thank you for the compliment, Johnny; I believe you are right; but it has just occurred to me that I could devise a plan for the radical cure of Mr. Puffington, provided you give me your assistance."

"With all my heart. Anything within the bounds of propriety."

"Well, then, do you contrive to have it whispered in his ear that a distinguished Italian singer, a late importation, is to be at your house, incog, to-morrow evening, and that he is expected to sing. Mr. P. will be sure to drop in, and will doubtless be rejoiced to have an opportunity of showing his discernment by applauding the great musician while under the cloud of concealment. You are so well known as an amateur that there will be no difficulty about the matter."

"But what do you intend to do?"

"Oh! that is a secret; you will know when the time comes. *Au revoir!*"

The above conversation took place in Chesnut street, Philadelphia, between Mr. John Warner and his friend, Mr. Charles Stewart, of Boston. On the appointed evening, four or five gentlemen were assembled at the house of Mr. Warner, and among them was his friend, Stewart, hardly recognizable under the shadow of an enormous false moustache.

"Will Puffington come?" said Mr. W. to one of his guests.

"Not a doubt of it," replied the other; "he would not, for the world, lose such an opportunity of making himself ridiculous."

These words were hardly spoken, when the door bell was heard to ring, and in walked the gentleman in question, who immediately began to make vigorous efforts to persuade the company that his visit was wholly accidental, at the same time eyeing the mammoth moustache with a ludicrous mixture of curiosity and reverence.

After some desultory conversation, the subject of music was introduced; and soon afterwards, Mr. Warner was seen to whisper earnestly with our friend of the moustache, who was addressed merely by the title of *signor*. This whispered colloquy was watched by P. Paganini with an appearance of the most intense in-

terest, which received an additional impulse when the signor at length began to clear his throat and to exhibit other unequivocal signs of cantatory intentions. Peter thought himself a made man. Here was a glorious opportunity of distinguishing himself—an opportunity of proving himself to be a genuine connoisseur, by paying a tribute of spontaneous admiration to a distinguished musical genius in disguise; for he fondly believed that he knew the merits of the signor, while all the company supposed him to be profoundly ignorant of them; which, indeed, was the fact, though not in the sense that he imagined.

After pulling out of his pocket a sheet of music, which bore a marvelous resemblance to two leaves of an overture, the signor commenced what purported to be an Italian *aria*, and P. Paganini was soon, to all appearance, in Elysium. The music of this exquisite *morceau* has unfortunately not been preserved, as it was an impromptu performance, improvised for the occasion; to say the very least of it, however, it was fully equal to the words, which were as follows:

Con gusto una voce poco fa,  
E piaribus unumque tanto qu;  
Ne plus ultra, moderato queto,  
Con spirito assai non più mesto.  
Foco andante, presto ma non troppo,  
Io son gran' signore and a foppo;  
Un bel mustachio sopra 'l labbro porte,  
Con whiskerando assai that's your sort!  
Romini, Griel, Mario e Rabini,  
Il gran maestro Bull, e Paganini.  
Nel cor non più mi sento, veramente,  
Io amo ben il dolce far niente.  
Il mio canto allegro e penseroso,  
Si non e buono, still 't will have to go so.  
Per P. P. P., il orgoglioso solocco,  
Io canto questo maraviglioso tocco!

Thus far the object of the conspirators was fully accomplished. Peter Paganini, confidently believing that he was applauding a great artist, poured forth the most extravagant encomiums upon the performance, and professed to wonder exceedingly at the apathy exhibited by the others. He declared that he was at a loss which to admire most, the words, the music, or the execution; and finally went home, vowing that his nerves had been strung up to such a pitch of rapture that he would not be able to sleep a wink.

The following evening there was a concert at the Musical Fund Hall. Mr. Puffington was there, of course. Soon after entering, he was observed to incline his lips to the ear of an individual who sat near him, whom he addressed as follows:

"Do you see that tall, foreign-looking gentleman, with the fine black eyes, sitting next to Miss M——?"

"Why, yes, I see the man sitting by Miss M——; what then?"

"I'll tell you, if you promise not to mention it. That, sir, is a great Italian vocalist, the most brilliant singer I ever heard. He sang last night, to a favored few, the most heavenly *morceau* that human ear was ever entranced with. It was from an opera by Tatti—I saw his name on the music. He wore a magnificent moustache last night, but I see he has shaved it off since, so that he may the more effectually conceal him-

self, for you must know that it is his intention to preserve the strictest incognito, so strict, indeed, that I am not at liberty to divulge his name. He has acquired a large fortune in Europe, and is traveling here merely for the purpose of seeing the country, so that——"

The features of the person whom Peter was addressing had been slowly relaxing themselves into a broad grin, which became broader and broader as the latter proceeded with his story, until at last it broke out into a long, loud, and uncontrollable fit of laughter. Thus unceremoniously interrupted in the middle of his story, Peter could do nothing but gaze with open-mouthed astonishment upon his companion, who, as soon as he could find words, exclaimed:

"Why, Puffy, what on earth are you driving at, with your Italian and your Tutti? That's Charley Stewart, a Bostonian, and to my certain knowledge he never sang a note or wore a moustache in his life. You've been hoaxed, Puffy, beyond a doubt. Charley is a well known joker, and he has been bamboozling you, you may depend upon it. I saw him yesterday, and he had no moustache then, I can assure you."

The whole truth flashed upon Peter's mind in an instant. He made some excuse to leave the concert, and was off the very next morning, on a tour to the south, for the benefit of his health. He was absent several months, and after his return was never again known to aspire to the character of a "*fanatico per la musica*."

N—, Del.

J. S. B.

MESSRS. EDITORS—If, in the heart of "A Traveler," "no flame of devotion was enkindled" by skillful performance, is he sure the failure was not in part owing to the state of his own mind, independent of the music, when he heard the choirs sing? Did he listen as a traveler in New England, as a hearer merely—then, is it not quite probable that his opinions of the style should be received with some caution. If he listened as a traveler to eternity, as a worshiper in the best sense, and if in his remarks he has made due allowance for previous habits of hearing, or former impressions, not to say prejudices, then we singers in New England churches, or the music in use here, or both, are in serious fault. I think, however, we shall agree in the opinion, that the art of hearing is by no means an unimportant art, and an article which should always be taken into the account when we sum up the evidence for a verdict in a case like the one under discussion.

Without intending disrespect in any sense, I will say, there ever has been, and is, a feeling among the most youthful—the very children—that he who reads, or preaches, or prays, in a fluent and eloquent manner, is a proud man. The children, in many parts of our country, who have not been accustomed to hear good speakers, will be heard to say of the eloquent stranger, "he is proud, or, smart," meaning the same thing by both words.

By what right do christians receive the impression, "That was well done," while listening to the performance of a skillful choir merely? By skillfully I mean not only correct reading of the music itself, but a just application, also, of those tones to the sentiment of the hymn.

"A Traveler" says, "3d, I have been surprised to find all the singing in your churches confined to so few singers. In my younger days it was not so, but the congregation, old and young, were expected to sing." Now, according to the testimony of one clergyman, and that respecting his own choir, the people are not al-

lowed to sing. The choir alluded to was a very small one, consisting of not more than six or seven persons—and yet the people were not allowed to sing; the choir would not permit the people to sing. O shame! Can it be that an assemblage of people, and that a choir of singers, in New England, the land of John Rogers—no, of Roger Williams, (before he removed to Rhode Island,) can such a choir, consisting of at most seven ladies and gentlemen, trifle with such a congregation? in such a manner! Do congregations sing or be silent at the command of a septenary choir? (if it may be so called.) Did Polk receive his first lesson in some small choir of singers? Did he learn in New England choirs, how the few govern the many? And have we now the key to that shameful, but perhaps true expression, so common of late, to wit, "Polk's war?"

But in respect to the fact, (if it be a fact,) that the choirs in New England churches are composed of from "ten to twenty persons," I reply, there is no reason why our evangelical choirs, or choirs in our evangelical churches, are not larger, than the fact, that the congregations will not more generally qualify themselves for that important service. Choristers and conductors are fond enough of leading large choirs, and we should, I am sure, be glad to have our galleries filled with persons competent to sing with acceptable correctness the hymns assigned the choir. We do, indeed, labor to gather as large a choir as the singing seats will accommodate; but in doing this, we feel bound to regard the ability, as well as the moral character of those who shall be invited to join us. The introduction of so much new music renders it the more difficult for the congregation to join the choir in the songs of praise; and I believe with "A Traveler," that too much new music is introduced into our churches. And yet, if the people would spend one hour each week in the careful practice of what is called new music, they would soon be able to sing with the choir much more than they now do. Such meetings would, if properly conducted, contribute much to the interest and profit of sacred song; but, while the members of our churches rely solely upon the knowledge of tunes they learned while they were scarcely more than infants—the tunes of the cradle, which their good mothers taught them, for ability to sing with the choir, every member of which is expected to meet at least once in the week for the rehearsal of church music, they will of necessity often find themselves unprepared to sing with the choir; for those who compose it do not at their rehearsals confine their practice to the few tunes which the congregations sing, but, rationally enough, desire more, and, having learned more, they are not satisfied if requested to limit their songs on the sabbath to those few tunes which they (the people) who have given almost no attention to the subject, are able to sing. Are not our churches in fault for not giving more encouragement to the well conducted singing school? And is not the fault more serious than even singers are wont to imagine?

Persons somewhat advanced in age, even, who have so much of a musical ear as to be able intelligently to find fault with the music of the choir, might easily learn some of our new music, and so be better qualified to discriminate between the bad and the good; might exert a more healthful influence upon church music generally, by aiding in the retention of the good, and in casting the bad away.

Who will not respond to the remark of "A Traveler," when he says of us in New England, "You are in-

deed a patient people, if you can bear such a yoke as this quietly." The "yoke" to which he refers, is a New England yoke; the materials which compose it may be perceived in the following quotation, "I do not speak at random on this subject," says he; "I worshiped one day with one of your leading New England churches, which enjoys something more than a provincial reputation. The choir consisted of four or five males, and two females, neither of the latter, as I had reason to believe, a professing christian. Yet that choir did all the singing. What does this mean? I said to the pastor, as we left the sanctuary; how is it that in this great congregation no one sings except that handful of people in your choir? 'It means,' said he, 'that the choir will have it so. They feel that it belongs to them to do the singing, and would be offended if the congregation should attempt to unite with them.' I think," says "A Traveler," "your choirs have but one more step to take; let them assume the prerogative of dictating to the pastors what hymns and psalms they shall give out, and the bondage will be complete."

Well, Messrs. Editors, it may seem to be true in particular instances, as "A Traveler" states, but it is said to be darkest just before day, and the enforcing that "tea act" by the British parliament, was the last "prerogative" which they saw fit to assume, just then. Perhaps our churches do not feel the pressure of such a "yoke" so much as our kind visitor feels it for them. But if any of our churches have been so indifferent to the movements of their choirs, as to permit them thus to "yoke" the people, who are most faulty in the matter, the few, who put on the "yoke," or the many, who bear it?

If the children at the present day have concluded to rule themselves, how came they to such a conclusion? I answer, by necessity, and, in a measure, unconsciously. Their parents refuse to control and train them, and in accordance with a law of nature, peculiar to humanity, the children undertake to govern themselves; according to their success in that branch of government, they seem to be extending their authority over the parent stock.

It is so of choirs and congregations, wherever the remark applies, "they will have it so." "O foolish Galatians, who hath angered you?" Why complain that the choirs rule you? Why not, rather, take care of your own affairs? Is not the choir yours? Is not the pastor yours, in a respect which enables you to dismiss him if he prove recreant to his professions, or if in any other respect you are dissatisfied with him? Is the choir necessarily less under the control of the church than the pastor? If the choir has become a monarch, a tyrant too, and the congregation, pastor, and all, slaves—"tell it not in Gath," nor Gotham merely, but let the people of New England hear it, that they may rouse themselves before it is too late, and regain their ancient freedom. Let the people have time to rally before that last step of "dictation" (to which "A Traveler" alludes,) be taken; peradventure it may yet be avoided. But, let me say, it is high time we understood each other, in New England, as pastor, congregation, and choir, if we do not already. And, from occasional hints, and direct attacks, and some little complaints, by way of New England, and now a severe push from "A Traveler," I infer that the three are in a wrong sense, separate organizations. We have not yet solved the beautiful moral problem, that three can exist in one, and one in three; that though we are three



in a necessary sense, we are, or ought to be, one in another, and just as necessary sense.

One cause of the misunderstanding, or disagreement between choir and people, which does sometimes exist, is the fact that the churches are not sufficiently careful in the choice of a conductor of the choir. I have known conductors of choirs to be tolerated as such, by the churches who employed them, whom that same people "would have disdained to have set with the dogs of their flocks," so exceptionable was their moral character. But even in churches where this gross inconsistency does not exist, where, on the contrary, christianity is the common bond of pastor, church, and choir, there is evidence that the "three-one" principle is not fully recognized in practice. What is the object of church music? Is it not to promote the worship of God? Is it anything less? Can it be anything more? What, then, is the aim of a *suitable* conductor of a choir? In order to promote the end for which church music is ordained, his aim is to present acceptable music to those who worship God. The good man knows he cannot promote worship by means of his music, unless that music be agreeable to those who hear and sing it. Hence, he endeavors to present such music as is calculated to interest the mind, and devotionally affect the heart. And here let me say, that a conductor who has no true religious sympathies, cannot be expected to have reference to the highest object of church music in all he does as a leader of the choir. How is it that our churches are so careful in the selection of their pastors, and often so remiss in the choice of a conductor of music? Why do they leave this matter to their choirs, as is the case in many places, I am sure, even where only a few of the choir are members of the church?

But let us return to the subject of the want of "good neighborhood," which is felt in some churches where the conductor of the choir is, according to man's judgment, a real christian. Such conductors are sometimes seriously pained, by the strange conduct of some of our most esteemed ministers of the gospel. The strangeness to which I allude, arises, I am bound to think, not originally from bad intentions, or a wish merely to check the designs of the conductor, and thwart his plans, but, it is very plain, often from a total misapprehension of his purposes, and sometimes from a want of confidence in the judgment of the conductor, though he may understand and appreciate his motives.

Let me state a case or two of common occurrence, where the minister and conductor are comparatively strangers; the conductor is known to be a professing christian, however, and that is the most the minister knows of him. An exchange has been effected by the regular pastor and the minister spoken of. The conductor of the choir supposed, either in person, or by proxy, politely requests the minister to furnish the hymns he intends to give out for the morning service. He replies, "I have not yet selected any, but shall probably read no peculiar metres, and there will be no difficulty." In the afternoon, the same kind of request is made, the answer to which is, "I will attend to that matter in due time." The "due time" is, when the hymns are announced from the pulpit. The minister was annoyed. In both of these instances the object of the request was unnoticed, or he would have appreciated the design of the conductor. He did not deem the matter of any consequence; hence gave it no consideration. Let me say to such ministers, the object of these requests is a laudable one, and its importance

will appear, if you will give the matter a little serious thought. For the purpose of aiding those who choose to think of the subject for one moment, in quickly perceiving the design of the conductor in this annoyance, I will ask a single question, which may throw light upon the subject—What is the propriety of a minister's knowing his text some little time previous to preaching his sermon from it?

Again, there are churches in which the pastor and conductor of the choir so understand each other, that the conductor is permitted to select (not "dictate") the first hymn for each service; that hymn is handed to the pastor in *due* season, in return for which, the pastor sends the hymns of his choice in season for the choir to select music suitable for them. If the pastor for any reason prefers some other hymn, instead of that one selected by the conductor, he feels at liberty to make his choice accordingly. When he does this, he is kind enough to notify the conductor of the fact, by sending the substitute in as good season as convenient. This is "harmony," though "not understood" by everybody, and from which proceeds *unanimous*, if not "universal" good. Some pastors may start at the idea, that the conductor of a choir should be trusted thus far in the selection of the first hymn, deeming it essential to pulpit symmetry, and good order, to have the subject of the sermon as plainly hinted in the first hymn, as can be conveniently done without announcing the actual text; as much of the sermon preached in the second hymn as possible; and the whole "improvement of the subject" summed up in the third.

May not the question here be asked with propriety, whether church music is not doing its most appropriate work, when used as a medium to affect the heart, moving the soul to adoration and praise, rather than when used as a vehicle of instruction. In the language of another, "Shall the hymns preach, or shall they worship?" They may do both, and with propriety, but in very unequal degrees. They may *preach* a little, but must *worship* a great deal more.

I will relate one more story in reference to unhappy refusals on the part of some clergymen. The sexton, by the request of the choir, hands to the minister (who officiates in the regular pastor's pulpit to-day,) a strip of paper, on which is written the number of the hymn selected by the conductor as aforesaid. The clergyman, especially if he happen to be a man of "weight" and influence in the ecclesiastical councils of his church, says to the sexton, (after hearing the explanation of the *mystery* at the top of the said paper,) "Well, well, I prefer to select my own hymns. I shall not send any to the choir." The sexton returns to the conductor with that beautiful message, the result of effort for the promotion of worship in the songs of praise. The conductor is tempted to rebel; but he asks himself, What can such a good man mean?—Why will he not render that aid, which can cost him but little, and which is very valuable to me, so useful to all who worship, so valuable even to the minister himself, if he wishes to promote the worship of God in the songs of praise? Why will he not send his hymns, in time for me to select suitable tunes for them before singing? The conductor's faith in the good man's profession is shaken for a moment, but he finally concludes the minister does not *understand* the matter. In this case the minister did not, perhaps, even look at the hymn which had been selected, and inadvertently gives out from his pulpit the very hymn which, but a few minutes before, he so

indignantly rejected. I have witnessed instances so nearly akin to the above, in all respects, that you may as well be satisfied that the description answers to facts which happen in my own experience far too often for one's pleasure, to say the least. To say that the minister, in such a case, has no other object in view, than simply to inform us that he is master and he is not to be dictated, would savor of harshness, and to say of a man of eminence, that he knows no better, is scarcely less grievous to the feelings of the man himself. Still, charity says, the minister does not understand the object of that selection; he supposes the choir wish to *display*, &c., and he will not contribute to such a wicked intent.

The stated pastor and his choir understand the matter on this wise—we are both aiming at the same thing—the conductor in the selection of his hymn, the pastor in accepting that hymn and in selecting others independent of the conductor of the choir—we together, in this, strive to promote public worship; we cherish no fear of each other; we see no room for jealousy; suspicion finds no place in our cabinet. The conductor believes in the *right* of the pastor to select all the hymns, if he chooses to exercise it. As for *dictation*, he willingly accords to the pastor all he claims. He does not, however, willingly yield to the false and unnecessary dictation which some of our "best men" seem to feel it is fitting to exercise when away from their own pulpits.

Harmony should always exist between the pastor and his choir, and it would be so without fail, (if the conductor be a suitable man for his office,) if minister and conductor perfectly understood each other. We wish that more of our ministers would make it a point, when they visit their neighbor's pulpits, to find out the general character of the conductor of the choir with whom they are to come in contact, in a certain sense, and not "conclude them all in unbelief," and hence, instead of showing mercy, or kindness, expose us to such unnecessary and unwarranted grievances, which do so exceedingly pain us, and, more than that, do tend directly to mar the worship of God in His house. Let strange clergymen ask the deacons a question or two, in relation to the conductor of their choir; they are willing to communicate, and if the conductor pleases them, they will give as long answers as the interrogator desires; and if he be a man of whom they have reason to be ashamed, methinks the minister will at least receive hints sufficient to put him upon a safe guard; in either case he will arrive at the truth in a moment after he has made the inquiry.

In respect to the fact, (if it be a fact,) that female singers uncover their heads in our churches, during public worship, I can say it is not *common*, and I think it is not very proper.

If congregations stand during the singing, I beseech them, in the name of many, not to face the choir, if they can as conveniently avoid it—unless they all sing; and if they sing, do not stare at us, for "A Traveler" says, "they stare"—that is not good manners. But, soberly, I believe the practice of facing the choir while they sing, where the minister and choir are in opposite parts of the house especially, is a bad practice, calculated to dissipate the mind, to drive away good impressions which may have been previously made upon the hearts of those that do this wrong thing, and exerts a sad influence also upon the choir.

A CITIZEN OF NEW ENGLAND.

## EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL.—NO. III.

On Monday our ministerial friend called and accompanied us to several places of interest in the city, finally conducting us on board of a steamboat bound for the cove of Cork, which place he advised us to visit, although he could not go with us. We took passage in the steamer, and bade the kind-hearted clergyman a final adieu. He was a very intelligent, and, apparently, a very learned man, but seemed to have anything but correct views of our country, which, indeed, was the case with most learned Europeans with whom I chanced to meet. Upon his dinner table were decanters of wine, &c., from which circumstance I judged that although Cork is the residence of Father Mathew, the temperance reform had not reached the higher classes. Cork is situated at the head of an arm of the sea, which extends some fifteen miles inland. The cove, or harbor of Cork, is nine miles below the city, and is celebrated for the beauty of its scenery. It is strongly fortified. Some thousands of British "red coats" are stationed at the cove and city.

After returning from our excursion, we booked our names for Dublin, which is 162 miles distant from Cork. The road was macadamized the whole distance. We traveled in a mail coach, which had formerly run between London and Liverpool, before the railroad turned it out of office. The coachman also had driven on the great English roads, and he bitterly mourned for the days that shall never return. Whoever has not traveled in a British mail coach, on a British macadamized road, knows not what delightful traveling is. We had delightful weather for our journey. I secured a seat at the driver's side, and from him learned all of interest that lay in our route. We changed horses much more frequently than is customary in America, and the horses were much better animals than are used for coach horses among us. Every step of the distance was performed at the top of their speed, never relaxing for an instant, until we came to the place for changing horses, which was frequently in the road, out of sight of every house. The fresh horses were always ready harnessed, in waiting. Not more than two minutes were occupied in the change, and then we were off again at full gallop, as before. I never enjoyed a ride so much in my life. A man, called the mail guard, occupied a seat behind the coach. He was dressed in a rich scarlet uniform, was armed with a pair of pistols and a musket, and wore a clock suspended around his neck, from which he would occasionally admonish the driver that he must apply the whip more freely, or he would be late. While passing through one of the counties, an additional guard was placed upon the coach, the peasantry in that county having been unusually turbulent during the two or three previous weeks. From Cork to Dublin our route lay through a much finer portion of the country than from Crookhaven to Cork. We passed many fine country seats, and occasionally a nobleman's palace; but still the majority of the houses were wretched beyond an American's power to imagine. At one stopping place I saw a woman knitting at the door of a cabin, and as an excuse to enter the hut, I purchased a pair of socks of her. The house was built of loose stones, the chinks being filled with mud. It had no floor but mother earth, and that was anything but dry. The house contained but one room, which was positively not more than ten feet square, and so low, that I could stand erect only in the centre.

A broken table and a wooden bench was all the furniture it contained. For this miserable hovel she told me she paid £3 (\$15) per annum. We arrived at Dublin on the afternoon of the day after we left Cork. During the whole distance I heard nothing in the shape of music, if I except the performances of the coach guard, who entertained us with a tin horn solo, just before approaching each stopping place.

## THE MUSIC OF HEAVEN.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

The holy prophets say that heaven will be a singing choir;  
I reverence the prophets! their tongues are lit with fire:  
And when they say that heaven will be an halleluiah wide,  
I feel a song within my heart, and strike my lyre with pride:  
For, oh! I ever pray the prayer, by blessed Jesus given—  
"Thy will be done, our Father, on earth as 'tis in heaven."

This earth will be hosanna; this earth will be a psalm,  
When all the discords of our hearts are harmonized in calm;  
This earth will be a concert as of myriad angel throats,  
When Love, the great musician, plays on willing human notes;  
When life is music—then the truth that prophets forth have given,  
Will be; for earth will then become a harmony, a heaven.

Not that, O lyre! thy tones can rise no higher than the earth,  
But that the poet-child must sing first at its place of birth.  
Then travel forth as troubador, through countrysides and through years,  
As thou, O earth! doth mingle with the music of the spheres;  
For they must be prepared below to whom gold harps are given,  
And have deep music in their souls to join the choir of heaven.

## CHURCHES IN BOSTON.—NO. III.



FIRST METHODIST CHURCH.

Rev. M. Raymond, pastor; C. B. Mason, chorister.

This house was erected in 1828, and is a substantial and spacious brick edifice. It is situated on Bennet street, a short distance east from the Salem Street Church. Hanover and Salem streets are long streets running through the north end lengthwise. Bennet street is a short cross street running from Salem to Hanover streets. Salem Street Church stands at the corner of Salem and Bennet streets, the First Universalist Church at the corner of Hanover and Bennet streets, and the First Methodist Church stands on Bennet street, about opposite the end of the universalist church.

The choir consists of thirty members. It is an organized society, choosing its officers annually. The officers are a president, who presides at all meetings for business, vice president, secretary, librarian, and chorister. The performances of the choir are accompanied by a violin, double base, clarinet, and ophicleide. The

choir regularly meet for practice on Friday evenings, the year round. Two hundred dollars are annually appropriated for music. Candidates for admission to the choir are examined by a committee, and if approved by them, are received by a vote of the choir.



FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Rev. Sebastian Streeter, pastor; Levi Hawkes, chorister.

This commodious brick edifice was erected in 1838. Previous to its erection, a large wooden building belonging to the same society occupied its site. This wooden house was erected in 1741, by the society under Rev. Samuel Mather, by whom it was occupied till 1785, when it was sold to the First Universalist Society, then under the pastoral care of Rev. John Murray.

The performances of the choir are accompanied by a violin, a double base, a clarinet, and an ophicleide. Mr. Kendall, the celebrated performer, is the clarinet player, and the other instrumental performers are equally celebrated professional musicians. The instrumental performers and leading singers are paid. Seven hundred dollars are annually appropriated for music. The choir numbers thirty members. The order of service is, 1, singing; 2, reading of the scriptures; 3, prayer; 4, singing; 5, sermon; 6, prayer; 7, benediction; 8, voluntary;—P. M., 1, sometimes a voluntary by the choir; 2, prayer; 3, singing; 4, prayer; 5, singing; 6, sermon; 7, prayer; 8, singing; 9, prayer; 10, benediction.

Streeter's Hymn Book is used in this church.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE ORGAN.—NO. III.

*The Wind-chest.*—The wind-chest is a long, rectangular box, connected with the wind-trunk, by which it is filled with wind. The wind-chest is formed under the fore part of the sound-board, and is of the same length, but deeper, though not so broad. It is the reservoir into which the wind passes from the wind-trunk. The pallets which close the bottom of the grooves open into the wind-chest.

*The Movement.*—The movement is a complex piece of machinery, consisting of a system of levers with their appendages, called trackers, rollers, roller-board, &c., which serves to transmit the action of the keys to the wind-chest, pallets, and sound-board.

The trackers are thin strips or sticks of some light wood, varying in length from one to eight or ten feet.

At each end of the trackers is inserted a hook made of wire. Trackers have also wire screws at their ends, and, by leather buttons, can be lengthened or shortened at pleasure.

*Rollers* are stout wooden or iron rods; the former are generally of an hexagonal or octagonal form, the latter round. The rollers lie horizontally over the keys, and extend from each key to the groove belonging to it. At each end of the roller is inserted a wire, which, being let into a stud, serves as an axis upon which it partially revolves. Near to each extremity of the roller, and projecting from it, is fastened a small piece of iron perforated with an eye, called its *arm*; in each of these arms is inserted one of the hooks belonging to a tracker. One arm of the roller lies directly over the key to which it belongs; the other end directly under the groove and pallet which it serves to govern.

The *roller-board* is a large, irregularly-shaped board, placed perpendicularly over the keys, of the same length as the sound-board, and having attached to it as many rollers as there are keys in the set to which it belongs. There is a roller-board to each set of keys. The hook at one end of a tracker is attached perpendicularly to the middle of one of the keys; the hook at its other end lays hold of that arm of the roller which stands directly over the key. When we press a key down, the roller partially revolves on its axis, and in so doing draws down the second tracker attached to the arm at its other extremity. This second tracker, by means of its hook and wire passing through the wind-chest, opens the pallet, and thus admits the wind into the groove belonging to that particular key.

The movement above explained is the simplest and most usual, especially in foreign organs; more complex arrangements are often met with, but they coincide with the above in all their essential parts. In England, for example, a lever called a *back-fall* is connected with each key; this lever, like the key itself, moves on a centre; but when the key is pressed down by the player, a small pin of wood or wire attached to it, called a *sticker*, throws up the near end of the back-fall, the far end of which, as it descends, pulls down the first tracker, causing the roller to revolve, and thus, by means of the second tracker, opens the pallet as before.

**SINGING IN FAMILY WORSHIP.**—By very few, according to the observations made by us, is singing blended in family worship. It is a great defect, and ought to be removed with all proper haste. The present generation, who are soon going off the stage, cannot do much towards it; but those in the meridian and morning of life could do much to secure the general adoption of singing in family devotion. It would add to the interest of the services greatly. Children would engage in them with greater readiness, their attention would be better secured, a better impression would be made upon them, and deeper devotion of heart would be enjoyed. A sweeter influence would be left on the whole family. A spirit of kindness and cheerfulness would be sensibly realized; and the cultivation of the voice in the family would be carried into the sanctuary, and materially improve the interest of the services there.

We have thrown out these cursory thoughts for the consideration of our brethren and sisters, hoping there may be some whose experience on the subject may enable them to furnish us something confirmatory of our remarks, in the way of incident or illustration.—*Evangelist.*

## MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE AN INCENTIVE TO IMPROVEMENT.

**Messrs. Editors.**—One of the very first requisites to success in any pursuit, is to inspire one's self with an interest in it, an interest approaching to enthusiasm. This is particularly the case in commencing the study of a new language, or science, or art; and one who is accustomed to such studies will use every effort in his power to scatter flowers about the path he designs to pursue, in order to make it as inviting as possible. If it is a new language, for instance, he will lead his mind to dwell upon the treasures of literature which the tongue he is about to acquire will open to him. He will pass in review before him its distinguished authors, he will read their lives, and endeavor to inspire himself with an enthusiastic admiration of their beauties. If he is about to study the art of painting, he will make himself acquainted with the history of its great masters, familiarize himself with their productions, and use every effort in his power to create a fondness for the pursuit in which he is about to engage. And so it should be with music. The individual who wishes to cultivate this most delightful of the arts should surround himself with all the influences calculated to excite an interest in the study; and in order to do this, it is absolutely necessary to get as much information on the subject as possible. Those who have access to large libraries will be at no loss for intelligence of this kind; but the number of such in our country is very limited indeed. Where, then, is the great mass of musical students to look for the supplying of this important want? The only thing to be depended upon for such a purpose, by the great majority, is a well-conducted musical journal. The advantages to be derived from such a publication, are too obvious to need a recapitulation. If any one has a doubt about the matter, let him make an experiment, by subscribing for the "Boston Musical Gazette," and our word for it, if he has any taste for reading at all, he will be in no hurry to give it up. He will find his interest in all musical matters increased, his taste improved, and his whole moral and intellectual man refreshed by the consciousness of a dollar well spent.

J. S. B.

## THE PIANO-FORTE TEACHER.

### CHAPTER NINE.

#### TRIIPPING.—MODE OF STUDYING A LESSON.

There are a great many students of the piano who retain for a very long while, sometimes always, a habit of tripping, or stammering. At the commencement of a piece, of a scale, or of any difficult passage, they are sure to strike the same key, nervously, several times, before getting fairly started. How this aids the correct striking of other keys, we cannot imagine, and presume those who have the habit do not hold to it from any conviction of its utility, but from thoughtlessness. That no good comes from it, is shown by the fact, that if a person catches in a certain place, in going through a piece, once, he will be almost sure to bungle the same passage in his next attempt. The observance of several simple maxims will prevent the formation of this habit, or cure it, if formed. Let us think what is the general cause of the stoppage. Suppose you, in playing, suddenly come to a fragment of the scale of G. You involuntarily strike B several times, before touching C with your thumb. After this stammering, and getting the passage once right, you pass on, and of course stam-

ble in the next similar place. But think a moment. The difficulty is, doubtless, that the joints of your thumb are stiff, and will not allow it to pass under in time. Try it again, and see if this is not the case. Now take hold of your thumb with the left hand, and pull and twist the joint a moment; then trill B and C with the second finger on B and the thumb on C, until you are tired. Now play the measure in which the difficulty occurs, first slowly, and then faster and faster, until you arrive at the proper velocity. Next, commence a measure or two back, and go on your way rejoicing, for you never will be so much troubled with this particular difficulty.

Suppose, again, you arrive at a place where a curious fingering occurs. Do not go through it with any sort of "finger-setting," because you will be sure to hobble the next time. Stop a moment; think whether the passage is a fragment of a scale, or of harmonics, or a collection of sequences, or something which cannot well be classified. Now study into the matter; put the most convenient fingers in their order, play the measure or half measure over a dozen times, quite loudly, to fix what you play on the memory, and then commence a little ways back and proceed. That trouble will not again stare you in the face.

But once more; suppose that you arrive at a conglomeration of chords, or sharps and flats, such that it cannot reasonably be expected of two eyes, that they should discover everything at once. Stop a moment; study it out; play it over a number of times, slowly, loudly, and distinctly. Then commence a little ways back, as before, and proceed, always following the rule, to remove every difficulty as soon as you encounter it. Wait until you "know a piece pretty well," before you smooth over its rough places, and you will find the leveling process hard enough.

In all cases, however, when your nerves begin to tremble, and you fear that you shall play wrong, and think you must stop, *play at least one note in advance.* The philosophy of this is, that a violent exertion of the mind, a determination to do something, will often overcome the rigidity of muscle, or want of ready thought, which stands in the way, and one may proceed at once. At any rate, such an exertion will satisfy you that you do not stop unnecessarily.

Place a man upon some infernal machine, and satisfy him that pulling twelve strings, one after the other, in a certain complicated order, is the only means of saving him from being blown sky high, and he will not miss his problem for hours. It is astonishing how much the mind will do when it must do it.

Although the practice of removing every stumbling block as it occurs, may seem tedious, it is by far the shortest way in the end, and certainly the most satisfactory.

In some sections of our famous country, there are numerous roads which lead through the woods, and which astonish a stranger by their frequent deviations from a straight line. The truth is, that they were originally constructed on geometrical principles; but the wind, or decay, causing many trees to lose their perpendicular, and incline or fall across the way, it was thought the easiest method to go around, instead of removing them. Every musical student, if he wishes to win in the race towards perfection, must do a great deal of hard hewing and rough dragging before his course is clear. A schoolmaster would hardly think of warning his pupil against committing a couple of pages



of history to memory, by reading the whole through once and again. He must have an uncommonly opaque intellect, who does not understand that it is necessary to commit such a thing to memory line by line, or sentence by sentence. A very similar fault is, however, committed by musical students. They very often play a page or two pages, through and through again, when common sense would seem to show that a portion must be learned at a time. The following method of learning a piece is as good as any.

Play the first line with the right hand five or six times in succession, commencing so slow as to surmount every difficulty (but that of speed,) and gradually increasing in rapidity, being perfectly sure that every motion, and the time, is exactly right. Pursue the same course with the left hand. Play the same line with both hands together. After every line on a page is thus passed over, play them again, each five or six times, with the hands together. Then play two lines at a time, then three, and, lastly, all through. In this last case, be careful not to stop, but if anything is wrong, go back and examine it after you are through. After all this is done, some rough places will remain, which seem determined not to be smoothed over, and they must be left until the fingers become so educated as to master them. Such difficulties are questions of time as much as of diligence. \*

Handel commenced the Messiah the 22d of August, 1741, and finished it the 12th of September following. The first part was composed in six, the second in nine, and the third in six, days.

REMARKABLE EFFECT OF MUSIC.—The beautiful and pathetic song of *Lochaber* is known to and admired by all who have an ear for music; and its effect upon the highlanders, when absent from their homes, is well shown in the following incident, which occurred in Canada several years ago, and which also proves how powerful is the sympathy between this our tenement of clay, and its celestial inmate, the soul:

"It was the fate of Dr. C. to accompany a highland regiment across the Atlantic, to 'a far distant shore.' The station where the troops were encamped was very healthy, the climate particularly good; judge, then, of the surprise of the good doctor to find his soldiers falling sick daily, and his hospital filled with invalids; whilst, as he could not discover the disease, he could apply no remedy. One evening the moon shone so unusually bright, the scene from his window was so lovely, as the beams played upon the rippling water, or gave light and shadow to the magnificent forest-trees near his abode, that he was tempted to take a solitary ramble—

'Musing on days long past,  
And pleasures gone forever by'—

the sound of the bagpipe struck upon his ear, and attracted him towards the barracks, where the piper was playing, in the most touching manner,

'Lochaber no more!  
May be to return to Lochaber no more.'

Dr. C. approached the large room unobserved, and, looking in, found all his men assembled, and all in deep emotion—some recumbent on the floor, some reclined against the wall, many in tears, and one, burying his face in his hands, sobbed aloud. My friend retired to his quarters; on the following morning he sent for the piper, and, bribing him to secrecy, commanded him in future to play nothing but lively airs, reels, strathspeys,

and marches; but never, on pain of his displeasure, to breathe *Lochaber* again. The piper obeyed; the effect was magical; the invalids revived, and in a very short time not one remained in the hospital."—*Journal*.

The above, among hundreds of well-attested incidents, proves the powerful influence of music over the heart. Why was such power given to this art, but that it might be used as an instrument for good?

JUVENILE ORATORIO.—We have received a copy of a novel work, by W. B. Bradbury, of New York. It is a juvenile oratorio, entitled "*Flora's Festival*." It represents in song a festival of flowers, and is divided into three parts, viz: morning, noon, and night. The words are mostly original, and the music is mostly selected from the best authors, consisting of choruses, semi-choruses, duets, solos, &c. We have not room to analyse its contents, but recommend teachers of juvenile classes to procure a copy and examine for themselves. If we are not mistaken, its like was never seen before. We predict for it an extensive sale.

MUSIC IN PRISON.—The prisoners at the Sing Sing prison, New York, had an interesting time Thanksgiving. The Hutchinsons were there and sung. Mrs. Farnham, the matron of the institution, writes as follows of the effect of their music upon the prisoners:

"In the male prison they sung several admirable pieces, among which were 'The Seasons,' 'My Mother's Bible,' and 'There's a good time coming, boys.' How pleasantly the tone of cheerful promise pervading the latter lighted some of these gloomy hearts! You saw that it was sunshine to them. An affective and touching piece, written for the occasion, and entitled 'The Lament of the Prisoner,' was also sung.

The exercises in the male prison closed with the glorious 'Millennium.' To appreciate the effect of such a visit one must be here and listen to the expressions of gratitude, and catch something of the heartfelt pleasure which the presence and singing of these minstrels inspire in our unhappy community.

In the female prison the exercises were varied by the singing of some sacred pieces, and the very appropriate and beautiful song, 'Never give up.'

Our little community caught the electric spark of these lines, and the chorus has since been frequently quoted by those who have long felt the need of something to kindle and encourage hope. In the evening, our prisoners had one of their little social meetings in the hall, and then the singers went among them informally and sang some of their sweetest songs. This was the most delightful feature of the whole visit. These sang their warm, heart-stirring pieces, and it seemed as if they were addressed directly to the convicts, and were so felt by them.

Only those who know the prisoner's heart, can understand the effect of such a visit—the hopefulness, the courage, the effort at self-redemption that will grow out of it! The touching memories that are awakened by it linger in the soul like a gleam of its early sunlight, and many an aspiration to be once again pure and good and happy, starts into being under the sweet chord that flows from the hearts as well as the lips of this happy and excellent family.

One of the prisoners doubtless expressed the feeling of all when he said, 'If we had been devils, and Abby had come alone among us, she would have made us wish to become angels.' The power of music as a re-

forming influence is but little understood. Experience will yet show that it is far more potent for good than most of the agencies that have hitherto been relied upon for the elevation of the fallen and the degraded.—*Hampshire Gazette*.

The >, in the music of the last number, was, in some instances, incorrectly printed <.

CONCERTS.—A concert was given by Mr. Edward Walker, the pianist, in the Melodeon, Boston, February 13. Although a large committee undertook the management of the concert, but three or four hundred persons attended it.—The Boston Handel and Hayden Society have performed "*Samson*," three or four successive Sunday evenings last past.—The Boston Academy of Music gave their sixth and last concert Feb. 27; particulars in our next.—The choir of the Church of the Holy Cross, (catholic,) assisted by the children of the Blind Asylum, gave a concert for the benefit of the suffering Irish, in the Melodeon, Feb. 23. The principal passages from Mozart's Requiem were among the performances.—A complimentary concert to Miss Rose Garcia, was given in the Melodeon, Feb. 20. A full orchestra, under Mr. Mueller, performed four oratorios. Miss C. Garcia, Mr. J. Jones, Mr. G. J. Webb, Sig. De Ribas, Mr. Ryan, and Mr. Garcia, were the principal performers.

A miscellaneous sacred concert, for the benefit of J. C. B. Stanbridge, was given in the Unitarian church, Tenth street, Philadelphia, Feb. 17.—The Philadelphia Sacred Music Society performed the oratorio of Columbus, Feb. 24. This was the third concert of this society this season.—Mr. Bradbury's juvenile oratorio, "*Flora's Festival*," was performed by 500 young masters and misses, under the direction of the author, in the Tabernacle, New York, Feb. 17. The house was decorated, and the children dressed in an appropriate manner for the performance.—A concert, consisting mostly of selections from the Creation, Seasons, and Moses in Egypt, was given in the Church of the Divine Unity, New York, for the benefit of the sabbath school. Signora Pico, Mrs. Jones, Messrs. Paige and Andrews, and the choir of the church, were the performers.—Madame Ablamowicz gave her last concert in New York Feb. 13, assisted by the principal performers at the Italian opera, Herr Dorn, and Mr. Kyle, flutist.

#### JUST PUBLISHED,

BY GEO. P. REED, 17 Tremont Row—Cape Island Gallopade. Elfin Dance. Wolf and the Lamb. Heroes of Monterey, four voices, Marshall. Bingen on the Rhine. Mary Quadrille. Hopkins. Nay, tell me not that he is mad. Mariner's March, Brown. Newport Red-waltz. Merry Sleigh-ride Waltz. Lament Quickstep. May morning light fall over thee—J. Daniel. Give me my old seat, mother. Come home, come home—poetry by Miss H. F. Gould. Childhood's Dream, do. Silver Bird's Nest, do. Mother, hear this midnight prayer, do. Come hither, bright bird, do. Cleveland's Farewell. May, weep no more, my loved one, sung by Julia Northall, Saroni. Snow Drop Waltz.

#### JUST PUBLISHED,

BY O. DITSON, 115 Washington street—Isador Waltz, piano duet. Czerny's Vienna March, do. Third part of Czerny's Studies for Piano Forte. Songs of our Childhood, ballad. Sweet summer is come, do. Sweet is the smile of my Mary, do. Mariner's Orphan Girl, do. Orphan's Prayer, do. Mountain Maid's Invitation, quartette. Hunter's Glee, do. Burial of Mrs. Judson, do. Bridge of Sighs, do.

#### VALUABLE MUSICAL WORKS,

IMPORTED and for sale by LITTLE & BROWN, 112 Washington street. THE SCOTTISH MUSICAL MUSEUM, consisting of upwards of six hundred songs, with proper basses for the piano forte. Originally published by James Johnson, and now accompanied with copious notes and illustrations of the lyric poetry and music of Scotland, by the late William Stenhouse, with some additional illustrations. 6 vols. 8vo.

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## SUMMER EVENING.

GEO. J. WEBB.

*Allegretto. Sempre legato.*

*pp* 1. Soft sinks the summer evening hues, O'er stream and for-est fair, *pp* And gen-tly fall the cool-ing dew's Up -

*pp* 2. Be-side the wa-ter's si-lent wave, The gay ac-a-cie grows; *pp* Their boughs the weeping wil-lows lave, In

*Meno* on the dark'ning air, Up-on the dark'ning air. There's scarce a rip-ple on the tide, A breath a-mid the

*mf* un-dis-turbed re-pose, In un-dis-turbed re-pose. While darker in the distance spread, The tangled forests

*Dim.*

woods; The breeze in fragrance sweet has died With-in their sol-i-tudes. *p* The songsters chant their fail-ing strain, As

rise, And wave their proud, ma-jes-tic head, To evening's sym-pho-nies. *p* But soft a pass-ing saphyr wreathes Its

loth to leave the scene; *pp* So mild-ly yield to rest a-gain The trees and banks of green, The trees and banks of green.

faint notes on the sky; *pp* 'Tis nature's requiem deep that breathes, The lowland's vesper sigh, The lowland's vesper sigh.

## BIANCHI. 7s.

A. N. JOHNSON.

*Slow.*

1. On thy church, oh, Power divine, Cause thy glorious face to shine, Till the nations from afar Hail her as their guiding star, Till the nations from afar Hail her as their

2. Then shall God, with bounteous hand, Scatter blessings o'er the land; And the world's remotest bound With the voice of praise resound, And the world's, &c.

## SYREN. S. M.

M. C., New York.

guiding star.

praise resound.

1. How swift the torrent rolls, That bears us to the sea! The tide which hurries thoughtless souls To vast eter - ni - ty!

2. Our fathers! where are they, With all they called their own? Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares, And wealth and honor, gone.

## NEWARK. L. M.

H., Delaware.

*Majestic.*

E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word;

E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word; Thy praise shall

sound - - - from shore - - - to shore, Till sun - - - Till sun shall rise and set no more. Till sun shall rise and set no more.



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## EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL. NO. IV.

We arrived in Dublin towards the close of the afternoon, and took lodgings in a splendid hotel, opposite the general post office building, which is a magnificent stone edifice, with a portico eighty feet wide, consisting of six fluted pillars, about four feet in diameter. The building is surmounted with a cupola, containing a chime of fine-toned bells, which played (by machinery) a tune every fifteen minutes. Dublin is a splendid city, or at least it seemed so, after traveling through the miserable districts in the south of Ireland. One of the first places I visited, was Trinity College, one of the richest universities in Europe, having a fund amounting to many millions of dollars. The buildings occupy three large squares. It had at this time 1800 students. I was much pleased to find that four of the halls were well furnished with musical instruments. One large and elegant hall contained a large church organ and three elegant grand pianos. I was told that this was the place in which the students' concerts were given. Music is one of the studies pursued in the college, but I was unable to learn any particulars concerning it. The college chapel contains a fine organ, presented by Queen Elizabeth, said to have been taken from the Spanish armada. In the college museum, was an antique Irish harp, said to have been the property of King Brian Bromhe. Also many specimens of ancient Roman manuscript music. The professors in this college were not allowed to marry, until the reign of the present queen. Soon after her marriage, an affecting appeal was made to her by the professors in a body, and through her instrumentality the "cruel" law was repealed.

Among the churches which I visited, St. Patrick's Cathedral was the most interesting. This building was erected in 1190, and is supposed to be built upon the site of a chapel erected by St. Patrick. It is the first cathedral I ever entered, and although I had often heard the words "nave, transept, and choir," as applied to the various parts of a cathedral, I never before fully understood their meaning. Cathedrals are always built in the form of a cross. The transverse part of the cross is called the "transept." The end of the longer portion is called the "choir," and the other end the "nave." In St. Patrick's Cathedral, the "choir" is entirely separat-

ed from the other portions of the house, by thick walls. The "nave" and "transept" are occupied as a burying ground, and are filled with monuments of archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, &c. I noticed Dean Swift's tomb, among the rest. The "choir" in this church is the only part of the building that is fitted up for public worship. As already mentioned, it is entirely separated from the other parts of the building, and appears like a church within a church. It contains pews and seats enough for two or three hundred persons only, with a small gallery for the organ and singers. If all the space within the walls of this cathedral was fitted up with pews, it would undoubtedly accommodate an audience of seven or eight thousand persons. Within the portion of the cathedral called the "choir," besides the pews, pulpit, and singing gallery, are some twenty "stalls," hung with banners, helmets, swords, &c., called the "Stalls of the Knights of St. Patrick," several expensive monuments of dukes and earls, and the archbishop's throne.

The organ is said to be the finest-toned in Ireland. It was built at Rotterdam, and was taken from the Spaniards at Vigo, by the duke of Ormond, and by him presented to the cathedral. The woman (!) who had the charge of the cathedral, allowed me to play upon the organ. It is two centuries old, and certainly the finest-toned instrument I ever heard. It is a moderate-sized organ, with three rows of keys. There are services in the cathedral every day at 11 o'clock, A. M., and at 3 P. M. The afternoon service, we were told, was noted for its musical excellence. I attended it, but the organist was absent, and there was no singing. The choir consisted of three or four men, and a dozen boys, all wearing white surplices. They read the responses; indeed, they were the only audience present, except a cripple and myself.

Cork is about the size of Boston, Dublin about the size of New York. We spent two or three days in Dublin, and were all of the time employed in sight-seeing, but saw nothing more of musical interest. At about 7 o'clock, P. M., we took the railroad cars for Kingston, seven miles from Dublin, and there embarked on board a steam packet for Liverpool, which place we reached at daylight the next morning.

## PAGANINI'S CABRIOLET.

Many writers, in their articles on Paganini, the wonderful violinist, have stated that that eminent man had received a brilliant education, that he spoke and wrote with singular felicity all the living languages. This is not the fact. Paganini spoke and wrote but one language, and that was Italian. During the latter part of his sojourn at Paris, he succeeded in comprehending a little of that language, but he never spoke it with facility. The pronunciation he found extremely difficult; and, strange to say, his memory failed in the most simple idiom, although so unerringly accurate in everything relating to music. In Germany, Paganini had the name of being remarkably avaricious, and of pretending to be ignorant of the language, in order to avoid the importunities of servants, who besieged him

with demands before and after his concerts. This is a mere fabrication of German scribblers.

The illustrious violinist always preferred conversing with those who spoke Italian. When he met with persons of his own country, his spirits became elated, his manner lively, and his conversation most animated and entertaining. He was wont, in these happy hours of relaxation, to recount many amusing adventures, of which he was the hero. Thus we have heard him repeat the following anecdote, which, although simple in itself, yet coming from his lips, had an interest and charm almost incredible:

"I was walking one day in the streets of Vienna," he began. "I had not long quitted my hotel, and was quietly strolling without any object in view, and deeply engaged in admiring the fine heads of the Austrians, when a storm, without any previous notice, overtook me." I was alone, and that was rarely the case. To return to the hotel was my first impulse; but, on reflection, I was determined to take a cabriolet. I stopped three successively, but the conductors not understanding the language in which I spoke, passed on without heeding me. A fourth came in view; the rain was falling in torrents, and the weather becoming frightful. I now hailed the coachman most lustily; he understood me at once; he was Italian—a true Italian. Before mounting, I wished to make a price with him, and, therefore, asked him how much he would take to drive me to the hotel.

'Five florins,' he replied. 'The price of a ticket of admission to Paganini's concert.'

'Rogue that you are,' I replied, 'how dare you exact such a price for so short a distance? Paganini plays upon a single string, but you—can you make your cabriolet go with only one wheel? Out upon you, I say.'

'Well, sir, it is not as difficult as he pretends, to play upon a single string. I am a musician myself, for which reason I have doubled my fares, in order that I may be enabled to go and see the man they call Paganini.' I bargained no longer. In less than ten minutes we arrived at the door of my hotel. I took five florins from my purse, and a ticket for the concert out of my pocket-book.

'There is the sum that you have demanded,' I said to the coachman, 'and here is a ticket to go and hear this M. Paganini, at a concert he is about giving at the Philharmonic Saloon.'

The next evening, at about eight o'clock, the crowds pressed eagerly at the doors of the saloon where I was to play. I was about entering, when a policeman called to me, saying that there was a man in a jacket\* at the door, and notwithstanding his unsuitable clothing, he was persisting, by main force, in getting admission.

I followed the policeman. It was the coachman of the preceding day; who, asserting the right which I had given him; presented his ticket, and insisted on being admitted, stating at the same time, that he was made a present of the ticket, and that they dare not refuse to receive it.

\* To many of the European concerts, no one can obtain admittance without being suitably dressed, even if he has purchased a ticket.

I opened the door for him, and notwithstanding his jacket and heavy, dirty, shoes, allowed him to enter, feeling assured that he would be in a moment lost among the crowd, and therefore not observable. To my great astonishment, the moment I presented myself on the stage, I perceived before me the coachman, whose appearance produced a most extraordinary sensation, in consequence of the contrast he presented to the brilliant and splendidly dressed company present, the ladies being in full dress, and the gentlemen correspondingly attired.

My performance was received with a rapture, and applauded with enthusiasm; but the man in the dirty jacket obtained equal publicity and attention. He clapped his hands furiously; and in the midst of my most brilliant passages, when all the rest of the company were silently listening, he would roar out at the top of his voice, 'Bravo,' 'Beautiful,' 'Paganini is the man,' and such like exclamations.

His gestures, his cries, his applauses, more like a person delirious than anything else, caused the observation of the company as much as his burlesque attire. How thankful I was when the performance was concluded, for I feared a row, from the offensive displays of the poor coachman's enthusiasm.

The next morning, whilst at breakfast, I was informed that a man wished to speak with me, who would not give his name; and as I took some time to consider the request, I saw coming into the room the same man who had shown such hilarity at my concert. My first impulse was to throw him down stairs; but when I saw his humble and respectful demeanor, I repressed my indignation.

'Well, what now?' I inquired of him, rather impatiently.

'Your honor, I have come to demand a service, a great service of you,' he replied, bowing low. 'I am the father of six children. I am poor, and I am your countryman. You are rich, your reputation is unequalled; if you will, you can make my fortune.'

'In what way?' I asked.

'By authorizing me to have painted in large characters behind my cabriolet the two words—PAGANINI'S CABRIOLET.'

This man was neither a fool nor a madman. In a few months he was better known in Vienna than I was myself. With this inscription, which I did not forbid his using, he made a considerable fortune. Two years after, I returned to Vienna; the coachman had purchased the hotel at which I descended, with a part of the money earned by his cabriolet. His fortune was made, and he sold the reversion of his cabriolet for the enormous sum of fifty thousand francs."

**CATS.**—The effect that both sound and music have upon this animal is well known. They, like dogs, may be made to answer to the call of a whistle. An invalid who was confined to his room for some time, was much amused by this means, and with other proofs of the docility and sagacity of a favorite cat. Velmot de Bonmare saw, at the fair of St. Germain, cats turned musicians, the performance being announced by the title of the "Mewing Concert." In the centre was an ape beating time; and on either side were the cats placed with music before them on the stalls. At the signal of the ape, they regulated their mewing to sad or lively strains.

## THE POWER OF MUSIC

Has rarely been exerted on a less promising subject than the usurer of Naples, to whom Palma, the singer, happened to be indebted for a large sum of money. The man of gold called on the man of notes, attended by an officer, with powers and orders to arrest him. Guessing their errand, the musician sat down to his harpsichord, and began to sing; he had not proceeded through many bars before he so affected the heart of his creditor, that, instead of insisting on his debt, he offered him the loan of another and an equal sum! To give full credit to this Orphean story, we must remember well the creditor was an *Italian*!

A sensitive Florentine, and an accomplished scholar, as well as composer, singer, and instrumental performer, fascinated by the charms of a lady whose rank rejected his vows, his eloquence, and his brilliant prospects, fell into a dreadful fever and delirium, during which he composed some love elegies, and set them to music. He had no sooner finished these passionate effusions, than, leaping suddenly from his bed, and seizing his lute, he, to his own accompaniment, sung them with such a degree of heartfelt sensibility, that he died in the act of their performance.—*Saturday Courier*.

## HINTS TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

It is a curious fact in the history of sound, that the loudest noises perish on the spot where they are produced, whereas musical sounds will be heard at a great distance. Thus, if we approach within a mile or two of a town or village, in which a fair is held, we may hear very faintly the clamor of the multitude, but more distinctly the organs and other musical instruments which are played for their amusements. If a Cremona violin, a real Amati, be played by the side of a modern fiddle, the latter will sound much louder of the two; but the sweet, brilliant tones of the Amati will be heard at a distance the other cannot reach. Dr. Young, on the authority of Derham, states that, at Gibraltar, the human voice is heard at the distance of ten miles. It is a well known fact, that the human voice may be heard at a greater distance than that of any other animal. Thus, when the cottager in the woods, or in the open plain, wishes to call her husband, who is working at a distance, she does not shout, but pitches her voice to a musical key, which she knows from habit, and by that means reaches the ear. The loudest roar of the largest lion could not penetrate so far. "This property of music in the human voice," says the author, "is strikingly shown in the cathedrals abroad. Here the mass is entirely performed in musical sounds, and becomes audible to every devotee, however placed in the remotest part of the church; whereas, if the same sound had been read, the sound would not have traveled beyond the precincts of the choir." Those orators who are heard in large assemblies most distinctly, and at the greatest distance, are those who, by modulating the voice, render it more musical. Loud speakers are seldom heard to advantage. Burke's voice is said to have been a sort of lofty cry, which tended, as much as the formality of his discourse in the house of commons, to send the members to their dinner. Chatham's lowest whisper was distinctly heard; "his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied," says a writer, describing the orator; "when he raised his voice to its high pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of sound; and the effect was awful, except

when he wished to cheer or animate; and then, he had spirit-stirring notes, which were perfectly irresistible. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power. Then the house sunk before him; still he was dignified, and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this important effect, that it possessed every one with a conviction that there was something in him finer even than his words; that the man was greater, infinitely greater, than the orator.—*COWPER*.

## WHAT ARE THE REQUISITES IN THE FORMATION OF A GOOD CHOIR?

**Messrs. EDITORS.**—The following may be enumerated as among the indispensables:

1. That the choir be composed only of such persons as are able to sing ordinary church tunes at sight.
2. That the voices be so tuned as to blend and harmonize one with another.
3. That there be the right balance of parts.

These, with other things on the same subject, may have appeared elsewhere in the columns of the Gazette. Let us inquire a little further for the organization of choirs generally, conforming to the foregoing. So far as the acquaintance and observation of the writer extends, the membership of choirs may be divided into three classes. The first class comprises those who are able to sing ordinary music with tolerable facility. This is by far the smallest division; limited in many instances to three or six persons out of the fifteen or thirty that usually sit in the choir seats; and sometimes not a person of this class is found in the choir.

The second class comprises perhaps a somewhat larger number—those who possess a slight knowledge of musical signs, so that with some aid, they can in time "learn" a tune, provided it be an "easy" one. With the aid of a skilful leader, one who knows how to make them use their little knowledge to the best possible advantage, they may be made to sing some easy anthems, having a few of the first class to "lead off."

The third and largest class comprises those who, if they "learn" a tune at all, it must be entirely by rote. These, while they render no service by their voices, are more commonly the "whisperers and backbiters" of the choir, making themselves door-keepers to let the devil in with his cloven foot.

One consequence of this state of things is, that when for any reason the few "leading singers" are absent, a failure or break-down is quite sure to occur; and the singing in its best estate is anything but effective, even if, as is often the case, it is so loud as almost to stun one's senses.

Of the second requisite, it is hardly needful to speak, since in the process necessary to secure the first, the second will follow almost as a matter of course. Yet the base, as we often hear it sung, is harsh and unpleasant, the treble of a shrill screaming quality, the alto, if it is sung at all, partakes much of certain nightily caterwauling characteristics, and the tenor strongly imitative of a cracked clarinet.

The third requisite can hardly be looked for where the other two are wanting. It not unfrequently happens, however, that choirs do not pretend to sustain more than two parts, perhaps three, thus throwing the harmony entirely out of proportion, and spoiling the general good effect. To have a particular part but feebly sustained, is detrimental to musical effect, and to have it entirely omitted, is certainly fatal to it. The

writer has heard choirs, not only in obscure country towns, but in large cities, and for whom it was claimed that they were among "the best in the city," that were habitually without the alto, and but occasionally with a weak tenor. It must be forever in vain, that a leader attempts to teach a choir that lacks these three requisites, to sing with expression. When the country generally shall have begun to realize the benefits of *musical instruction in common schools*, then will such choirs vanish, and in their stead spring up such as every sabbath day may be heard in the churches in Winter street, Park street, Baldwin Place, Boston, or Mercer street, New York, and some others that might be named, in both cities. These few strokes of the pen are quite at random, it is true, but can hardly fail of a hit somewhere.

T —, N. Y., January, 1867.

**ORGAN MELODIUM.**—We recently examined an instrument with this name now exhibiting in this city. It is a French invention, which combines the action of the organ with that of the piano. This combination has long been attempted, but up to the present discovery has never been actually effected. The instrument is no larger than a cabinet piano forte, notwithstanding which, its power is truly wonderful. With the grand stop out, it was quite deafening in the room, when played upon. The most admirable part of the invention is the adaptation of hammers in a moveable piano-forte apparatus, by which means a *staccato* is obtained more perfectly than in the modern piano fortes. This instrument is supplied with a variety of stops, which include the flute, clarinet, hautboy, bassoon, and other stops. The chief advantage of the organ melodium, is its capability to be employed either as an organ or a piano. On account of the variety of its stops, its compass, and power of sound, it would make an efficient substitute for a quadrille band.—*London World*.

### MUSIC AND THE PRESS.

The following is from the *London Musical World*, the only musical paper published in Great Britain. The communication was written with the intention of having it published in one of the London daily journals, but the author, it seems, could not procure its insertion, and so sent it to the editor of the *Musical World*. The subject of the communication is quite as well suited to this side of the Atlantic:

"To the editor of —, Sir—Though but a humble member of the musical profession, I trust that you will pardon a minute's intrusion on your time, the — being for all the world, not for particular classes, and musicians forming a very considerable item in the population of this country. The French have thirteen papers exclusively musical in Paris alone, and all the great papers have a *feuilleton* weekly on musical matters, and yet the French are not a more musical people than the English, who have only one musical journal for all the empire, and whose great organs of public opinion have, till recently, bestowed but small attention on subjects of musical interest. The British musician has no advocate in the British press, and yet he forms a part of the community, pays his taxes, direct and indirect, and helps the general civilization of society by the popularization of a beautiful and humanizing art. Why should music be destitute of that which is so necessary to the other arts and sciences—a literature? Why should the drama find a hundred tongues to speak, a hundred pens to write its praises, while music has not one? Is

the study of music one which requires, in a smaller ratio, the application of intellect and thought? On the contrary, to be a great musician demands the most prodigious gifts that heaven can bestow. While there is no art more lovely, there is no science more divine and true. Where music is cultivated with most success, is in the country of philosophy and poetry—in Germany. Can this be denied? In Germany there is a musical paper in every little town; and the musician, no less than the politician, and the man of letters, can find amusement and instruction over his breakfast-table on the subject nearest to his heart—dearest to his sympathies—on the subject which lends his ideas of the beautiful a form and an expression. But here, in this mighty country, where one newspaper makes as much as twelve of the German prints, the poor musician may look long in vain over a table piled with journals for one about that art which is the mistress of his soul. It is true there are writers whose province it is to notice musical performances, and who notice them as they occur—but how? Alas! for the most part, they seldom utter a word, they seldom convey an idea, that finds a response in the mind of the musician, who throws down his paper in disgust, sick at heart to find his art degraded and misunderstood by that mighty press which sways the destinies of the mightiest empire that the history of empires can notify, and which, were the rights of classes properly considered, should represent and advocate the interests of musicians with as much fervor and integrity as that of any other part of the great commonwealth.

Sir, are we not human? Is it because we play a fiddle, or compose an opera, honestly to earn our daily bread, and contribute our mite to the common weal—is it for this that we are to be sifted out of the great body of society, as chaff from a load of wheat? We are, nevertheless, a strong and populous class—perhaps a twelfth of the whole community. Suppose we were to come to the determination to live apart from the rest of society, could society do without us? I much query if it could; nay, I will go further, I am certain it could not. What argument, then, is there for throwing us aside like so much useless lumber?

Another reason is this. The great popular source of recreation, is, music. Can you then, sir, a philosophic thinker, as you must needs be to conduct so ably a stupendous publication like the —, can you, sir, be blind to the enormous importance that attaches to its influence being rightly exercised? Is not mental food equally worth considering as bodily? All the world drinks water—how necessary, then, that water shall be good; and it is beneath no statesman to busy himself about its quality, lest the public be poisoned with deleterious liquid. All the world hears music, but the mere sensation of hearing is not the sum of its influence. The memory retains it—the taste is formed by what the memory cherishes; is it not, then, imperative that the taste shall be guided by wise instruction; that it be not vulgar and debasing? The object of music is not to gratify sensually, but to delight intellectually, and thereby to elevate the morality, and purify the mind of the hearer. I could write volumes, but as I have some hope you will publish my letter, I will not intrude unwarrantably on your space. It is merely my wish to impress upon you the fact that a very large class of the British community is almost neglected by the press, whose object should be to represent the interests of all classes.

Ere concluding, I must beg you to believe that I have watched with delight the recent evidences of altered feeling towards us. The great journals seem at last to be impressed with a notion that we are somebody, and our art of some consequence. Men of enthusiasm, if not of acquirement and taste, are now employed in most of them, and a new musical work of importance is no longer dismissed in a short paragraph as an accident, or as a road found in a stone! Still, there is much to be effected; and you, sir, whose musical criticisms are not only written with ability and candor, but are scholar-like and sensible, treating the matter with a full comprehension of its meaning, might set the example, and win the gratitude of thousands of your readers.

Offering many apologies for this intrusion, I beg leave, sir, to subscribe myself with respect, your servant and admirer,

A MUSICIAN, WHO CAN READ AND WRITE."

**THE CHILDREN'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL.**—The musical festival, on Tuesday evening, at the North Second street M. E. Church, given by the children of the different district schools of the city, under the direction of Mr. W. Tillinghast, was a rare and excellent entertainment. The novelty of the spectacle, as well as the proficiency and skill evinced by the numerous scholars, was exceedingly striking and interesting. Some five hundred children are estimated to have composed the choir, exhibiting a knowledge of music and a skill in the art which were truly astonishing, and reflected the highest credit upon the qualifications of Mr. Tillinghast as a successful and accomplished teacher. The different pieces were arranged to be sung, some of them by the whole choir, others by a selected class, and others by four or five misses, and one by two boys and the choir in response. Seldom does a choir of older singers go through an evening's performance without an *almost* failure in some part. None here. Each piece was sung with a spirit, precision and effect that told upon the audience. The twelve little girls were so small that they had to stand upon the seat to sing. The little misses who sang separately from the mass, gave convincing proof of the care and skill that had been bestowed in training their tuneful voices. But it is difficult to particularize, when all performed their parts so admirably. We can hardly say that any one piece was better performed than another, all were executed so well. The selection and order of the pieces were appropriate. The music to some of them, we believe, was original, being composed by Mr. Tillinghast expressly for this festival. The exercises were commenced with an appropriate prayer by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, of the Third Street Baptist Church, and during the evening a brief but exceedingly interesting address by Rev. Mr. Shepard to the scholars. He very felicitously denominated our common schools the "people's colleges." So well was the audience pleased with the performances, that a general wish for a repetition of the festival was expressed.—*Troy (N. Y.) Post*.

An indifferent society will make a poor choir, and a poor choir will make an indifferent congregation.

Music will do spiritual good or harm. If Raphael does not live in the singing gallery, Beethoven will.

Improper or bad singing is an open window, out of which half a preacher's instructions fly.

A good choir praises God, and not the people, and cannot expect always to please both.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, MARCH 15, 1847.

Will those of our last year's subscribers who have not renewed their subscriptions, have the kindness to do so before the publication of our next number? We positively can have no other terms than "invariably in advance." A dollar is not a large sum for any one to command, and we are exceedingly desirous of having this department of our this year's labors finished as soon as possible. So now, gentlemen and ladies, as soon as you have finished reading this article, will you do us the favor to lay down the paper, take a one-dollar bill, inclose it in a letter, direct it to A. N. Johnson, Boston, Mass., and send it to the post office? If you will, you shall receive our most sincere, unfeigned, and heartfelt thanks, and when you become editors, we will subscribe for your papers and return the favor with all our heart.

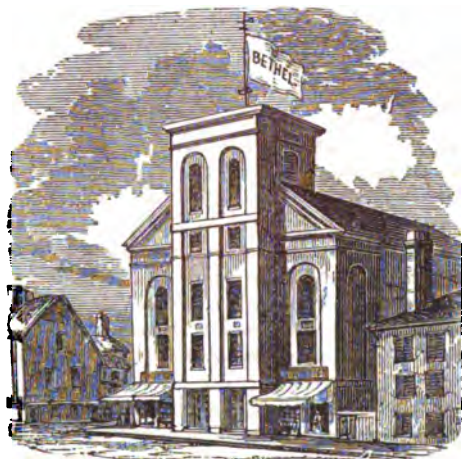
Since the commencement of our second volume we have received notice from two "teachers of music," that they must stop their papers, because they cannot afford the expense! It's our humble opinion, that our paper will eventually "stop" such teachers of music. We advise all persons who are such ignorant bunglers in the art of teaching music as not to be able to earn enough to warrant them in expending one dollar a year for improvement in the art, to adopt some other profession forthwith.

## CHURCH MUSIC.—NO. I.

We design this article as a short introduction to a series of articles, by ourselves, upon this all-important subject. We intend plainly to express our views in relation to it, and to delineate the manner in which we think this part of public worship ought to be performed, and the means which churches ought, and are in duty bound to use, for its proper performance. We see that it is the custom for editors upon the commencement of a series of articles, to give some account of the author, that their readers may know exactly how much weight to attach to the opinions advanced. As we are desirous that no more weight should be attached to our opinions than they deserve, and as we have no one to perform the office for us, we must volunteer a short description of ourselves. We are a few months less than thirty years old, and were born among the green mountains in Vermont, but have lived in Boston ever since we were nine years of age. We are, therefore, a yankee, and, in common with most other yankees, we possess some phrenological bumps, which have always forced us to pay much more respect to sound reason, and good common sense, than to ancient usage, long-standing customs, or common opinion. Although, therefore, our ideas may be at variance with those of many who are our superiors in age and knowledge, we plead the above in extenuation of the fact that we cannot help it. For musical advantages, we believe we have enjoyed the best Boston could afford, as well as some of no ordinary character abroad. We have been the organist and conductor of music in one of the principal churches in Boston for ten years past, and as such have been obliged to devote much time to the subject of church music, and have always endeavored to keep our eyes open with regard to all improvements and suggestions made by any one in regard to that subject.

Thus much about the author of this series of articles. We hope his opinions will be taken for just what they are worth, and no more. One thing we request of all who take the trouble to follow us in these remarks. It is, that prejudice and pre-conceived notions may be entirely laid aside. Of all that appertains to the art of music, there is nothing that is of a hundredth part the importance that church music is, the sneers of theatrical musicians, traveling artists, etc., to the contrary notwithstanding. It is therefore the urgent duty of all who have anything to do with this department of the art, to bestow upon it their serious attention, uninfluenced by custom, prejudice, or anything else.

## CHURCHES IN BOSTON.—NO. IV.



BETHEL.

Rev. E. T. Taylor, pastor; S. Hubbard, chorister; Mrs. Frances C. Dow, organist.

This edifice is built of brick, with the exception of the basement, which is of unhammered granite. It stands upon North Square, and is owned by the Boston Port Society. The pastor is of the methodist episcopal persuasion, but the society to whom the building belongs is not sectarian. It is, of course, a "sailors' church."

The organ contains five stops, and is a fine-toned instrument. The organ loft is very convenient, and contains seats for fifty persons. The present choir numbers twenty-five members. They meet for practice on Friday evenings, through the year. Three hundred dollars are annually expended for singing.

## RICHMOND STREET METHODIST CHURCH.

Rev. James Shephard, pastor; Mr. Perkins, chorister.

This is a cheap wooden building, without cupola or spire, erected in the year 1842.

The choir consists of seventeen members, and meets for practice every Friday evening. Like the choir of the Bennet street methodist church, the choir is an organized society, electing its officers annually. The performances of the choir are accompanied by a violin, flute, and double base.

How to SING BASE.—A man who sat on a bridge with his feet in the water, was asked the reason why he did so, when he replied, "I am to sing base to-morrow, and am now endeavoring to take cold, to prepare my voice."

## DESCRIPTION OF THE ORGAN.—NO. IV.

*Rows of Keys.*—Large organs have three rows of keys; the middle row for the great organ, the bottom row for the choir organ, and a third row at the top for the swell. (In some of the large organs in Europe, there are four rows of keys or manuals.) Two of these rows of keys may generally be so connected by means of a draw-stop called the *copula*, or *coupler*, that they may be both played at the same time. In old organs the copula generally connects the choir organ with the great organ; but the organs built in the present day connect the swell with the great organ; this is considered a great improvement on the old arrangement. Occasionally, also, all the three rows of keys may be connected; in all cases, however, the keys of the great organ are those which are to be played upon. Organs in which the pedal pipes are detached from the keys, have a copula for the pedals, which connects them with either the great organ, choir organ, or both.

*The Pedals.*—The pedals are a set of keys lying under and played upon by the feet of the organist. The arrangement of these keys is similar to that of the other rows of keys; except that the pedals comprise the two lower octaves, or an octave and a half, and contain only base notes. The stops belonging to the pedals have their own wind-chest; this lies at the bottom of the organ. The pedal pipes can only be made to speak by pressing down the pedals; never by means of the keys. For, even when there is a copula connecting the keys and pedals, it is only the set of keys that is connected to the pedals and made to speak with them, and never the reverse.

Few of the old organs have any pedal pipes; the pedals merely serve to pull down the lower keys of the great organ, and thus to supply the place of a third hand. In the large organs in Europe, the pedals have from eight to ten or twelve stops exclusively appropriated to them; some reed stops, some flue stops.

*CHERUBINI.*—On the 14th of November, 1846, the translation of the mortal remains of Cherubini took place, from the reception tomb, in which they had been temporarily placed, to the monument erected to his memory in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise. This monument has been designed by M. Achille Leclerc, of the Institute, in the Grecian style. M. Dumont, also belonging to the Institute, executed the group of statuary which surmounts it. The statuary has been inspired by the poetic thought of the famous portrait of M. Ingres; only the muse who there crowns the illustrious musician, is upon another plan. This interesting ceremony collected, beside the family of Cherubini, a numerous concourse of artists, members of the Institute, and old friends of the deceased. The four corners of the pall, during the private mass, which was recited in the chapel of the church-yard, were borne by Mlle Halévy, Raoul Rochete, Auber, and Vogt. Almost all the professors of the Conservatory were present at this sad solemnity, at which the most religious and friendly interest was manifested. In the quarter where the funeral monument of this illustrious composer was elevated, are grouped a large number of other tombs of celebrated men, alike in literature, the arts, and the drama. We name from memory, among others, those of Talma, Lesueur, Mademoiselle Bourgoin, Delille, Mehul, the two Kreuzers, Martin, Bouilly, Paer, Bellini, Gretry, Flavel, Catel, and Gossec.



The following notice from a London paper may interest those acquainted with brass instruments:

"J. KOHLER'S NEW PATENT-LEVER INSTRUMENTS.—J. Kohler having brought to perfection and obtained her majesty's letters patent for the above invention, which he has applied to the cornopean, trumpet, cornetto, trombone, and French horns, he can now with great confidence, after an experience of five years in bringing the action to its present state of perfection, recommend them to her majesty's army and navy, and all professors and amateurs. The advantages that this patent give to these instruments, are:

1. All the tones and semitones produced by the patent lever are quite as perfect as the natural notes on the instrument.

2. The intervals on the diatonic and chromatic scales are perfect, the compass greater, and the most rapid and difficult passages may be performed with a precision, freedom, and fulness of tone, and comparative ease to the performer.

3. Combinations in harmony, which never before could be performed at all by any brass instruments, may now be executed with perfect ease, and ten or twelve instruments on this principle can produce a more rich and sonorous effect than twenty-four could do on the old principles. The harshness of tone in the former brass instruments is entirely done away with, and a set of these instruments heard together, produces military and harmonious effects never before heard.

These instruments are now in use in her majesty's private band, First Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards, Grenadier Guards, Fusileer Guards, Royal Artillery, 60th Royal Rifles, &c."

### VOLUNTARIES AND INTERLUDES.

A few weeks since a communication signed "L. W.," appeared in the N. E. Paritan, complaining that voluntaries and interludes, as they are too frequently played, are a positive injury to the services of the sanctuary. The sentiments expressed in the article are correct, but the language used indicated that the writer had no practical acquaintance with music, which induced another correspondent to review his article, in two short communications, the last of which we copy:

"Messrs. Editors—In my last communication I made some remarks on church music, particularly on organ voluntaries, in connection with, and in support of, the views of 'L. W.,' in a previous number of your paper. I suppose the utility of an organ voluntary at the commencement of public worship, or at any intermediate time during the exercises, depends very much on musical education. If music be understood, and if it is felt to be something beyond mere sound; if it be regarded as a language, or as a means of drawing out and reviving the affections, and if during the performance of a voluntary we accustom ourselves to think, not of the instrument or of the performer, but of such things, as ought under such circumstances to occupy our minds—if we can form the habit of abstracting ourselves from the mere music, and of fixing our meditations on spiritual things, we shall then derive the advantage from it that it is designed to afford. But do not let the organist, under such circumstances, interrupt our meditations, or draw away our thoughts, by playing an *air* or *melody*, old and familiar, for the effect will most certainly be to cause us to listen to the tune, and thus to substitute the means for the end. The length of the volun-

tary must of course depend upon the circumstances, the ability of the congregation to appreciate and derive benefit from it, &c. It should be continued no longer than it can be truly useful. Perhaps as a general rule, under the present circumstances of our congregations, some five minutes is about time enough to devote to this exercise.

It is very evident that some of our best christians have but little idea of the true design of an organ voluntary. The looking about, whispering, and talking, always unbecoming in the house of God, prove conclusively that the thought of God and the idea of worship is not in the soul. If christians could, as they enter the sanctuary, be impressed with the idea that "this is the house of God," could they seriously think "God is here," and try to lift up their hearts to him, the organ voluntary judiciously introduced and conducted, would greatly aid them; it would give wings to the imagination, and quicken all the religious affections.

Your correspondent 'L. W.,' objects to the common use of interludes, i. e., between the stanzas of a psalm or hymn. Here again we shall find, if we examine the subject, that the utility of the interlude depends much upon the character of the worshiper. I fully agree, however, with 'L. W.,' that interludes are too frequent and too long. I can see no reason for devoting half or two thirds as much time as is given to a stanza, to an interlude at the end of each stanza; and yet this is quite a common practice. An interlude should arise out of the stanza just sung. I should be a continuation of the sentiment in music, or should consist of such a musical strain as will, under the circumstances, naturally prolong the thought or the feeling—deepen it—make it more impressive. Now as an interlude cannot enter into an argument, or theological disquisition, it follows that a good interlude can only follow a truly lyric stanza. After such a stanza, the interlude comes into the mind of the organist of itself, and is at once expressed by the ends of his fingers; but it is hard work, very hard, to think out an interlude after a didactic or unlyric stanza.

The whole spirit of 'L. W.'s' article is excellent. I wish that he would pursue this subject still further. There is one point in particular which he touches, on which I could wish that he would enlarge, viz: our psalms and hymns (a part of them at least) consist of real prayers, addressed to the Supreme Being. 'If they are prayers, they ought to be so regarded and treated by all christians present.' Here is a most important idea—one that lies at the very foundation of all improvement in church music. All our hymns ought to consist of prayers, i. e., of invocation, adoration, petition, thanksgiving, intercession, &c. And it is deeply to be regretted that there are so many hymns in common use that consist of mere description, arguments, or doctrinal statements.

L. M."

FOREIGN.—Mercadente has received from the king of Naples the order of Ferdinand.—The sisters Milanello, violin players, or playeresses, have given concerts, with great success, in the south of France.—Panofka, in Paris, has received from the duchess of Orleans, for composing and directing a mass at the funeral of her husband, a diamond breast-pin. Other musicians have also been rewarded with presents. [*Noticem et invitatem cis-Atlanticas*—which means, we hope the custom will obtain on this side of the ocean.—Eds.]—Somebody calls Luther's words to his greatest chorals,

"granite words."—Duprey is appointed teacher of singing to the count of Paris, heir to the French throne.—Madame Fehringer, of Hamburg, lately accepted an engagement in Vienna, but when proceeding to fulfil it, the Austrian government would not give her a passport, because she had become a follower of Ronge or Czeraki.—A German artist, named *Pig-all*, is astonishing his countrymen by singing in a double falsetto, an octave higher than the pitch of a lady's voice. Whether such *squealing* is musical, there is room to doubt.—In a concert in Dresden, lately, the principal attraction was the "harmonichord," an instrument invented and improved by Frederick Kaufmann. It is in form like an upright piano, the strings, instead of being struck by hammers, are rubbed by a revolving cylinder, covered with leather, and turned by a foot-lathe.

### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

We take the liberty to publish the following extracts from letters received by us. Although not intended for publication, they convey some idea of the condition of music in the sections of country from which they are dated.

P—, Illinois.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Music is at a low ebb out here, yet there is perhaps no place in the western states where there are more "singings," than in this vicinity. These "singings" are called, sometimes, and very improperly, too, singing schools, but they are no more like a school for learning how to sing, than a lecture room is the place to learn how to read; for at these "singings" they commence at once to sing tunes, and sing them by note, too, (as they use what are sometimes called the buckwheat notes.) It can be easily done, by the teacher singing loud enough for all to hear him; the notes are soon learned by rote, so that with twelve or fourteen lessons, the scholars can sing as many tunes, and do it like the "rushing of a mighty wind," and this, in many parts of this country, passes for first-rate singing. The teacher on these occasions must be endowed with lungs little short of a lion's, as the amount of noise he can make is to be the standard by which his capacities as a teacher are to be judged. It is frequently the case that in employing a person, the question is asked, How much will you sing for a night, or on Saturday afternoon? With a great majority of the people, there is no distinction made between singing and teaching, or between singing and learning how to sing. The greatest object with scholars is, to commence singing tunes; they are not willing to go through the dry study of the rudiments but in the shortest time possible. This inclination to sing at once, is caused, in a great measure, by the former use of the patent notes; and from the same cause it is in many places still kept up. This, in some places, is done away with, and, like the "leaven" in the loaf, these bright spots are exerting a powerful influence. We have a few teachers in the field who are preparing the way, and making the paths of music as straight as surrounding circumstances will permit; they cannot do all at once; there is a good deal of prejudice to this new way of singing with the round notes; this will gradually disappear, and then the way will be open for the rapid advancement of music as a science."

P—, Illinois.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I have lived in this place now six years, and am somewhat interested in the science of music, and have long felt the need of such a paper as

the Gazette, and therefore subscribed for it the first opportunity I had.

We have had, during the last three months, a singing school here, taught by a man who passes himself off for a Boston Academy student. I was not in favor of his school, from the fact that he did not take his school but for one quarter, as it is called; and I have made up my mind to patronize no one, unless he is competent, and will devote his time here at least for one year. Perhaps this idea is somewhat novel to you; but you can procure teachers when you like, and their systems of teaching are the same; it is not so with us. Our community is a moving one; yours, a settled one. Hence we are more liable to be imposed upon. Why, sir, you would kill yourself with laughter, at the ridiculous positions of some of our queer leaders in this place. They will select a tune, strike their tuning-fork (for some have them) on the bench, and give anything but the right pitch. I am a leader myself, but a very incompetent one, I assure you, and am always willing to stand back for others, though I have studied music for eight or nine years. I find the more I read and study, the less I know. A poor leader is always in a bad place, particularly if he has poor singers in his choir, and they will not rehearse with him. I would like to have your opinions upon the conducting of choirs. I have to take my own course here, as I cannot fall into the practices common with us. Imagine yourself in a congregation here;—the choir rises to sing; the pitch is given; they rush on; no accent, no expression; the last line of a verse is not ended by the choir, till the leader is off upon the next verse, he having stopped full two beats, to fill his exhausted lungs; the choir, already exhausted by the first verse, rush on, in pursuit, singing with all their might! O horrible! It would kill you, I know.

H—, Canada West.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Here the profession, or those that would be thought musicians, have a little knowledge of the old patent notes, want nothing better, and can hardly be made to believe that there is anything equal. In choirs, six out of seven cannot read the plainest tune, and they generally go against anything that tends to improvement, for fear of exposing themselves. This is not exaggeration. I feel confident in breaking down a great many of these superstitions, as to musical papers and books. I inclose \$5.00 for the Gazette, intending to give it as much circulation as possible. You have no idea of the prejudices here against anything from the states. The ministers will frequently oppose such as are introducing a new book; they are afraid the stagers will not stop for them to read every two lines, if they get so they can sing, and will also sing several parts, whereas now they sing but one, and make tenor, base, and everything else, out of it.

—, Ohio.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I am engaged in teaching six schools—have succeeded in crowding out the patent notes. The cultivation of music has been almost entirely neglected in this part of Ohio.

T—, Mass.

MESSRS. EDITORS—This place is emphatically stony ground in music, in which seed sown takes no root. A good degree of attention is given to music for the piano forte, but in the vocal department, and especially in sacred music, a shameful negligence prevails. The

choira, both here and in —, are mostly sustained by means of hired singers; and of the few among us competent to render efficient service in choirs, scarcely one can be found who will do it without a salary. Instruction for the young is neglected, and the matter seems to have lost its hold on the interest of the community. So you see we are likely to go to ruin, musically.

H—, Maine.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Please continue my paper, as I cannot very well get along without it. I had thoughts of discontinuing it, as my salary for singing will hardly warrant the expense. I get the same compensation that most country choristers receive, viz: the indignation of a portion of the choir, who think they could do much better than I can. I have had charge of a choir most of the time for the last twelve years, and have not found so good an assistant as your valuable paper.

### LABORING TOO MUCH.

People do not have relaxation enough in New England. They too generally have a care-worn expression, from infancy to age; and the fact cannot be denied, that anxiety is a weariness to the flesh. We are all utilitarians in this country, especially in the northern states, hardly affording opportunity for eating or sleeping in the manner which nature demands—for she can only conduct her chemical operations properly, and readjust the deranged vital machinery, while we are quietly slumbering. We recruit ourselves and grow fat during a refreshing day, but exhaust the system, both physically and mentally, in pursuing to excess the ordinary round of every-day business. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is a proverb based on a profound knowledge of the laws of our being.

Females in New England are worse off than the other sex in the deprivations of out-of-door relaxation, as custom has made it vulgar to breathe the fresh air of heaven, unless it is done in a lady-like manner. Hence they make feeble mothers—look thin, sallow, lank, and die by thousands, prematurely, of diseases that never would have been developed had there been less education of the mind, and more of the body, in girl-hood.

A sad mistake is produced by a too implicit belief in the adage that "time is money," since the first object of pursuit is, in consequence, made to be cash. Those who attempt to rest reasonably from their labors, at proper periods, are either afraid of not having enough, or are perpetually reminded that idleness ends in want. So the shuttle flies faster than it ought to go; the farmer cheats himself out of that worth having, health, by denying himself and his boys a holiday, because time is money and example is everything; merchants in cities toil for the immediate benefit of thieves and paupers—paying taxes in proportion to their income—and leave the world unsatisfied, having never found themselves ready to rest and take comfort.—*Medical Journal.*

We copy the above article, first, because we believe every word of it; and second, because we wish to recommend music as a "relaxation" to all who feel the truth of the Medical Journal's remarks. As a healthful, cheerful, innocent, and useful recreation, music stands unrivaled. "That man would deserve a monument, who would devise an amusement for this nation which would be pleasing and popular, and at the same time conducive to good morals, or at least not injurious to them," said a distinguished lecturer before a Boston lyceum audience. Man cannot invent such an amusement, or at least he never has invented one that did not tend to evil. People must have relaxation and recreation. Man has no real want which the Creator has not made provision to supply. Is not music exactly calculated to meet the want here mentioned, and if rightly used, is it not an amusement, not only not detrimental, but highly beneficial to the morals of the community? In no country in the world is there less of crime and

intemperance, than in Germany, and the good morals of the community is universally ascribed to the general cultivation of music. The same effect, on a very much increased ratio, would certainly follow the universal cultivation of this heavenly art in this country.

It will not do to sing with the spirit alone, nor with the understanding alone, but with both.

CONCERTS.—The last concert of the Boston Academy of Music, took place on the "stormiest" night we ever witnessed in Boston. Although the streets were almost impassable, about seven hundred attended the performances.—The fourth and last concert of the Boston Philharmonic Society took place March 6. The solo performers were, H. S. Cutler, organ; Miss J. L. Northall, Signora Pico, vocalists; Signor De Rihnas, cornu anglaise; Mr. J. K. Kendall, clarinet; Mr. Wm. Mason, piano forte. In addition to these, the orchestra performed Beethoven's fifth symphony. As usual, the house was filled to overflowing.—Mr. Jones, principal tenor of the Handel and Hayden Society, gave a musical and literary entertainment at the Melodeon, March 6. The entertainment was called "Woman's Heart," and consisted of a dissertation on "woman," interspersed with anecdotes and songs relating to the same "subject."

The Hutchinsons gave a concert in New York, March 5. They recently performed in Troy, N. Y., and we presume have been farther west, on the line of the Erie canal.—Mr. Bradbury repeated his juvenile oratorio March 3. The performance is described in glowing terms in the New York papers.

Henri Herz and Camillo Sivori are in New Orleans. Herz gave a concert Feb. 29, and the house was filled to overflowing, many who had purchased tickets being unable to obtain admittance.

### NEW JUVENILE MUSIC BOOK.

MARK H. NEWMAN & CO., 120 Broadway, New York, have just published a *JOUBLES FESTIVAL* musical recreation for the choir, juvenile singing classes, &c., together with songs, duets, trios, &c., &c. The "Joubles Festival" has lately been performed on two successive evenings in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, by upwards of five hundred children; on both occasions that large building was filled to its utmost capacity, and the performance was received with the warmest enthusiasm. It is to be repeated in April by Mr. Bradbury's entire classes, of about one thousand children. The attention of teachers is invited to this most popular book. MARK H. NEWMAN & CO., 120 Broadway, New York.

### JUST PUBLISHED.

B. Y. O. DITSON, 115 Washington street—My Lovely Kate: She died like the germ of the rose, Miss Gould: The Sailor's Boy, &c. From Note, by Hunkin, four hands; Air Italian, do. do. The Sea King's Burial, La Septent Waltz. 14

### MASON'S LARGE MUSICAL EXERCISES.

FOR the use of teachers, intended to save them time in writing on the black-board, and to facilitate the progress of the school. 10¢ sale at O. DITSON'S music store, 115 Washington street. 14

### CHORUSES BY HANDEL.

SIX Choruses, viz: Immortal Lord of earth and skies: When His loud voice in thunder spoke: Sing, O ye heavens! Bless be the man: He sitteth at the right hand: Let a nation's praise arise: The whole in one book, price 10¢ dollars per dozen copies. For sale at O. DITSON'S music store, 115 Washington street. 14

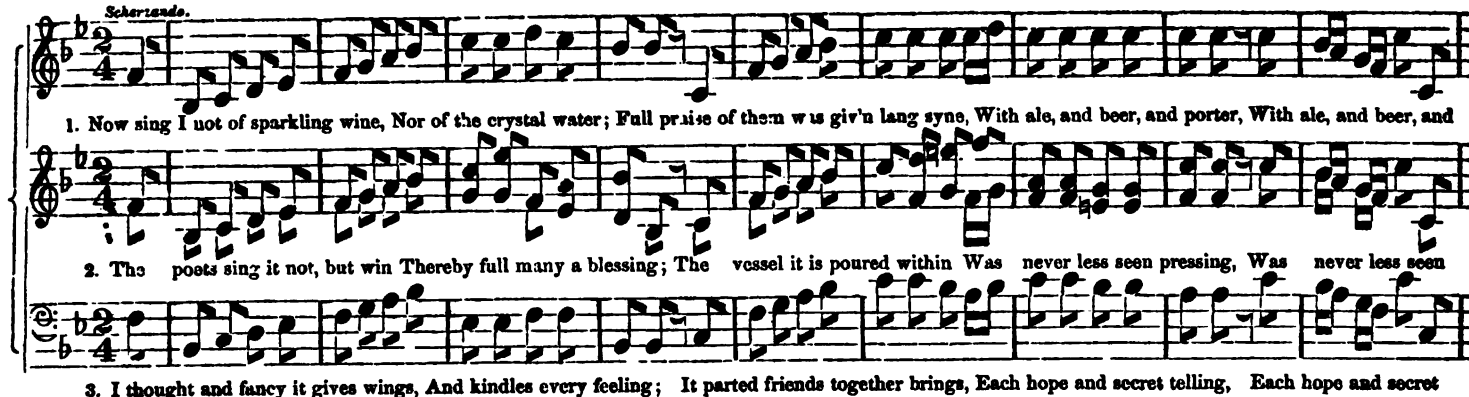
### INSTRUCTIONS IN THOROUGH BASS.

A new method for learning to play church music upon the organ, piano, araphone, or any other keyed instrument—by A. N. Johnson. "Through how is the art of playing or reading any number of parts at once, through the aid of a systematic classification of the chords. Without such a classification it is impossible to play four or more parts correctly; consequently no one can play church music correctly on a keyed instrument, without a knowledge of thorough bass. True, some persons may be able to play correctly who have not studied the thorough bass, but such persons have certainly been obliged to hope for knowledge to make a classification of chords of their own, thereby requiring ten times the time and study which a systematic course would. In the above work, the chords are classified according to their natural order, and the lessons are arranged in a perfectly natural and progressive succession, while everything is not connected with the subject is omitted. In this last respect it differs from most of the church music systems, which generally contain a large admixture of the far more difficult science of harmony. Published by G. O. F. B. 11. No. 17 Temple Row, London, and CHAS. & HALL, No. 1 Franklin Square, New York. For sale by music dealers generally, and by direct order through my book-seller who purchases books in New York or London. 24



## THE FLUID.

FR. DELVA.

*Scherzando.*


1. Now sing I not of sparkling wine, Nor of the crystal water; Full praise of them was giv'n lang syne, With ale, and beer, and porter, With ale, and beer, and

2. Tho' poets sing it not, but win thereby full many a blessing; The vessel it is poured within Was never less seen pressing, Was never less seen

3. I thought and fancy it gives wings, And kindles every feeling; It parted friends together brings, Each hope and secret telling, Each hope and secret



porter. While far and wide o'er all the land They have been sung and lauded, I think of that from hand to hand That passes un-re-ward-ed.

pressing. Yet scores of little throats drink up The flowing current daily, Then off they speed, and never stop, But run their errand gaily.

telling. Wouldst know the jetty fluid's name, Thus likened to no other? No friend, no poet's song or fame;—I'll let thee guess it, rather.

## DIVINE. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

Composed by CHARLES SPRING, of Brighton, for the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the settlement of Rev. Dr. FRANCE over the congregational church in Brookline, Mass., March 15, 1857.



1. Hap - - - - py the man whose cautious steps Still keep the golden mean; Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed, Declares a conscience clean.

3. To - - - - - sect or par - - - - ty his large soul Disdains to be con - fined; The good he loves of every name, And prays for all mankind:

5. Not - - - - on the world - - - his heart is set; His treasure is a - bove; Nothing beneath the sovereign good Can claim his highest love.



2. What blessings bounteous Heaven bestows, He takes with thankful heart; With temp'rance he both eats and drinks, And gives the poor a part.

4. His business is to keep his heart; Each passion to con - trol; No - bly am - bi-tious well to rule The empire of his soul.

## THE GLORIES OF HEAVEN.

A. N. JOHNSON.

1. Far from these narrow scenes of night, Un-bounded glories rise; And realms of joy and pure delight, Unknown to mortal eyes. 2. Fair dis-tant

land! could mortal eyes But half thy charms explore, How would our spirits long to rise, And dwell on earth no more. 3. No cloud those blissful 4. Oh, may the heavenly

regions know, Realms ever bright and fair; For sin, the source of mortal woe, Can never enter there, For sin, the source of mortal woe, Can never enter there. prospect fire Our hearts with ardent love, Till wings of faith and strong desire Bear every tho't above, Till wings of faith and strong desire Bear every tho't above.

5. Prepare us, Lord, by grace di-vine, For thy bright courts on high; Then bid our spirits rise and join The cho-rus of the sky.

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

Vol. 2

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No. 5.

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## VILLAGE CHORISTERS.

A pig in a string is a troublesome article to manage; two pigs in a string are more troublesome still, to a degree, perhaps, in proportion to the squares of their distances; a ram in a halter is also proverbial for obstinacy; mules are celebrated for their pertinacity, and donkeys for their stupidity;—but all the pigs, rams, mules, and asses, in the world, put together, would be more easily managed, than a company of singers in a village church.

About four miles from Loppington, there is a village called Snatcham. The living is but small, and the rector resides and performs his duty without the aid of a curate. You cannot imagine a milder and more gentle creature than this excellent clergyman. He is quite a picture, either for pen or pencil. He is not more than five feet four inches in height, somewhat stout, but not very robust; he is nearly seventy years of age, perhaps quite, by this time; his hair, what little is left of it, is as white as silver; his face is free from all wrinkles, either of care or age; his voice is slender, but musical with meekness. The practical principle of his demeanor has always been—anything for a quiet life. He would not speak a harsh word, or think an unkind thought to or of any human being; but he is now and then tempted to think that when the apostle Paul recommended the christians to live peaceably with all men, he put in the saving clause "if possible," with particular reference to village choristers. Snatcham choir is said to be the best in the country; such, at least, is the opinion of the choristers themselves; and he must be a bold man who should say to the contrary. They are no doubt very sincere when they say that they never heard any better than themselves; for, to judge from their singing, you would not imagine that they had ever heard any one else. Snatcham church does not boast an organ, and it is well it does not, for if it did, the whole choir would insist upon playing on it all at once; but, instead of an organ, it has a band of music, which has been gradually increasing for some years past. It commenced about thirty-five years ago, with a pitch-pipe, which was presently superseded by a flute. It was soon found, however, that the dulcet notes of a single flute were quite lost amid the chaos of sounds produced by the vocal efforts of the choir; so a second

flute was added by way of reinforcement; but all the flutes in the world would be no match for the double base voice of Martin Grubb, the Snatcham butcher, under whose burly weight and hurly-burly notes the whole music gallery trembled and shook. To give pungency to the instrumental department, therefore, a hautboy was added; but the vocalists felt it a point of honor to outcream the instruments, and the miscellaneous voice of James Gripe, the miller's son, who sang tenor, treble, or counter-tenor, just as it happened, was put into requisition for extra duty to match the hautboy. James Gripe could sing very loud; but the louder he sang, the more you heard of that kind of noise that is produced by singing through a comb. It used to be said of him, that he sang as if he had studied music in a mill during a high wind. To the two flutes and the hautboy were added two clarinets, because two of Gripe's younger brothers were growing up, and had a fancy for music. Young Grubb, the son of the butcher, began soon to exhibit musical talents, and accompanied his father at home on the violoncello, which instrument, with the leave of the rector, was added to the church, and in a very short time—a time too short, I believe, for the perfection of the performance.

The rector, dear good man, never refused his leave to anything, especially to what the singers asked; they might have had leave to introduce a wagon and eight horses, if they had asked—but still, the rector did not like it; and every time he was called upon to christen a child for one of his parishioners, he trembled lest the young one should have a turn for music, and introduce into the gallery some new musical abomination.

It was next discovered that only one base among so many treble instruments was not fair play, so to the violoncello was added a bassoon, and to the bassoon a serpent. What next?—nothing more at present; but if the movement party retain its ascendancy, triangles and kettle-drums may be expected. The present state of Snatcham choir is as follows: In the first place, there is Martin Grubb, the butcher, a stout, robust man, of about fifty years of age, having a round head and a red face, with strong, straight, thick, brownish-gray hair, combed over his forehead, and reaching to his very eyebrows. He is the oldest, the wealthiest, and the most influential man in the choir. He sings base, and is said to be the life and soul of the party, though there are no great symptoms of life and soul in his face, which is about as full of expression as a bullock's liver. Then there is young Martin Grubb, who is a bit of a dandy, with black, curling hair, and whiskers of the same pattern, pale face, thin lips, long chin, and short nose; his instrument is the violoncello. James Gripe is leader of the treble voices, with occasional digressions, as above noticed. And, in addition to the two younger Gripes, Absalom and Peter, who play the two clarinets, there are Onesiphorus Bang, the shoemaker, who plays the first flute; Issachar Crack, a rival shoemaker, who plays the second flute; Cornelius Pike, the tobacco-pipe maker, who plays the bassoon; Alexander Rodolpho Crabbe, the baker, who plays the hautboy; Gregory Plush, the tailor, who plays the serpent, together

with divers others, men, boys, and girls, who make up the whole band.

This renowned choir has for a long time considered itself the *ae plus ultra* of the musical profession, and consequently equal to the performance of any music that was ever composed. The old-fashioned psalm tunes are therefore all banished from Snatcham church, to the great grief of the worthy rector, whose own voice is almost put out of tune by hearing Sternhold and Hopkins sung to the tunes of "Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish," and such-like Vauxhall and Sadler's Wells music. The members of the choir, too, like other political bodies, have not much peace within, unless they have war without. If any attack be made upon their privileges, they stick together like a swarm of bees; but at other times, they are almost always at loggerheads one with another. Old Martin Grubb wields a precarious sceptre, for James Gripe is mightily tenacious of his rights, and resists, tooth and nail, the introduction or too frequent use of those tunes which superabound with base solos. Grubb and Gripe, by way of an attempt at compromising the matter, have latterly been in the habit of taking it by turns to choose the tunes; and their alternate choice puts one in mind of the fable of the fox and the stork, who invited one another to dinner, the fox preparing a flat dish, of which the stork could not avail himself, and the stork in return serving up dinner in a long-necked bottle, too narrow to admit the fox's head. When James Gripe chooses the tune, he flourishes away in tenor and treble solos, leaving the butcher as mate as a fish; but when the choice devolves on Martin Grubb, he pays off old scores by a selection of those compositions which most abound in base solos. And in such cases it not unfrequently happens that Martin, in the delighted consciousness of a triumph over his tenor, treble, and counter-tenor rival, growls and roars with such thundering exultation, that the gallery quivers beneath him, while his son saws away at his violoncello as though he would cut it in half, from very ecstasy. Cornelius Pike and Gregory Plush also spend as much breath as they can spare, and perhaps a little more than they can spare conveniently, in filling the vast cavities of their respective serpent and bassoon.

All this disturbs and distresses the feelings of the worthy pastor, who thinks it possible, and feels it desirable, that public devotion should be conducted with a little less noise. It appears, indeed, and no doubt the choristers, one and all, think so, that Snatcham church and Sternhold and Hopkins's psalms were all made to show forth the marvelous talents of the Snatcham choristers. They think that all the people who attend there, come merely for the music, and that the prayers and sermon have no other use or object than just to afford the singers and other musicians time to take breath, and to give them an opportunity of looking over and arranging their books for the next outbreak of musical noise.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the climax of the abominations of the Snatcham choristers I have yet to record, and I hope that by their

folies other choirs, if there be any so absurd, will take warning. It has been already said, that this celebrated Snatcham choir made it a great point to obtain leave of their rector for all the abominations and absurdities which they were accustomed to inflict upon the parish, under the guise of music; but the arrogant importunity of their solicitation was such, that they seemed to bid defiance to refusal, so that their asking leave was after the fashion of the beggar in *Gil Blas*, who held his musket in the direction of the donor's head. At a large town in the county in which Snatcham is situated, there had been a musical festival, the directors of which, in order to give *eclat* to their advertisements, had used all manner of means to swell the number of performers. For this purpose, they had sought every hedge and ditch, and highway and byway in the country, to pick up every individual who had the slightest pretension whatever to musical talent. In such a search, of course the Snatcham choir could not by any possibility be overlooked. They were accordingly retained for the choruses, in consequence of which, they underwent much musical drilling; nor were they a little pleased at the honor thus thrust upon them. They of course distinguished themselves, though I must say that the wisest thing chorus singers can do is not to distinguish themselves; but the Snatcham choir, it is said, actually did distinguish themselves, especially in the hallelujah chorus; and so fascinated were they with that chorus, and their own distinguished manner of singing it, that they resolved unanimously to perform it at Snatcham church. This was bad enough; but this was not the worst, for nothing would serve them but they would have it, of all days in the year, on Good Friday!

On the evening of the day before, the whole body of choristers, vocal and instrumental, went up to the rectory, and demanded an audience of the worthy pastor. The good man trembled at their approach, and his heart sank within him at the announcement that they had something very particular to say to him. He thought of harp, flute, psaltery, dulcimer, sackbut, and all kinds of music, and his ears tingled with apprehension of some new enormity about to be added to the choir, in shape of some heathenish instrument. It was a ludicrous sight, and enough to make the pastor laugh, had he been at all disposed to merriment, to see the whole choir seated in his parlor, and occupying, after a fashion, every chair in the room; for if they were never harmonious in anything else, they were perfectly harmonious as to their mode of sitting; they were all precisely in the same attitude, and that attitude was—sitting on the very outward edge of the chair, with their hats carefully held between their knees, their mouths wide open, and their eyes fixed upon vacancy. At the entrance of the clergyman, they all rose, bowed with simultaneous politeness, and looked towards Martin Grubb as their mouth-piece. Martin Grubb, with his broad, heavy hand, smoothed his locks over his forehead, and said—"Hem!"

"Well, Mr. Grubb," replied the rector, "you and your friends, I understand, have something particular to say to me."

"Why, yes sir," said Mr. Grubb, "we are called upon you by way of deputation-like, just to say a word or two about singing; and for the matter of that, we have been practicing a prettyish bit of music out of Handel, what they sung at the musical festival, called the hallelujah chorus; and as our choir sung it so well at the

festival as to draw all eyes upon us, we have been thinking, sir, with your leave, if you please, and if you have no objection, that we should just like to sing it at church."

"At church?"

"Yes sir, if you please, at church, to-morrow. The hallelujah chorus, you know, sir, being part of The Messiah, we thought it would be particular appropriate; and we are all perfect in our parts, and there's two or three chaps out of the next parish that are coming over to Snatcham to see their friends, and they'll help us, you know, sir, and everything is quite ready, and rehearsed, and all that; and we hope, sir, you won't have no objection, because we can never do it so proper as with them additional voices what's coming to-morrow, and there will be such lots of people come to church on purpose to hear us, that they will all be so disappointed if we do n't sing it."

Here James Gripe, somewhat jealous of his rival's eloquence, and taking advantage of Martin's pausing a moment to recover breath, stepped forward, saying, "No, sir, we hope you won't refuse us your leave, because all the people so calculate upon hearing it, that they will go away in dudgeon if so be they are disappointed, and mayhap they will never come to church again, but go among the methodishes, or some of them outlandish sexes; and it would be a pity to overthrow the established church just for the matter of a stave or two of music."

The rector sighed deeply, but not audibly, and replied, saying, in a tone of mild expostulation, "But to-morrow, my friends, is Good Friday, a day of extraordinary solemnity, and scarcely admitting even the most solemn music in its service."

"Exactly so," interrupted Martin Grubb, "that's the very thing I say, sir, and therefore the hallelujah chorus is the most peculiar appropriate; it's one of the most sollumest things I ever heard; it's quite awful and grand; enough to make the hair of one's head stand upright with sublimity."

"Tis, indeed, sir," added James Gripe; "you may take my word for it, sir."

"Perhaps," returned Martin Grubb, "your reverence never heard it; now, if so be as you never heard it, mayhap you do n't know nothing about it, in which case we can, if you please, with your permission, sing you a little bit of it, just to give you an idea of the thing."

The poor persecuted pastor looked round upon his tormentors in blank amazement, and saw them with their ruthless mouths wide open, and ready to inflict upon him the utmost penalty of their awful voices. In tremulous tones the worthy man exclaimed, "No, no, no—pray do n't—pray do n't—do n't trouble yourselves.—I beg you will not. I know the piece of music to which you refer, and I think if you could perform it on any other day than Good Friday—"

Singers are a peculiarly irritable class of persons, and the slightest opposition or contradiction irritates and disturbs them; so that at the very moment that the rector uttered a sentence at all interfering with their will, they all surrounded him with clamorous and sulky importunity, and set to work with all diligence to demolish his objections.

"Please, sir," said Martin Grubb, shaking his big head with a look of dogged wilfulness, "I do n't see how it's to be done. The hallelujah chorus requires a lot of extra voices what is n't to be got every day; and if we

tells them chaps as is coming over to-morrow to help us, that we do n't want their help, they may take tiff, and never come over to Snatcham again."

"But perhaps," the pastor meekly replied, "they may assist you in the grave and sober singing of some serious and well-known psalms, in which all the congregation may unite."

On hearing this, the broad-faced butcher expanded his features into a contemptuous sort of a grin, and said, "Come, now, that is a good one; as if reg'lar scientific singers would come all the way to Snatcham, just to sing old psalm tunes!"

Mr. Gripe also said—"He! he! he!"

"He! he! he!" is a very conclusive kind of argument; and so the rector of Snatcham felt it to be, for he could not answer it, nor refute it, nor evade it. He looked this way and that way, up to the ceiling and down to the floor, towards Mr. Gripe and towards Mr. Grubb; but neither ceiling nor floor, nor Gripe nor Grubb, afforded him any relief from this painful embarrassment. The exulting singers saw that he was posed, and that now was the time to push home their victory, and overwhelm the rector by their united importunities. So they all crowded around him at once, and almost all at once begaft to assail him with such a torrent of reasons and argumentation, that he had not a word to say for himself.

"Please, sir," said Onesiphorus Bang, "I ha'n't got nothing else ready to play."

"Nor I neither," said Issachar Crack.

"Please, sir," said Alexander Rodolpho Crabbe, "we never like to do nothing without your leave, and we hope you won't compel us to do so now. My wife says she'll never come to church again, if the hallelujah chorus is not performed to-morrow."

"And I declare," said Gregory Plush, "that for my part, I never wish to touch the serpent again, if we may n't do that piece of music."

Absalom and Peter Gripe also said the same as touching the clarinets; and James Gripe then looked at the rector with a quaintly interrogative aspect, which, without uttering a word, seemed to say, "There, sir, what will you do without Absalom's and Peter's clarinets?" Now, for his own part, the worthy pastor would have been glad to get rid of the whole clamor of their music, for these choristers were always at loggerheads, either with one another, or with all the rest of the parish.

The rector, thus overwhelmed with argument and eloquence, with pathos and importunity, found himself compelled to yield, which he did with the worst grace imaginable. Away went the choristers, rejoicing in the triumph of music, and full of glee at the thought of the wonderful figure they should cut on the morrow, when, assisted by the "chaps from the next village," they would astonish the natives with the hallelujah chorus.

That night, neither the singers nor the rector slept; the former were kept awake by the anticipation of musical glory, and the latter was made restless by the dread of musical absurdity. Good Friday came; the whole village looked more like a scene of festivity than of fasting. The "chaps from the next village," as Martin Grubb called them, were as gay as so many larks; there was such a display of blue coats and yellow buttons as never was seen before. The singing gallery was full to suffocation, and the church itself was crowded. The squire of the parish was present, and his family also were present with him, and the sing-

ers were so happy that they could hardly contain themselves. They did not mind the prayers; they had heard them before, and did not think them half so well worth hearing as the hallelujah chorus. There was such a rustling of leaves, of music books, and such a buzz of whispering voices, that the worthy rector could hardly be heard. The choristers had arranged that the hallelujah chorus should be sung immediately before the sermon, and they thought that the prayers would never be over; they were as impatient as a young horse in harness.

At length the prayers were finished, and the merciless choristers let loose upon the congregation, to inflict whatever musical torture they pleased. Away they burst, with relentless and resistless fury. There was such scraping, and blowing, and roaring, and growling, and screaming, as never was heard; the powers of every voice, and of every instrument, were exerted to the utmost of their capability; there was such an infinite variety of articulation of *hallelujahs*, *hallelujahs*, *allegros*, and *admos*, and *admos*, and *admos*, that none but the initiated could form a guess what the singers were about. The patient and afflicted rector sat still in the pulpit, waiting till the storm should be over; he knew that it could not last forever, and that they must soon sing themselves hoarse or out of breath.

There is an Irish proverb which says, "Single misfortunes never come alone;" this was verified in the present case, for a misunderstanding occurred, which produced a double infliction of the music. Messrs. Grubb, Gripe, Crabbe, Bang, Crack, and their friends, when performing at the cathedral, had observed that one or two parts of the performance had been encored by a signal from his grace the duke of —, who was present as patron, and that signal consisted of the silent waving or lifting up of a white pocket-handkerchief. Now, unfortunately, just as the band was bringing its mighty performance to a close, the squire of the parish most innocently drew his handkerchief out of his pocket; but happening to draw it forth with a peculiar grace, or with what Mr. Grubb and his friends thought a peculiar grace, they were most graciously pleased to take it for granted that it must be a signal for a repetition of the chorus; and therefore, just at the moment when the good rector was pleasing himself with the thought that the absurd display was over, they all burst forth again with renewed vigor. He thought that they were absolutely mad; he looked; he sighed; he shook his head; but he was only answered by "*hallelujah*," "*allegro*," and when they had finished the second time, he was half afraid that they would begin again, and sing it the third time.

When the service was over, the good man took the liberty to hint to his musical parishioners that he thought they had performed a work of supererogation, in performing the chorus twice. They themselves felt that they had somewhat encroached; but they laid the blame upon the squire, whose slightest wish, they thought, should be obeyed. The squire was very sorry when he found what mischief he had inadvertently done, and promised that he would take care, in future, not to pull out his handkerchief again in singing time.

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the prophets; and no politics like those which the scriptures teach — MILTON.

## THE PIANO-FORTE TEACHER.

### CHAPTER TEN.—REVIEWS.

Teachers vary in their ideas about the necessity of learning every piece correctly before proceeding to another. Some would have everything absolutely perfect, and, in the course of a year, carry their pupils over but a few pages. Others go to the contrary extreme, and approve of practicing a great amount of music. We think both are wrong. There are some passages in the easiest rondos, marches, or waltzes, which it is next to impossible for one who has not studied for a long while, to play right. It is then wisest, after practicing one piece until the attention is wearied, to pass on, although much is left imperfect. Still, it is not best to study anything superficially. Let every passage be played as well as your present power of execution will allow. In the meanwhile, diligently practice scales and other exercises most calculated to overcome the rigidity of your muscles. After three months or so, it is best to review all which has been left in an unfinished state. This revision will have several uses. In the first place, it will bring all the rules and maxims which have reference to playing, plainly before the mind, and make it more likely that they will be remembered. In the second place, it will be very encouraging, as affording substantial proof of progress, in the ease with which old difficulties are overcome. And, lastly, the mind has leisure to fix and confirm good habits of fingering.

CONCERTS.—The Ilsley family (four brothers and two sisters,) gave a concert in Troy, N. Y., March 11, and in Albany March 15. The Salem (Mass.) Academy of Music gave a concert March 19. Hayden's symphony No. 23, and the overture *L'italienne* in Algeri, were performed by the orchestra; and several choruses, and a *Te Deum*, composed and dedicated to the Salem Academy of Music by M. Emillo, were sung by the society. The *Last Rose of Summer*, piano forte and orchestra; duo from *L'Postillon*, piano forte and violin; and *Song without Words*, (by Ernst,) violin solo, were also among the performances. A concert was recently given in Georgetown, Mass., by the members of the singing schools of E. S. Nason, in Georgetown and vicinity. Some two hundred singers were present, besides instrumental performers. The performances are highly spoken of by the Georgetown Watchtower. A concert for the benefit of the sufferers in Ireland, was given in Holliston, Mass., March 17, by the Holliston Singing Class, under the direction of Mr. O. B. Bullard. The Baker Family gave a concert in Pittsfield, Mass., March 5. The Alleghenians gave a concert in New York March 15. The Atlantic's Funeral Hymn was one of the pieces in the programme. The Harmonicons gave concerts in Baltimore March 17, 18, and 19, and at Philadelphia March 22, on their return north. The Swiss Bell Ringers gave their last three concerts in Philadelphia, March 18, 19, and 20. The choir under the charge of Mr. L. S. Rust, of Worcester, Mass., gave a concert in Brinley Hall, Worcester, March 19, assisted by Miss Anna Stone and Mr. Wm. Mason, of Boston. Herz and Sivori gave a united concert in New Orleans, March 12. S. Lover, the Irish melodist, performed in the same city March 9.

Mrs. Edward Loder and Wm. A. King gave a performance in New York March 22, assisted by many

eminent performers and the chorus of the American Institute. The performance consisted of the second part of Weber's opera, "*Oberon*," and the first part of Rossini's opera, "*Cinderella*." A concert was given in aid of the Samaritan House of Industry, New York, March 19, in which Mesdames Pico and Ablamowicz sustained the principal parts. Mr. U. C. Hill will give a farewell concert at the Tabernacle in New York, April 6, previous to his departure for Europe, whither he is going to secure a patent for an improvement to the piano forte, which he has spent twenty years in perfecting. All the musical societies in the city are expected to assist at this concert.

Signor Ribas, professor of the hautboy, gave a concert in Boston March 17. A chamber concert, for the benefit of Mr. Keyzer, leader of the orchestra of the Boston Academy of Music, was given at Mr. Chickering's room, March 20. Although the room is not large, it was filled by a discriminating audience, and as the tickets were one dollar each, Mr. K. undoubtedly received more "benefit" than he would have received from a performance in a larger hall, with increased expenses.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—It is with much pleasure that we learn that Miss Hannah F. Gould, the well-known poetess, has undertaken the task of writing new words to a number of sterling songs. The words appended to many of the fashionable songs of the day form an insuperable objection to their use in families, and it should be a matter of joy that so talented a lady has turned her attention to the subject of furnishing songs in which the character of the words shall equal the character of the music. Several of Miss Gould's songs have already appeared, as will be seen by Mr. Reed's advertisement in No. 3, and Mr. Ditson's in our last paper.

*Grand Fantasia et Variations sur la Cracovienne*, par W. V. Wallace. Published by Conrad Meyer, Philadelphia—19 pages. This piece is in the peculiar style of the well-known author. We commend it to the notice of advanced piano students.

We have received the first number of the *Young Churchman*, volume two, a monthly magazine for the young. It is elegantly printed, each number contains thirty-two pages, and is illustrated with several fine wood cuts. Published in New York.

## CELESTIAL MUSIC.

Calm on the listening ear of night  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs, from courts above,  
Shed sacred glories there,  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.

The joyous hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply,  
And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The day-spring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Gallilee  
There comes a holier calm,  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1847.

During the past year we frequently received such modest requests as "Please send me twenty-four copies of the last number," &c., &c. We good naturedly complied with the requests, although never accompanied with the money, and sometimes received with postage unpaid. As a consequence, at the end of the year we found our sets so completely broken as to be unable to make up a single full volume. We have therefore come to the determination not to furnish extra numbers, in future, either for love or money. Those who subscribe for the Gazette want every number or none, and extra copies of one number disposed of, renders just so many copies of every other number worthless.

A subscriber in the state of New York, who says he voted for President Polk, and does not regret his choice, very justly complains of the sentence in the communication of "A Citizen of New England," in which Mr. Polk's name is introduced. This communication (in No. 3,) is the only one that was ever inserted in the Gazette without having been first read by one of the editors. It was mistaken for another article, and sent to the printers without a word of it having been seen by us. Before we noticed the sentence in question, it was too late to remedy it. Had we discovered it in time, we should certainly have expunged the paragraph, or have returned the manuscript to its author for correction. The Gazette is taken by persons of all parties and sects, and correspondents will please understand that no article will be inserted, which contains, either directly or by implication, anything calculated to injure the feelings of any class of our readers.

Mr. D., who lives in a great town on Lake Michigan, away off in Illinois, is informed that the article of which he speaks shall not come within sight of "that drawer," if he concludes to send it.

In the music in our last number were the following typographical errors. Page 31, second brace, the fourth base note should have been C, instead of B flat. Page 32, first brace, the last alto note but two should have been E instead of D. Third brace, second line, the treble and alto in the third chord should have been one degree lower, and in the seventh chord, one degree higher.

The story on our first page to-day is copied from the Boston Journal, which paper we presume took it from some English periodical. The Journal prefaces it with the remark that the original may be found in many towns on this side of the Atlantic, as well as in the county in which the scene is laid.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE ORGAN.—NO. V.

*The Stops.*—A stop consists of a row or rank of pipes, formed upon one uniform model, and generally placed on the same slider. Among organ stops, some are only treble stops, and some only base stops; hence some stops have only two or three octaves in compass; while others extend throughout the entire compass of the instrument.

The pipes belonging to one stop generally stand in the same row or series, though sometimes, for the sake of symmetry, or from want of room, an exception to this arrangement is permitted.

Organ stops are divided into *flue-stops* and *reed-*

*stops.* The distinction between these two kinds will be fully explained under the head Structure of Organ Pipes. In another point of view, they are also divided into *foundation stops*, *mutation stops*, and *compound or furniture stops.* A foundation stop is one of which the pipes everywhere give such notes only as we are prepared to expect from the keys that we touch, or at least the octaves above or below those notes. Thus the diapasons, trumpet, &c., are foundation stops, in the strictest sense; the principal, fifteenth, clarion, double diapason, &c., are also foundation stops, since they are octaves to those before mentioned. Mutation stops are those which as to pitch do not correspond with the keys that we touch. They are the twelfth, tierce, and their octaves. Compound stops consist of an assemblage of several pipes, three, four, five, or more to each key of the instrument, all speaking at the same time. Among compound stops are the sesquialters, mixture, cornet, &c. Compound stops are tuned in octaves, thirds, and fifths, to the foundation stops.

*Draw-stops.*—The draw-stops are situated in front of the organ, by the sides of the rows of keys. On the knobs at the ends of the draw-stops, or occasionally underneath or above them, is written to what stop each draw-stop belongs. The draw-stops are connected with a moveable lever, by means of which the sliders are put into motion. If we draw out a knob, the lever revolves and draws back the slider, so that the holes which are bored through it exactly coincide with those in the sound-board and in the upper-board, upon which the pipes are placed; and, consequently, in playing, the pipes of this stop are enabled to speak. If we again push in the draw-stop, these holes are once more closed.

## EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL.—NO. V.

We arrived at Liverpool soon after daylight in the morning, and took lodgings in one of the principal hotels. We found our ship had not arrived, which proved the prophecy of the Irish pilot correct, for we had spent a week in Ireland, and yet arrived at Liverpool before the ship. It arrived, however, on the afternoon of the same day, and on the next morning we made our first acquaintance with a British custom house. I spent one sabbath in Liverpool, and attended one of the principal Scotch presbyterian churches, and one of the principal episcopal churches. The presbyterian church was a very large building, but was nevertheless so filled by the congregation, that I had to take a seat in the pew next the door. The order of services was the same as in the presbyterian churches in America. The singing was by the congregation, without instrumental accompaniment of any kind, but led by a choir consisting of two female and three male voices, who were seated in a kind of pulpit, a little lower than the minister's desk, but immediately in front of it. Indeed, the desk occupied by the singers was a part of that occupied by the minister. The voices of the five persons composing this choir were very strong and full, and apparently highly cultivated. One Hundred and Arlington, were two of the tunes sung. The others I did not know. The congregation professed to join in the singing, but the effect of the performance, was that of a beautiful choir, accompanied by mummings, grumbings, squeals, and almost all other noises which the human voice can produce. Above all this jargon, however, the beautifully-blended quintette fell upon my ear, probably much the more pleasing from the contrast. It was choir singing versus

congregational singing, argued more effectually than I ever heard it before. The choir, although evidently composed of very superior singers, made not the slightest display, but modestly rose in their places, started off all together, without even taking the pitch beforehand, and sang the tunes in the plainest and simplest manner imaginable. Not a trill, not a turn, not a voice stronger than the rest, but all, to appearance at least, fully engrossed with the solemn words upon their lips, and sensible only of being engaged in an act of solemn worship. The appearance of the clergyman when he led in prayer, was not more appropriate than that of the singers when leading in praise.

While in Liverpool I became somewhat acquainted with a Scotch gentleman, a member of one of these churches. From him I learned that the Scotch consider choir singing as abominably wicked, and instrumental music as the exclusive property of his Boelzebubic highness, and consequently will have neither of them in their churches. He had been in Boston, and had attended at Park Street Church. He considered it beyond all question, that the reason why there were so many sects, and so much wickedness in the capital of New England, was solely the use of musical instruments in our churches, and the prevalence of choir singing.

I attended the episcopal church in the afternoon. The singing was by a quartette choir, accompanied by a very fanciful organ player, on a splendid organ. The singing was very carelessly performed, probably because there were but few persons present in the church. I was told that the churches were generally well filled in the forenoon and evening, but thinly attended in the afternoon. I was so well pleased with the services at the Scotch kirk, that I attended it again in the evening, instead of extending my knowledge by visiting other churches.

I endeavored to visit everything of interest in Liverpool, but heard no other music, secular or sacred. I was detained in Liverpool until all our passengers had gone to London, and I was obliged to make the journey alone. On arriving at the railroad depot, I found the train consisted of four classes of cars. The first-class cars contained eight seats each, and were for elegance about on a par with first-class cars in New England, but not half so comfortable. The second class had seats and tops, but no cushions or windows. The third class looked like our gravel cars. They had seats, but no tops. The fourth class were mere carts, without seats, tops, or anything else, but a place to stand up in. The fare in the first-class cars was nearly double that of the second class. Whether the price for the other classes was in the same ratio, I did not take the trouble to ascertain. Like a free-born American, I took my place in the A number one cars, and paid the utmost farthing demanded for that privilege. Before I left England, I ascertained that men worth their hundred thousands, did not hesitate to ride in the second-class cars, and I soon got my pride down, so that I could go not only in the second, but even in the third-class, saving thereby many a guinea.

To describe the country through which the railroad passed, is foreign to my purpose. Suffice it to say, that the towns looked a thousand years older than they do with us, and every inch of land was cultivated as land that costs a thousand dollars an acre would be likely to be. At a rough guess, I should say that from Liverpool to London the railroad passes through twenty miles of tunnels. As we neared London and I found



it would be dark when we got there, I began to conjure up the stories I had heard in former times, of the prodigious wickedness of this modern Babel. Supposing that it must be as much worse than New York as it is larger than that city, I trembled at the thought of the terrible onset which would probably be made by cabmen, porters, &c., and had anything but pleasant anticipations of my entrance into the great metropolis, after dark, without the most distant idea where to go. At length we arrived in the depot. Not a cabman or porter was to be seen, nor was there a soul in the depot except those connected with the train. I waited until every passenger had departed, and was in great perplexity what to do, for I had a large quantity of baggage with me, and it was past ten o'clock at night. While standing by my baggage, thinking "with all my might," the conductor approached, took off his hat, and very politely asked me if I wished for a cab. Receiving my reply, he shouldered my trunk, and led me to an inclosure outside the depot, where were a large number of carriages in waiting, from which I selected one, and with the air of one who had been to London a hundred times before, ordered the coachman to drive to the North and South American Coffee House, an advertisement of which I had fortunately seen in Liverpool. Not a single coachman or porter asked for my patronage, but everything was more orderly and quiet than is common even in the depot of a country village in America.

#### CHURCH MUSIC.—NO. II.

WHAT IS MUSIC?—Among the hundreds who lead in the musical services of the sanctuary, and the thousands who are or ought to be interested in the subject of church music, how many can readily answer this question? Even among those who profess to have attained all (musical) knowledge, and to need no further light upon the subject, how many have a clear and a definite idea of the nature of that art through the medium of which Christians of every denomination profess to offer their praises unto the Most High?

The dictionaries tell us that music is the science of sweet sounds. The Creator has provided for the gratification of all our senses: beautiful colors, to delight the eye; musical sounds, to delight the ear; fragrant odors, and pleasant fruits, for the other senses. As a gratification of the sense of hearing, who does not love to listen to music? Who is not grateful that such provision has been made for our enjoyment while sojourning here below? Music is designed to gratify and please the ear, but is this its only object? None can doubt its divine origin. Was it created solely to charm us with its witching strains? to intoxicate us with its enchanting melody? Its office is not alone merely to delight and please. It is an art which strives to affect the soul. It is a language, addressed to the inmost emotions of our nature. It addresses the feelings, and produces everywhere the same result, for feeling is alike all over the world. It can express the most elevated emotions, those which are beyond the power even of metaphorical language. It possesses to a wonderful degree the power of impressing upon the mind the ideas expressed in accompanying words. The sentiments contained in songs and hymns heard in youth are never forgotten. Though all else fade from the memory, these never will.

Read the numerous instances on record, of the various and mysterious effects of music. Notice its power

upon the battle field. Consider its influence in the ball-room and theatre. In Mozart's Magic Flute, the hero of the story is often in danger from enemies, but whenever they are on the point of taking him, a strain from his magic flute chains them to the spot, and enables him to escape. There is not so much that is supernatural about the story, after all. Few could withstand the power of such music, were there no magic connected with it. Two young theological students undertook to distribute bibles through a destitute neighborhood. They came to a house into which the accupant forbade their entrance. They attempted to argue with him, but he would not hear. They plead with all the eloquence at their command, but his refusal was the more imperative. As they were about to depart, one of them asked his permission to sing a hymn. He said he liked to hear singing, and therefore consented. They sang the hymn, "Lo, on a narrow neck of land, 'twixt two unbounded gulfs I stand," and the man was completely overcome by its touching admonitions, uttered in a language which spoke to the deepest feelings of his soul. Many similar instances of the power of this art might be mentioned, had we room.

"His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." "Hallelujah, for the kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever, King of kings and Lord of lords." Let the greatest orator on earth endeavor to impress you with the sublimity of these prophecies, then listen to the choruses in the Messiah, and decide which language best conveys the meaning. Let the most eloquent speaker you can find read an affecting hymn to a congregation, then let the same hymn be sung by a perfect choir, whose hearts are filled with the sentiment of the words, and notice which produces the most impression. How did he estimate the power of music, who said, "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws?" How did he regard it, who represents Satan as saying, "Let me manage the music of your churches, and I care not for the preaching?"

Reader, have you aught to do with church music? If you have, sit down and meditate upon the question which commences this article. Who would dare undertake the management of the powerful engine of a steamship, without perfectly understanding its construction and power, especially if the ship were freighted with immortal beings? Who knows but the music of the sanctuary possesses a power which, in the light of eternity, is equally capable of being wielded for good or for evil, according as those who are entrusted with its management understand, or misunderstand, its nature?

SET PIECE AFTER THE SERMON.—Some choirs are in the habit of performing a "set piece," having for its sole object a display of their musical proficiency, immediately after the sermon. If ever there was a device of Satan to take away the seed sown, this is one. Sing Yankee Doodle, Zip Coon, or anything else, before the sermon, if a display must be made, but let the singing which follows the discourse, be with the utmost care adapted to deepen its impressions and press home its truths. If the last singing cannot be made to do this, better by all means omit it altogether. Strange that the idea should ever have been entertained, that display in the sanctuary is right, under any circumstances.

#### CHURCHES IN BOSTON.—NO. V.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

Rev. P. Flood, pastor; Miss — Garcia, organist.

This edifice is built of rough stone, and stands on Endicott street. It was consecrated in May, 1836, by Bishop Fenwick, of the catholic church. It has a splendid organ, made by Geo. Stevens, of East Cambridge, containing, in the *great organ*, 1st and 2d open diapasons, stopped diapason, sub-base and treble, dulciana, clarabella, principal, 12th, 15th, sesquialtera, and trumpet. In the *swell organ*, open and stopped diapasons, dulciana, cornet, and hautboy. The organ also has a swell-base, consisting of stopped diapason and principal, couplers, and a sub-base to CCC, an octave and a half. The organ case is twenty feet high, fourteen feet wide, and nine feet deep. The choir in this church is voluntary, and very variable as to numbers; sometimes half a dozen being present, and sometimes five times that number. The appropriation for musical expenses is very small.

This building is admirably adapted for sound. The ceiling is arched from gallery to gallery, the organ being at one end of the arch, and the altar at the other. We have seldom seen a house in which music can be more distinctly heard. The building is not an expensive one, either externally or internally. It has, however, a magnificent altar, made from a single block of Italian marble, and also the finest fresco painting in the city.

#### CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Rev. Mr. Margrath, pastor; Mr. Lloyd, organist.

This is a free catholic church, situated near the Beth-el Church, in North Square. It was altered from a large warehouse to a church, in 1846. The singing is performed by a choir of boys, accompanied by a fine organ, made by Geo. Stevens, of East Cambridge. The *great organ* contains 1st and 2d open diapasons, stopped diapason, principal, 12th, 15th, sesquialtera, dulciana, flute. The *swell organ* contains open diapason, stopped diapason, dulciana, principal, hautboy, swell base. The organ also contains an octave of sub-base, with shifting movements, &c. Although this is a very cheap building, it will accommodate a large audience.

At the town meeting held in Lynn, Mass., week before last, a resolution to introduce music into the town schools was rejected; also a resolution to petition for a city charter.

**COMMENDATORY NOTICES.**—We frequently meet with complimentary notices of our paper. If we had more room, we should doubtless be more frequently tempted to copy them. The following is an extract from an article by one of our readers, (Rev. A. B. Lambert, Salem, N. Y.,) which we noticed in the Washington (N. Y.) County Post. We are much obliged for the pains thus taken to bring the Gazette to the notice of those interested in music in that section of the country. Such a notice does us more good than a half dozen advertisements. We think most choirs would find their labors better seconded, if their pastors and singing committee could be induced to read a musical journal.

"I think I shall be doing a favor to some of your readers, in introducing to them the Musical Gazette, a paper published in Boston once in two weeks, and devoted to the interests of music. In this country music receives so little aid, you will allow me to say, from the whole corps of editors, that a periodical, ably conducted, presenting us with the history of the science, the best modes of teaching, the musical news of the day, &c., &c., must be a desideratum. Any person feeling much interest in the subject of music, would be pleased, I think, and profited, by reading this paper regularly. For teachers, it is desirable; something of this kind seems, indeed, almost indispensable. And if there is a choir anywhere, so unfortunate as to have a minister who feels little or no interest in the music services of the sanctuary, let them send his name, with one dollar, to A. N. Johnson, Boston, and if he is not "past all feeling," they will find that this important, delightful, effective part of public worship, is rising in his estimation, before the year has expired."

We have already noticed the performance of Mr. Bradbury's juvenile oratorio. The following is from the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, the editor of which was present at the performance:

"THE TABERNACLE, LAST EVENING.—Had there been no harmony of sweet sounds at the Tabernacle last evening, the sight alone would have been worth more than the price of admission. We thought to evince some Yankee cunning, and to circumvent the crowd that would be rushing for places, by going very early; and chuckling over the pleasant thought, that for once at least our prudence was not at fault, reached the door of the Tabernacle at about a quarter past six o'clock, when, lo! the body of the building and the gallery, two or three seats deep all round, were already occupied, and the scheming and squeezing for seats had begun. Long before the time for commencing the entertainment, the house was filled to overflowing; and we think it may safely be said, that hundreds went away because the building's capacity to stretch had reached its utmost limits.

It certainly was a beautiful sight. Over the orchestra was thrown a vast floral arch, in which were interwoven the words, 'Flora's Festival,' and in the vista behind was a group of beautiful beings, called, probably, by prosaic, matter-of-fact people, young children, but to a poetic fancy easily converted into a cloud of young fairies, or floral nymphs, or ethereal songsters, or forest sprites, or anything equally spiritual and unearthly. Lovely creatures they were, with a bright jewel sparkling under each eye-lash, and lips of deep coral red, and brows, so calm and innocent, crowned with garlands of flowers; their fragile forms clothed in robes spotless as their own natures. O, it was pleasant to see that white cloud of sylph-like forms, flanked by protecting wings of noble and manly youths, as they rose and fell, advanced or receded, in their legion unity, at the slightest nod of the master of the festival ceremonies.

Now, in the depths of the copse-wood dell, they welcome the queen they love so well, and Flora comes forth from her tinted cell, and is covered with a chaplet of beauteous flowers, gathered by fairies from scented bowers, cowslip and daffodil, primrose and tormentil. O, what a crown for a queen to wear; and chorus and anthem float on the air; here, there, and everywhere, the sweet voice of Flora greets blushing Aurora, as she scatters the perfume of 'morning' around, and sprinkles with jewels the dewy ground; 'noon' glows with heat, the thunder storm lours; how they quake through each tendril, those delicate flowers. The storm-cloud is gone and evening is come, and the fairies are thinking each one of her home. But evening is past, and 'night' comes at last; and now if the reader those fairies would seek, he must be at the Tabernacle next Wednesday week.

N. B. That whistling chorus was not a solo by Mr. Bradbury, as many supposed, but a veritable chorus by all the boys. More perfect time was never kept—no, never."

**KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.**—Many of our subscribers did sit "right down" and send us their dollar on reading our last; but, alas! tell it not in Gath, many did not!

## THE BIRDS HAVE COME.

BY REV. A. MESSLER.

They've come! they've come! the warblers bright,  
To charm our ears, t' entrance our sight;  
And the forest haunts and the orchard's shade,  
The echoes wake which their mirth hath made;  
And the quivering spray directs our sight,  
To the shady nook where they sit so bright,  
With their glossy coat,  
And their painted throat,  
Like a winged sylph or a fairy sprite.

They're fair! how fair that tiny race;  
Like a sparkling gem on a jewel's face;  
Not a monarch proud, in his stately dress,  
Hath a robe so rich; nor a shining tress  
So glossed and fair hath the radiant bride,  
In her day of hope by her lover's side,  
As the warbler's breast,  
As the warbler's crest,  
When he comes through our summer lands to glide.

They're happy, too; oh, happier far  
Than our manly race bowed down with care;  
All the livelong day is their music heard,  
The shrill, sweet voice, of the summer bird,  
While circling far, on his rapid wings,  
O'er the dimpled pool, o'er the clear brook's springs,  
O'er the hill-top height,  
O'er the valley bright,  
Where the violet blooms, where the ivy clings.

They've come 'mid thousand forms of life,  
When the winter's storm hath ceased its strife;  
When the buds burst out, and the leaflets clear,  
And the springing blade, tells the summer near;  
When the singing brooks chime through the vale,  
And fragrance breathes from the lilies pale;  
When the sounds we love  
Are heard in the grove,  
And the wooers breathe their amorous tale.

The Missionary Herald for March contains a letter from Mr. Lyons, missionary at the Sandwich Islands. Among his remarks on various subjects we find the following:

"A few natives had acquired the art of singing, and had made themselves familiar with several tunes. But their acquisition was of little use, while all around them were perfectly ignorant. Hence the thought came into their minds, that perhaps they might turn their knowledge to some good account by getting up singing schools. This was no sooner proposed than multitudes became interested. 'Oh yes, let us have singing schools; nothing like singing schools!' They sprang up, therefore, as if by magic, all over Hamakua. The excitement was perfectly astonishing. Wherever I went, wherever I spent the day or night, nothing saluted my ear so frequently, as the sound of pa, ko, li, (fa, sol, la.) And in some parishes the very atmosphere resounded with the music of the new choir. The young and the middle aged, if not the gray headed, were equally enlisted; and no difficulty was found with regard to paying the teacher. Some who were strangers to meetings, were so enchanted, when they came within the sound of the singing school, that, like Saul of old, they were afterwards found, if not among the prophets, at least among the singers. Even Roman catholics, (a few at least,) forsook their crosses and their prayers to the Virgin, and entered the singing school, as true Calvinists as they ever were.

As I entered the meeting house in the different parishes, filled with worshipers, and ascended the pulpit, and gave out the hymn to be sung, what a change did I see! Heretofore I myself was the chorister, and perhaps the only singer in the house. True, others would strike up their notes, but they were anything but musical notes. Now, the native chorister set the tune, and gave the pitch; upon which a company arose that proved to be his choir, and performed the music in a manner that did honor to themselves, and added much to the interest of the services. I could not refrain from praising God for this great and pleasing change."

At the town meeting held in Brookline, Mass., (a town adjoining Boston,) week before last, it was unanimously resolved to introduce music into the town schools. The instruction is to be given by the junior editor of this paper, to whose exertions the above result is in part owing.

## NEW JUVENILE MUSIC BOOK.

MARK H. NEWMAN & CO., 189 Broadway, New York, have just published FLORA'S FESTIVAL, a musical recreation for schools, juvenile singing classes, &c., together with songs, duets, trios, sol-feggios, scales, and plain tunes for singing by note in thirteen keys; edited by Wm. H. Bradbury, author of School Singer, Young Melodist, &c., &c. "Flora's Festival" has lately been performed on two successive evenings in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, by upwards of five hundred children; on both occasions that large building was filled to its utmost capacity, and the performance was received with the utmost enthusiasm. It is to be repeated in April by Mr. Bradbury's entire classes, of about one thousand children. The attention of teachers is invited to this most popular book. MARK H. NEWMAN & CO., 189 Broadway, New York.

## INSTRUCTIONS IN THOROUGH BASE;

A new method for learning to play church music upon the organ, piano, seraphine, or any other keyed instrument—by A. N. Johnson. Thorough base is the art of playing or reading any number of parts at once, through the aid of a systematic classification of the chords. Without such a classification it is impossible to play four or more parts correctly; consequently no one can play church music correctly on keyed instruments, without a knowledge of thorough base. True, some persons may be able to play correctly who have not studied thorough base, but such persons have certainly been obliged (perhaps not knowingly) to make a classification of chords of their own, thereby requiring ten times the time and study which a systematic course would. In the above work, the chords are classed according to their natural order, and the lessons are arranged in a perfectly natural and progressive succession, while everything not connected with the subject is omitted. In this last respect it differs from most other thorough base systems, which generally contain a large admixture of the far more difficult science of harmony. Published by GEO. P. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston, and FRITH & HALL, No. 1 Franklin Square, New York. For sale by music dealers generally, and can be easily ordered through any bookseller who purchases books in New York or Boston.

## THE BIRDS HAVE COME.\*

Words by REV. A. MESSLER.

Music by W. TILLINGHAST.

They've come! they've come! To charm our ears, And the forest haunts and the The echoes wake mirth hath made; And the  
the warblers bright, t'entrance our sight; orchard's shade, which their And the quivering spray

quivering spray directs our sight To the shady nook where they With their And their painted Like a winged sylph or a fai - - - ry sprite.  
Directs our sight sit so bright, glossy coat, throat,

\* For words, see page 38 (opposite.)

## THE FARMER.

W. TILLINGHAST, Troy, N. Y.

1. Drive on, thou sturdy farmer, Drive cheery o'er the field; The pleasures of a farmer's life No other life can yield, The pleasures of a farmer's life No

other life can yield.

2. Thou risest with the morning sun,  
To till the fruitful earth;  
And when thy daily task is done,  
Thou seek'st thy peaceful hearth.

3. Thou lovest not the gaudy town,  
With its tumultuous roar;  
Plenty and peace thy fireside crown,  
And thou dost ask no more.

4. Monarchs, with robes in crimson dyed,  
Are low, compared with thee;  
They are the pamper'd sons of pride;  
Thou'rt God's nobility.

5. Go on, thou sturdy farmer,  
Tread thankfully the sod,  
Thy proud and goodly heritage,  
Thou chosen man of God.

## HOSANNA.

WM. MASON.

*Adagio.* *Moderato.* *Tenor.* *Alto.*

Ho - san - na, Ho-san-na, Ho - san - na. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the, name - - - Blessed is

Ho - san - na, Ho-san-na, Ho - san - na. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, in the name, the name of the Lord; in the name of the

*Soprano.* Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, in the name, in the name, - - - in the name of the

*Alto.* he that cometh in the name of the Lord, com - - eth in the name, com - - - eth, that com - eth in the name - - - of the

*Tenor.* - - - the name of the Lord, com - eth, - - - that cometh that com - eth in the name - - - of the

*Bass.* Lord, - - - Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, of the Lord, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the

Lord, in the name of the Lord. Ho - san - na, in the high - est, in the high - - - est.

## BARON. H. M.

B. F. EDMANDE,  
Organist of the Baldwin Place Church, Boston.

*Solo.* *Tutti.*

Sing to the Lord most high; Let every land a - dore; With grateful voice make known His goodness and his power.

With cheerful songs De - clare his ways, And let his praise Your tongues employ.

*Solo.* *Chorus.*

*Songs* *Salc.* *Chorus*



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From the New England Puritan.

## "CHURCH MUSIC IN NEW ENGLAND."

BY LOWELL MASON.

Messrs. Editors.—In your paper of November 19, 1846, I find an article under the above title, signed "A Traveler." I did not see the article at the time of its publication, nor until my attention was called to it by a friend, who requested me to read it and answer it, as he thought it contained erroneous views. I have read over the article carefully, and I now beg leave to say a few words, not as an answer to it, but rather in connection with it, not to controvert any one point in it, but rather to say that the article is, in my estimation, excellent, and such admonitions as are contained in it are much needed. Many who have heard me lecture to musical institutes and associated choirs, will bear testimony that I have openly advocated the same views. But, notwithstanding this, there are some little things in the detail of the piece, which may be misunderstood. I will therefore say a few words on each point brought up by "A Traveler."

1st. He says: "It surprises me to find how rife your choirs are with *new tunes*. For myself, I am old-fashioned enough to have a strong partiality for what are styled 'the old tunes.' Again, 'Why suffer the old tunes, so large a portion of them, to be extruded from the sanctuary?' Now I fully agree with the writer, that the old tunes ought to be retained, and how often have I quoted (not irreverently) in this connection the passage, 'No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new, for he saith the old is better.' But what are old tunes? Not Bridgewater, nor Majesty, nor Ocean—these are American tunes, composed (if it is proper to apply this word to them,) within the last fifty or seventy years. Bangor is indeed older, but even this cannot, perhaps, be called an old tune. Among the tunes that may be considered old, are those introduced and sung about the time of the Reformation or shortly after. The Old Hundredth is the first on the list, and besides this, there are but a few dating so far back, that

are still retained. The tunes York, Windsor, (formerly called Dundee,) and a few others, are of nearly the same date. About the time of the American Revolution, when choirs were first introduced, these old tunes were for the most part given up, and an ignorant, unmeaning, undignified and miserable class of tunes, was introduced; light and airy, and in which the congregation could not extensively unite. Majesty and Ocean followed in this train; and soon after these, the extreme of absurdity was reached, in such pieces as New Durham, Delight, and a host of similar nonsense, called music. Now by many (not by "A Traveler") these are called old tunes, and many good people cling to them by association, and mourn over their excommunication. But the battle has been fought and the victory won. Light has come in, musical knowledge and taste have been disseminated, and the class of tunes now under consideration have disappeared. Instead of them, a style of music has arisen, a part of which, to say the least, is in accordance with the acknowledged principles of musical science, and strictly appropriate to the purposes of worship; and if the singing is to be confined to the choir as it now is, these tunes are the best, i. e., a small choir of thirty or forty persons can more effectively sing a psalm or a hymn to one of them, than to any of the Old Hundredth class. The fact is, that the singing by a choir came first, and then as a necessary consequence came a change in the character of the tunes. The old choral style requires a large multitude of voices, to do it justice; it is grand, lofty, sublime; but it can by no means be reached by a common choir of singers, it depends so exclusively upon the one element of power. Should congregational singing be again introduced, and prevail as it does in some parts of Germany, the old style of tunes would also prevail as it does there, and most of the modern rhythmic changes would give place to the majestic and equal tread of the steady choral. There is another class of tunes which has been introduced into our churches within twenty or twenty-five years, derived from the Gregorian Chant; of course these are some thousand years or more, older than the Old Hundredth. See Hamburg, Olmutz, and a few others, in Boston Academy's Collection, Carmina Sacra, from which they have been copied into other books.

I will observe, in closing my remarks under this head, that the charge made by "A Traveler," in relation to the introduction of new tunes, is most certainly true. A tune is introduced, sung once or twice, and, before it is understood, or its meaning brought out, it is exchanged for another, which is treated in like manner. The fault, however, lies not altogether with the choir. "Why do you not sing something new?" "Oh, why do you always sing those old tunes?"—are questions which are often, ay, very often, put to choristers and leaders of choirs, by ministers and others. It is but a day or two since, that the deacon who presided at a church meeting, complained to me, that we always sung the same old tunes—he wished, he said, for something new; and this, too, at a prayer meeting; and I can truly say, that I am much more frequently request-

ed to sing fewer old tunes and more new ones, than *vice versa*.

2d. "A Traveler" objects to the style of performance in the choirs he heard. He says "it lacked gravity, tenderness, reverence. It had a sort of business-air, or, rather, a smack of the concert hall, which grated upon my feelings. Instead of chiming in with the other exercises, it was in conflict with them. It enkindled no flame of devotion in the heart; it impaired the impression of truth upon the conscience." Now here is a lesson coming from a stranger, to which the churches in New England ought to give heed. This is the truth; it is not too much to say that the concert principle, or that of mere musical display, has been widely spread and has taken deep root in our churches. Wherever the music is exclusively in the hands of a choir, if I mistake not, whatever may be the influence of piety in the choir, this principle prevails to a greater or less extent. So far as my observation goes, this charge lies against many, very many choirs—notwithstanding they may be under the charge and training of religious men. The difficulty often lies in a lack of knowledge on the subject; the want of an ability to discriminate between sacred and secular effects—the difference between musical emotion and religious emotion. But in many cases, in the appointment of an organist, or conductor of music, committees have no reference to religious character, but merely to musical attainments, and to musical attainments not in sacred but in secular music; so that the organist who can play the most difficult music is selected on that account, and the singer who can most amuse an audience by the performance of common secular songs, perhaps comic, will on that account be appointed to conduct the praises of the church. When will our congregations learn, that mere musical qualifications no more qualify a man to conduct church music, than does Satan's theological knowledge qualify him to preach the gospel? The fact is, on this point, the singers are not so much to blame. "As a man soweth, so shall he also reap;" and if the mere secular be employed, can we expect them to produce the sacred? That there is need of thorough reform here, cannot be doubted; where shall it begin? With that church, wherever it may be, in which there is independence enough to say, that "the house of God shall not be made a house of musical merchandize," or a place for the display of musical compositions or musical performance. To the charge of "A Traveler" in respect to secular influence, members of choirs, let us all plead guilty, and at once set about reformation.

3d. In the third place, "A Traveler" complains that the singing is confined to the choir, so that "not a voice is heard to peep from any other part of the edifice." Ah! he has now struck his axe nearer to the root of the tree. That the secularizing influence of which complaint is so often and justly made, comes in by this door, is very certain; and whenever this door is shut, we shall begin to find relief. On this subject a volume ought to be written—a volume in which the writer should go thoroughly into the subject, taking a comparative view of congregational singing on the one hand, and of choir

singing on the other, pointing out the comparative advantages and disadvantages of each; and finally present the *beau ideal* of church music as performed by the union of choir and congregation singing separately or together, according to time, place, subject, and circumstances. But were the volume written, it must be at present comparatively useless, for the want of musical knowledge. Let music go on in schools, let it be studied and understood by the young, and by and bye the people will not only know how, but will be able also to remove the evils of which complaint is now made.

I cannot pass over the circumstance related by "A Traveler" under this head, as follows: "Why is it," said "A Traveler" to a pastor, "that in this great congregation no one sings, except that handful of people in your choir?" "It means," replied the pastor, "that the choir *will* have it so." Blame not the choir, if pastor and people thus quietly submit to bear the yoke. That congregation (if there be such a congregation) is indeed to be pitied, who will thus be governed by a choir. And the pastor—what shall be said of him? Can any minister be so much under the influence of fear, as to allow of such abuses? Is there not independence enough in minister, church, and congregation, to check the usurpation of a few singers? Surely that people deserve to suffer.

But it is really idle to suppose that the congregation could not easily correct the evil, were they disposed. The fact is, congregations, to a great extent, like to listen to the singing of a few—to listen to it as they listen to a glee or a song. They do not realize that the singing in church ought to be an act of worship, in which each one should bear a part, and for which each one is accountable. Amusement is the leading idea in church music; and worship—it receives not a thought. The impression which the singers desire to produce, and the impression which the congregation desire to have produced, is thus well expressed by "A Traveler," "That was well done."

Why is it that when in vestry meetings all the people sing, (though this is beginning to go out of date,) these secular associations are driven away, and the idea of worship sometimes comes into the mind? Answer, ye who look into the causes of things; it will not require deep investigation. I have said, above, that congregational singing even in vestry meetings is beginning to go out of date; for not long since I attended a preparatory lecture in one of the vestries of this city, where two or three members of the choir sung the hymns to strange tunes, in which no one else could join. In general, however, in our vestry meetings, and on the occasion of the Lord's Supper, we have congregational singing—cheering and refreshing to the spirit.

4th. "Another thing," says "A Traveler," "that surprised and revolted me, was to see your congregations sit during the prayers, and, the moment the singing commenced, rise and turn *en masse* towards the choir." But the rising and turning to face the choir is certainly in good keeping with the spirit of this exercise, if it be what it undoubtedly too often is—a mere display. Why should not the congregation rise and face the singers? And why not, occasionally, when they deserve it, give them a little encouragement and approbation, by clapping hands, crying out "Bravo," &c., and now and then calling an *encore*?

In conclusion: I have just touched the several points noticed by "A Traveler." I think he has done us a favor by his article, and I wish it might be read and

commented on, not only by choirs, but in every church meeting in the land. It is not surprising, that a mere passer-by should attribute the evils of which he speaks, exclusively to choirs; but were he to become a conductor of one of these choirs, he would find members of the congregation, committee, and perhaps even the minister himself, directly or indirectly urging him to the very course he now so justly condemns. The system of confining church music to choirs is wrong; but while the people adhere to this system, insist upon it, and refuse to take a part themselves, we must submit to the evil. I know of a church where it is the usual custom to sing *one well-known tune* at each service, morning and afternoon, with the very intention of encouraging congregational singing and leading the people to unite—but even in this case, there are but comparatively few that join, and they mostly in an under tone, for fear of being heard. Very different are those congregations in Germany, where, from the time of Luther to the present day, all the people have been accustomed to join in the public praise: but in Germany, music is cultivated among the young. My hope is, that as music is encouraged in our schools, and is there taught as the other branches are, this will lead, in due time, to reform in our church music; and that knowledge will lead the people, by the blessing of Heaven, to regard the music of the church, not as an end, but as the means, to that which is spiritual and holy.

#### MAY FESTIVALS.

As music becomes more and more interwoven with the occurrences of public and private life, it is not strange that it should be found asking a place, and assisting gracefully and properly in the various celebrations and festivities which, regularly or irregularly, break upon the monotony of every-day existence, and make a year pass pleasantly.

It is a custom, and a very pleasing one, among the young in many parts of our country, to celebrate the arrival of "the flower season," by "parties," "processions," or "coronations." On the first of May, in our northern states, fogs and chilly winds are much more common than violets and daisies. On this account, some prefer to wait until summer is at hand, and many who prefer the old date of the festival, are discouraged from its repetition for want of proper materials for decoration. At the south, where "strawberry time" is in April, blossoms and green boughs are abundant, but even there the ceremony is incomplete, for want of appropriate music, and a proper printed order of ceremony.

Some years ago, in order to please a number of young singers under our tuition, we threw together the form of a ceremony, containing considerable music. Last year we repeated the experiment, with some additions and improvements. Both exhibitions were private. In both we were greatly surprised that so simple a thing could confer so much pleasure, both on the young singers and their friends. On reflection, however, it was easy to conceive that a few songs, well sung, together with what decorations, in the way of arches, festoons, garlands, &c., were necessary, with a procession and coronation of some gentle, modest girl, should form a collection of pleasing sights and sounds, which could not fail to be acceptable.

What has given pleasure to several hundred, can hardly fail to give pleasure to all. We have thought,

that in publishing a "May Festival," we should be doing a favor to all teachers and friends of the young, even those who do not make it their business to teach music.

In the course of a week, a small book, bearing the above title, (May Festival,) will be ready for circulation. Any one who will take the trouble to go through it with a school or choir of young persons, will be amply repaid, in the pleasure he will give and receive. The middle or last of May we consider the best time for the festival. We announce the book thus early, that the new songs it contains may be thoroughly learned. Full and plain directions accompany it, so that there will be no trouble in preparation. The arrangement is also so simple, that those but little skilled in singing will perform sufficiently well. The price need frighten no one, as it will be but ninepence, (we beg the pardon of our patrons in the southern, middle, western states, and in "York"—a seven-pence, a levy, two picayunes, or a shilling, as you please,) which will burthen no one. At this price it is doubtful whether the author will make any profit; if there is any, it shall help sustain the "Gazette," and that is our apology for announcing it in these columns. \*

BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM IN THE LAUSITZ.\*—In various villages of this district, during the long winter evenings, choral melodies for Easter, are practiced by the youth of every family. These melodies are the same which were sung by their grand-parents and great-grand-parents, and were probably practiced by them in the same manner, amid the whirl of spinning wheels, and the subdued clatter of in-door industry. When the holy night arrives, one may hear sounding from house to house, "O heilige Dreifaltigkeit," (O holy Trinity,) "Erstanden ist der heilige Christ," (Christ is arisen,) "Heut triumphirt Gottes Sohn," (to-day triumphs the son of God,) and others, taken from the "Old Dresden Hymn Book." If there is a church in the place, its bells ring a merry peal. In the stillness of night, this music has a most solemn and pleasant effect. "The eyes watch, the ears listen, and the whole heart seems to feel that He is near, who was dead and has arisen."

\* The Lausitz is a tract of country bordering on Bohemia and Brandenburg, comprising part of Saxony.

MESSRS. EDITORS—The attempt of your printers (for I cannot suppose the *proof* met your eye,) to condense the tune *BARON*, in your last number, into two staves, and their departure in many other instances from the copy furnished, has certainly not much improved the piece. They will, however, have the satisfaction of knowing that as much ingenuity will be required of choristers to discover the proper use of the numerous slurs in their application to the *sol* and *tutti* passages near the end of the tune, as has been exhibited by their d—, no—youngest apprentice, as *composer* or of the music. It is to be hoped that the profuse use of those ugly-looking double bars will be no bar to the correct performance of the piece.

There is one important error in the lower staff, (second measure, base part,) which requires correction before the tune can be sung. Into that measure a quarter note (low G) should be inserted, and the whole of that measure should be slurred to the first note (A) of the next measure; all three of the notes, D, G, and A, should then be sung to the word "songs." B. F. E.



**Messrs. Editors**—The improvement of church music is made a prominent subject of discussion in your periodical, and perhaps a few remarks, the result of long experience as a member of a choir, may not be unacceptable to you, or unprofitable to your readers.

In discussions of the subject, many of your correspondents have made the qualifications of conductors the theme of their remarks; but there is one important point which I do not recollect to have seen touched upon. Musical ability, merely, has too often been the passport to the head of the choir; but I think there is another qualification *absolutely requisite* to constitute a person a good conductor, and he who possesses it, even though his musical acquirements be comparatively limited, will be more successful, than would be the best musician on earth without such requisite. Literary acquirements and taste, and a biblical knowledge, sufficient to understand scripture allusions in the hymns, constitute this talisman. He should be able understandingly to read sacred lyrics, and so to appreciate a hymn as to seize intuitively upon the prominent idea of the composition, and to make the selection of music subservient thereto; and in cases when hymns are varied in sentiments, he should be alive to those impressions and feelings which would lead him to give that idea which is the most in accordance with the occasion upon which the hymn may be sung, the most consideration in his choice of the tune.

Music may be well adapted for a particular hymn upon one occasion, which on another and different occasion might even be considered as very inappropriate. Take, for instance, the following hymn by Dr. Watts, and who does not acknowledge the truth of the above remark:

"How heavy is the night  
That hangs upon our eyes,  
THU Christ, with his reviving light,  
Over our souls arise.  
Our guilty spirits dread  
To meet the wrath of heaven;  
But in his righteousness arrayed,  
We see our sins forgiven."

If this hymn were to be sung immediately after sermon, the question—whether the music should be such as to enforce mainly the sentiment of the *first two* lines, or of the *last two* lines, or whether it should exhibit in strong contrast the two ideas—should be determined by the sermon. I once heard the hymn containing the following verses sung:

"Great source of light and peace, return,  
Nor let us mourn and sigh in vain;  
Come, re-possess our longing hearts,  
With all the graces of thy train.  
This temple, hallowed by thy hand,  
Once more be with thy presence blest;  
Here be thy grace anew displayed;  
Be this thine everlasting rest."

Upon the occasion to which I refer, the conductor, under the impression that the words "this temple," in the third verse, had reference to the building in which the services were held, directed that verse to be sung in a different tune. I. Cor. 6: 19—"What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" If this conductor had possessed the other qualification I have mentioned, in addition to his splendid voice and unquestionable musical knowledge, he would not have committed this error.

A powerful and melodious voice, too, is often the only reason for the choice of a person for this important office. But it is a great mistake, to suppose that this is indispensable in a leader. Indeed, a person may

be eminently successful, if he possess every other qualification and cannot sing at all.

Again, a conductor may possess all the qualifications for his office, as regards science, voice, &c., and may have the best of choirs under his charge, but all these will be of little avail, unless he can gain the confidence of the pastor; if he cannot do this, all the performances of the choir will be mere musical displays, and be productive of but little good.

The practice of furnishing lists of hymns to be sung, is thought by some ministers to be unnecessary, and only desirable by singers for unholy purposes, such as making all the display possible in their performances, &c. This idea is, to say the least, very uncharitable, and will not bear the test of scrutiny. Let us suppose a sabbath on which there is to be a service morning, afternoon, and evening, and three hymns at each service, and then ask ourselves if it is not requiring almost an impossibility of any conductor, to expect a good adaptation of tunes, if he has only the time occupied in the reading of the hymn in which to do it. Who does not feel disappointed in hearing Dr. Watts's hymn, commencing "O thou to whom all creatures bow," sung to any other tune than St. Martins, with which it has been associated from time immemorial, almost? But suppose a conductor, in ignorance that this is to be the second or third hymn, should select that tune for the first hymn, it being in the same metre; he is then forced to select another tune for this hymn. The same remarks will apply to many other hymns.

That the selection of hymns should be exclusively vested in the pastor, and this right so exercised as virtually to say to the choir, that their wishes shall in no degree be consulted, is a sure way to stop all progress of a choir in the art of "making melody unto the Lord." A pastor sits down to write a sermon, and after he has finished it, with his mind full of his subject, he proceeds to select hymns; and, as a natural consequence, the first hymn will preach, the second hymn will preach, and the third hymn will preach;—and if the conductor be a person who conscientiously discharges his duties, and adapts music to the hymns, there will of necessity be a sameness and monotony in the performances of the choir.

Now let us imagine how different would be the state of things if a minister who has had the above views in regard to his rights in this matter would just try the effect (providing, always that he could place confidence in the conductor,) of selecting only the hymns which should immediately precede and follow the sermon, and give a list of them, say on Saturday evening or early on sabbath morning, and thus give the leader time to gather, from the hymns thus furnished, a cue to enable him to select such a hymn of praise or invocation as might at all times be appropriate, or heighten by contrast the effect of the singing of those which the minister had selected. This course seems to be preferable to the practice alluded to by "A Citizen of New England," in No. 4 of your paper, viz: "The conductor to select the first hymn, and hand it to the pastor in due season, in return for which, the pastor sends the hymns of his choice."

In general, I was much pleased with the remarks of "A Citizen," but must take this opportunity to dissent from his last paragraph. I should say, if congregations stand during singing, by all means face the choir; but I might ask the question, why stand at all, unless they sing, and wish for an opportunity of having an eye to

the leader? But this subject is one on which so much may be written, that I have not yet found a place to stop, and have made my remarks unconsciously long. So I'll make a virtue of necessity, and rest.

D—, N. Y.

**Messrs. Editors**—I saw in your Gazette of Dec. 21, a notice of a kind of flare-up in the New York Musical Convention, on account of some small difference of opinion on some small thing, or, in other words, some effort to introduce some new theory, under the pretence of a new method of instruction. Now I have no objection to improvements, in anything, especially in the science of music, but I do most heartily object to innovations which pretend to be improvements, when in fact they only serve to darken counsel by words without knowledge, by departing from old, fixed, and well-established principles. I believe you promised, in a former number, to give some explanation of the new method which has been advertised in the New York papers for some months past; but as yet I have seen nothing on that subject. Some teachers seem to think that the old method of denominating the scale by tones and semi-tones, steps and half-steps, quite out of place, and insignificant, and instead, seem to think melodic feet and half feet, terms which give a better idea to the mind, than the former. Now, as the chromatic scale divides the diatonic into semi or half tones, and this is universally understood, I see no good reason or necessity for changing for the sake of novelty, or how a better idea is conveyed to the mind by saying six inches of melody, or twelve inches or one foot of melody, than by the old names of steps and half steps, tones and half tones. Unless new ideas are reduced to a system, and become an established rule by common consent, so that all can understand, instead of there being an improvement, it only creates confusion and unnecessary discussion, because one teacher has just as good a right to his opinion as another, when they pretend to become wise above what is written. Some talk of abstract pitch in modulation. Now here is a new idea, entirely. If you were sitting before your piano, and I was to ask you to give the abstract pitch (or tonic) of a tune with one sharp, I should like to know what key you would strike. If you were to be required to give the tonic of one sharp, you would give G, of course, and this is generally understood; but if the abstract pitch (or tonic) of a piece of music means anything, I should like to know where it is applicable. I have heard of slavery in the abstract, and of many other subjects relating to state policy, talked of in the abstract; but we may as well talk of abstract toothache, as abstract pitch in music. However, as I am endeavoring to learn all I can, I will wait for your decision, before I give an opinion further in the case. PUPIL.

It is said that if in building an arched room, a few bottles, or demijohns, be inverted above the ceiling, so that the mouth will open through the plastering, sound in the apartment will be greatly increased. The experiment has been tried, and found to answer. We presume it will have nearly the same effect with any kind of ceiling, and it is, at any rate, easy to try. \*

A correspondent of the London Chronicle, writing from Paris, says he was conversing with Rubini, (the greatest living singer, now seventy years old,) after a concert, and that he remarked, "It is hard to leave off singing just as I begin to know how."

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, APRIL 12, 1847.

We would call attention to the alteration in our terms, published to-day for the first time. In future, subscriptions must commence and be discontinued at the times there specified.

A subscriber wishes to know if it is a fact that New England teachers have discarded the syllables *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si*, and returned to *fa, sol, la, mi*. Says, a person has been teaching in his vicinity, (in New York state,) who reports this to be the case, and consequently uses the old syllables. So far as our acquaintance extends, there is not a teacher in New England who does not use *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si*. Improvements rarely go backwards in this part of yankee-land.

A subscriber wishes to know if there is any objection to copying articles contained in the Gazette, into other papers. No indeed. We shall be highly gratified to have any or all of them copied into any paper. Our copyright is only to secure the music.

Again we would respectfully request all who have not paid their subscription to volume 2, to pay it with as little delay as possible.

In our last, we noticed an excellent periodical for the young, giving the title as the "Young Churchman." It should have been, the "Young Churchman's Miscellany." It is edited and published by Rev. J. A. Spencer, New York.

We cannot forbear again calling attention to the series of songs written by Miss Hannah F. Gould.—Would that the words of every song that was ever published came from the pen of such a writer. The songs, so far as published, are,

- "Come hither bright bird."
- "The Burial of Allston."
- "She died like the gem of the roses."
- "Father, hear this midnight prayer."
- "Come home! come home!"
- "The Silver Bird's Nest."
- "Childhood's Dream."

We doubt not there are many persons who subscribed for volume 1, who do not wish to preserve the volume. This is undoubtedly the case with those who have discontinued their subscriptions. If any of our readers will take the trouble to request of any such the favor to return to us copies of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, of volume 1, they will confer upon us a very great favor. We have taken the precaution to guard against the possibility of getting out of back numbers in future. If enough of the above-named numbers can be returned to enable us to make out thirty or forty sets, we shall be truly grateful.

## CHURCH MUSIC.—NO. III.

Music is designed to gratify and please, through the medium of the sense of hearing. It is a delightful and refreshing recreation, a captivating and innocent amusement, a charming art, "entrancing the senses with sweet melody."

Music is a language, deep, mysterious, powerful—speaking to the inmost feelings of the soul, heard where other voices cannot penetrate, awaking feelings which naught else can awaken, capable of expressing the most elevated emotions, emotions which no other language can express.

Music, an amusement.

Music, a language.

We doubt not, that all who have ever made the art their serious study, will admit that music has (so to speak) these two natures.

Choristers! choir members! professors of religion! deacons! elders! pastors! all who have anything to do with the sanctuary and its services! allow us plainly, pointedly, to ask you the question—In which of these natures do you use this art in the services of God's house? We put the question to each and every one, who attends the public services of the sanctuary, for each and every one certainly uses the music in one or the other of these ways. We will not pause for a reply, for, "though no real voice nor sound" returns an answer, actions speak louder than words, and we well know the habits of the church-going people of our land. Chorister! choir member! when you strive so hard to please, amuse, and delight your congregation, what are you doing? A preacher who should read chapters from popular novels to amuse his hearers, or because his hearers request him so to do, would not be much farther from his path of duty, than you are when, in your selection of music and manner of performing it, you aim solely (*as you almost invariably do*) to please your audience. No matter whether you thus perform your office because the popular voice requires you to, or because it is your own choice. You are woefully wrong, if *pleasing the audience* has any influence upon the manner in which you conduct the part of public worship in which it is your duty to lead.

Member of the church! as you listen with delight to the well-remembered strains of some good old melody, or to the smooth modulation of the last new tune! as, with a concert-goer's mind, you approve the effect of this new tune, or condemn the effect of that! as, with critical ear, you lie in wait for every fault in time or tone, or, with ill-concealed contempt, store up new material for gossip, slander, and fault finding! what are you doing? Did it ever occur to you, that you have an imperative duty to perform, in relation to this subject? Alas! not more than one in fifty of your number, regards the music of the sanctuary in any other light than "music an amusement."

Deacon! elder! when you improve the time of praise to transact business with your minister, with each other, or with the sexton! when you devote that sacred season to doing what you would consider it sacrilege for a roguish boy to do in any other part of the service! what are you doing? Much more—what is your example doing? You mourn deeply and sincerely over the troubles occasioned, or thought to be occasioned, by "the singing"—perhaps a part of the sin lies at a door little suspected by you. We are forced to believe, that by far the greater portion of your number regard church music as a recreation, or relief from the graver services of the hour, far more than as a language, through the medium of which the heart is to offer its praises to its Maker.

You who rule the affairs of the church! In your arrangements for the management of the service now under consideration, when you employ one to conduct this department who has great preparation of voice or finger, but no *preparation of heart!* what are you doing? Would you dare follow the same rule in your selection of a pastor? Did it ever occur to you, that the selection of your chorister is of but little less importance than that of your minister?

Ministers! would that your churches and congregations viewed the praises of the sanctuary as most of you regard them. We say most of you. It is a sad truth, that many, even among clergymen, regard church music in no other light, than as a recreation. These occupy the time of singing in transacting business they would not dream of transacting during prayer, although in point of solemnity there can be no difference between the two exercises. There is one question we must ask of clergymen. To impress upon the congregation, through the medium of music, the sentiments contained in the hymns sung, is the sole end and aim of church music. When you omit verses in a hymn, so as to make arrant nonsense of the remaining ones, turning the musical performance into a fantasia, potpourri, or medley song! what are you doing? what are you doing?

## CHURCHES IN BOSTON.—NO. VI.

We have now given an account of the north end churches, with one exception, which, being a new church, we defer for the present. Of those churches already described, in the episcopal, unitarian, and two Roman catholic churches, it is customary for the organist to play the congregation out. In the other churches, this custom does not prevail. We now proceed to describe the churches in the centre of the city. Of these, two are baptist churches, three unitarian congregational, four orthodox congregational, one unitarian episcopal, one trinitarian episcopal, one methodist, one universalist, one Roman catholic, and one mariners' church (orthodox congregational.) In our division of the city we have followed Bowen's Guide Book, which says the *north end* is that part of the city north of Blackstone street; the *centre*, between, Blackstone, Hanover, Court, Tremont, Winter, and Summer streets, and the water; the *west end*, west of Hanover and Tremont streets and the common; and the *south end*, south of Summer and Winter streets. Most of the churches in the centre of the city are much more expensive buildings than those at the north end; but, as we have already remarked, none in the city are superior to some we have described, in point of convenience, or anything connected with their usefulness for church purposes.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. R. H. Neale, pastor; E. J. Long, organist and conductor.

This house is built of brick, and stands at the corner

of Union and Hanover streets. The basement contains four stores, which rent for from \$1500 to \$2000 per annum, and a large vestry. The church was gathered in 1665. The present house was erected in 1829. The choir is composed of forty members, none of whom receive compensation. Four hundred dollars are annually appropriated for music. The choir meets for rehearsal every Friday evening the year round. The present organist has held his office between seven and eight years. The organ was built by Thomas Appleton, of Boston, and contains two banks of keys, sub-base to CCC, three coupling stops, check pedals, and bellows alarm. The *great organ* contains, 1st and 2d diapasons, stopped diapason, dulciana, principal, 12th, 15th, sesquialtra, flute, cremona. The *swell organ* contains, open and stopped diapasons, principal, dulciana, cornet, hautboy, with stopped diapason and principal, base. The order of exercises is, A. M., 1, organ voluntary; 2, invocation; 3, hymn; 4, reading of the scriptures; 5, prayer; 6, hymn; 7, sermon; 8, voluntary chant by the choir; 9, prayer; 10, benediction;—P. M., 1, organ voluntary; 2, hymn; 3, prayer; 4, hymn; 5, sermon; 6, hymn; 7, prayer; 8, benediction. An interesting elementary singing class for adults, under the direction of a committee of the church, is held in the lecture room under the church, every Thursday evening the year round. This class has been held for four years, the course of instruction commencing anew every year. The attendance on this class has varied from two to three hundred. A juvenile class is also held in the same place every Wednesday afternoon. The provision made by this church for elementary instruction in singing, is worthy of all praise, and the imitation of every church in the land. Winchell's Hymn Book is used in this church. The congregation sit during prayer, and rise, facing the pulpit, during singing.



CHURCH IN BRATTLE SQUARE.

Rev. S. K. Lothrop, pastor; George Hews, organist and conductor.

This edifice is solid and substantial. It is built of brick, and stands in Brattle square. The exterior presents little that is striking, but in its interior it is one of the most imposing churches in the city. This church was established in 1699. The present building was erected in 1773. During the revolution it was used as a barrack by the British soldiers. Governor Hancock

was a liberal benefactor of this society. His name is inscribed on one of the stones at the corner of the building. The British soldiers defaced it, and the stone remains in the condition in which they left it. A cannon ball from the American army at Cambridge, struck the tower on the night preceding the evacuation of the town by the British, and is now fastened in the place where it struck. It may be seen in the cut, just at the right of the window, over the front door. The organ has been in the church seventy years. It is of English manufacture, and in point of tone is the finest in the city. It contains, in the *great organ*, diapasons, principal, 12th, 15th, sesquialtra, cornet, mixture, treble and base trumpets, cremona, dulciana. In the *swell organ*, diapasons, principal, flute, and hautboy. The choir consists of four members, (one voice on a part,) who are paid for their services. Eleven hundred dollars are annually appropriated for music.

The order of services is, A. M., 1, organ voluntary; 2, select piece of music; 3, prayer; 4, hymn; 5, reading of the scriptures; 6, chant; 7, sermon; 8, hymn; 9, benediction; 10, organ voluntary;—P. M., 1, organ voluntary; 2, hymn; 3, prayer; 4, reading of the scriptures; 5, short organ voluntary; 6, sermon; 7, hymn; 8, benediction; 9, organ voluntary.

Originally, in the congregational churches of Boston, the minister was not allowed to read from the scriptures, as a part of the service, the custom being supposed to savor of episcopacy. This church was the first to establish this custom. No doubt the innovation was regarded with as much horror as innovations in the musical exercises are regarded in our day.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE ORGAN.—NO. VI.

*General Structure of Organ Pipes.*—Organ pipes may be distributed into flue-pipes and reed-pipes. They are made either of metal or of wood. The form of the metal pipes is either that of a cylinder, or of a cone, direct or inverted. The form of the wooden pipes is generally that of a rectangular prism, though occasionally they are also pyramidal; these being the forms most easily constructed and most advantageous as to tone.

Pipes are either altogether open at the top, or they are stopped totally or partially; the wooden pipes in the former case by means of a stopper, and the metal pipes by means of a cap. Some of the stopped pipes have a small tube passing through the centre of the cap or stopper; this is called a chimney; these of course are only partially stopped.

*Structure of Flue Pipes.*—The body of a metal pipe of this description is generally a cylinder, having a small portion towards its lower end flattened a little inwardly, so as to produce a straight edge; the part thus pressed in does not extend quite to the bottom of the body of the pipe, it having a small portion cut off. The edge thus formed is termed the *upper lip*.

The *foot* is a tube of a conical form, having a straight edge formed in the same manner as that in the body of the pipe; this is termed the *under lip*. The top of the foot is closed at its broad end by a circular metal plate called the *langward*, a segment of which is cut away so as to produce a straight edge parallel to that of the under lip, and leaving a narrow fissure or *flue* between them, directly underneath the straight edge of the upper lip. The body and foot are soldered together with the lips exactly opposite to one another; and the aperture which is caused by the upper lip not exactly extend-

ing to the bottom of the body of the pipe, together with the fissure already described, constitutes the *mouth* of the pipe. The mouth of a wooden pipe is constructed on the same principle; it also having an upper and an under lip, a langward, and a narrow fissure to admit the wind into the body of the pipe in the direction of the upper lip.

#### WHAT ARE THE REQUISITE QUALIFICATIONS OF A GOOD LEADER?

Messrs. Editors—In a previous article, a few hints were given upon the qualifications of choirs. Upon the above it may be said—

1. He must be a strict timeist. This is of the first importance, as without it all other qualifications are comparatively useless.

2. He must have a correct ear, and quick perception to detect and point out any error that may occur in pitch, or otherwise.

3. He must have some knowledge of harmony, that he may be able to correct any errors of the copyist, or printer, in the composition. This also will enable him the more readily to take in at a view, the performance of several parts.

4. He must have dignity of deportment; not mistaking austerity and haughtiness for that quality, however.

5. He must have patience.

6. He must have perseverance.

7. He must have decision.

8. He must have self-possession. Emergencies often arise, under which he must show the utmost coolness, a betrayal of the least trepidation being likely to prove contagious; and we betide us, when both leader and performer lose self-possession. To give a happy illustration of this quality, suppressing names, which, however, are not unknown to the reader, it is presumed. The director had before him a list of the hymns for the day; but, by a strange and unaccountable mistake, he had, in room of the one to be sung after the sermon, substituted another, of a different metre, but upon the same subject, and as the preacher merely gave the number of the hymn, without reading it, he went on giving the tune upon the organ, while the singers were finding the page; by that time the tune was at the third line; the mistake was observed by some of the singers, and pointed out. What could be done? The choir and congregation both standing; the first not knowing what, or how, to do! How many leaders, under such circumstances, could turn the very difficulty to good account in their own favor? If any one would know how it was done in this case, let him sing the hymn, "My soul, be on thy guard," S. M., (page 156 of the *Carmina Sacra*), to the tune Zanesville, C. M., (page 96 of the *Psaltery*), repeating the first two words of each verse, and see if a greater force of expression cannot be given than is possible to do with any tune of the same metre with the hymn. At the conclusion of the service, the very characteristic remark was made, that "as great generalship could be displayed in a *masterly retreat*, as in fighting a battle!"

9. He must pay for, receive, and read, a musical journal. If a man cannot be a good merchant without his commercial "Record," or a good lawyer without his "Reporter," or a good physician without his "Medical Review," or a good farmer without his "Cultivator," or "Ploughman," how can he be a good teacher or leader of music, without his "Musical Gazette?"

T—, N. Y., February, 1865.

**HECTOR BERLIOZ** was born in the *cote St. Andre*, a little town of France. His father was a physician. Hector was trained, against his will, to this profession. His tastes were decidedly towards composition, as was shown by the production of a passable quintett, before he knew anything of the rules of harmony. We find him, when a youth, attending anatomical lectures in Paris, and afterward giving lessons in singing. He secretly composed the opera, "*Les Francs Juges*," of which only the overture is now in existence. His father, who had always been displeased with his turn for music, was somewhat moved by the news of his strenuous exertions to attain a musical education, and gave him the means to attend a course at the conservatory. During his studies, he produced several respectable pieces of music, and afterward received the first prize for composition. It is the custom to furnish those pupils who obtain the highest prizes, with funds sufficient to enable them to spend a year or two in Italy. Berlioz accordingly went thither, but seems not to have a great opinion of the Italian school. On the contrary, he has great respect for Gluck, Beethoven, and Weber. He has been both approved and condemned by good theorists; but in two journeys through Germany, in which he brought before the public various portions of his works, he was received with much favor.—*Translated from the Euterpe.*

**CHURCH SINGING.**—A writer in the *Utica Baptist Register* gives the following statements and suggestions: "Singing disposes the mind to sensitiveness, and lays it open to receive deep wounds. Much of the piety of the church should be in the singing school, and all, if possible. Let the ministers be there, especially, to watch against the introduction of those difficulties that often come in through the singing school. If the church will take the lead in the matter, and provide a school that shall have an interest for both old and young, there will be but little difficulty in preserving peace among singers and the church. Some evils creep in through the choir. Singing should not be neglected until young people are compelled to provide for themselves; and then the church, through their own poverty, arising from neglect, are compelled to give all the singing into the hands of a young choir. All sorts of evils may creep into the church in this way. The mere music will not be improved, while the singing will be nearly destitute of devotion; jealousies and contentions will arise among the singers, and the church will have no means of correcting the evil."

H—, N. H.

**MESSRS. EDITORS.**—In the town of H— you may find three churches, one unitarian, one Calvinistic, and one methodist. "There are two singing societies in town, under regular forms of state government, choosing officers once a year. We have three choirs, two of which are composed of from fifty to seventy-five persons, and one of from seventy-five to one hundred persons, of all ages and qualities as regards singing, who attend rehearsals, sit in the pews or with the singers, just as they please, and receive the same compensation as the rest. We have for accompaniment, in the unitarian church, first treble, flute; second treble, violin; tenor, trombone; base, ophicleide and bassoon—all the players of which receive the same as the leader and singers. The other churches have for accompaniment, violins and base viola, played, generally, by persons

learning to play. The societies here think it hard to raise twenty-five dollars a year, which will give a school of about twenty lessons, once in four years. The singers have raised about seventy-five dollars among themselves this winter, for schools. Now, I want to ask, who is to blame if we do not have good singing here?

Yours, &c., W. J. E.

M—, N. Y.

**MESSRS. EDITORS.**—"A Citizen of New England," in No. 4 of your paper, believes "the practice of facing the choir while they sing, is a bad practice," &c. Why not bad for the congregation to face the minister, while preaching? Must the minister, if the pulpit is in the opposite part of the house, turn his back on the choir, lest his "mind be dissipated?" When I am singing in a congregation, I want every eye turned on me, as much as when I preach. And when I see the tear start from the eye, while I sing, "Did Christ o'er sinners weep," &c., I take it, that I am singing *about right*; and seeing that tear, gives a kind of inspiration, kindles up the soul anew—you have found a sympathizing friend. Let a choir see the great bosom of the congregation heaving under the influence of their song, and they will sing better for it. Let the congregation eye the choir as they do the minister, and see if they *mean what they say*. And let the choir, as well as the minister, rejoice when the congregation hang with breathless attention upon their lips.

REV. A. F.

—, N. Y.

**MESSRS. EDITORS.**—Members of the church, or congregation, sometimes take it upon themselves to direct the choir, leader included. No reasoning is necessary, to show the impropriety, or perhaps it is quite as proper to say, the *absurdity*, of such a proceeding. It is quite as much out of place for any person to say what book or books, tune or tunes, the choir shall or shall not use, as to assume to direct the preacher in regard to his selection of texts; especially if he does not know *Old Hundred* from *Yankee Doodle*, or *Mear* from *Lang Syne*.

A certain organist and leader, (not unknown to one of you, Messrs. Editors,) sent as a reply to a message from one of these *officials*, that if he would come up there, he would most politely "shut the door in his face." Circumstances must direct many leaders in regard to this. Those choirs and congregations have the least trouble about the *quality* of their music, that leave the leader untrammelled.

**CONCERTS.**—The Boston Handel and Hayden Society performed the oratorio of *Moses in Egypt*, April 4. The chamber concert of Mr. Keyzer, mentioned in our last, was repeated April 3. Rev. J. S. Dwight has delivered a course of lectures on music, in the vestry of Rev. Mr. Gannett's church, the first, March 15. The Salem (Mass.) Brass Band gave a concert in that city April 8. The solos, marches, &c., were arranged expressly for the concert, by S. Knaebel, of New York. The singing school instructed by Mr. J. S. Tufts, in Milton, (Mass.) gave a concert to close the school, April 1. Messrs. Wm. Mason, T. Robinson, and others, from Boston, assisted in the performance. We were present at this concert, and were much pleased with the plan on which it was conducted. In the first place, the pieces were *all* secular (the *Musical Class Book* having been the text book used.) We are decid-

edly of the opinion that church music and secular music never should be intermingled in the same concert. The performance should consist entirely of one or entirely of the other. If church music only is sung, the exercises should be considered in a far different light than that of a mere exhibition, and should be conducted with the same solemnity as any other church service. In the second place, Mr. Tufts's concert was in the town hall, and not in the church. We cannot help feeling that the performance of secular music of any kind, in a church, is as much a desecration of the house of God, as the tables of the money changers were a desecration of the temple. In the third place, the presence of experienced singers and performers, besides adding to the interest of the concert, gave the members of the school a practical admonition that they had not yet acquired all attainable proficiency in the art which they have been studying.

The Italian Opera Company gave a concert of Italian sacred music, in the Tabernacle, New York, April 3. The complimentary concert to Mr. U. C. Hill, took place April 6. The Sacred Music Society, Philharmonic Society, American Musical Institute, and a part of the Italian Opera Company, assisted at the concert. Signor Benedetti, Signor Beneventano, Signora Pico, Miss Julia Northall, Miss Jane Andrews, (late of Troy, N. Y.) vocalists; Signor M. Repetti, violinist; Herr Henry Schmitz, horn; H. M. Timm, pianist; and Edward Hodges, mus. doc., organist, were among the solo performers. Geo. Loder and U. C. Hill, were the conductors.

The Alleghanians gave their last concert in New York, March 29. Their advertisement for this concert states that at their previous performance, every piece in the programme was encored.

The article on our first page we thought of sufficient interest to our readers to merit an insertion, although it traverses ground already pretty thoroughly canvassed by "A Citizen of New England." It would perhaps have been well had we published the article which has given rise to this discussion. The main points in it, however, have been given in the three articles.

#### WILL BE PUBLISHED,

AND ready in the course of a week, "THE MAY FESTIVAL," a union of music, poetry, and flowers, for the first, middle, or last of May; with plain directions; by J. JOHNSON, JR. It is intended for all collections of young people who can sing. Price 12 1-2 cents per copy. Published by B. H. MURPHY, No. 29 Cornhill, Boston.

#### NEW JUVENILE MUSIC BOOK.

MARK H. NEWMAN & CO., 190 Broadway, New York, have just published *FLORA'S FESTIVAL*, a musical recreation for schools, juvenile singing classes, &c., together with songs, duets, trios, solfeggios, scales, and plain tunes for singing by note in thirteen keys; edited by Wm. B. Bradbury, author of *School Singer*, *Young Melodist*, &c., &c. "*Flora's Festival*" has lately been performed on two successive evenings in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, by upwards of five hundred children; on both occasions that large building was filled to its utmost capacity, and the performance was received with the utmost enthusiasm. It is to be repeated in April by Mr. Bradbury's entire classes, of about one thousand children. The attention of teachers is invited to this most popular book. MARK H. NEWMAN & CO., 190 Broadway, New York.

#### INSTRUCTIONS IN THOROUGH BASE;

A new method for learning to play church music upon the organ, piano, seraphine, or any other keyed instrument—by A. N. Johnson. Thorough base is the art of playing or reading any number of parts at once, through the aid of a systematic classification of the chords. Without such a classification it is impossible to play four or more parts correctly; consequently no one can play church music correctly on keyed instruments, without a knowledge of thorough base. True, some persons may be able to play correctly who have not studied thorough base, but such persons have certainly been obliged (perhaps not knowingly) to make a classification of chords of their own, thereby requiring ten times the time and study which a systematic course would. In the above work, the chords are classed according to their natural order, and the lessons are arranged in a perfectly natural and progressive succession, while everything not connected with the subject is omitted. In this last respect it differs from most other thorough base systems, which generally contain a large admixture of the far more difficult science of harmony. Published by GEO. P. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston, and FRITH & HALL, No. 1 Franklin Square, New York. For sale by music dealers generally, and can be easily ordered through any bookseller who purchases books in New York or Boston.

## ALP SONG.

Words by J. JOHNSON, Jr.  
Alp Horn.

Music by SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEA.

1. How 'blithely the echoes o'er Goldo's blue sea, In - clining on breezes are

2. Now down to the lake sinks my wandering eye, And forth from the bosom each

3. Be - hold how the herdsmen are guiding a - long Their kine from the pasture with

4. O, love - li - est picture! if e'er from my home, All weary and friendless, I'm

Tenor.

Treble and Alto.

Base.

waft - ed to me. How glist - en the mountains, with gems on their brow, Re - flect - ing the

sor - row and sigh, Then mounts like the light - ning, o'er sum - mits a - far, And views the white

laugh - ter and song; And yon - der an is - let, all qui - et and green, And yon - der a

tempt - ed to roam, My heart thou shalt cher - ish, mine eye thou shalt clear, For, na - ture! thy

west in its beau - ti - ful glow! How glisten the mountains with gems on their brow, Re - flect - ing the west in its beautiful

cloud - lets that float in the air. Then mounts, like the lightning, o'er sum - mits a - far, And views the white cloudlets that float in the

brook - let, in cool wood - y glen. And yon - der an is - let, all qui - et and green, And yon - der a brooklet, in cool woody

friend - ships are ev - er sin - cere. My heart thou shalt cherish, mine eye thou shalt clear, For, nature, thy friendships are ever sin -

## ALP SONG. (CONTINUED.)

glow! its beautiful glow! its beautiful glow! its beau - ti - ful glow! - - - - -

air! that float in the air! that float in the air! that float in the air! - - - - -

glen! in cool woody glen! in cool woody glen! in cool woody glen! - - - - -

cere! are ev - er sin - cere! are ev - er sin - cere! are ev - er sin - cere! - - - - -

## A DIRGE.

Composed on the occasion of the death of the Hon. JOHN RUGGLES, of Milton, Mass., by his son.

Blessed, blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord; Blessed are the dead; the dead, the dead, who die in the Lord.

Blessed are the dead; Blessed are

Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest, Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; Blessed, blessed are the dead.

And their works do follow them, their works do follow them.

## FLORENCE. L. M.

L. G. BUNKER, *Massena, N. Y.*

When to his temple God descends, He holds communion with his friends; His grace and glory there displays, And shines with bright, but friendly rays.



# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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## THE PSALMISTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

A work has recently been published in London, with the above title, containing "records, biographical and literary, of upwards of one hundred and fifty authors, that have rendered the whole or parts of the book of Psalms into English verse, with specimens of the different versions, and a general introduction." The first subject considered, is the Psalms in the original Hebrew, with regard to which the author says, "that the Psalms in their original sounds, whatever those sounds may have been, were adapted to be chanted or sung, and were really so performed in the temple service, sometimes at least with instrumental accompaniments, may be safely assumed, not only from the opinions of all who have written on the subject, and also from the concurrent practice of the ancient and modern synagogues, but from that which is infinitely more conclusive, the internal evidence of the compositions themselves. In the service of the modern synagogue, the Psalms are chanted with the assistance of a choir, the music being generally of an appropriate character, and finely executed. In some parts the congregation respond, throwing in notes at regular intervals, which gives a peculiar and pleasing effect to the Hebrew melodies." The second subject treated in the book, is, "The Septuagint version of the Psalms." These two chapters contain speculations upon the manner in which the Psalms were sung previous to the time of Christ, with illustrations. The third subject is "The Latin Vulgate." Under this head, the manner in which the Psalms were sung in the primitive churches is discussed. "In the early ages of christianity, when psalmody was considered as a principal part of public worship (!) different churches used the Psalms in different ways:—1, They were sometimes sung by the whole congregation; men, women, and children, all uniting their voices. This is thought to have been the most ancient practice, before the introduction of alternate singing. 2, In the Egyptian monasteries, one person recited all the verses except the last, the people sitting and listening. 3, Sometimes one person chanted the former part of the verse, and was joined in the remainder by the congregation. 4, A fourth way was, for the congregation to divide into two parts, and to sing, or, rather,

chant, alternate verses. It appears, however, from the writings of the primitive fathers, that the practice of the ancient church was not uniform." "As the disciples were first called christians at Antioch, so, according to Theodoret, it was in that city the practice of singing in the public assemblies of the church originated. This was in the reign of Constantine; and the names of two religious laymen, Flavianus and Diodorus, have been preserved, as the individuals who introduced that method of choir singing, which afterwards spread throughout the christian world." "At Antioch there was an order of monks, whose rule it was to keep up an unremittent psalmody, or what they called *Laus perennis*. Out of this practice arose the mode of singing afterwards introduced at Milan, by Ambrose, and named from him the Ambrosian Chant. This continued in the church, with some vicissitudes, for two centuries, when it was superseded by a less figurative style, the *Canto Fermo*, which permitted notes of one length only to be used. Gregory was the author of this innovation, called the Gregorian Chant. He has been alternately praised and blamed, for a taste, which long restricted to a peculiar simplicity of character, the choral music of the church."

The next subject discussed, is, "Anglo-Saxon Psalters," the first of which was translated A. D. 709. A specimen of the 100th Psalm is given, in the language of our forefathers of that ancient day. The following is the first verse:

"Drymath Drihtne eall eorthe theowian arihtne on bliess."

"It is unnecessary to state that the foregoing specimen is not in metre, much less in rhyme. No metrical versions of the Psalter exist in the Anglo-Saxon language. About the time of the Conquest, the Anglo-Saxon language became greatly, and as some have thought suddenly altered, by a large infusion of French words, and by the suppression of the Saxon inflections of the noun and verb. This mixture of the Norman with the Saxon phraseology, resulted in the establishment of our vulgar English."

"English Translation of the Psalter," forms the subject of the next chapter. Many specimens of different translations are given. The next chapter brings us to "metrical versions" of the Psalms, which it seems first began to be used in the fifteenth century. Many specimens of successive versions are given, a specimen of some of which we transcribe. The following is from one of the earliest metrical versions of the 100th Psalm in our language:

"Mirthes to God al erthe that es  
Serves to loued in faimes.  
In go yhe al in his shyt,  
In gladnes that is so briht."

The following is the first verse of the 19th Psalm:

"Hevenes tellen Godes blis,  
And wolken shewes hond werk his,  
Dal to dal word rise riht,  
And wisdom shewes riht to riht,  
Of whilke that nght is herde thar steven."

"We have seen that the practice of devotional singing is of the highest antiquity; indeed, it may be said to

have been coeval with the services of the church of God in all ages; and, moreover, that psalmody, in some of its forms, has never been excluded from the ritual of christian worship. It is almost equally certain that, whatever may have been the ancient method of reciting the Psalms, in their primitive Hebrew form, and by a people to whom that form was familiar, the only use made of them in singing, for more than a thousand years after the promulgation of the gospel by the disciples of Christ, was as liturgic hymns, in their *prose* form."

Previous to the Reformation, the singing in the Romish church was exclusively in an unknown tongue (Latin.) Luther and Calvin introduced metrical hymns in the vulgar language, and the effect was tremendous. Sacred music thus conducted was a mighty instrument in carrying forward the Reformation. "Those who have witnessed the effects produced by the patriotic songs of Dibdin, and the religious hymns of the Wesleys, within the present century, will be somewhat prepared to appreciate the wonderful influence of well-adapted lyric strains, whether sacred or secular, on the popular mind. These effects, so signal in their influence on the revival of religion in our times, when the ear and the mind were not unfamiliar with church singing, may well be supposed to have been vastly more considerable at the era of the Reformation, when for the first time, persons found themselves and heard others uttering intelligible and joyful sounds, of a religious character, only, perhaps, one degree less surprising, at first, than if they had actually heard a dumb man break out into singing. As might be expected, England was prepared to receive favorably, what had been found on the continent so powerful an agent at once of the Reformation and of devotion, as psalm singing. Warton, whose prejudices against the introduction of a popular metrical psalmody into our churches was singularly strong, thus describes the event:—"This infectious frenzy of sacred song soon reached England, at the very critical point of time, when it had just embraced the Reformation; and the new psalmody was obtruded on the new English liturgy by some officious zealots, who favored the discipline of Geneva, and who wished to abolish not only the choral mode of worship in general, but more particularly to suppress the *Te Deum*, *Benedictus*, *Magnificat*, *Jubilate*, *Nunc Dimittis*, and the rest of the liturgic hymns, which were supposed to be contaminated by their long and ancient connection with the Roman missal, or at least in their prosaic form, to be unsuitable to the new system of worship." This innovation, so desired by one party, and deprecated by another, was not in any considerable degree effected in England. The choral mode of singing was retained in cathedrals and collegiate churches; the liturgic hymns were continued in the prayer book; while Sternhold and Hopkins and their coadjutors, provided a metrical version of the Psalms, which were "set forth and allowed to be sung in churches of all the people together." Such is a brief history of the introduction of the mode and matter of the ordinary singing in the English parish churches.

Such at first was the ravishing effect of this kind of Psalmody, that it was called "the witch of heresy;" and, adds George Wither, "I understand that some sectaries and favorers of the church of Rome have of late years disapproved of the translation of these psalms into the vulgar tongues, and scoffed at the singing of them in the reformed churches, insomuch that they have in scorn termed them *Geneva jiggs* and *Beza's ballets*."

The next chapter is upon the "Welch, Irish, Gaelic, and Manx versions." From this chapter we make but one extract, a specimen of Welsh *psalm metre*, translated:

"My shepherd is the Lord most HIGH,  
He's always HIGH to succor;  
There is in Him a sweet REPOSE,  
A feast for THOSE in favor."

Having thus glanced at the condition of "psalmody" from the time of King David down to the close of the 18th century, the author proceeds to give a sketch of the lives of the "psalmists of Great Britain, with a specimen of their poetry." The following are the names of some of them, with a verse from one of their psalms:

THOMAS BRAMPTON, 1414.—Psalm 142.

"To the Lord my cause I take,  
Thi doom is trueth and ryztwysnesse,  
On myn enmyes a pleynt I make,  
That sterys me evers to wickyndnesse."

SIR THOMAS WYATT, 1500.—Psalm 102.

"Lord, heare my praler, and let my crye passe  
Unto thee, Lord, without impediment.  
Do not from me tourne thy merciful face,  
Unto myself leanyng my government."

HENRY HOWARD, earl of Surry, born 1520, beheaded 1547.—Psalm 88.

"Oh Lords, upon whose will dependeth my welfare,  
To call upon thy hollye name slys day nor night I spare,  
Grant that the just request of this repentaunt mynd,  
So pearce thyne eares, that in thy sight sum favour it may find."

THOMAS STERNHOLD, 1540. Many of the psalms in use at the present day, are altered from Sternhold. He wrote more "holy rhymes" than any who preceded him. For his rhymes he was laughed at by the learned, and almost held in veneration by the common class. The following are some of the specimens of his psalms:

"The Lord descended from above,  
And bowed the heavens high;  
And underneath His feet Hee cast  
The darkness of the sky.  
On cherubs and on cherubins  
Full royally Hee rode;  
And on the wings of all the winds  
Came flying all abroad.  
And like a den most dark he made  
His hid and secret place;  
With waters black, and airy clouds,  
Environed he was."

Many editions of Sternhold's psalms were published within a few years after his death, and the editors of every edition very much altered the original text. "That the alterations of the text by successive editors, beginning with Hopkins himself, who has been amended in his turn, are, for the most part, not only improvements, but such as the plainest expediency of the case rendered desirable, would, one would think, hardly be denied by any one, had we not evidence to the contrary effect, under the names of Bishops Secker, Beveridge, Horsely, and Mant." "Surely these learned prelates would hardly object to the liberty which has been tolerated in the judicious alteration of such lines as the following found in Sternhold's first edition:

"His sword to whet, His bowe to bend,  
And stryke vs for our sinne;  
He wyll prepare his killing tooles,  
And sharpe his arrowes preste;  
To stryke and pearce with violence,  
The persecutors breast."

JOHN HOPKINS, 1550. Editor of the first editions of Sternhold's Psalms, under the title, "Psalms by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others." The last edition published by him contained "apt (musical) notes to sing them withall."

We have room but for one more of these "hundred and fifty psalmists," and mention him but to copy a curious verse from his versification of the 52d Psalm.

WILLIAM SLATYER, 1607.  
"The righteous shall his sorrow scan,  
And laugh at him, and say, behold!  
What has become of this here man,  
That on his riches was so bold?"

For the Musical Gazette.

## MUSIC.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Music? a blessed angel! she was born  
Within the palace of the King of kings—  
A favorite near his throne. In that glad child  
Of Love and Joy, he made their spirits one,  
And her, the heir of everlasting life!  
When His bright hosts would give him highest praise,  
They send her forward with her dulcet voice,  
To pour their holy rapture in His ear.  
When the young earth to being started forth,  
Music lay sleeping in a bower of heaven.  
A crystal fountain close beside her gushed,  
With living waters; and the sparkling cup,  
For her pure draught, stood on its emerald brink.  
While o'er her brow a tender halo shone,  
Kissed by the nodding buds, her head reclined  
Upon a flowery pillow. At her ear  
The soft leaves whispered. On her half-closed lips  
The gentle air strewed spices, wooing them.  
Dropped o'er its radiant orb, the long-fringed lid  
Veiled the deep inspiration of her eye;  
But on her cheek the rose-tint came and went,  
At the quick pulse that fluttered in her breast,  
And spoke a wakeful spirit. In her sleep,  
With one fair hand thrown o'er its silent strings,  
Close to her heart she clasped her golden lyre,  
To slumber with her, while she fondly dreamed  
Of the sweet uses she might make of it,  
To numbers yet untried.

When, suddenly,  
A shout of joy from all the sons of God,  
Rang through His courts; and then the thrilling call,  
"Wake! sister Music! wake and hail with us  
A new-created sphere!"

She woke; she rose;  
She moved among the morning stars, and gave  
The birth-song of a world.

Our infant globe,  
With life's first pulse, rolled in its ether bed,  
Robed with the sunlight, mantled by the moon,  
Or tenderly embraced by stellar rays.  
Death, with his cold, pale finger, had not touched  
Its beauty then. No stain of guilt was here;  
And so, no cloud of sorrow cast a shade,  
Or rained its bitter drops on fruit or flower.  
As earth on every side shone fair to heaven,  
Not knowing yet whereto she was ordained.

Music, from her celestial walks looked down,  
And thought, how sweetly she could wake the hills,  
Sing through the silent forests—in the vales—  
Beside the silver waters pour her sounds—  
And multiply her numbers by the rocks!  
She longed to give it voice to speak to God;  
And, being told of her blest ministry,  
Bathed in a flood of glory, till her wings  
Dripped with effulgence, as they spread, and poised,  
And passed the pearly gates in earthward flight.

Made viewless by the circumambient air,  
And scattering voices to its feathered tribes,  
As down she hastened to shining sphere,  
The happy angel reached the beauteous earth.  
At her electric touch, young Nature smiled,  
And kindled into rapture; then broke forth  
With thousand, thousand songs.

The green turf woke,  
The sea-shells hummed along the vocal shore,  
The busy bee, upon his honied flower.  
Osier and reed became Eolian lyres.  
Trees bore sweet minstrels; while rock, hill, and dell,  
Sang to each other in a joyous round.  
MAN! that mysterious instrument of God,  
When the warm soul of new-descended power  
Breathed on his heart-strings, lifted up his voice,  
Chanting—"Jehovah!"

Since that blessed hour,  
Whilst heaven is still her home, Music has ne'er  
This darkened world forsaken. She delights,  
Though man may lose, or keep the paths of peace,  
To soothe, to cheer, to light and warm his heart,  
And lends her wings to waft it to the skies.  
She throws a lustre o'er Devotion's face—  
Drinks off the tear from Sorrow's languid eye—  
Tames wild despair—brings Hope a brighter bloom—  
Lulls Hate to rest—Love's ruffled plumage smoothes—  
Pours honey into many a bitter cup—  
And often gives the black and heavy hour  
A downy breast and pinions tipped with light.  
She steals all balmy through the prisoner's grates,  
Making their captive half forget their use.  
With holy spell she binds the exile's heart,  
And oil and wine pours in his hidden wounds.  
Kings are her lovers; cottagers, her loves;  
The hero and the pilgrim walk with her.  
Her voice is sweet by cradled infancy;  
And from the pillow of the dying saint,  
When a glad spirit borrows her light wings,  
To practice for the skies, ere it unfolds  
Its own, and breaks its tenure to the clay.  
True, by man's wanderings for his tempter's lure,  
Music is often drawn to scenes unmeet  
For purity like hers; and made to bear  
Unhallowed burdens; or to join in rites  
To turpitude, in fellest places held.  
Yet, like the sun, whose beaming vesture, trailed  
O'er all things staining, still defies a stain,  
And is at night drawn back, and girded up,  
Warm and untarnished, for the morning skies,—  
She comes unsullied from her baser walks,  
Sighs at the darkness and the woes of earth,  
Breathes Zion's air, and, warmed with heavenly fire,  
Mounts to her glorious home!

'T was she, who bore  
The first grand offering of the free, on high,  
When to the shore, through Egypt's solemn sea,

The franchised Hebrews passed with feet dry-shod,  
And peans gave to their Deliverer there.  
She cheered the wanderers on; and when they crossed  
Over old Jordan, to the strong-armed foe,  
Still she was with them, and her single breath  
Laid the proud Painim's city-walls in dust!  
In native light she walked Judea's hills,  
And sipped the dew of Hermon from its flower  
Before the Sun of Righteousness arose.  
The prophet chose her to unseal his lips,  
Ere God spake through them; and the prophetess,  
To lift the heart's pure gift from hers to heaven.  
When Israel's king was troubled, her soft hand,  
Put close, but gently, to his gloomy breast,  
Reached the dark spirit there, and laid it still,  
Bound by the chords a shepherd minstrel swept.  
And since, her countless thousands she has brought  
To Heaven's mild kingdom, happy captives led  
By those sweet glowing strings of David's lyre.  
But, oh! her richest, dearest notes to man,  
In strains aërial over Bethlehem poured.  
When He whose brightness is the light of heaven,  
To earth descending for a mortal form,  
Laid by his glory, save one radiant mark  
That moved through space, and o'er the infant hung,  
He summoned Music to attend him here,  
Announcing peace below!

He called her, too,  
To sweeten that sad supper, and to twine  
Her mantle round him and his few, grieved friends,  
To join their mournful spirits with the hymn,  
Ere to the Mount of Olives he went out  
So sorrowful.

And now, his blessed word,  
A sacred pledge, is left to dying man,  
That at his second coming, in his power,  
Music shall still be with him, and her voice  
Sound through the tombs, and wake the dead to life!

Then will mission out of heaven be o'er,  
Her end achieved, her parents found again,  
Her place forever near the throne of God.

**MESSESS. EDITORS.**—The very appropriate remarks under the caption, "Set Piece after Sermon," in No. 5 of the Gazette, remind me of once being present at a village church when a new choir made its *debut*. The pieces not only *after* sermon, but *before*, appeared to have been selected with sole reference to a display of the extraordinary proficiency of the choir, and consummate skill of the celebrated teacher, who for three months had been instructing (?) them. Next before the sermon, came, "O, all ye lands, in God rejoice," tune, Lemnos, page 86 of the Carmina Sacra. The sermon was from this text—"The wicked is driven away in his wickedness;" after which, the choir made a vigorous attempt at "Glory to God in the highest," page 268 of the Carmina Sacra.

To me, the whole affair was a burlesque. What kind of sensibilities must a preacher have, who, knowing beforehand the designs of the choir, would select that subject, of all others, for a discourse? Not only did he know beforehand, but he, with the whole congregation, were accessories *before*, and *after* the fact. They started the school, in order to "get up" the "greatest singing in town;" and a mere "stranger in Jerusalem," on that day, might have known, from the oft-repeated, wistful glances cast towards the choir seats, by numbers in the congregation, that something unusual was taking place.

So that, unlike the Snatcham choir, the blame of this flagrant abuse of the sabbath, the sanctuary, and the singing by the choir, rested partially, if not mainly, on other shoulders than their own. I suppose a select piece after *some* sermons may not be productive of evil. Yet the thing is so liable to abuse, that a leader needs to exercise much discretion relative to it.

Choirs are sometimes entrapped by stranger preachers, who, after preaching, have been known to sit down with a nod toward the leader, as much as to say, "Now blow it out," (i. e., the air in their lungs.) The leader, to save the embarrassment of delay, names the first piece he thinks of, without reference to its appropriateness, and thus very likely and unblameably "blows out" the light of the truth exhibited in the discourse. I myself have been entrapped in that way, and have learned when a stranger appears in the desk, to prepare for any emergency of the kind, by selecting some plain hymn, as soon as the drift of the discourse is made known, and, quietly passing it to the members of the choir, have all things ready.

**CORK AND KERRY IRISH MUSIC AND POETRY SOCIETY.**—We have seen a prospectus of this society, which, if formed and carried on with spirit, promises to be both delightful and instructive. The prospectus says: "The funds of this society are to be devoted to the patronage of poetic talent displayed in Irish composition, to the publication of Irish poetry, and to the reward of good players on the Irish bagpipes. The poets and musicians to be natives of these two counties. No poem to be admitted which shall contain sentiments or expressions disagreeable to any religious or political persuasion existing in Ireland. An annual subscription of 7s. to constitute a member, and to give one vote for officers and members of committees of this society; an additional vote to be acquired for every 7s. annually subscribed; £5 given at one time, to constitute a member for life, with three votes. When there is a sufficient number of subscribers, a meeting shall be called, to decide upon the constitution and rules by which this society is to be governed. The first premiums are to be given for the best poem of not less than sixty-nine lines, descriptive and commendatory of the modern improvements in agriculture, and for one of not less than forty-eight lines, on the lakes of Killarney and their scenery." We would be happy to see societies of this kind established and supported, not only in Cork and Kerry, but in every county, town, and city, in Ireland. Too much cannot be done towards fostering a desire for native music; its influence is irresistible upon the mind—nothing is so thrilling—nothing remembered so long by our noble peasantry, as a sweet poetic, or a martial song. Well did Castlereagh, the cut-throat of our nationality, know the value of music, when, after hearing the patriot Lysaght sing his spirited anti-union ballad, entitled "God and our Land," he exclaimed, "If such songs were generally sung throughout the country, they would excite a greater opposition to the union than all the speeches made against it in parliament." True it is, that the spirit of song will be kept alive for ages, whilst that of oratory (save such oratory as O'Connell's, Grattan's, and the other matchless men of 82,) will have been buried deep 'mid the Lethæan waters of forgetfulness. Let, then, every effort of Irishmen, to revive a taste for the ancient music of their romantic hills, be assisted. Let such societies spread themselves throughout the land; but, above all,

let every Irishman, and woman, too, scout the fashionable trash which is at present palmed upon them for poetry and music. Let them encourage societies such as this, that will promote such a taste for music, genuine Irish music, as the people can with pride reflect upon. We wish, that in addition to recommending the Cork and Kerry society, we were announcing the formation of one in Belfast.—*Nation*.

From the New York Observer.

"ARE THE PSALMS SUNG IN NEW ENGLAND?—Within the last ten years I have spent many sabbaths in New England, and I have no recollection of having heard a single *Psalm* sung in any of the churches I have attended. Is my experience peculiar in this matter, or have hymns entirely supplanted the Psalms in many churches of the eastern states?"

"It must be added, in candor, that the process here hinted at, has been going on for some years in many presbyterian churches, also. A PRESBYTERIAN."

We have recently noticed, in religious papers out of New England, many severe remarks relating to the condition of music in the New England churches. We seriously believe that no pen can describe the wretched condition of this sacred exercise, in these same New England churches. Everything that is said about us is strictly true, and a thousand worse things that are not said. But the worst feature of all is, that, bad as church music in New England is, it is better than in any other section of the country.

**ANECDOTE OF HAYDEN.**—While Hayden was in England, a ship captain entered his chamber one morning—"You are Mr. Hayden?" "Yes." "Can you make me a march to enliven my crew? You shall have thirty guineas; but I must have it to-day, for to-morrow I start for Calcutta." Hayden agreed; the seaman left him; the composer opened his piano, and in a quarter of an hour the march was written. Hayden appears to have had a delicacy, rare among the musical birds of prey and passage, who go to feed on the unwieldy wealth of England; he thought so large a sum, for a labor eventually so slight, a species of plunder—came home early in the evening, and made two other marches, in order to allow the liberal seaman his choice, or to give them all to him. At daybreak the purchaser came—"Where is my march?" "Here, try it on the piano." Hayden played it. The captain counted the thirty guineas on the piano, took up the march, and went down stairs. Hayden ran after him—"I have made two others, both better, come up and hear them, and take your choice." "I am satisfied with the one I have." The captain still went down. "I will make you a present of them." The captain went down only the more rapidly, and left Hayden on the stairs. Hayden, from one of those motives not easily defined, determined on overcoming this singular self denial. He immediately went to the exchange, ascertained the name of the ship, made a roll of his marches, and sent them, with a polite billet, to the captain on board. He was surprised at receiving, shortly after, his envelop, unopened, from the Englishman, who had judged it to be Hayden's. The composer tore the whole in pieces on the spot. The anecdote is of no great elevation; but it expresses peculiarity of character; and certainly neither the captain nor the composer could have been easily classed among the common, or the vulgar of men.

## EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL.—NO. VI.

The first music I heard in London, proceeded from a jolly club of young men, who had a meeting of some kind in the room under that in which I slept. They sang, "We wont go home till morning," first—and they did n't, but continued singing and drinking toasts, with an occasional "three cheers," until I got so tired that I went to sleep in spite of their noise. I can give them the credit, however, of singing remarkably well. I was awakened at four o'clock the next morning, by the music from a half hundred town clocks, which struck the hour on several different bells, in the following ways:



Almost every church in London seems to have a dozen or more bells, and for some reason or other they are going most of the time. The hotel at which I boarded was close to the Bow bells, so renowned through the story of Whittington and his cat. For my hotel accommodations, which were by no means extraordinary, I paid a guinea a day, for two or three days, when I fell in with some of my fellow passengers again, and with them took lodgings in a private house, in the Strand. The first sabbath, I attended church in the morning at St. Clementsdales, a large gothic building near our boarding house. The poet Montgomery was the preacher. His discourse was in behalf of some charity school, the children of which were present. The choir of the church consisted of ten girls, from twelve to sixteen years of age, all dressed alike, in drab silk gowns, white capes, and white, turban-shaped caps. Each held a white handkerchief in her hands, and in the prayers they knelt and covered their faces with them. There were also five boys in the choir, dressed alike, with a brass plate on their right arms. I suppose the choir was composed of children of the charity school, but possibly it may have been the regular choir. The organ loft was a second gallery, elevated four or five feet above the first. The organ was a very large, as well as a very fine instrument. The choir also led in the responses. Being so near the top of the church, the effect was peculiar. The amen to every prayer (it was an episcopal church,) was sung by the choir and congregation, always using the chord of the dominant followed by the chord of the tonic. The sound died away so gradually through the lofty arches, that the effect was peculiarly pleasing, as well as highly devotional. The children sang two hymns, the first to Dedham, and the second to an original tune. At the conclusion of the service, the organist played Handel's hallclujah chorus upon the full organ, and at the same instant the bells in the steeple struck up a tremendous peal. The steeple is a very high one. As near as I could see, it contained eight bells on the lower floor of the steeple, a large bell, hung and rung in the usual manner, on the second floor; another above that, and so on, one on each floor or deck, clear up to the top of the tower. All these bells continued ringing like vengeance, for a half hour at least, as I had good reason to know, my boarding house being hard by. If organ and bells together did not drive the sermon out of everybody's mind, noise cannot accomplish such an end.

## CHURCHES IN BOSTON.—NO. VII.



OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

Rev. G. W. Blagden, pastor; I. S. Withington, chorister. Sumner Hill, organist.

This is an orthodox congregational church, constituted in 1669. The present edifice was erected in 1730, on the site of the original building. It is of brick and stands on the corner of Washington and Milk streets, opposite the house in which Benjamin Franklin was born. During the occupation of Boston by the British in 1775, the inside of this house was entirely destroyed by the British dragoons, who took possession of it for the purpose of a riding school. After the siege was raised, the Old South people improved the King's Chapel until their house was put into repair. For many years the Old South was the only orthodox congregational church in Boston. It is probably the most capacious house in the city.

The organ was built by Thomas Elliot, of London, in 1822. It has three banks of keys, a tremblant, sub-base to CCC, a pedal base, an octave and a half of pedals, pedal coupler, choir and swell coupler, and cost from nine to ten thousand dollars, including the expense of putting up, for which purpose a man accompanied it from England. The great organ contains two open diapasons, stopped diapason, principal, 12th, 15th, sesquialtra, mixture, treble and base trumpets, clarion. The choir organ contains stopped diapason, dulciana, principal, fifteenth, flute, cremona. The swell organ contains open and stopped diapasons, principal, hautboy, trumpet. The sub-base and tremblant were added to the organ by Mr. Appleton, organ builder, of Boston. The coupler connecting the choir and swell organs was made by the present organist, Mr. Hill. The pedal pipes belonging to this organ were used at the coronation of George IV., in Westminster Abbey. In the Old South, the pulpit is on the side of the house, and not at one end, as in most churches. The singing seats occupy about half of the gallery opposite the pulpit. The organ, consequently, is entirely within the house.

The Church Psalmody is the hymn book used in this church. The choir numbers about forty members, of whom two or three are paid for their services. Eight hundred dollars are annually appropriated for music. The choir meets for practice every Saturday evening throughout the year.

The order of service is, A. M., 1, organ voluntary; 2,

invocation; 3, reading of the scriptures; 4, hymn; 5, prayer; 6, hymn; 7, sermon; 8, prayer; 9, benediction;—P. M., 1, organ voluntary; 2, hymn; 3, prayer; 4, hymn; 5, sermon; 6, prayer; 7, hymn; 8, doxology; 9, benediction. It was formerly the custom to "play the congregation out," but the present organist has abolished the custom.

## SYMPHONY NO. FIVE—BEETHOVEN.

The following brief description of this symphony is from the programme of the Boston Philharmonic Society. This symphony is for full orchestra, and occupies three quarters of an hour in performance:

"This composition bears the majestic impress that stamps the other symphonies of this great master, is redolent of beauties, and the peculiar eccentricities that characterize his style. The symphony opens by an allegro con brio, in 2-4 time, in the key of C minor, expressive of the anxious search after truth, and the doubts of the skeptic. The andante we would represent, as the earnest prayer for light and assistance; it contains, also, all the elements of the first movement, but with another application. There, passion is brought into contact with the main feeling; here, prayer, supplication, meditation—that prayer rises in hope and certainty, and sinks again in despondency—it is repeated again and again, and closes with greater life and animation, directing as to the following movement, and indicating its object. In the scherzo, there is the same restlessness that is in the first movement, the same agitated life, and yet it is very different from it. Instead of that harshness, that strife and violence, we perceive here an evident pressing forward, a striving towards a certain point. The finale is wrought out as fully, and more so, than the first movement. The two-fourth time has changed to the broad common time, four-fourth; and throughout the movement, all the instruments take freely and fully part in it. The instruments hitherto used, are not sufficient to express the full energy of joy, and three trombones and the base bassoon must help to swell the mighty chord, while the octave flute warbles high above the other instruments, and how beautifully does its clear, shrill trill, in the second part, increase the vigor of this feeling. From the very outset, all this mighty mass of the whole orchestra bursts forth, and every little phrase is immediately repeated over again, twice, three times—the heart is overfilled with joy, it must speak out; it dwells on every phrase."

## DESCRIPTION OF THE ORGAN.—NO. VII.

*Structure of Reed-pipes.*—Reed-pipes are generally made of metal; the body is either of a conic or cylindrical form. The mouth-piece of a reed-pipe consists of a metal block, a reed, a tongue, and a crooked wire; all of which go into a hollow conical foot, called the socket. The body of the pipe is soldered to the mouth-piece. The block is a cylindrical piece of metal, having a ring at the top to prevent it from sinking too far into the socket. The reed is a small tube, of which a portion is cut away lengthwise; it passes through the centre of the block, and is fastened to it. The tongue is a thin, elastic slip of metal, which is somewhat bent, and which is applied so as nearly to close that part of the reed which is cut away. It is fixed in the block by means of a wooden wedge. The wire passes through the block on the side of the tongue; the lower part of this wire is turned up and bent so as to press horizon-



tally against the tongue. The upper part of the wire is a little crooked, to receive the tuning-knife, which is used either to raise or depress it; this lengthens or shortens the tongue, and by this means flattens or sharpens the pitch of the pipe.

The peculiar tone of reed-pipes arises from the tongue; for the wind, rushing through the opening between the tongue and the reed, causes the tongue to vibrate; the quicker these vibrations, the more acute the pitch of the pipe. To save expense, large reed-pipes are sometimes made of wood. The various qualities of tone in the different reed-pipes depend chiefly on the shape of the pipes.

*General Properties of Organ-pipes.*—Flue-pipes are made to speak by the wind passing through the foot of the pipe, and through the narrow fissure already described, impinging against the narrow edge of the upper lip, and causing it to vibrate. These vibrations are directly communicated to the column of air within the body of the pipe, and thus cause it to speak.

The pitch of organ-pipes depends almost altogether on their length; very little upon their forms or their diameters, except in very large pipes; the latter circumstance, however, greatly influences the qualities of tone.

The length of the pipes belonging to any particular stop is generally governed by the length of that which is necessary to produce the note

Ⓔ:— This note was formerly the lowest note on the organ, and it is still retained as a sort of standard. An open pipe necessary to produce this note must be eight feet long in its body, as the length of the foot has no influence whatever on its pitch. A stopped pipe producing the same note, will only require to be four feet in length; as the vibrating column of air strikes against the cap at the top, and is reflected back again to the mouth, before the pipe can speak; hence the air passes through twice the distance it would have to go in an open pipe of the same length, and the pipe therefore sounds an octave lower than it would if not stopped.

#### ITEMS FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Mehul died in 1817.—The Bey of Tunis has engaged fifty French musicians, in order to establish a music school in Tunis. They are engaged for ten years, in the course of which it is hoped a number of native teachers may be qualified.—Thalberg lately gave a number of concerts in Holland, where he had never before been heard.—The forty "Singers of the Pyrenees," who have been, during several years, giving concerts in various parts of Europe, are now reduced to eight in number.—Some one says, respecting a certain very skillful performance on the double base: "But when a bear is ever so well dressed, bear he still remains. The audience applauded the skill of the player, rather than the music he produced."—A society in the Netherlands has offered a prize of three hundred florins, for the best answer to the following question: "In how far, and what can be determined, from the musical compositions at various epochs among modern European nations, respecting the spirit of each age, and the character of the nations with which these compositions have been connected?"—A harpist, Felix Godofrai, is making some noise in Paris. He is said to play, at one time, three melodies, each perfectly distinct and separate.—Liszt has been giving concerts

in Hungary and Transylvania. In one place he was hissed, in another applauded to the skies.—The pope, Pius IX., who is well acquainted with classic church music, which he also highly honors, intends to re-establish the old Gregorian style of singing. Several musicians have been commissioned to revise old compositions, which have not seen the light for hundreds of years, and to prepare them for the masses and services of catholic christendom.—A certain hornist, who is performing in various cities of Europe, finds great favor with common people, but good musicians, (according to a Leipzig paper,) shrug their shoulders.—In Saxony, 300,000 thalers' (\$310,000) worth of stringed and wind instruments, and 240,000 thalers' worth of pianos, are manufactured in a year. Sixteen hundred pianos are given as the number finished. About eight thousand people are supported by these branches of industry.—Madame Anna Bishop is the singer at present the highest in English estimation. She is giving concerts in the various towns and cities of the kingdom, and is received with great enthusiasm wherever she goes.—An Italian, named "Costa," has long had charge of the royal opera, London. Through some disagreement with the lessee, he has left, and undertaken the establishment of a new opera, at Covent Garden Theatre. The contest between the two rival houses is the exciting subject in the London musical journals.—Mrs. Wood, who long since retired from public life, recently appeared at two concerts in Liverpool. She received £50 a night.—It is confidently stated that Jenny Lind will perform in London this season. She was under an engagement to come a year or two ago, but broke the contract, and did not come. It is said she will be prosecuted for heavy damages, in case she ventures to set foot in England.—A Mr. Carr has bequeathed £4000 for apprenticing (to professors of music) the boys who form a part of the choir of Leeds parish church.—"Robert Bruce," the new opera of Rossini, has been produced in Paris. The musical journals say it is a piece of patchwork, the materials being from his other operas.—At Munich, on christmas eve, Jenny Lind was invited to a small party, and was surprised to find a christmas tree loaded with valuable presents for herself. Among them, was a most splendid broche from the duke of Bavaria.—William Streather, harpist, (an Englishman,) gave a concert in Vienna Dec. 13, assisted entirely by Englishmen.—The London Sacred Harmonic Society will bring out Mendelssohn's new oratorio of "Elijah" in April, under the author's personal direction. They have also engaged Spohr to conduct three of the society's performances, the present season.—A society for the purchase of piano fortes has been established in London. Each subscriber pays 2s. 6d. entrance fee, and 2s. sterling per month. At the end of two years he is entitled to a piano. This is about equal to obtaining an instrument for \$120.—Mr. Hullah, a wonderfully successful teacher of "singing schools for the million," in London, has projected four mammoth concerts, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the erection of a music hall, for the accommodation of the common people. The first of these concerts has been given at Exeter Hall. The Sacred Harmonic Society, to whom the large organ in the hall belongs, refused to allow Mr. Hullah to use it at his concerts, and he was obliged to have an organ placed in the hall expressly for his concerts. The choruses at Mr. Hullah's concerts were by the pupils in the upper classes of his singing schools.

—On one evening in January, the chorus of the royal opera, in the opinion of the prompter, were guilty of some acts of insubordination, and as he could not identify the offenders, he inflicted a fine of 6d. on each of the males. On the next evening, in the middle of the performance, the chorus quietly refused to go on to the stage until their sixpences were restored. The performance had to be suspended until the requisite number of sixpences were procured and restored.—A genuine Stradivari violin, formerly the property of the Polish prince Oginski, is advertised for sale, in a Dresden paper. Price, one thousand dollars.—A girl, seven years old, is giving concerts upon the violin in Vienna. She is spoken of as a wonderful performer. A sister, a little older, a fine pianist, accompanies her.

THE PIRATE AND DOVE.—The following interesting fact is related by Audubon, in his ornithological biography. In speaking of the Zanaida dove, he says: "A man who was a pirate, assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning shelly sand of a well-known key, which must here be nameless, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind, which he only who compares the wretchedness within him, with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He never left the place without increased fears of fury, associated as he was, I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coast.

"So deeply moved by the notes of any bird, and especially by those of the dove, the only soothing sound he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes, and them alone, was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening to the cooing of the Zanaida, he poured out his soul in supplication for mercy, and once more became what Pope declared to be 'the noblest work of God,' an honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and danger; but no danger seemed to be comparable with that of living in violation of human and divine laws."

The above is a striking illustration of the power of tone, to move the heart.

With regard to the article in No. 4 of our paper, entitled, "What are the Requisites in the formation of a good Choir?" the editor of the Hallowell (Me.) Gazette, (himself, we believe, an experienced chorister,) says:

"We have no disposition to differ materially with the writer of the above. It is not always practicable, however, especially in small communities, to secure all the requisites desirable in the formation of a choir; but in cities and larger towns, where every facility for education and improvement is enjoyed, there can be no reasonable excuse for a "failure or break-down" in the performance of church music. In the course of our observation and experience, those results have become familiar; and, in fact, we can expect little else, so long as the community in general are so little engaged in the subject of musical education. A child is not expected to read until he has learned his letters; a man cannot hope to become an orator without improving his mind by laborious study and the strictest discipline;

and why look for the performance of music with 'the spirit and the understanding,' when many individuals composing a choir have never perhaps devoted an hour to the diligent study of the science of music. They may, indeed, have been taught (not understandingly,) the rules, the quantity of notes, &c., and then they were ready to graduate! Nothing more to learn! As well might the student, after devoting an hour to the study of the Greek alphabet, attempt to read the new testament fluently in the original, as such persons to depend on their own resources to perform music with good effect. They may lean on 'leading singers,' if they are blest with a tolerable ear, and hobble along half a measure astern, and think everything goes off finely! These things ought not so to be. All should take their share of responsibility, and depend on their own acquirements. Music is like an ocean without bottom or bounds; the farther we progress, the more difficulties we find to overcome, and we are obliged to study long, before we find ourselves fools in the science.

'A little music is a dangerous thing.'

From the Christian Year.

### SONGS OF CHILDREN.

Oh, say not, dream not, heavenly notes  
To childish ears are vain;  
That the young mind at random floats,  
And cannot reach the strain.

Dim or unheard, the words may fall,  
And yet the heaven-taught mind  
May learn the sacred air, and all  
The harmony unwind.

And if some tones be false, or low,  
What are all prayers beneath,  
But cries of babes, that cannot know  
Half the deep thoughts they breathe?

In His own words we Christ adore,  
But angels, as we speak,  
Higher above our meaning soar,  
Than we o'er children weak.

And yet His words mean more than they,  
And yet He owns their praise;  
Why should we think He turns away  
From infants' simple lays?

**LEARNED MUSICAL CRITICS.**—Our musical critics are getting so learned that we don't know how to follow them. They will tell us every key in which every piece is written, which is all very clever on their parts; but they sadly perplex us by the odd names they give to things we only know under more familiar titles. They will talk to us of a delicious *scherzo*, a beautiful bit of pedaling for the horn, and a nice phrase of contrapuntism, while they will inform us that there is a luscious passage for the wood, when they mean there is something pretty for flutes, flageolets, or oboes. There are now so many nice divisions of wood, wind, brass, string, and steel, that we shall expect to hear next of a fine *moreau* of fugue for the parchment, by which, of course, will be understood the tambourines, *grosses caisses*, and kettle drums. We shall hear, probably, of a lovely bit of scholarly writing for the steel, in allusion to a few notes given to the triangle. We have no doubt this is all very learned, and we have great respect for learning; but we like the intelligible as well, when it is convenient.—*Punch*.

For the Musical Gazette.

Muse! rise! strike the harp!  
And tune the lyre in every part!  
Rehearse the theme of music sweet,  
Trace it towards its fathomless deep!  
Hurl its swelling notes on high,  
As if on eagle's wings to fly.  
Soaring above this fleeting earth,  
Caressing beings of heavenly birth!  
Arouse thee, and tell this slumbering world,  
Sweet sounds in heaven will be tolled!  
We should commence the lesson here,  
Ere Death's cold hand should interfere.  
Lend, lend your wings, and soar above,  
Loudly chanting—"God is love."

FORTISSIMO.

**SOIREE MUSICALE.**—A new movement in fashionable life is about to take place, which, from its novelty, is worth recording. Four hundred tickets have been issued, for two evenings, at three dollars, for two concerts to be given at the Apollo Saloon. The performers are to be distinguished amateurs, ladies and gentlemen well known in the fashionable world, who are to be assisted by Signors Benedetti, Beneventano, and Barili. The concert will realize \$1200, about one half of which is to be paid to the Italians, \$300 for the room four nights, (two of them rehearsals,) and the remainder for other necessary expenses. There is to be no stage erected, and the tickets are sold only to the particular friends of the performers. In point of fact, it is to be only a private party, in a public room.—*New York Express*.

It is on education that depends the great difference observable among persons. The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy, have consequences very important, and of long duration. It is with these first impressions, as with a river, whose waters we can easily turn, by different canals, in quite opposite courses, so that from the insensible direction the stream receives at its source, it takes different directions, and at last arrives at places far distant from each other; and with the same facility we may, I think, turn the minds of children to what direction we please.—*LOCKE*.

**NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.**—A correspondent at Rome, Michigan, writing to the editor of the *Eureka*, says:

"I have a petition pending for a patent upon a new parlor instrument, which I call an *organ piano*, as it possesses the qualities of both the pipe organ and piano forte—so nearly that a good performer can imitate either instrument so perfectly as to deceive an experienced ear. It is made in the form of a square horizontal piano forte, though the form may be varied to taste. It is judged to possess at least three times the power of a piano forte, and the *swell* is comparatively perfect—from the softest tones of the æolian harp to the body of a six-stop organ, and is effected with pedals and the fingers, like the piano forte. It is well adapted to the slowest church or the quickest waltz music, or any movement whatever. In compass, six to seven octaves. I fully believe it to be more durable than any keyed instrument of which I have any knowledge, from constant trial for more than four years. I have arrived at certain principles or 'ways of doing it,' which have

been faithfully tested ever since, and not a tone has failed. Since then I have been striving to perfect my invention. While it possesses all of the above-named properties and many others desirable, it is not like Coleman's 'attachment,' two instruments, but is but one separate and independent instrument, in and of itself, and is *tuned once forever*, judging according to past experience, &c. Respectfully, yours, R. W. P. S.—The expense of making my instruments is about the same as of piano fortes of same compass."

Subscribers in Lynn can receive their papers postage free, by leaving their names at the office of the *Lynn News* during the present week.

**CONCERTS.**—Moses in Egypt was performed by the Boston Handel and Hayden Society, April 18. Messrs. Covert and Dodge have given several concerts in Boston and vicinity, assisted by two Misses Macomber, from Maine. One of these ladies plays the violin, and the other the violoncello.

The schools which have been instructed by Mr. T. M. Dewey, in Lynn, (Mass.,) during the past winter, gave a concert in the Lyceum Hall, in Lynn, April 8. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and many went away, unable to obtain seats. Between the first and second parts of the programme, a young lady, in behalf of the scholars, presented Mr. Dewey with a beautiful gold pencil, accompanied with a short address, to which Mr. Dewey replied. The concert was repeated in the same place April 19. Mr. I. B. Woodbury, of Boston, assisted at the first concert, and Mr. B. F. Baker, of Boston, at the second.

Mr. Bradbury repeated his juvenile oratorio April 21, in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, being his last concert, previous to his departure for Germany, whither he goes to devote a season to the study of music. 800 children took part in this performance.

### NEW SCHOOL MUSIC BOOKS.

**THE PRIMARY SCHOOL SONG BOOK.** In two parts. The first part consisting of songs suitable for primary or juvenile singing schools, and the second part consisting of an explanation of the inductive or Pestalozzian method of teaching music in such schools. By Lowell Mason and George J. Webb, professors in the Boston Academy of Music. In the first part of the work will be found many beautiful little songs, tasteful in music and pure in morals, adapted to the intellectual and musical capacity of young children. The second part of the work points out in the most familiar way, the Pestalozzian or inductive method of teaching the elementary principles of music to young children. It is supposed that any mother or primary school teacher, who can herself sing, although she may know so little of the musical characters as not to be able to read music herself, may, by the help of these directions, be enabled to teach her pupils with good success, and thus prepare the way for a more thorough and extensive course in higher schools.

**THE SONG BOOK OF THE SCHOOL ROOM**, consisting of a great variety of songs, hymns, and scriptural selections, with appropriate music, arranged to be sung in one, two, or three parts; containing, also, the elementary principles of vocal music, prepared with reference to the inductive, or Pestalozzian method of teaching; designed as a complete music manual for common, or grammar schools. By Lowell Mason and George James Webb. This work has been prepared with reference to the wants of common schools and academies, and is designed to follow the above work. In it will be found many songs, adapted to the various circumstances of school children and youth, from eight to ten, to fourteen or sixteen years of age. The variety is thought to be greater than in most similar works, including the sprightly and enlivening, the calm and soothing, and the sober and devout.

The publishers present this little volume to parents, teachers, and pupils, believing that it is not only free from that which is low, inelegant, and pernicious, but that the songs, while they are cheerful and pleasing, will be found to accord with the efforts of those who labor to make our children better and happier.

Teachers and school committees are requested to examine the above works. Published by WILKINS, CARTER & CO., 18 Water street, Boston, and for sale by the booksellers generally.

### HUMMEL'S CELEBRATED SCHOOL

**FOR** the piano forte, designed for the use of teachers and advanced pupils. Containing over 800 pages. Written at the request of the principal professors in Germany, by I. M. HUMMEL, chapel master to the grand duke of Saxony, &c. For sale by D. FAINE, under the Bowdoin Square Church, and at the music stores. 37

### JUST PUBLISHED,

BY B. B. MUSSEY, No. 23 Cornhill, Boston, and for sale by booksellers generally. "THE MAY FESTIVAL," a union of music, poetry, and flowers, for the first, middle, or last of May; with plain directions; by J. JOHNSON, Jr. It is intended for all collections of young people who can sing. Price 12-2 cents per copy.



## THE WELCOME BACK.

W. WILLIAMS, *New London, Conn.*

*Allegro.*

Sweet is the hour that brings us home, Where all will spring to meet us; Where hands are striving, as we come, To be the first to greet us. When the

What do we reckon a dreary way, Though lonely and benighted, If we know there are lips to chide our stay, And eyes that beam love-lighted, What

world hath spent its frowns and wrath, And care been slowly pressing, 'T is sweet to turn from our roving path, And find a fireside blessing. O joyfully dear is the

is the worth of your diamond ray, To the glance When the words that We form a heart's O joyfully dear is the

that flashes pleasure, welcome back betray chief treasure. O joyfully dear,

homeward track, - - If we are but sure of a welcome back, O joy-ful-ly dear is the homeward track, If we are but sure of a welcome back.

is the homeward track, If we are but sure of a welcome back, O, joy-ful-ly dear is the homeward track, If we are but sure of a welcome back.

## CHAFFEE, L. M.

O render thanks to God above, The fountain of eternal love, Whose mercy firm, through ages past, Has stood, and shall forever last.

## OUR DUTY TO PRAISE GOD.

Words by MRS. OPIE.  
Solo. Treble. Andante.

Music by H. V. BARTOL, Portland, Me.



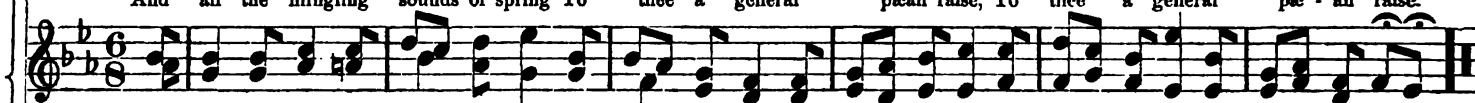
1. There seems a voice in ev - ery gale, There seems a voice in ev - ery gale, A tongue in ev - ery  
 2. The birds that rise on soar - ing wing, The birds that rise on soar - ing wing, Ap - pear to hymn their  
 3. And shall my voice, Great God, a - lone, And shall my voice, Great God, a - lone Be mute 'midst na - ture's  
 4. And na - ture's debt is small to mine, And na - ture's debt is small to mine; Thou bad'st her be - ing



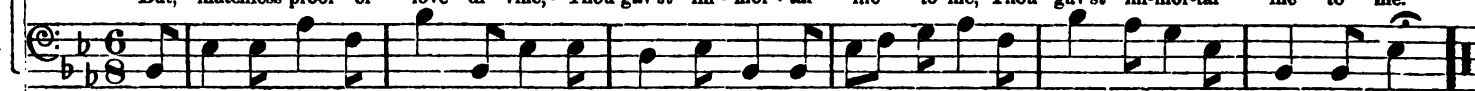
opening flower, Which tells, O Lord! the wondrous tale Of thy in - dul - gence, love, and power.  
 Ma - ker's praise; And all the mingling sounds of spring To thee a general pæ - an raise.  
 loud ac - claim? No; let my heart with answering tone Breathe forth in praise thy ho - ly name.  
 bound - ed be; But, — match - less proof of love di - vine, — Thou gav'st im - mor - tal life to me.



Which tells, O Lord! the wondrous tale Of thy in - dul - gence, love, and power, Of thy indulgence, love, and power.  
 And all the mingling sounds of spring To thee a general pæan raise, To thee a general pæ - an raise.

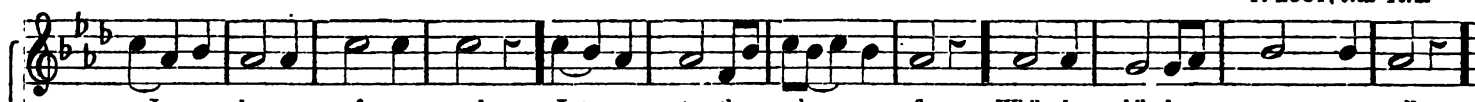


No; let my heart with answering tone Breathe forth in praise thy ho - ly name, Breathe forth in praise thy ho - ly name.  
 But, — matchless proof of love di - vine, — Thou gav'st im - mor - tal life to me, Thou gav'st im - mor - tal life to me.



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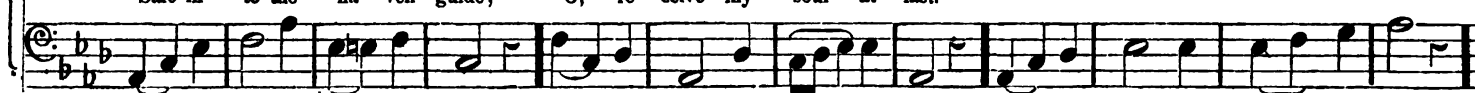
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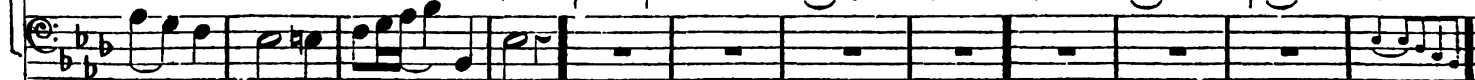
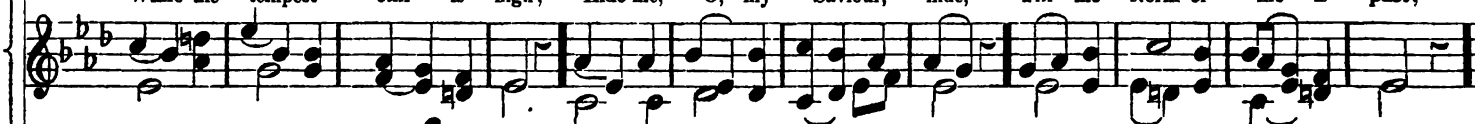
Je - sus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the bil - lows near me roll,



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O, re - ceive my soul at last.



While the tempest still is nigh; Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;



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## LISZT THE PIANIST.

This celebrated performer has recently married the daughter of a rich jeweler. The following account of the circumstances which brought about the marriage, is given in the Paris correspondence of the *Courier des Etats Unis*:

After having given very productive concerts in the principal cities of Germany, Liszt found himself, toward the end of last October, at Prague. The day after his arrival in that city, a stranger called upon him. It was an old man, whose exterior announced poverty and suffering. The great artist gave this poor man the cordial reception which he would perhaps have refused to a great lord. Encouraged by this kindness, the old man said:

"I come to you as a fellow artist. Excuse me if I venture to take this title, notwithstanding the difference there is between us; but I was formerly worth something. I was allowed to have some talent for the piano, and I gave lessons upon it, which afforded me an honorable support. Now I am old, broken down, burdened with a family, and without pupils. I live at Nuremberg. I came to Prague to recover the wreck of an inheritance, but the expenses of the law have consumed it all. I must go away to-morrow, and I am without resources."

"And you have come to me? You did right, and I thank you for this proof of esteem. To oblige a fellow artist, a pianist, a professor, is, for me, more than a duty—it is a pleasure. Artists should hold their purses in common, and if fortune neglects some to treat others better than they deserve, it is on condition that the equilibrium should be established by a brotherly division. This is my system; and do not speak to me of thanks, for I am only paying a debt."

Pronouncing these generous words, Liszt opened one of the drawers of his secretary; but he stood still when he saw that this drawer, the usual depository of his finances, contained only three ducats. He rang for his servant—"Where is the money?" asked he. "There,"

replied the servant, pointing his finger toward the open drawer. "How! there? but there is nothing there, or almost nothing."

"I know it; I warned monsieur yesterday that his funds were almost gone."

"You see, my dear fellow artist," replied Liszt, smiling, "I am no richer than you, just now, but this does not trouble me; I have some credit, and one of these days I will beat some money out of my piano. Meantime, I am not willing either to have given you false hopes, or to make you wait till my fortune improves. You are in haste to quit Prague, and return home? Ah, well; we will find means to procure you the money which I have not now got. Hold, this will do your business. It is a present made me by the emperor of Austria—his portrait, set in diamonds. The painting is not of the best, but the diamonds are good. Take them and sell them. What you can get for them is yours."

The old pianist in vain wished to excuse himself from accepting so rich a present. Liszt has a way of giving which admits of no contradiction. After a short debate, the poor man retired, overpowering his generous benefactor with thanks, and went to the first jeweler in the city, to sell him the diamonds of the medallion. The jeweler, seeing this miserably-dressed man in such a haste to part with magnificent jewels, the value of which he did not know, felt a very natural suspicion, and, pretending to examine the diamonds with scrupulous attention, in order to calculate the value he ought to give for them, he whispered a few words in the ear of one of his clerks. The clerk went out immediately, and returned a moment after with an escort of police officers and soldiers, who arrested the unfortunate artist, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence. "To prison, in the first place; you can explain yourself afterward before the magistrate." It is thus justice proceeds—in Bohemia. The prisoner wrote to his benefactor, to ask his assistance; Liszt hastened to the jeweler's.

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man, and you must go immediately with me to obtain his release. He who offered you the jewels was the lawful owner of them; for I gave them to him."

"But you, sir," said the jeweler, "who are you?"

"My name is Liszt."

"I know no financier of that name."

"That is possible; but I shall make myself known."

"Do you know, sir, these diamonds are worth six thousand florins, that is, more than five hundred guineas, or twelve thousand francs."

"So much the better for the person to whom I have given them."

"But you must be very rich to make such presents."

"My present fortune is composed of three ducats."

"Then you are mad."

"No; but I have only to move the ends of my fingers and I have as much money as I wish."

"Are you a sorcerer, then?"

"I will show you the kind of sorcery I make use of." Liszt had perceived a piano in the back shop. He

went to it and passed his fingers over the keys, then, hurried away by inspiration, he improvised one of those powerful and fantastic symphonies of which he only has the secret.

At the first chord, a young, lovely, and charming girl appeared; she remained immovable and attentive while the melody lasted, then, when the last note ceased, she cried, with enthusiasm, "Bravo, Liszt, that is admirable."

"You know him, then?" said the goldsmith to his daughter.

"It is the first time I have had the honor of seeing or hearing him," replied she, "but there is no one in the world but Liszt who can make the piano speak in that manner."

The admiration, gracefully and vehemently expressed by a young lady of remarkable beauty, was more than flattering; the heart as well as the vanity of the artist was touched. Meantime, after having answered, in his best manner, these seductive compliments, Liszt tore himself from the pleasures of his first interview, to go and deliver his prisoner. The jeweler accompanied him. Mortified and in despair at his want of tact, the honest merchant tried to repair it by inviting them both to supper. The honors of the repast were done by his amiable daughter, who showed herself not less touched with the generosity of Liszt than amazed at his talent.

In the evening, the musicians of the city came to give a serenade to the illustrious artist. The next day the most distinguished inhabitants, the greatest lords, the proudest in rank, presented themselves to him. They besought him to give some concerts, leaving him to fix the price of this favor. The jeweler then understood, that talent, looked at in the financial point of view, might have as much value as precious stones. The honor rendered to Liszt inspired him at the same time with surprise and respect. When he saw the great man multiply his visits, he was charmed at it; when he perceived that his daughter was the object of his assiduities, his joy knew no bounds. The merchant was rich enough to indulge his vanity. He had acquired an immense fortune in his business, and he had dreamed of giving his millions to the relief of an aristocratic alliance. But the German aristocracy is stiff with prejudice. Counts and barons had repulsed with disdainful hauteur the advances of the jeweler whose disappointed ambition seized with avidity the hope of allying himself to the aristocracy of talent, which was treated by the great lords of Bohemia on the footing of equality. The young lady was disposed to fulfil the wishes of her father. One fine day, the jeweler, proceeding with German frankness, said to Liszt, "How do you find my daughter?"

"Adorable."

"What do you think of marriage?"

"I think so well of it that I should like to try it."

"What do you say to a dowry of three millions?"

"I accept, and say thank you for it."

"You have understood me. My daughter pleases you, you please my daughter; the dowry is ready, become my son-in-law."

"Very willingly."

And the nuptials were celebrated the following week. And here you have a history of the way the marriage of Liszt was brought about, at least according to the report which is current at Prague.

### CHOIR IMPROPRIETIES.

The proceedings of the convention which assembled in Boston in August, 1838, were printed for the use of the members. At one of the meetings, we notice that Mr. Lowell Mason was requested to prepare an answer to the following question, "What are some of the most common improprieties in church choirs or singing societies?" From the printed report we copy entire Mr. Mason's answer to the question.

*Wednesday morning, August 22, 1838.*—The meeting having been called to order, Professor Mason arose to answer the question assigned him the previous meeting. He observed, that he was about to perform this duty, not in a formal manner, but by reading over various hints, or suggestions, which had occurred to him, in consequence of improprieties which he had witnessed in choirs, with which he had been connected for years past, and which had been written down at the time.

These hints, by the special request of the class, have been inserted in this report, and appear as follows, accompanied by a few remarks by Professor Mason, made at the time of reading them.

#### ARRANGEMENT OF THE CHOIR.

Let the female voices be confined to the treble and alto, and the male voices to the tenor and base.

No gentleman should ever sing the same part with the ladies, unless it be occasionally in loud chorus, or unison passages. Some men, with very smooth, high voices, may sing the alto, but none have sufficient compass to sing the soprano, and the effect of male voices on this part, an octave below the pitch, is always bad.

#### SEATS IN THE CHOIR.

1. Let each member take his proper seat in the choir, and, especially, never desire a higher seat than has been assigned him.

The propriety of the assignment of seats by the conductor, must be evident to every one. It becomes necessary that he should know the compass and quality of voice, of every member of the choir; and assign to each a seat, where he may think the individual will best promote the interests of the whole. Nor will any one, possessed of christian feeling, be opposed to such an arrangement, provided the leader is competent to perform his duties.

2. If another gets your seat, do not dispute the point, but rather yield, and attend to it, if necessary, at another time.

3. If another claims your seat, give it up without disputing the point, and take another opportunity to settle the difficulty.

Of course, there is no excuse for an individual who would unjustly take or claim another's seat.

#### BEFORE SERVICE.

1. Do not wait about the doors, or passages, or vestry, for purposes of conversation; but be sure and be in your place before the service begins.

2. The moment the voluntary commences, let there be perfect silence and attention, and every one should hold himself in readiness for the following exercise.

3. Before singing, the choir should all rise, and all ways endeavor to rise together.

4. Let there be no whistling over the tune before it is sung, or humming it while the organ gives it out.

5. Make as little noise as possible in getting out the books, and turning over the leaves to find the place.

It sometimes seems as though the turning over of leaves was designed to represent the falling of rain, or the raging of the wind during a tempest—while occasional claps of thunder are supplied by the falling of books on the floor, and all through mere carelessness or inattention. The books should be taken out, used, and laid in their places, without noise.

6. Do not make a disturbance in hemming, or clearing out your throat before singing, or between the stanzas.

#### SELF ESTEEM.

1. Do not think more highly of yourself than you ought to think, but let each esteem others better than himself.

2. Do not desire to exhibit your voice or display your taste so as to draw attention to yourself, except it be by a modest and constant performance of all your duties.

3. Neither suppose that you are a better singer, or that you have a more excellent voice than any one else.

#### KEEPING TIME.

Give attention to the hymn when read, and while it is being sung, never omit to keep up a regular division of the time. But do not beat the time, or make the least motion with the hands, head, or feet.

You will sometimes observe members of choir making motions with their hands, and a noise with their feet, which is, to say the least, in bad taste. There should never be any motions or beatings, except by the leader, and, indeed, in common psalmody, even this is unnecessary. How ludicrous is the appearance of the leader who stamps out the time with his feet, beats it with his hands, shakes it with his head, and whose whole frame is kept constantly in motion during the singing!

#### DURING SINGING.

1. An individual member of the choir should never sit during the singing, but should always stand, for the sake of the appearance and example.

2. Give your undivided attention to the singing, from the moment it commences, until the hymn is sung through; nor take your seat or close your book, until the last sound, vocal or instrumental, has died away.

3. Be impressed with the subject of the hymn. Enter into its spirit, and endeavor to feel the sentiment. This will give life and energy and proper expression to your performance.

4. Be specially careful of a clear enunciation, and distinct articulation. Be careful to get the right vowel sound, and then do not change it, but preserve it pure during the whole continuance of the musical sound. The consonants cannot be given with too much force.

5. Listen, both to your own voice, and to the effect of the music. But do not let your voice predominate so as to be heard above, or separate from, the other voices. Rather let it blend with them, and be made subordinate to the general effect. It is a fault when one voice is heard above the rest.

6. Never change parts in singing—taking first the treble and then the alto, or first the tenor and then the base, or vice versa. However capable of such changes

the voice may be, they are, notwithstanding, a fault, making the individual appear ostentatious, and injuring the effect of the music.

7. Avoid all wry faces, such as scowling and grinning, and odd gesticulations, in singing. Let the countenance be serious and pleasant; the posture easy and graceful. Appear on the whole as though it was a pleasure, and not a task, to sing.

8. Be careful to get the beginning and end of the hymn right, i. e., be prepared in the music and the words of the hymn, and prompt in time to commence with the choir. And be quite as careful in singing the last word of the last line to be sung.

Choirs often fail in this respect. They are too careless about beginning, so that sometimes a half line will be sung by a few, before all will have fairly commenced. Not unfrequently, the music and sentiment of the first verse will be completely destroyed in this way. And in closing, how often is it the case, that the books will begin to drop, and some begin to seat themselves, about the time the last line is commenced. This is always out of character, and should be corrected.

9. Those who sit at the greatest distance from the centre, should constantly watch for the time, and see that they keep with the leading or principal voices. And those who sit in the centre, should remember that other members of the choir are dependent on them.

10. While singing a hymn, keep your eyes upon the book, and do not look about upon the congregation, or be seen winking, smiling, or nodding to those with whom you are acquainted.

11. Avoid a lazy, indolent style of performance. Let the general appearance of the members of the choir be that of attention, promptness, and devotion. While singing, do not stand sideways, or bending over, nor sit down carelessly when the singing is over, as though you had no interest in anything else to be said or done.

#### AT THE CLOSE OF A HYMN.

Do not close the book from which you are singing, (psalm or hymn book,) until the music has entirely ceased, and the last sound from the organ has died away. Keep the posture of the body, and every muscle, and even the eyes, the same to the last.

#### DURING SERVICE.

1. Do not look over music books, or talk and whisper to any one during divine service.

2. Do not allow yourself to go to sleep in church. To prevent this, eat sparingly during the intermission, (especially in the warm season of the year.)

#### AFTER SINGING.

1. Shut up the books after using them, without noise, and put them in their places.

2. Do not leave your places after the singing is over. (It is an exceedingly bad practice, for singers to scatter about the house, and have to be gathered again at every hymn.)

#### IF UNWELL.

1. If a member is unwell, let him retire. This would be far better than for him to retain his seat, and sit while the choir is singing; thus attracting the attention of the audience.

2. Do not retire from the choir because you have a cold; the example is bad. Some may surmise a different reason from the real one.

#### AFTER SERVICE.

When the services of the sanctuary are over, retire

from the choir, with a decorum becoming the occasion and the house, nor hurry out as though you were released from confinement. But rather as though you were loth to leave the holy place.

Now seems to be the proper time to salute and congratulate each other. It is far better to omit everything of the kind until after the services are all over. In some choirs the plan is adopted of saying nothing to each other until the service is past, and it is always found that the effect is good. There is a great temptation to singers, to chat awhile when they first come together, perhaps greater than to any other part of the congregation, being from different families, and perhaps not having seen each other during the week, it seems almost impolite to pass without speaking. But it had better be avoided. If this be the custom, no one can think strange. In families, this temptation does not exist. Being together during the week, they have nothing to talk about when they come into church, or which they cannot omit until after they have returned. But what if all the families of a congregation should, as soon as they are seated, commence a buzzing and talking. Any one can see how utterly inconsistent with the place and occasion it would be. Nor should the choir be less careful upon this point.

#### LEAVING THE CHOIR.

Do not let a change in outward circumstances furnish an excuse for leaving the choir.

A very silly notion prevails to some extent, that when a lady or a gentleman gets married, they must leave the choir. Such a notion should not be tolerated. It is an enormity in the fashion, at variance with common sense and opposed to the good rule, that we should go on to perfection. It is about that time of life, that the voice becomes established and firm; and it is certainly foolish, if not wrong, for a man as soon as he becomes useful, to leave his station.

#### CHOIR MEETINGS.

Always be present at the meetings of the choir for practice. These are indispensable to the proper performance of the choir. Your presence will encourage, your absence discourage others.

This is a matter of the greatest importance. Whatever qualifications a person may possess, he cannot be a good member of a choir if he neglects the regular meetings.

#### RESIGNING SEATS.

Whenever it becomes inconsistent to attend the regular meetings of the choir, or to assist them upon the sabbath, resign your seat, and let some other one take your place.

#### GENERAL RULES AND DEPORTMENT

1. Be punctual in your attendance at church all day. He is an unworthy member, who is present in the morning and absent in the afternoon or evening.

2. Never go away to another church, to hear a popular preacher, or to some other interesting exercise.

3. Always treat every member of the choir with politeness and kindness. Be courteous, and never for any reason allow yourselves to indulge feelings of anger, envy, or ill-will. If any one injures you, forgive him. Render good for evil.

4. When a mistake is made, do not smile or turn round and look about. Rather take no notice of it and pass it by, as though unobserved.

5. If you make a mistake yourself, do not look about

as if you were endeavoring to ascertain who did make it.

6. To avoid these evils, pay close attention, that mistakes may be prevented.

7. Do not think yourself of no importance, or that the singing will go as well without as with you; but always regard it as your duty to sit in the choir, while you remain a member, and do all to promote general interest and improvement.

8. Do not ask the conductor of the music for occasional leave to sit away from the choir. He will want to gratify you, and perhaps may do it, to the injury of the performances for the day.

9. Do not call the choir the orchestra, nor the orchestra the choir.

An orchestra is either, 1st, that part of a theatre appropriated to the musicians; or, 2d, the musicians themselves. A choir is either, 1st, that part of a church appropriated to the singers; or, 2d, the singers themselves. Theatres have orchestras, churches have choirs; but there is no orchestra in a church, nor is there any choir in a theatre.

Professor Mason then remarked, that these suggestions, to some, might seem of little consequence, but he regarded them as important. That it was very desirable that singers should attend strictly to their duty, that they might be examples to others. That we all know how much music is abused by some, who say that it takes up time which ought to be devoted to other purposes, that singers are always at variance among themselves, &c. It is highly desirable that all ground for such objections should be removed; and, finally, a sense of duty and the high privilege of singing the praises of Jehovah, should induce us to make every possible improvement.

Professor Webb expressed his entire approbation of what had been stated, and hoped that all would be benefited by the remarks made by Professor Mason. When we consider, said he, the important station of the choir, we must regard anything relating to their duties, as essential, both for ourselves and the community. That he agreed with Professor Mason in regard to the relation which the choir sustains to the congregation. That it was similar to that which the minister holds in leading the congregation in prayer. That it becomes the duty of the choir, to lead the congregation in the devotional exercise of singing, and impress them with proper feelings, and this they could not do unless they were themselves affected by what they sung. That this was connected with another point, viz: that as the minister should teach the congregation their duties, so should the choir teach them the importance of music, with which they would be more and more impressed, as the choir became more and more perfect in performance.

MESSENGERS. EDITORS.—In the Musical Gazette, No. 4, a writer has expressed his belief that the congregation ought not to face the choir while they sing. That is, in churches where the congregation is accustomed to face the minister—whose pulpit is opposite the choir.

In No. 6 of your paper, "Rev. A. P." seems to differ from the above opinion, and remarks as follows: "Why not bad for the congregation to face the minister while preaching? Must the minister, if his pulpit is in the opposite part of the house, turn his back on the choir, lest his mind be dissipated? When I am singing, I want every eye turned on me, as much as when I preach. And when I see the tear start from the eye while I sing

"Did Christ o'er sinners weep," &c., I make it I am singing about right; and seeing that tear, gives a kind of inspiration, it kindles up the soul anew—you have found a sympathizing friend. Let a choir see the great boom of the congregation heaving under the influence of their song, and they will sing better for it. Let the congregation eye the choir as they do the minister, and see if they mean what they say. And let the choir, as well as the minister, rejoice when the congregation hang with breathless attention upon their lips." The above remarks seem to be based upon the "belief" that in their design, singing and preaching are essentially the same. If this be so, if singers must preach, congregations to whom they preach ought by all means to face the choir-preacher.

But, while there is a most manifest propriety in the practice of facing the preacher—the minister—when he addresses us, I can discover no good reason why the congregation should face him, "look him in the eye" direct, when he is addressing God. Sermons are addressed to the congregations. The design of a good sermon is, I suppose, to instruct, to admonish, reprove, &c., and always addressed to men. The legitimate object of preaching is to present the truth, the gospel, to men. This is the general, as well as the specific object of good sermons, is it not?

But is singing fulfilling its chief work, or answering its chief end, when engaged as a teacher or preacher in the house of God? Though Paul advises to "teach and admonish in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord," yet the chief design of the song in public worship, is to praise God. Singing is worship, when performed heartily unto God and not unto men. Besides, if singing may, at certain times and seasons, lawfully teach, very seldom ought it to assume or descend to that position in the sanctuary. If the minister does his part as a teacher, the congregation are entitled to the prayer and the song, through which to worship—to worship God. Depend upon it, our hymns are too often selected on the sabbath on account of their aptness to teach.

Does singing, in its "best estate," address itself to man? It may supplicate, confess, adore, praise—but all to God. It speaks not to man as its primary duty, and if man is moved by the song to tears, when it says, "Did Christ o'er sinners weep," &c., that sympathetic emotion, or that thrill of grief, that tear starting from the christian's or the sinner's eye, and which so naturally "kindle the soul anew," are incidental effects, though natural and common, not by any means the chief object of singing. It appears to me that the legitimate or chief object of singing the "songs of Zion," is not to make men weep, even for sin; it is not to convert men to God—I say it with reverence; it is higher even than these—it is to worship God. If our song be unto the Lord, if that song be sung audibly by the choir only, how can it be useful to those who have the words before them, and who listen, to look at the choir? or why shall the choir wish to see the eyes of the congregation while they sing? Will such a mutual eyeing tend to lead the mind to God? Shall we not rather be most likely to worship God in spirit when our minds are the least diverted by external objects? If singing be worship, it is evidently the duty of all to join in that act. If it be the duty of all, then all can worship God in the song. All who love God can worship Him in the song, even if they cannot sing audibly. A man who can pray silently, can as really sing unto God in his heart.



Who does not feel like closing his eyes to all earthly objects, when he sings, "Holy, holy, Lord God of hosts," or when his soul is most engaged, while he sings audibly or silently along with the choir and congregation our sacred doxologies and other hymns directly addressed to the supreme object of worship? *Stillness* in the congregation is the best evidence of "sympathy," as it appears to me, that the choir can have, when they sing a tune which the congregation cannot sing audibly. Let not the congregation "hang with breathless attention upon our lips, while we sing," but "let all men who have breath," praise the Lord, and the christian singer will find sympathy enough.

A CITIZEN OF NEW ENGLAND.

### ANCIENT PSALM SINGING.

A very striking description of psalm singing, as it existed under peculiar circumstances, and immediately before the suppression of organs by Cromwell's parliament, is given by old Thomas Mace, a celebrated writer on music. He is speaking of the period of the siege of York, in 1644, which lasted for eleven weeks, during which, on every Sunday, "the church was even cramming or squeezing full." The pious lutenist proceeds, "Now here you must take notice, that they had then a custom in that church, which I hear not in any other cathedral, which was, that always before the sermon the whole congregation sang a psalm, together with the choir and organ; and you must also know that there was then a most excellent, large, plump, lusty, full-speaking organ, which cost, as I am credibly informed, a thousand pounds. This organ, I say, when the psalm was set before the sermon, being let out into all its fulness of stops, together with the choir, began the psalm. But when that vast concordant unity of the whole congregational chorus came, as I may say, thundering in, even so as it made the very ground shake under us, oh! the unutterable ravishing soul's delight! in the which I was so transported and rapt up in high contemplations, that there was no room left in my whole man, viz: body, soul, and spirit, for anything below divine and heavenly raptures; nor could there possibly be anything to which that very singing might be truly compared, except the right apprehension or conceiving of that glorious and miraculous choir, recorded in the scriptures at the dedication of the temple." And yet there seems to have been enough going on at the same time in another way, not only to have marred the psalmody, but which must have furnished an ominous prelude to events which presently issued in something more disastrous than silencing the organ. For the narrator adds that "sometimes a cannon ball has come in at the windows, and bounced about from pillar to pillar, even like some furious fiend or evil spirit," yet not one person was ever hurt in the church.

At the very time the besieged citizens and soldiery of York were swelling, as above described, with voice and organ, the wonted choral psalmody of their English service, the house of lords were abolishing the use of the book of common prayer, and establishing, by means of the "directory," a new form of divine worship, in which the singing of psalms was the only music allowed. In this book we are told that "it is the duty of christians to praise God publicly by singing of psalms together in the congregation, and also privately in the family. In singing of psalms the voice is to be tuneably and gravely ordered; but the chief care must be to sing with understanding and with grace in the

heart, making melody unto the Lord. That the whole congregation may join herein, every one that can read is to have a psalm book; and all others, not disabled by age or otherwise, are to be exhorted to learn to read. But for the present, where many in the congregation cannot read, it is convenient that the minister, or some fit person appointed by him and the other ruling officers, do read the psalm line by line before the singing thereof."—*Psalmists of Great Britain*.

### EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL.—NO. VII.

I spent several weeks in London and vicinity, busily engaged in seeing everything that was to be seen, but as I only intend "extracting" those portions of my journal which relate to things of musical interest, I shall not be particular about the chronological order of my extracts.

At half past four on sabbath afternoon, I went to St. James's palace, to attend service at the queen's chapel. After waiting half an hour in the court, the door was opened, and about thirty, who were standing before it, (myself among the number,) were admitted, when the door was immediately closed and locked again. It is a singular fact, that you cannot look at anything, go anywhere, nor enter any place in England, without paying for it. The sailor who preferred going to London without brains, to going without money, was not so very foolish, as he at first sight appears. Having become somewhat accustomed to the never-ceasing demand for sixpences, shillings, &c., I was not particularly surprised at the demand for a half crown, made by the illustrious individual who opens the door of the chapel, where her majesty graciously condescends to attend divine service. I paid the fellow his "two shillings six," and passed on through the hall until I arrived at the door of the chapel, where I found another burly codger, who demanded another fee. Some ladies just in advance of me, had wrangled with the said codger until his anger was pretty considerably kindled, so that when I asked the stereotyped question, "How much," instead of answering, he made a grab at my hand, relieving it of some three or four silver shillings which I had just drawn from my pocket. Thinking a peep at her on whose domain the sun never sets might be worth five or six shillings, I passed into the chapel without a murmur, although most of those before and behind me, seemed to make it a point to beat the doorkeeper down in his price. The chapel royal is, so to speak, an apartment in St. James's palace. I should say the apartment was thirty-five feet wide, forty-five feet high, and one hundred feet long. The pews and wainscoting throughout are of oak, finished with heavy gilt moulding. Instead of a gallery, recesses are sunk in the wall, at about the height of common church galleries. The queen and Prince Albert occupied the recess corresponding in situation to the singing seats in the American churches. The royal pew occupied the whole of the end of the apartment opposite the altar, and was richly trimmed with purple curtains, &c., &c. The recesses on the sides of the chapel were occupied by dukes, duchesses, &c., with the exception of one recess nearest the altar, which contained the organ. The floor of the apartment contained the altar, pulpit, choir seats, seats for members of parliament, and seats for strangers. A wide aisle ran lengthwise of the apartment in the centre of the lower floor, and all the seats were arranged so that the congregation faced the aisle; or, in other words, so that no one would be oblig-

ed to commit the awful sin of turning his back to the queen, in order to see the minister. We untitled strangers were accommodated with a seat without any front to it, immediately on the aisle. All the seats that had fronts were occupied by lords, ladies, and members of parliament. The choir consisted of ten boys, and as many men. They occupied the seats on the lower floor, under the organ, half on one side of the aisle and half on the other; i. e., facing each other, and standing sideways to the queen and the clergyman. It will be observed that the singers were exactly in the middle of the lower floor of the chapel, while the organ was on a level with the queen's pew, but in the *side* of the chapel, against the singers. The gallery, or recesses, here mentioned, were about fifteen feet above the floor. The boys in the choir were dressed in scarlet frock-coats, richly trimmed with gold lace, scarlet breeches reaching to the knees, and there buckled with gold buckles, and blue silk stockings. As they went out, each put on a cocked hat, also richly trimmed. The base and tenor members of the choir wore white surplices. The organist was Sir George Smart. Among the pieces sung by the choir was, "The Lord descended from on high," the same that is contained in the Boston Academy's collection, page 310. The treble and alto in this choir were sung by the boys. We must confess that the effect of their voices was not agreeable to our ears, perhaps because as yet they were untutored in the highest style of church music. The performances of the choir were very fine, at least so said the Court Journal, published on the next day, which minutely criticised every part of the service, lessons, prayers, chants, anthems, voluntaries, choruses, solos, and all.

After effecting an entrance to the chapel, I secured a seat near the centre of the aisle, and remained for nearly half an hour before the service commenced. At the expiration of this time, the queen and Prince Albert made their appearance in their "pew," "box," or whatever it is called, and the service immediately commenced. I had the inexpressibly high honor of staring her majesty and her handsome husband in the face for more than an hour. It would be hard to describe the fear and trembling with which I awaited, in the presence of so many of the mighty ones of the land, the approach of the mistress of the seas, the mighty, terrible, gracious queen of the British empire. My sensations well nigh overwhelmed me, until I remembered that beautiful saying of the wise man, "A cat may look at a king." Surely, thought I, if pussy can look at a king, a yankee can look at a queen; and I immediately regained my composure to such an extent, that when her majesty appeared, I felt no more alarm, than I should at the approach of a woman, whom, in appearance, Victoria, in truth, very much resembles.

From the *Charleston (S. C.) Patriot*.

The devil loves church music! I have seen him  
Sit a whole sabbath in a damsel's eye,  
While she, with fan uplifted, strove to screen him,  
From those who strove as busily to spy;  
And all the while her lips, as if to wean him,  
From his snug home, unfold in melody,  
With how devout an accent, and sweet quiver,  
As if entreating still—"Good Lord, deliver."

Hon. Martin Brimmer, vice president of the Boston Academy of Music and ex-mayor of Boston, died at his residence on Beacon street, Boston, April 24.

## CHURCH MUSIC.—NO. IV.

Music, an amusement. We love to regard it as such. We never have witnessed more happiness than we have seen among children, engaged in singing the beautiful juvenile songs, which, happily, are now so abundant; or more pure enjoyment than we have found in the social singing circles of young men and women. Soon may the time come when music shall be so universally cultivated, that it may take the place of the thousand vicious amusements which now allure the young from the paths of peace and pleasantness.

Music, an art. We have the highest respect for all who cultivate and esteem it as such. We reverence the artist who can command its hidden resources, and we no less admire every one who can appreciate and understand the artist's labors, and the composer's works. What a world would this be, if every one's taste was so cultivated, that works of genius could be universally appreciated!

Music, a language. What a language! how suited to express the most elevated, the inmost emotions of the soul! What better adapted for a medium through which man can praise and adore his Maker!

"Music! O how faint, how weak,  
Language fades before thy spell!  
Why should feeling ever SILENCE,  
When thou canst BREATHE her soul so well!"

As far as our observation extends, in all those churches in America in which choir singing is adopted, music is invariably regarded by the congregation either as an amusement, a recreation, or (in the wealthier churches) as an artistic display on the part of the choir. We do not believe there is a church in the Union, in which a tenth part of the congregation regard the musical services of the sanctuary in any other light. We speak not now of the members of choirs. They are generally considered as being the only persons in the congregation who have anything to do with this exercise. All out of the choir are mere passive hearers, enjoying a "breathing spell" while the choir are exhibiting their skill. Should an angel from heaven appear among one of our best congregations, where the performances of the choir are absolutely unexceptionable, (there are such congregations, even in New England,) we believe he would pronounce the service, as a whole, one which He who seeks to be worshiped in spirit and in truth, could not accept. Were he to make such an announcement, we doubt not every eye in the congregation would instantly fasten upon the choir, all anxiety to know what great sin those who occupy the singing gallery have committed, that they have thus destroyed the offering all professed to make to Israel's God. The besetting sin of all churches where choir singing is used, is, the universally prevailing idea, that the choir alone have to do with the service. A song of praise acceptable to God, means, with them, a tune sung by the choir in perfect time and tune. A highly devotional hymn means, a hymn well sung by the choir to a pleasing tune. Improving church music means, making the choir sing in better tune and time. Making exertions to have the exercise of singing performed properly, means, making exertions to have the choir instructed in the science of music. Singing with the understand-

ing, means, singing by note. Singing with the heart, means, the choir feeling what they sing. In short, singing with the heart is altogether and entirely lost sight of, and singing with the understanding, with science, with skill, is all in all, with almost all of every congregation in the land. We do not know that St. Paul meant singing with the heart while the voice is silent, when he recorded the command to sing with the heart as well as with the understanding, but we do know that such a thing is possible. We do know that every member of a congregation can join with the heart, in the hymn of praise, as truly, as fervently, as devoutly, when the musical sounds issue from a well-balanced, perfectly-tuned choir, as when they issue from his own voice. We do know, that where it is understood that the choir are to sing and the congregation to remain silent, it is the bounden duty of every member of the congregation to unite with heart and soul in the service, just as much, and in the same manner, that it is his duty to unite in prayer when the minister prays. No member of the congregation does right, who devotes his attention during prayer, to criticising the minister's style and voice. No member of the congregation does right, who, during singing, devotes his thoughts and attention to criticising the singers or the tune.

Great attention has been given to the subject of church music of late years, but it has almost all been given to the scientific part of the subject, hardly any to the spiritual part. Particularly has no attention been devoted to instructing congregations with regard to the necessity of joining in heart in the songs of Zion, whether they join with the voice or not.

## CHURCHES IN BOSTON.—NO. VIII.



KING'S CHAPEL.

Rev. E. Peabody, pastor; Thomas Comer, organist. This was the first episcopal church established in New England. The first edifice was built on the site of the present one, in 1689. The corner-stone of the present building was laid in 1749. It is of unhammered stone, presenting an appearance of massive grandeur suited to distinguish in former days the place of worship of the king's functionaries. After the evacuation of the British troops, this church remained closed, until re-opened by the society in 1782. They chose as pastor Mr. James Freeman, in 1783. During the term of his ministry, various alterations were made in the liturgy, which finally resulted in the omission of the doctrines of the trinity, and thus the first episcopal church

in New England became the first unitarian church in America.

The order of service in this church is similar to that of the episcopal church, beginning with a voluntary on the organ, or introductory vocal piece. Then follows the liturgy, in the course of which may be introduced two chants and a Te Deum, or three chants. There is also an opportunity for another voluntary or anthem. Thus there may be five pieces of music, besides hymns, in the morning service; and an extensive variety may be introduced naturally, and as a part of the service. "In other forms of public worship, the music is too apt to appear as if it were a sort of embellishment, accidentally thrust in." After the liturgy follows a hymn, then the sermon, preceded by a short collect, then another hymn, and the benediction. In the afternoon, the order of service is the same as in the morning, except that the "Venite exultemus," which is called the morning chant, does not occur, and, instead of the Te Deum, a chant is sung after the first lesson.

For twenty years past, the Hon. Samuel A. Elliot (president of the Boston Academy of Music,) has been the committee of the church upon music, and for the greater part of that period he has been the leader of the choir. For several years Mr. Elliot was mayor of Boston, but did not on that account vacate his seat in the choir. The choir consists of five voices, two base, and one on each of the other parts, and has remained unchanged, except by the death of some of its members, for sixteen years. Four members of the present choir have belonged to it for thirteen years. The present organist has held his situation for sixteen years. The present and previous organists have written a considerable quantity of music, chants, anthems, &c., particularly suited to such a choir. The merit of this music has been enhanced by its adaptation to the service of the church, and the powers of those who were to perform it. The members of the choir are paid for their services. The congregation sit during singing; they formerly stood and faced the choir.

The organ was placed in the church in 1756. It has three banks of keys, and the following stops: in the choir organ, open and stopped diapasons, dulciana, flute, principal, cremona. In the swell organ, stopped and open diapasons, principal, hautboy, trumpet. In the great organ, stopped and open diapasons, principal, 12th, 15th, trumpet, cornet No. 1, cornet No. 2, cornet No. 3, cornet No. 4, sesquialtra No. 1, sesquialtra No. 2, sesquialtra No. 3, sesquialtra No. 4, i. e., the cornet and sesquialtra are each of four ranks, but instead of the four ranks being drawn by one stop, as in modern organs, each rank has a separate register. The draw-stops in this organ have black knobs, and the name, instead of being engraved on the knob, is printed on a paper label, and pasted under each stop. In this organ, the upper bank of keys is the swell organ, the middle bank the great organ, and the lower bank the choir organ. It is believed this organ contains the first, or one of the first swell organs, ever built.

The inveterate dislike of the early settlers of New England, to the service of the church of England, is well known. Probably to no part was more objection made than to the chanting, and the "chest full of whistles," as organs were contemptuously called. The first organ used in New England was erected in this church, and it was undoubtedly an object of pious horror, to our worthy forefathers and fore-mothers. Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, for many years rector of King's Chapel,

has published a work, entitled, "History of King's Chapel, Boston." From it we copy, verbatim et literatim, the account of the first organ erected in this church, and also a notice of the organ now in it, about which, as will be seen, there is a tradition that it was selected by Handel:

"In 1713 a clock was given by 'the Gentlemen of the British Society;' and a more important present still, that of an organ, demands a more particular notice. The following is a record of a meeting held in consequence of the bequest:

'At a meeting of the gentlemen of the Church this 3d day of August, 1713, referring to the *Organs* given them by Thomas Brattle Esq. deceased. Voted that the *Organs* be accepted by the Church, and that Mr. Myles answer Mr. William Brattle's letter concerning the same.'

"A few days afterwards, the organ, or organs, as that instrument seems to have been commonly called, was brought into the church, though it was not put up till the following March. A Mr. Price was engaged to be the organist, but only temporarily, till one could be obtained from England; and a contribution was raised from sundry 'well disposed gentlemen and other persons,' of whose names a list is given, 'towards the maintenance and support of the organs,' which amounted to between forty-three and forty-four pounds. The wardens were instructed at a vestry meeting, to write to Col. Redknap, their agent in London, to entreat of him his favor in going to Mr. Edward Enstone, living next door to Mr. Masters's, on Tower Hill, to inquire into his ability as an organist, and to offer him the situation at the chapel, with a salary of £30 per annum, colonial currency, 'which,' they observe, 'with dancing, music, &c., they doubt not will be sufficient encouragement.' Col. Redknap attended to the commission at once, and writes, in a letter dated April 27, 1714, that he had engaged Mr. Enstone or Instone, to go over to Boston on the proposed salary, on the condition that £10 sterling should be paid him for his and his wife's passage; that he would probably sail about the end of July, and in the meantime was to acquaint himself with the manner of keeping an organ in repair. In July he writes again, and sends over a copy of the articles of agreement made with Mr. Enstone, but says he will not be able to sail so soon as was expected. Another letter, dated September 7, same year, mentions Mr. Enstone as having taken his passage, and speaks of him as 'a person of a sober life and conversation, and well qualified for what he hath undertaken.' He entered on his duties here as organist about Christmas, 1714, till which time Mr. Price had been serving for the same salary. This interesting business was thus happily concluded, and the music of the chapel must now have been a great and attractive, though to many a very offensive novelty; for there is no doubt that this organ was the first ever heard in public worship in all New England."

"In 1756 the noble organ which now stands in our west gallery was procured from England, and paid for by the subscription of individuals belonging to the church. Its original cost in London was £500 sterling; and when all charges were added, its whole expense amounted to £637. As it was obtained by private subscription, no notice of it whatever is taken in the church records. The only memorial concerning it with which I am acquainted, is a paragraph in the 'Boston Gazette and Country Journal' of 30th August,

1756, which is copied into our later records, and is as follows:

'We hear that the organ, which lately arrived from London by Capt. Farr for King's Chapel in this Town, will be opened on Thursday next in the Afternoon; and that said organ (which contains a variety of curious stops never yet heard in these parts,) is esteemed by the most eminent masters in England, to be equal, if not superior, to any of the same size in Europe.—There will be a sermon suitable to the Occasion; Prayers to begin at four o'clock.'

"There is a very current tradition respecting this organ, that it was selected by Handel himself. Taking into consideration the above reference to 'the most eminent masters in England,' we may receive this tradition as founded in truth. And moreover, as the organ was designed for the king's chapel in New England, we may readily suppose that his majesty's favorite musician would at least be desired to give his opinion of its merits; and this opinion, being favorable, might be called a selection, even if the 'mighty master' gave himself no farther trouble with its purchase. Handel died in 1758, and was blind eight years before his death. But sight was not at all necessary in the office supposed to be assigned to him, and though his eyes never could have measured the external proportions of this organ, his ears most probably have judged of its tones and powers, and his own hands rested on its keys."

There being no less than nine James Johnsons, and twenty J. Johnsons, in the Boston Directory, the legislature of Massachusetts by unanimous vote have decided that James Johnson, jr., of Boston, may take the name of James Claghorn Johnson. By the cognomen, "J. C. Johnson," therefore, the junior editor of this paper will hereafter be known.

**CONCERTS.**—A fine Italian opera company, from Havana, (consisting of seventy-three persons,) are performing with great success, in Boston. They gave concerts on Saturday evenings, May 1 and 8. The prima donna is thought by some to be equal to the best sopranos now before the European public. At the first concert, the performance of Signor Botesini upon the double base, seemed to excite "considerable wonder." The Ethiopian serenaders have given quite a number of concerts in Boston, and the Swiss bell ringers have "done likewise," in New York.

#### FOREIGN ITEMS.

The hornist, Vivier, considered by some the first on his instrument, lately received, from the Philharmonic Society of Tours, a beautiful horn, with an inscription, which may be rendered, "Behold a horn made by the king of manufacturers, and destined for a king, Jerome of Westphalia, and which, after sojourning for a long while in unworthy hands, now is on the way to new royalty."—At a rehearsal of Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*, one of the ladies, in the passage, "And our fathers they slew," did not, in the director's opinion, give exactly the right expression. "Miss —," said he, "now try to imagine that your father is being killed, and sing exactly as you would in such a case!" Zelter, of Berlin, once said to the female portion of a choir, "Dear ladies, you have sung like a chorus of swine!" These examples (says the narrator,) are not to be imitated.—Spohr celebrated, on the 20th of January, his

twenty-fifth year jubilee, in Cassel, where he has been kapel-meister for that length of time. Among other proceedings, Madame Birnbaum (literally, *pear-tree*.) placed a crown of laurel upon his head, when he was covered with a shower of garlands, flowers, and billets containing poetic gratulations. In addition to several honors and offices from the elector of Hesse Cassel and the authorities of its capital, he has received from the king of Prussia the order of "the red eagle," third class.

#### CHICKERING'S PIANO FORTES.

A LARGE and choice selection of these unrivalled piano fortes will always be found at the store of the subscriber. Prices, same as at the warehouse of the manufacturer.

Here, also, will be found a very extensive stock of musical instruments, of every kind in general use, viz. violins, violoncellos, and double basses, flutes, fifes, and flageolets; accordions and melodeons of every class; instruments of every description for military bands. Also, a large and very superior assortment of guitars. In all cases, the prices will be found uniform and low. LUKE F. NEWLAND, 285 331 Broadway, first store north of Bleeker Hall, Albany, N. Y.

#### REED ORGANS.—REMOVAL.

THE subscriber respectfully gives notice that he has removed from 63 1-2 Congress street, to 388 Washington street, Boston, where he will be happy to receive all who may wish for reed organs of his manufacture. His organs differ in their general construction from the scrappine, and the tone is not confined to one variety, but has as much difference in its character as have the pipes of common organs. Prices vary from 20 to 300 dollars. M. O. NICHOLS,

#### TEACHERS' INSTITUTE AT HARTFORD, CT.

MESSES. LOWELL, MASON and GEORGE JAMES WEBB, propose to hold a teachers' institute, or convention of teachers of vocal music, leaders of choirs, and other persons interested in the subject of church music, in Hartford, Conn., beginning on Tuesday, June 1, at 9 o'clock, A. M., and continuing four days.

The exercises will consist of:  
1. Lectures on teaching: in which the most approved method of teaching vocal music, in classes or common singing schools, will be explained and illustrated.

2. Instructions on the formation, delivery, and cultivation of the voice, in musical elocution, adaptation, and in the various subjects connected with vocal music, with particular reference to church music.

3. Exercises in singing, accompanied with such criticisms and instructions, as may have a tendency to promote a chaste and appropriate style of performance, and the true design of music as connected with public worship.

4. Answers to such questions as may be proposed relating to vocal or instrumental music, sacred or secular, theoretical or practical; or the discussion of any musical subject which may be interesting and useful to the members of the institute.

Although the class is intended principally for teachers, or leaders of choirs or congregations, yet any person having a sufficient knowledge of music to sing common psalmody at sight, may derive both pleasure and profit from an attendance. The exercises will also be adapted to the wants of such teachers of common schools, as may desire to introduce music as a branch of study.

It is important that those who attend the course should be present at the first lesson.

Tickets, admitting a lady and a gentleman, may be obtained at the bookstore of Brown & Parsons, Hartford, at two dollars and a half each. Clergymen are invited to attend, free of expense.

#### TEACHERS' INSTITUTE AT TROY, N. Y.

A COURSE of exercises in all respects like those of the class to be held at Hartford, Conn., will commence in Troy, N. Y., on Tuesday, May 25. LOWELL MASON, GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

#### NEW SCHOOL MUSIC BOOKS.

**THE PRIMARY SCHOOL SONG BOOK.** In two parts. The first part contains the most suitable for primary or juvenile singing schools, and the second part consisting of an explanation of the inductive or Pestalozzian method of teaching music in such schools. By Lowell Mason and George J. Webb, professors in the Boston Academy of Music. It is supposed that any mother or primary school teacher, who can herself sing, although she may know so little of the musical characters as not to be able to read music herself, may, by the help of these directions, be enabled to teach her pupils with good success, and thus prepare the way for a more thorough and extensive course in higher schools.

**THE SONG BOOK OF THE SCHOOL ROOM,** consisting of a great variety of songs, hymns, and scriptural selections, with appropriate music, arranged to be sung in one, two, or three parts: containing, also, the elementary principles of vocal music, prepared with reference to the inductive or Pestalozzian method of teaching; designed as a complete music manual for common, or grammar schools. By Lowell Mason and George James Webb. This work has been prepared with reference to the wants of common schools and academies, and is designed to follow the above work. In it will be found many songs, adapted to the various circumstances of school children and youth, from eight to ten, to fourteen or sixteen years of age. The variety is thought to be greater than in most similar works, including the cheerful and enlivening, the calm and soothing, and the sober and devout.

Teachers and school committees are requested to examine the above works. Published by WILKINS, CARTER & CO., 16 Water street, Boston, and for sale by the booksellers generally.

#### HUMMEL'S CELEBRATED SCHOOL

FOR the piano forte, designed for the use of teachers and advanced pupils. Containing over 800 pages. Written at the request of the principal professors in Germany, by L. M. HUMMEL, chapel master to the grand duke of Saxony, &c. For sale by D. PALME, under the Bowdoin Square Church, and at the music stores.

#### JUST PUBLISHED,

BY R. B. MUSSEY, No. 29 Cornhill, Boston, and for sale by booksellers generally, "THE MAY FESTIVAL," a union of music, poetry, and flowers, for the first, middle, or last of May; with plain directions; by J. JOHNSON, JR. It is intended for all collections of young people who can sing. Price 12 1-2 cents per copy.

## SUNRISE.

E. AUSCHUTZ.

*Allégre.*

1. See how the east in pur - ple glows, How spreads the golden ray; The sun his kindling radiance

2. O welcome! day's most glo - rious king; Thy light with joy I see, And low - ly bow my soul to

The sun his, &c.

shows, And darkness fades a - way, a - way, And dark - ness fades a - way.

Him Who made both thee and me, and me, Who made both thee and me.

3. Who from his wisdom and his love  
Formed all thy light surveys,  
And countless, countless brilliant spheres,  
Far, far beyond thy rays.
4. O, source of "uncreated light,"  
Shine in my inmost heart,  
And show my wandering soul the path  
To regions where thou art!

## RANDALL. 7s &amp; 6s.

S. NOLEN, JR.,  
Organist at Messiah Church, Boston.

*Allégre.*

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better por - tion trace; Rise, from tran - si - to - ry things, Toward heaven, thy destined place.

2. Cease, my soul, O, cease to mourn, Press onward to the prize; Soon thy Saviour will re - turn, To take thee to the skies;

Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove.

There is ev - er - last - ing peace, Rest, en - dur - ing rest, in heaven; There will sorrow ever cease, And crowns of joy be given.

## JUBILATE DEO.

S. NOLEN, JR.

*Morning prayer, after the second lesson.*

1. Oh, be joyful in the Lord, - all ye lands; serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song.  
 3. Oh, go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, } courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and speak good of his name.  
 and into his  
 5. Glory be to the Father, and - to the Son; and - to the Holy Ghost



2. Be ye sure that the Lord - he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we our- } people, and the sheep of his pasture.  
 4. For the Lord is gracious; his mercy is - ever } last - and his truth endureth from - to generation.  
 6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and - ever sh'll be, world with - out end. A - men.

## KIRK. C. M.

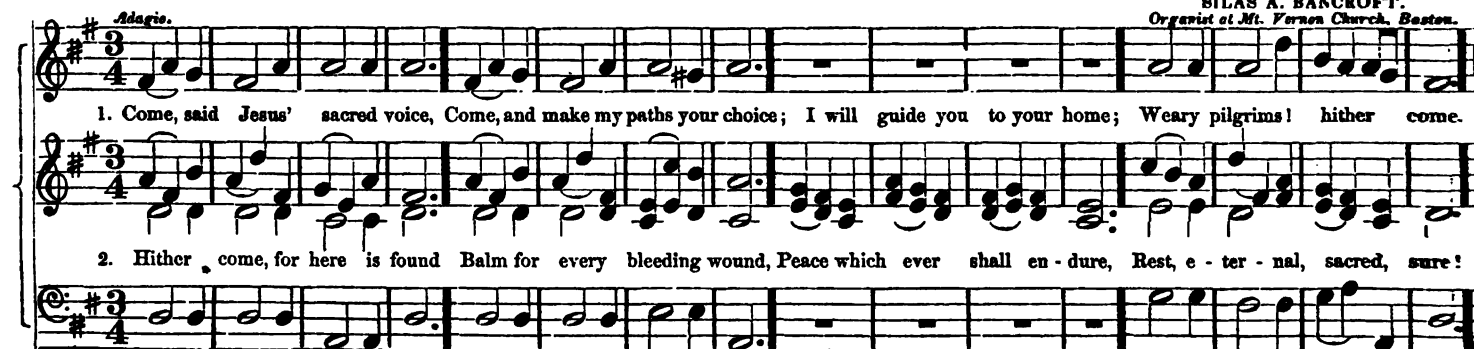
SILAS A. BANCROFT.

*Affettuoso.*

1. Oh thou, whose tender mercy hears Con - trition's humble sigh; Whose hand indulgent wipes the tear From sorrow's weeping eye; -

2. See, Lord, before thy throne of grace, A wretched wanderer mourn: Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, Re - turn!

## PALMER. 7s.

SILAS A. BANCROFT.  
Organist at Mt. Vernon Church, Boston.*Adagio.*

1. Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home; Weary pilgrims! hither come.

2. Hither come, for here is found Balm for every bleeding wound, Peace which ever shall en - dure, Rest, e - ter - nal, sacred, sure!



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In the clerk's office of the district court of Massachusetts.

From the New Mirror.

## DREAM OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

I had, one morning, finished a symphony which pleased me. After an excellent dinner, I fell into a gentle slumber. Suddenly I found myself in the concert room, where all the instruments held an assembly; the sentimental oboe, brimful of naive pertness, presiding. On the right, a party had formed, consisting of the viol d'amour, basset horn, viol di gamba, and flute douce, who were bewailing the good old times. On the left, the lady oboe had formed a circle of young and old flutes and clarinets, with and without the innumerable modern keys. In their midst stood the gallant piano, surrounded by a few sweet violins, who had been educated in the school of Pleyel and Greyowetz. The trumpets and horns feasted in a corner; and the piccolo flutes and flageolets were noisy in the hall, with their innocent and childish mirth, which pleased their mamma, the oboe, who assured them that their tones possessed the genius of Jean Paul, elevated by the skill of Pestalozzi.

All were in high glee, when the old double base (accompanied by a few of his own kin—the violoncellos,) rushed into the room, and, full of ill humor, threw himself into the director's chair, with such force, that all the surrounding string instruments, in their fright, vibrated with apprehension.

"I am undone," he exclaimed, "if such compositions are to occur every day! I just came from the rehearsal of a symphony, by one of these new composers; and though, as you all know, I have a pretty strong and powerful constitution, I could not have held out a moment longer, and in five minutes more my bridge would have broken, or the cords of my life have snapped, for they made me jump and rave like a madman. I would rather be turned into a common dance-fiddle, and earn my bread at Miller's or Kaner's balls, than to be a violin, and be compelled to execute the new-fangled ideas of these new composers."

*First violoncello* (wiping his forehead.)—You are in the right. I, too, am more fatigued than I remember to have been since the time of Cherubini's operas.

*All the instruments.*—Pray tell us all about it!

*Second violoncello.*—It is a difficult task. The symphony we have just played is a musical monster. It is not the execution of any particular thought, and no object is regarded, except that of appearing novel and original. We have to climb up, like the violin.

*First violoncello* (interrupting.)—Just as if I could not do it as well.

*Second violin.*—Let every one attend to his own business.

*Tenor.*—Certainly; for I stand still between; and what would people say of me?

*First violoncello.*—Nobody speaks of you, now-a-days. The object of your existence is to float along in unison with us, or you are intended to create horror and excitement. We have an instance of your value in the Waterman; but as far as melody goes—

*First oboe.*—There, surely, nobody can compare with me.

*First clarinet.*—You will allow us, madame, to mention our talents?

*First flute.*—Yes, if you confine your remarks to marches and weddings.

*First bassoon.*—Who comes nearer to the glorious tenor than myself?

*First horn.*—You surely do not imagine you unite as much strength and softness as I do?

*Piano.*—And what is all this, compared with the fullness of harmony I contain. When you are all only parts of the whole, I am independent, and—

*All the instruments* (crying together.)—Ah, be quiet, do! You cannot sustain even a single note.

*First oboe.*—No porta mento.

*Second flageolet.*—Mamma is in the right.

*Second violoncello.*—No proper tone can be heard in all this noise!

*Trumpets and drums* (interrupting fortissimo.)—Silence! We, too, mean to be heard. What would the entire composition be without our effect? If we don't crash, not a soul will applaud.

*Flute.*—"The emptiest things reverberate most sound." The sublime lives in a whisper.

*First violin.*—If I were not to lead you, you would all be valueless.

*Double base* (jumping up.)—Stuff and nonsense! I keep the whole together. Without me, you would be of no account.

*All the instruments* (together.)—I alone am the soul, and without me you are nothing!

Suddenly the director entered, and the instruments separated, frightened, for they feared his powerful hand, which gathered and carried them to rehearsal.

"Just wait! you rebels!" he exclaimed; "the symphony of Beethoven is to be laid before you, and then we shall see whether you dare to do more than is set down for you. Every one of you will be confined to the score."

"Ah! anything but that!" they all exclaimed.

"Rather an Italian opera," said the tenor; "there at least I can occasionally nod."

"Nonsense!" answered the director; "You will soon be taught otherwise. Do you think that in our enlightened times, when the artist overleaps all minor difficulties, that a composer should curb on your account the glorious sweep of his imagination? The object is not, now, clearness or distinctness. The times have changed since those old masters, Gluck, Handel, and Mozart, wrote. Listen to a plot that I have received from Vienna, then judge for yourselves. First, a slow tempo, full of short, scattered ideas, three to four notes every quarter of an hour; then a kettle drum, and some

mysterious tenor-tones, adorned with a quantity of pauses and rests! Next, a furious tempo, wherein no principal idea becomes so apparent as to leave the audience time to think. Rapid transition from one tone to another must succeed. At last, take a run through semitones, and then rest upon the particular note we wish, and the modulation is complete. Upon the whole, avoid everything regular, for rule only binds genius."

Here the strings of a guitar that hung over me suddenly broke, and I awoke, just as I was on the eve of becoming a great composer of the modern school; or, in other words, a fool. Thanks to the friendly companion of my song for this attention. I hurried quickly to my just-completed work, found it was not according to the plot of the learned Venitian director, and, with heavenly anticipations of success in my breast, walked leisurely to rehearsal.

## JENNY LIND AND THE GERMAN STUDENTS.

The following amusing anecdote we copy from a German journal, but cannot vouch for its authenticity:

"At the close of last autumn, Jenny Lind had been performing in the town of G—, and had created such a *fièvre* as nearly to drive all the inhabitants mad. The theatre, at which she was engaged, was, during the nights of her performances, an arena for the wildest displays of enthusiasm; the house where she lived was nightly beset with multifarious admirers and multitudinous serenaders; the carriage in which she took her rides literally became a drag for a foot steeple-chase to all the gallants of the town—brief, she could not move without a guard; she could not speak without a bravo; she could not sing without setting folks mad—mad—mad. Chiefest among these madmen were the gowned students of the university of the town of G—. They attended every night at the theatre, and after the performance escorted Jenny Lind home, and remained serenading her all night. But Jenny Lind, though excessively grateful to the G— students for their extra attentions and double christian kindness, could not remain amongst them forever, but was compelled to leave them one charming morning before breakfast. But the G— students had been apprised of her determination to depart at matin cock; and in order to get up early they remained serenading her all night with extracts from her own favorite operas, which, no doubt, from the contrast between their singing and hers, was no indifferent treat to the Swedish nightingale. In the morning they escorted her as far as the ramparts, and, halting at the gates, they gave her three and thirty hearty cheers for a farewell, besides sixteen more for a finale, and a dozen additional by way of a postscript, and several others, the most acceptable of all, when Jenny Lind was out of hearing. No sooner had the carriage disappeared at that turn in the road which winds round the base of the hill whose summit, crowned with tufted trees and evergreens, overlooks a great many places, and presents a delightful panoramic picture to the view of the spectator, than the students gave thirty-three grand cheers more, with the casual ones, *ad libitum*, then flew like wildfire through the streets of G—, and made

straight for the hotel where Jenny Lind had been staying, and demanded of the landlord to be shown to the nightingale's bed-room, which being indicated to them, they rushed up stairs, broke into the singing bird's nest, stripped the bed, tore the sheets into strips, placed them on various parts of their dresses, and rushed through the streets, vociferating the name of Jenny Lind, till the very welkin rang with the syllables. The tumult was not appeased till noon, when the hurricane seemed to die off into a broken tempest, whose gusts were only heard at intervals.

About this time—noon, as we said—an elderly-looking gentleman, an Englishman, as might be implied from the cut of his hat, and his no moustache, who was stopping in the hotel, came into the coffee-room, trembling and excited, especially at the approach of a student. A stranger near the old gentleman, believing him to labor under the effects of illness, and compassionating him, entered into conversation with him. The old gentleman appeared delighted at meeting with a countryman: 'Sir, you are an Englishman; I am so terrified! These German students are very extraordinary people—raving mad.' 'O, not at all,' replied the other; wild and excitable they are, certainly, but capital fellows, I assure you, and very sensible.' 'Then, by heaven, sir,' returned the old gentleman, looking very much terrified and speaking very low, 'there's something political in it, and I am marked.' 'How so?' 'I got up early this morning to take my usual promenade, and while I was away—here the old gentleman halted and appeared quite overcome by terror. 'Well, sir,' said the other. 'They broke into my room, tore up my sheets into ribbons, and are now running through the town wearing the pieces in their hats and button-holes.' The students had gone into the wrong bed-room."

Translated from the Danish by Charles Beckwith.

## AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF OLE BULL.

BY H. C. ANDERSON.

Behind the Alps is the world of adventure; and such a one as only happens to genius took place in Bologna in the year 1834.

The poor Norwegian, Ole Bull, whom at that time no one knew, had wandered thus far southward. In his fatherland some persons certainly thought that there was *something* in him; but the most part, as is generally the case, predicted that there would be nothing in Ole Bull. He himself felt that he must go out into the world in order to cherish the spark into a flame, or else to quench it entirely. Everything, at first, seemed as if the latter would be the case. He had arrived at Bologna, but his money was expended, and there was no place where there was a prospect of obtaining any—no friend—no countryman stretched forth a helping hand towards him—he sat alone in a poor attic in one of the small streets. It was already the second day that he had been here, and had scarcely tasted food—the water-jug and the violin were the only two things that cherished the young and suffering artist. He began to doubt if he were in possession of that with which God had endowed him, and in his despondency breathed into the violin those tones which new seize our hearts in so wonderful a manner, those tones which tell us how deeply he has suffered and felt.

The same evening, a great concert was to be given in the principal theatre. The house was filled to over-

flowing; the grand duke of Tuscany was in the royal box; Madame Malibran and Monsieur de Beriot were to lend their able assistance in the performance of several pieces. The concert was to commence, but matters looked inauspicious—the manager's star was not in the ascendant—M. de Beriot had taken umbrage, and refused to play. All was trouble and confusion on the stage; when in this dilemma the wife of Rossini the composer entered, and in the midst of the manager's distress related, that on the previous evening, as she passed through one of the narrow streets, she had suddenly stopped on hearing the strange tones of an instrument, which certainly resembled those of a violin, but yet seemed to be different. She had asked the landlord of the house who it was that lived in the attic whence the sounds proceeded, and he had replied that it was a young man from the north of Europe, and that the instrument he played on was certainly a lyre; but she felt assured that it could not be so—it must be either a new sort of instrument, or an artist who knew how to treat his instrument in an unusual manner. At the same time she said they ought to send for him, and he might perhaps supply the place of M. de Beriot, by playing the pieces that most otherwise be deficient in the evening's entertainment.

This advice was acted upon, and a messenger was dispatched to the street where Ole Bull sat in his attic. To him it was a message from heaven. "Now or never," thought he; and though ill and exhausted, he took his violin under his arm and accompanied the messenger to the theatre. Two minutes after his arrival, the manager informed the assembled audience, that a young Norwegian, consequently, "a young savage," would give a specimen of his skill on the violin, instead of M. de Beriot.

Ole Bull appeared; the theatre was brilliantly illuminated; he perceived the scrutinizing looks of the ladies nearest to him; one of them who watched him very closely through her opera glass, smilingly whispered to her neighbor, with a mocking mien, about the diffident manners of the artist. He looked at his clothes, and in the strong blaze of light they appeared rather the worse for wear. The lady made her remarks about them, and her smile pierced his very heart. He had taken no notes with him which he could give the orchestra; he was consequently obliged to play without accompaniment—but what should he play?

"I will give them these fantasias which at this moment cross my mind!" and he played improvisatorial remembrances of his own life, melodies from the mountains of his home, his struggles with the world, and the troubles of his mind; it was as if every thought, every feeling, passed through the violin, and revealed itself to the audience. The most astounding acclamations resounded through the house. Ole Bull was called forth again and again; they still desired a new piece, a new improvisation. He then addressed himself to that lady, whose mocking smile had met him on his appearance, and asked her for a theme, to vary. She gave him one from "Norma." He then asked two other ladies, who chose, one from "Othello," and one from "Moses." "Now," thought he, "if I take all three, unite them with each other, and form one piece, I shall then flatter each of the ladies; and perhaps the composition will produce an effect." He did so. Powerfully as the rod of the magician the bow glided across the strings, while cold drops of perspiration trickled down his forehead. There was fever in his blood; it was as

if the mind would free itself from the body; fire shot from his eyes—he felt himself almost swooning; yet a few bold strokes—they were his last bodily powers.

Flowers and wreaths from the charmed multitude fluttered about him, who, exhausted by mental conflict and hunger, was nearly fainting. He went to his home accompanied by music. Before the house sounded the serenade for the hero of the evening, who, meanwhile, crept up the dark and narrow staircase, higher and higher up into his poor garret, where he clutched the water-jug to refresh himself.

When all was silent, the landlord came to him, and brought him food and drink, and gave him a better room. The next day, he was informed that the theatre was at his service, and that a concert was to be arranged for him. An invitation from the duke of Tuscany next followed; and from that moment name and fame were founded for Ole Bull.

## EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL.—NO. VIII.

The first concert which I attended in London was a "morning concert;" so called because performed in that part of the day which London folks call morning. Englishmen don't like to do anything like other nations, and so they breakfast at noon, dine at sunset, sup at midnight, and go to bed just before sunrise. The "morning" concert in question commenced at two o'clock, P. M., and closed at half past five. It was given in the concert room of the queen's opera house. The arrangement of the room was something like that of a theatre, only on a much smaller scale. It contained a pit, which would seat about three hundred persons, and three tiers of boxes, which would perhaps hold as many more. The price for a pit ticket was 10s. 6d. (\$2.50:) upon what terms the boxes were disposed of I could not learn. The seats in the pit were mere benches, covered with thin cushions, and *without backs*. In America, the best performer in the world could not fill a room with such mean accommodations, were the price ten cents a ticket; and yet I had to pay half a guinea for the privilege of sitting on a wooden bench without a back, for four hours. The advertisement stated in italics, that the concert would positively commence at precisely half past one o'clock. I went before one, and took my seat on one of the aforesaid benches *sans backs*, precisely at one o'clock, not to stir from it until half past five. At twenty-five minutes past one, the performances commenced, by the entrance of a huge grand piano forte, lugged along by a half dozen sturdy cartmen. After a good deal of fuss, they got the instrument in its place. This was probably considered a part of the performance; at any rate, it was the only part that commenced precisely at half past one. After the performance of bringing in the piano, there was a recess, until ten minutes past two, at which time a side door opened, and eighteen gentlemen walked on to the stage, and sang a chorus from Meyerbeer, in Italian. Among these singers was Lablache, who has the heaviest body, (weighing between four and five hundred pounds,) and the heaviest base voice, in Europe. The most striking feature of this chorus, to my ear, was the great mellowness and the tremendous power of the voices. Lablache's voice alone seemed as powerful as a hundred common voices united. The programme contained twenty pieces, all vocal, with the exception of a piano-forte solo, performed by Michael Angelo Russo, a boy of twelve years of age. All of the performers were of the highest rank, and the performances

of course of a high order. The performers, however, did not seem to respect the audience much. The pieces were not performed in the order of the printed programme, nor were all in the programme sung. The "finale," particularly, was passed over in what struck me to be a remarkably cool style. After singing the last piece but one, the performers took their hats and walked off, not only not performing the last piece, but saying nothing about it.

**LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The fourteenth annual meeting of this society for the election of officers, &c., was held at their hall, Friday evening, February 5. The secretary's report showed that the increase of members during the past year was forty-five. The number of concerts given by the society in 1846 was eighteen. At these concerts, several oratorios and pieces were performed which were entirely new to the public. Several of the principal singers had not previously appeared at the society's concerts. The receipts from concerts for the year was £3025 9s., and the expenses on account of the concerts £3534 2s. 1d.—leaving a balance of £508 13s. 1d. chargeable to the general funds of the society. The property belonging to the society amounts to £2000. During the fourteen years of its existence, the society has afforded to the public the opportunity of hearing Handel's "Messiah" forty-one times, "Israel in Egypt" seventeen times, "Judas Maccabeus" twelve times, "Sampson" six times, "Solomon" seven times, "Joshua" five times, "Saul" four times, "Jephthah" four times, "Athaliah" once, "Dettingen Te Deum" once, "Jubilate" once, "Zadoc the Priest" twice, Hayden's "Creation" twenty-four times, "Masses" six times; Mozart's "Masses" three times; Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" three times, "Mass in C" twice; Spohr's "Last Judgment" four times; Purcell's "Jubilate" once; Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" eight times, "Lobgesang" eight times, "As the hart pants" once, "When Israel" once. During the last ten years the society has given one hundred and sixty concerts, which have been attended by 306,670 persons. The receipts for these concerts were over £37,000, of which sum £20,000 had been paid to professional musicians. The report, in conclusion, announces the intention of the society to produce several novelties during the year 1847, among which are Handel's "Belshazzar," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and some of Spohr's late compositions; also, that the last two talented composers had been engaged to conduct some of the society's performances.

#### FOREIGN ITEMS.

Felician David has composed a new work, in the style of his "Desert," entitled "Columbus," and it has been performed in the Conservatory of Music in Paris. It is in four parts. The first represents the departure of Columbus; the second a night at sea, with chorus of the sea spirits, song of the sailors, a dream, &c.; the third, a mutiny; the fourth, the discovery of land, "Land! land!" with chorus of savages.—Liszt has been traveling in Russia, and Moser, a celebrated young violinist, has extended his route, "freezing and gathering rubles," as far as Tobolsk, in Siberia.—A violinist, named Adolph Simon, of Vienna, performed in Frankfurt with such success, that Baron Rothschild presented him with a valuable violin.—Preparations are making in Hamburg, to perform Mendelssohn's new oratorio, "Elijah."—Jenny Lind is performing at the

Italian Opera, in London. Mendelssohn is writing an opera for this theatre, the text founded on Shakspeare's "Tempest." The opera will be produced under Mendelssohn's personal direction.—Handel's "Israel in Egypt" was performed recently, at a grand festival given in Dublin for the benefit of the poor. The choruses were sung by the members of the following Dublin societies united, viz., the Hibernian Catch Club, the Anacreontic Society, the Philharmonic Society, the University Choral Society, the Orpheus Society, the Amateur Harmonic Society, the Melophonic Society, the Dublin Madrigal Society, the Society of Ancient Concerts, and the Ladies' Choral Society.—A Mr. Shindler has received from the king of Prussia about \$1500, and the promise of a pension of about \$450, in payment for a portion of the manuscripts of Beethoven.—A project for a "musical electric telegraph," has been laid before the Paris Academy of Science.—In Utrecht, there is a flourishing normal singing school, which has been in operation since the first of last August.—The royal family of England embodies considerable musical talent. Queen Victoria is an excellent piano-forte player, and possesses an agreeable mezzo-soprano voice. The duchess, her mother, plays the piano. Princess Augusta has composed various songs, &c. The duke of Cambridge, uncle to Victoria, is a good violinist. George IV. was a skillful violoncellist and good baritonist. William IV. played the flute. Prince Albert is a composer.—A piano-forte maker in Paris, Sebastian Mercier, has attached a mechanism, by which any piece of music can be transposed to any key at pleasure. The mechanism evidently operates by pushing the keys from one place to another.—In Vienna, there are one hundred and sixty-seven piano-forte makers.

**ORGANS.**—A few days since we examined a reed organ, made by Mr. M. O. Nichols, for a church in Newcastle, Maine. The case is nine feet high, six feet wide, and two and a half feet deep, beautifully finished, with an oil painting, in a rich gilt frame, forming a part of the front. The organ contains the following stops, viz., diapason treble, diapason base, principal treble, principal base, clarinet treble, bassoon base, hautboy treble, trumpet base. It also has a powerful sub-base, and a shifting pedal of such construction that a powerful swell can be produced by it, while the whole organ is also inclosed in a swell. A tremulant pedal also adds to the variety capable of being produced. The cost of this organ was \$350. If we understood Mr. Nichols aright, the reeds are so constructed that they are warranted never to get out of tune. This must be an invaluable quality, for those places where a tuner cannot be easily procured.

We cannot forbear saying a word in favor of the general use of organs as accompaniment to church music. The sole object of instrumental aid in the performance of church music is, or ought to be, to keep the voices in tune. A choir never should be permitted to depend on the instruments for time, for such a practice utterly ruins all musical effect. If the sole object of instruments in our choirs is to keep the voices in tune, it must be absolutely necessary that the instruments themselves should be in tune. Whoever has visited many churches where stringed instruments are used, must be aware that it is seldom, very seldom the case, that they are played in perfect tune, but, on the contrary, in numerous instances, they actually prevent

the voices from giving the correct intonation. If an organ has no other merit, if in order, it will be sure to be in tune, and it requires far less labor and time to learn to play simple church music upon it, than it does to learn to tune, and play a stringed instrument correctly. One performer can sustain all the parts upon the organ, while it requires several to sustain them upon other instruments. Although it may be possible to find one good performer in a small town, it is a rare thing to find a number who can play together in perfect tune. For ourselves, we should very much prefer a \$50 reed organ, or even a \$30 melodeon, to most of the church "orchestras" which it has ever been our lot to hear, for they will at least be sure to be in tune, while stringed instruments will be almost as sure to be out, and thus fail of accomplishing the only object for which instruments ought to be used in church service.

#### CHURCH MUSIC.—NO. V.

It seems to us, that the thing of all others most desirable, with regard to church music, in its present condition, is, that the christian community should be instructed as to its true nature and use. Let choristers, choirs, pastors, and congregations, learn the real object and nature of the musical exercises of the sanctuary. If they are designed to please and tickle the ear, let the arrangements be made which will best accomplish this end. Let performers be employed who best understand catering for the public ear. Let the chorister take measures to ascertain what will best please his audience, and let him make it his sole aim to furnish an agreeable and amusing entertainment. Let him visit the opera, and notice the methods there taken to please the audience. Let him keep a watchful eye on concert givers who best gratify the popular taste, and diligently notice the secret of their success. Let a committee be appointed to receive the requests and suggestions of the congregation, and let the chorister see to it, that he prepares such a variety of dishes, that every man, woman, and child, in the congregation, shall have something adapted to their respective tastes. Let the singers strive diligently after the praise of men, and let not the praise of God be in all their thoughts. In the appointment of the chorister, let one be chosen who will have no conscientious scruples to contend with. Above all, let him not be a professor of religion, for it would be an awful temptation for a church to require such things of one who at all believes that the sabbath should be kept holy, and that on it we are not even to think our own thoughts.

But if church music is not designed as a sensual gratification, a mere musical recreation, then it seems to us that a majority of our churches have wandered far away from the right path. We cannot convince ourselves that the songs of Zion differ much in solemnity from the prayers of Zion. If a church, congregation, and pastor, had contracted the habit of esteeming the prayers as a sort of divertisement, thrown in to relieve the monotony of the services of public worship, and had long been accustomed to regard them as opportunities for the pastor to exhibit his skill in extemporizing and putting curious and original sentences together, having for their sole object the amusement of the audience, who that understands the nature of prayer would not tremble at the sacrilege? We may be in error, but to our mind there is no less sin, in taking solemn words upon thoughtless tongues in praise than in prayer. Our own view of the nature of church mu-



sic is, that it is in almost all respects like prayer. Certainly it is in hymns which contain a direct appeal to God; and even in those which preach to the congregation, it cannot be less sacred than preaching. In either case, amusement, recreation, pleasing this man and gratifying that, have nothing to do with the exercise, and such thoughts should not in any wise enter the hearts of those who lead in the service. If singing a hymn of praise, God is to be pleased, not man; if singing a hymn that "preaches," the audience are to be instructed, not amused.

We repeat it—there is, in our estimation, no part of the subject of church music which so imperatively demands attention, as the instruction of congregations in the true estimation in which the exercise ought to be held.

### CHURCHES IN BOSTON.—NO. IX.



PARK STREET CHURCH,

As seen from Boston Common, near the big elm.

Rev. S. Aiken, pastor; A. N. Johnson, organist and conductor.

This church is situated at the corner of Tremont and Park streets, having Boston Common on one side, and the Granary Burying Ground on the other—one of the most commanding and delightful spots in the city. Indeed, it is a question whether there is a church in New England more pleasantly situated. The spire is elevated 218 feet above the pavement, and forms one of the most striking features of the city. Park Street Church is of the orthodox congregational denomination. In 1809 all of the congregational churches in Boston, except the Old South, had embraced the unitarian faith. Park Street Church was dedicated January 10, 1810. From it and the Old South, have sprung all of the orthodox churches in the city, now thirteen in number. In 1838, the roof of the building was raised twelve feet, and the interior of the church entirely rebuilt, at an expense of \$25,000.

The choir consists of fifty members, none of whom are paid. The organ loft is very commodiously arranged, and contains ample accommodations for a choir of eighty. The choir meets regularly for practice on Saturday evenings throughout the year, besides which, the young ladies connected with the choir devote regularly an hour on two afternoons in the week, to the practice of solfeggios and other practical exercises. The present is the third organ which has been in the

house since its erection. It was built by Thomas Appleton, of Boston, in 1838, and has three banks of keys, sub-base to CCC, coupling stops for pedals, and to connect great and swell organs, and (unusual in three-banked organs) three shifting pedals for the great organ. The great organ contains two stopped and two open diapasons, principal, 12th, 15th, sesquialtre, mixture, treble and base trumpets. The choir organ contains stopped and open diapasons, dulciana, flute, principal, 15th, cremona. The swell organ contains stopped and open diapasons, dulciana, principal, cornet, hautboy, clarinet. The organ is painted white, with gilt front pipes. (All of the organs heretofore described have real or imitation mahogany or rosewood cases.) The order of service is, A. M., 1, organ voluntary; 2, chant; 3, prayer; 4, reading of the scriptures; 5, hymn; 6, prayer; 7, hymn; 8, sermon; 9, prayer; 10, benediction;—P. M., 1, organ voluntary; 2, hymn; 3, prayer; 4, hymn; 5, sermon; 6, prayer; 7, hymn; 8, benediction. The congregation stand during prayer, and sit during singing, except during the last singing in the afternoon. The Church Psalmody is the hymn book used in this church. The organist's salary is \$600.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE ORGAN.—NO. VIII.

*The Stops.*—The principal stops may be described as follows:

1. *Open diapason* (open unison).—This is one of the principal stops, and is the foundation and most essential stop in the organ. It is called open, from its pipes being open at the top; the pipes are made of metal, the lower ones frequently of wood, and, in large organs, they are generally placed in front.

2. *Stopped diapason* (stopped unison).—The pipes of this stop are generally made of wood, and stopped at their tops by square plugs; though sometimes the pipes in the treble are made of metal. The two diapasons are the foundation of the organ.

3. *Principal*.—This stop is tuned an octave higher than the diapasons. It is composed of open metal pipes.

4. *Twelfth*.—This is an open set of pipes, a twelfth above the unison diapason, and runs throughout the instrument. It is sometimes combined in the *sesquialtre*, and not a separate stop.

5. *Fifteenth*.—This stop consists of open metal pipes. It is tuned an octave above the principal, and is therefore two octaves above the diapasons. It covers the twelfth, which should not be drawn without the fifteenth.

6. *Sesquialtre*.—A compound stop of three or more ranks of small open metal pipes, which are tuned in thirds, fifths, and eighths, to the foundation stops, so that every key, when pressed, produces a common chord. The interval which the pipes form with the diapasons are the 17th, 19th, and 22d. Towards the top of the instrument, the pipes become so extremely shrill, that it is usual to make several breaks or repetitions in the series, by employing pipes similar to those used in the octaves below, and thus transposing the notes an octave lower.

7. *Mixture*.—This is a compound stop, consisting of three, four, five, or six ranks of small metal pipes, tuned in thirds, fifths, and eighths, to the foundation stops. Its tone is shriller than that of the *sesquialtre*.

8. *Cornet*.—This is also a compound stop, consisting of three or more ranks of open metal pipes, tuned in thirds, fifths, and eighths, to the foundation stops. It

is only a half-stop, as it seldom or never runs below middle C. Its tones are loud and rather harsh; for which reason it is not generally used in modern organs; as, for all useful purposes, the *sesquialtre* supplies its place. In some organs, the cornet is nothing more than the treble of the *sesquialtre*.

9. *Larigot* (or octave twelfth) is a stop consisting of open pipes, tuned a twelfth above the principal. It is one of the mutation stops, running throughout the instrument.

10. *Nazard*.—The French name for the twelfth. (See *Twelfth*.)

11. *Tierce*.—An open metal stop, tuned a major third above the fifteenth. It is seldom used, except in large organs, as its place is supplied by the compound stops.

12. *Furniture*.—An open set of very small metal pipes, tuned three octaves above the diapasons. Its tones are very shrill, and it is only used in the very full organ.

13. *Trumpet*.—This is a very powerful reed stop, voiced in imitation of the instrument of that name. It is in unison with the diapasons, and it renders the chorus or full organ more complete and brilliant, as it strengthens the fundamental sounds, and diminishes the predominance of the *sesquialtre*, mixture, furniture, cornet, &c. The pipe of the trumpet consists of a conical tube, fixed in a metal block, in which also are the tongue, reed, and wire. This stop, like all other reed-stops, is tuned by the elevation or depression of the wire.

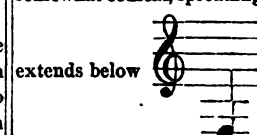
14. *Clarion*.—is also a reed-stop, and is tuned an octave higher than the trumpet. It is only used in the full organ.

The following seven stops properly come under the term solo stops, and may be drawn alone, or with one of the diapasons.

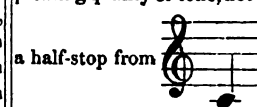
15. *Dulciana* (or *salicional*).—This is an open diapason set of pipes on a smaller scale, but voiced much softer and sweeter. A good dulciana is a great addition to an organ (especially those that have only two rows of keys,) as it may be used in place of one of the choir diapason.

16. *Flute*.—The pipes of this stop are generally made of wood, and open, though formerly they were made of metal, and stopped. This stop is tuned in unison with the principal; but it is much softer and sweeter in tone.

17. *Hautboy*.—A fancy reed-stop, the tone of which is in imitation of the oboe. The tubes are narrow and somewhat conical, spreading out at the top. It seldom



18. *Claribel*.—A stop of modern invention, of a very pleasing quality of tone, not unlike the clarinet. This is



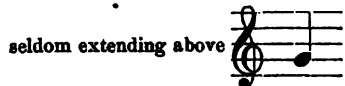
and, in general, is accompanied with the stop diapason base. Sometimes they are combined both in one, under the name of *stop diapason*.

19. *Cremona*, (commonly, but improperly, called *cremona*), from *trum-horn*, or crooked horn, is a reed stop, of a pleasing quality of tone. This stop is very useful for solo passages in the range of the tenor.

20. *Vox-humani* (human voice).—A reed-stop, in uni-

son with the diapasons, the tone of which are supposed to resemble the human voice. Its tubes are cylindrical, with this difference, that blocks are placed within the tubes, and the sound issues through holes bored in these blocks, which occasion their peculiarity of tone. The largest pipes of the vox-humani are not above twelve or fourteen inches.

21. *Bassoon* (fagotto).—A reed-stop, tuned in unison with the diapasons, the pipes of which, like the hautboy, are of a conical form. This is only a half-stop, and



seldom extending above

The two following stops belong to the pedal organ:

22. *Double diapason*.—An open set of metal or wood pipes, tuned an octave below the diapasons. It is the principal stop, in general, to the pedals; and sometimes it is connected with the keys of the organ.

23. *Double trumpet* (trombone)—is the most powerful stop in the organ. The pipes of this reed-stop are of the same length as the double diapason, to which it is tuned in unison. This stop is only used in the pedal organ.

Other stops have been lately added, in imitation of the large German and other organs; as the posauone, bourdon, tenoroon diapason, doublette, corno trombone, corno clarion, clarabel flute, oboe flute (not a reed,) wald flute, suabe flute, echo dulciana cornet, flageolet, piccolo, quint or double twelfth, decima and duodecima (from the Frankfort, Seville, and other great organs,) super octave, cymballe, contra shawm, tenoroon shawm, unison grand posauone, super clarion, psalter, wald krum horn, dulciana, celestina, contra serpent, corno di bassetto, bombarde, ophelide, cornetto, sub-base, tenoroon trumpet, Swiss cromorne flute, rohr flute, regal, or violin reed, glockenspiel, gems horn, contra bourdon, contra fagotto, echo piccolo, echo dulciana cornet (a stop of five ranks of pipes,) clarion fifteenth, clarinet and chalemeau, cromorne flute, clarion posauone, contra posauone, carillons, echo trumpet, tenth or double tierce, &c., &c., which have been added to give weight, power, and brilliancy, to very large organs. Many of the stops are, as may be perceived, fancy solo stops, in imitation of the various instruments they are named after.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I am a constant reader of your paper, and send you the following, founded on fact:

In a once small town in one of the western states, but now a place of some note, a christian minister broke the bread of life to a small flock, whose misfortune it was suddenly to possess a church organ, purchased by subscription. Hitherto, the simple, unostentatious style of their music had gained them the reputation of possessing equally as unsophisticated religious feeling; but how degenerate they became, will be shown in the sequel. I well remember the anxiety with which its advent was regarded. The "putting up" of the wondrous fabric, is fresh in my remembrance; but fresher still are the memories of the scenes passed through, in the leading off that choir with their new organ. All those who hitherto dreaded the sound of their own voice "in meeting" became suddenly valorous—they now flocked around, and offered to sing in the choir. To have refused any at this stage of things would have been madness. All sorts were admitted, from those who so scrupulously regarded time and note that sense

was murdered, to those who entertained a holy horror of all those mystic signs.

The organist was a volunteer, and luckily a person who had a good knowledge of music, though apt to be arbitrary, and insist on the performance of certain strange pieces on short notice; these vagaries, coming but seldom, did not mar the harmony.

At times, the village blacksmith, with lungs like his own bellows, would "visit" us; and most devoutly thankful were we, that they partook of the nature of "angels' visits." The choir consisted of eleven members, seven males and four females, who sang along after the fashion of a sleigh dragging on bare ground; but the novelty of the organ smothered all defects.

Thus wagged musical matters in the church, until the discovery was made that certain singers, who did not attend rehearsals, were not so expert on Sundays as the rest, that is, the practicing members could get through first; and that all might have a fair chance, they were requested to attend practice. This they declined, no doubt preferring a stern chase; but the choir was sterner, and accordingly passed a resolution, intimating, that as they voluntarily absented themselves on Saturday, they should be involuntarily excluded on Sunday. This rash act was the first cause of outbreak in this peaceful little congregation. The head men and rulers visited the leader, to learn the reason of this moving of the waters, so unlike the gentle undulation, or the zephyr's breath, which agitated the pool of old; but the leader thought more of the songs of Zion, than its peace; if he was not permitted to rule, he would leave; and, being a pompous man, well versed in chromatic and diatonic scales, he turned the scale in favor of the continued exclusion of the refractory members.

The discontent among the worshipers now became general, and the minister, a man pre-eminent in mind, his own business, was induced to visit this pompous leader. In vain he urged that the excluded persons were mechanics, and being the only working men in the choir, they, as also the congregation, supposed that the ground of exclusion; that one of the congregation had vehemently declared he would leave the church, not considering it any great boon to worship with "the first people." It was all in vain; he was told that if the choir were compelled to re-admit the tail, it would be at the cost of its head. The argument ceased, and by tacit consent the choir triumphed.

After three or four years, during which nothing more happened worthy of note, than the petty tribulations which afflict all singers, there came a new organist, a comely dame, a professor, a teacher, one who wished to use the church for an advertising office. And, much to the annoyance of the minister, she would play very long voluntaries before service. The minister would often have time enough, while waiting for her to "round off," to find the lessons for the day for a month in advance. Then she was in her glory in "playing the people out," and as sacred music did not admit of sufficient field for her ability, it was not uncommon for the pious worshipers to march out to strains of martial music, or the furious termination of an overture. Frequently were the "starting tears" of repentant sinners (forced out by the soul-searching appeals of the dominie,) "chased away" by "John of Paris," or a touch of "The Marriage of Figaro." She was a powerful aid to the devil in his device of lightening the sinner's load by light music. At one time she would be cramming long-metre psalms into short-metre tunes, at another

vice versa. On one occasion, after a fruitless attempt of this kind, persevered in for some ten minutes, the dominie, getting impatient, or thinking it a new tune, and rather too long, cut it short, by "Let us pray."

Many have been the organists since that time; the church has divided from increase of population; and those musical aspirants who were kept at bay by the aristocrats of the old choir, found admission in the new, where, doubtless, dressed "in a little brief authority," they will tumble the new choir into the same error as the old.

The reflections suggested by the above are these:

1. Sacred music should be subservient to devotion; display is unchristian, and offensive to God.
2. It is useless to aim at perfection in choirs, or to attempt to compel the attendance of singers.
3. Too much anxiety in getting the work in the choir "just so," is a death-blow to serious reflection and vital piety.
4. Sing more with the heart to please God, and less to please man.

FA SOLA.

### CONGREGATION AND CHOIR.

*Why should not the congregation face the choir in singing, as much as the minister in preaching?*

Because, when the minister is preaching, he is not engaged in an act of worship towards his Maker, but merely in an address to his fellow men. When the minister addresses his congregation in a sermon, it is highly proper for his people to look directly at him—this is useful both to the people and to the preacher—but should the people look at their minister when he prays? Certainly not; the address is then to the Creator. To Him let the mind's eye be directed; as for the physical organ called the eye, it had better be closed, but certainly not directed to any particular object, so as to divert the attention from the prayer. Now our psalms and hymns are mostly psalms and hymns of worship, i. e., prayer and praise, addressed not to the congregation, but to God. Let the congregation, then, if they rise, as it seems proper to do in this exercise, consisting mostly in praise, remain facing the pulpit, and not turn round to look at the choir, as if the choir were singing to them.

It may be said that there is a large class of hymns that do not imply an act of worship, but are addressed to our fellow men, and are didactic, descriptive, and hortatory. This is unhappily true, and it is also true that clergymen are very apt to select these very hymns to be sung, perhaps for the very reason that they are not devotional, for the very idea of devotion and singing in connection is almost obsolete, and no wonder that a thinking, conscientious minister, tries to avoid in his selection, those hymns in which he has reason to suppose that God's name will be taken in vain. It is to be regretted that there are so many of this class of hymns in our hymn books, and he would perform a good act who should compile a hymn book which should be emphatically a book of worship. Still, if ministers would give the subject more consideration, we are persuaded that they would make much less use of the hymns referred to, and give out much more frequently—always, indeed, before sermon—a hymn of worship, of prayer and praise, considering it themselves as an act of worship, as much so as are their own extemporary prayers considered, and teaching their people, both by precept and example, thus to consider it. We say before sermon, for it is acknowledged that after

sermon, when there is supposed to be a comparatively exalted state of feeling, an atmosphere has been created in which one of these anti-lyric hymns may live. Still, however, under all circumstances, (if as appropriate,) a hymn of worship is to be preferred.

### MUSICAL CONVENTION.

A musical convention met at Peoria, Ill., April 21, at 10 o'clock, A. M., pursuant to the call.

On motion of W. D. Hillis, Hon. A. M. Hunt, of Peoria, was chosen president, and Thomas J. Moore, M. D., secretary, and George Cone, assistant secretary. A. D. Reed, of Farmington, M. L. K. Hull, of Newburg, and Theodore Adams, of Peoria, were elected vice presidents.

The object of the meeting was briefly stated by Mr. Hillis, and on his motion a committee of four was appointed to present resolutions for the consideration of the convention. Rev. M. N. Miles, Samuel Wilkinson, Theodore Adams, and M. M. Webb, were said committee. The following are the resolutions:

*Resolved*, That music, like religion, has a sanctuary in the human soul, and if duly cultivated and improved, it may be made the handmaid of true piety, and assist in reclaiming this apostate world from the groveling propensities of our nature, and of greatly elevating man in the scale of intelligent being, or it may be employed to encourage and foster the moral passions of the heart.

*Resolved*, That it becomes the conservators of public morals, and all who have at heart the welfare of man, to employ this mighty agent in such a way as to make it subserve the high interests of a virtuous education and of pure religion.

*Resolved*, That music, like all the choice blessings which redound to man, through the beneficence of a gracious God, must be assiduously cultivated, in order to confer substantial good.

*Resolved*, In order that the full measure of blessing which music was designed to yield to man, may be realized, it must be introduced into all our schools of every grade, as a regular branch of instruction, and to this end, we recommend that district societies be organized, and efficient measures taken to sustain a competent instructor permanently, in order to keep up an interest in music; we also recommend an annual convention of all the friends of this science among us, and also the circulation of the Boston Musical Gazette, as a paper eminently qualified to advocate the great interests of sacred music.

*Resolved*, That it is an object worthy the attention of ministers, of legislators, and of teachers especially, to inquire how the power of music may be brought to bear with most advantage upon the young mind, in the process of education; and peculiarly, it becomes all who feel any interest in the public worship of God, to study to adorn and ennoble that worship, by seeking the highest perfection of sacred song.

*Resolved*, That as God gave his sanction, in his ancient temple worship, to the very highest power of both vocal and instrumental music, we may know that it would still be pleasing to him to have the christian church, on his holy day, pronounce his praise in the best style of musical execution.

The first resolution was ably discussed by Mr. Miles, showing the influence which sound music has in refining and elevating the nobler faculties of the soul.

**AFTERNOON SESSION.**—Opened by singing. The

following resolutions were then discussed and adopted:

*Resolved*, That when this convention adjourns it adjourn to meet at Farmington, Fulton county, April 21, 1848.

*Resolved*, That a committee of three for Peoria, and one for each of the adjoining districts, be appointed, to act as a business committee, in order to carry out the wish of this convention, as expressed in the fourth resolution. Said committee consisted of M. M. Webb, T. Adams, and E. Banvard, of Peoria; D. Sanborn, of Brimfield; Thomas J. Moore and John Gregory, of Trivoli; Williston Jones, of Canton; Lucius Parish, of Farmington; Mr. Bush, of Tremont; Mr. Fish, of Washington; John Ward, of Genesee; Mr. Ewing, of Knoxville; Silas Olmstead, of Monmouth; A. Bartholomew, of Newburg; J. Holyoke, Galesburg.

*Resolved*, That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be furnished for each paper in this city, and for the Musical Gazette, Boston.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this convention be returned to the baptist society, for the use of their church.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this convention be returned to the citizens of Peoria, for their hospitality to the delegates from abroad.

**EVENING SESSION.**—1, prayer; 2, singing; 3, address from Rev. Mr. Cady, of Farmington, on music; 4, singing by the choir; 5, benediction.

A. M. HUNT, president.

THOMAS J. MOORE, }  
GEORGE CONE, } secretaries.

**DINING TO SOME TUNE.**—A set of merry tailors lately deputed one of their body, who was a musical genius, to order a Christmas dinner for them. He immediately, with "infinite promptitude," as Matthews says, wrote out the following note to the landlord of the Goose and Gridiron, requesting him to translate them into a good dinner. The landlord, being parish clerk in Thread-needle street, immediately deciphered the enigma; and on the day appointed, a plentiful dinner, peculiarly suitable for the craft, was found smoking on the board. Our musical readers, on reading the notes, will be at no loss to find out what the dinner was:





## THE MAY-FLOWER.

C. A. GABLER.

1. I hail the first blossom of Flo - ra, Sent out to bear tidings of spring; 'Tis strange she should send on be - fore her So

2. From whence are thy beautiful flowers? A - ris - ing 'mid death and de - cay; Are they sent to bring thoughts from the bowers Where

frail and so tender a thing. How white is thy robe, and how pearl - y, No stain on its fold is impressed. How

spirits in blessedness stay? O might I, sweet flower, while sur - round - ed By earth and its cares I re - main, A -

cam'st thou, all fragrant and ear - - - ly, So spot - less from earth's rugged breast? So spotless from earth's rugged breast?

rise from their midst all un - wound - ed, Like thee pure from blemish or stain, Like thee pure from blemish or stain.

## PRAYER. C. M.

M. C., Malone, N. Y.

1. I love to steal awhile away From every cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.

2. I love to think on mercies past, And future good implore, And all my cares and sor - rows cast On him whom I a - - dore.

## MORTALITY. L. M.

MOSES D. RANDALL, *Newburyport, Mass.*

Death, like an overflowing stream, Sweeps us away; our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flower, Cut down and withered in an hour.

## SPEAK GENTLY.

GEORGE DAVIS.

*Chorister at Trinity Church, Chicago, Ill.*

Speak

gently; it is better far To rule by love than fear; Speak gently to the young, for they Will have enough to bear. 2. Speak gently, Let no harsh tone be kindly to the poor,

heard; They have enough they must endure, Without one unkind word.

3. Speak gently to the little child;  
Its love be sure to gain;  
Teach it in accents soft and mild,  
It may not long remain.

4. Speak gently to the aged one;  
Grieve not the care-worn heart;  
The sands of life are nearly run;  
Let such in peace depart.

5. Speak gently to the erring one;  
He may have toiled in vain;  
Perchance unkindness made him so;  
Oh, win him back again.

6. Speak gently; let not harsh words mar  
The good we might do here;  
Pass through this life as best we may,  
'Tis full of anxious care.

7. Speak gently; He who gave his life  
To bend man's stubborn will,  
When elements were fierce in strife,  
Said to them, "Peace; be still."

8. Speak gently; 't is a little thing,  
Dropped in the hearts deep will;  
The good, the joy, which it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

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## AGENTS.

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A. N. JOHNSON,

In the clerk's office of the district court of Massachusetts.

We copy the following from the Boston Traveller, for which paper it was translated from the German. We give the last half of the story. The first part described the young man's endeavors to hear Bach play the organ, in which he at length succeeded, by bribing the sexton to allow him to secrete himself in the church while Bach was playing to some noble visitors. Would that the truths contained in the tale could be impressed upon the hearts of all who have to do with church music:

## JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

The following morning the stranger appeared in the little entry of the cantor's dwelling at St. Thomas, with visible unquiet and anxiety, to enter into the presence of a man who was esteemed in half Europe a prince and king of organ players; before whose greatness, kings and princes humbled themselves. Long stood the young man, in anxious expectation that some one would appear, of whom he could ask admittance. At length the door opened, and a young maiden of about eighteen years, in a simple house dress, but neatly and tidily arranged, made her appearance, and started as she perceived a stranger. The latter could only inquire, stammeringly, whether the Herr music-director Bach resided there, and if a stranger might be permitted to speak with him.

"Father is within," answered the maiden; "will you be so good, and walk in?" Hereupon she opened the door and obliged him to enter without further ceremony. His heart beat audibly; trembling and noiseless he remained standing in the door. The room was empty, with the exception of a man, who, absorbed in thought, sat at a piano forte touching almost silently the chords. "Is that he?" inquired the young man in great perturbation of spirit, gazing scrutinizingly at the man, who appeared not to notice him. The hoary head of hair, cut quite short, to which the sheltering peruke was yet wanting, was half covered by a small, black cap; under the broad, expansive forehead, the thick, bushy, silver-white eyebrows were arched; about the firmly-closed mouth sported a light, sorrowful smile;

but over the whole countenance was displayed a dignity, a manly firmness, which forced the stranger immediately to the avowal, "That is the great Bach!"

It may be that he made this assertion somewhat loud, or that the man at the piano forte observed a person in his room; for he turned in his seat, looked with little twinkling eyes at the door, and asked, "Is any one here?"

"Yes, Herr Capell-meister," answered the stranger, anxious and trembling.

"Who are you? how came you here?" exclaimed the other.

"With much shame I acknowledge my rudeness," continued the stranger, somewhat more courageously, perceiving in the tone and manner of the other, more of surprise, than vexation or anger. "A young maiden bade me enter, and permitted not my request to be announced to the Herr-compositeur, scarcely giving me time to utter a word."

"For what purpose?" said the man, kindly. "You are, without doubt, a stranger, and would bid good morning to the old Bach, as people sometimes call me?"

"Herr Court-compositeur," began the young man—but Bach interrupted him, immediately saying, "What will you with your titles? I am cantor of St. Thomas, and, speaking with all reverence of the potentates who dictated to me such honor, I am, and will ever remain, the cantor Bach. However, approach nearer, and seat yourself, and, moreover, if you will, tell me now, also, who you are."

"I am from Hamburg," returned the youth, "and my name is Schubert. If it were not presumption in me to say before the Herr cantor, that I am an organ-player, I would announce myself as a disciple of this sacred art; yet, as zealously as I have engaged in the cultivation of music, I experienced yesterday that I am no more worthy to seat myself again at an organ. I had the happiness, that I would think not too dearly purchased with my life, to hear the organ played by the Herr cantor. During ten years the longing desire has haunted me day and night, to listen to this wonderful man, whose name dwells upon the lip of every person whose heart has been animated by soul-stirring music. Finally, I set out to silence my longing; and I thank and praise God, that he has so quickly granted my request."

The old cantor earnestly shook his head at these words, and to signify how disagreeable such intimations were to him, passed over the latter part of the young man's observations, and replied, "So you are from Hamburg? You have perhaps known the old Reinke?"

"No," rejoined Schubert, "I was born after the death of this man; but his memory remains to this day as a blessing."

"True, you are quite right," continued Bach; "the image of the venerable old man of an hundred years is indelibly impressed upon my soul. Almost thirty years since, I went to Hamburg to hear Reinke, but was not so fortunate as to have my desires gratified—then the

feeble old man could no longer mount the organ-bench; but he favored me with his society, and took me, a strange, unknown individual, into his house, as a dear son. I had received many honors before, which I esteemed of no value, as I best knew what was still wanting for myself; but as I played to the venerable Reinke the choral 'An Wasser Flüssen Babylons,' he tapped me upon the shoulder, saying, 'I thought this art was long since extinguished, but I see, it still lives,' for the first time I received pleasure from a compliment. However, ere this you may suppose I have forgotten the saying of the apostle, that boasting is of no avail. You are also an organ-player; tell me, what is the object of an organ as regards church music?"

Schubert was a little perplexed at this question; but recovering himself, soon answered, "The organ should support the song of the congregation, and prepare and sustain devotional feeling in the minds of the people."

"Quite right," said Bach. "It pleases me to hear you say support the song; I have heard many organists in my life who entirely drowned the song of the people with the noise of the organ-pipes. Think, young man, of a christian congregation who come to God's house, either to thank the Lord for his goodness and truth with which he has helped them through the long six days, or to petition him for the enlightening of their path, for a knowledge of the true salvation, or to grant them that peace of mind again which the cares of life and a sinful heart have taken from them. A solicitude for God unites all hearts in the one hymn that they sing. Here has now art her first difficulty to overcome, namely, to bring and maintain these in a true uniformity in the song; for, although the all-wise God requires no outward forms in a hymn of praise, and hears mercifully all petitions, supplications, and thanks, if every one sings in his own language, in his own voice, yet a conformity is desirable, that all who sing and pray in one spirit should do it with one voice and in pure melody. For that, the organ should work to sustain the true melody in its purity. But this is the least, as it relates only to outward ceremonies."

"The least?" repeated the stranger, somewhat surprised.

"I say, the least," continued the cantor, "inasmuch as it is only valuable to perform the melody rightly and in requisite time from the psalm-book, unless the organist should have this already in his head. You indeed think, as I suppose, upon the invention of a church melody, so you have a right to be surprised; for I maintain there is no more difficult task in music than to make a perfect and deserving church song. Think—what should the choral be? It should be the holiest and most exalted which can penetrate or exalt the soul of man. It should pour forth religious feeling, in the language of song; it should be made intelligible to the ears and accessible to the hearts of a christian congregation before the presence of God. The choral is the language of devotion. Whoever has the courage to invent a choral melody, does it, either through levity, while he knows not the difficulty of the task, or from the inspirations of a truly pious, God-fearing heart,

transcribing only what is communicated to him by the holy voice of the Spirit of God. You play or sing a choral, and everything moves along so naturally that you are led to anticipate it; and so it must go on, raising in your heart a pressing and soaring upward; it is to you, as if the angel-choir before God's throne mingled with one voice in your song of praise; and it is to your soul at this moment an indication of the nearness of the Lord, a sacred feeling of communion of your spirit with the spirit of God—then you may be sure that the choral is made by one, to whom the power of faith has revealed the language of sacred music. It is written in scripture, faith comes from preaching, and preaching from the word of God; even so can you truly say, the choral is the word of God—the true choral is without words—a christian preacher, from whence comes faith."

As the good old man here ceased, and the stranger still remained silent and overpowered, after a while he continued, "I am still bound to tell you what I believe the second office of the organ, namely, to *prepare* and *sustain* devotional feeling. The melody does not do this, but the harmony of the chorals. You know, young friend, not all church-goers bring rightly-attuned hearts to the house of God; some go to church, taking their whole house, their domestic affairs, their worldly thoughts, their earthly plans, their family troubles and vexations, with them; others have heart and head full of sensual pleasure, and the gayeties of a court life; and again, others come quite empty, without desires, without wants of the heart, going to church because custom requires it; and only a part of those, who, sorrowful and heavy laden, desire to seek light upon their path, strength and courage for their work, and peace for their sorrows.

To all these must the organ address itself, with its powerful and awakening language, that it may arouse the soul from sleep, and incite it to thanks, praise, supplication and prayer. Whether the hymn treats of the sorrow of an oppressed heart or a desire for the mercy of God in Christ our Lord, to this must the organ apply itself; and while the melody of the voices combine together in one tone, in one form, so must the harmony unite the prayers and supplications, the thanks and praises, sighs and complaints of the soul, all in one spirit. The preparation thereto consists in the voluntary and interludes; and the sustaining the awakened feeling belongs to the choir of voices, from whence the melody proceeds and is illustrated. Hence, when I hear an organist who executes all his voluntaries and interludes after one pattern, or who drives up and down like a storm-wind, whilst the hymn, perhaps, treats of the peace of God; who introduces secular music into his performance, thereby destroying the effect of the hymn; or when I see an organist sit trembling and anxious upon his seat, looking over his hymn book, a deep sorrow takes hold of me. The true organ-player seats himself fresh and joyful at the instrument, selects from the psalm book what shall be sung—if otherwise, he has not the hymn in his head and heart—then takes hold in God's name, puts in, with hands and feet, into the A B C book of the instrument, and speaks out the language with those around him; and, moreover, besides a proficiency in the art which he has acquired, there pertains to him a believing heart."

Here the venerable cantor ceased again, and directed his lustrous eyes to the countenance of the young man with an expression of humble joy: who answered him,

after a pause, in a tone of deep sorrow, "What a model! how poor, how unworthy am I, to be denominated an organ-player. I have no mercenary views in my diligence and love for sacred music. For ten years it has been my only desire, my only joy—indeed, I have withdrawn myself from all social intercourse, to live undisturbed in the cultivation of my profession; and still, how inferior I stand before you! Tell me, most honored master, how you have attained such an eminence, which no one before you has ever reached, and to which no one after you may aspire?"

"In the first place," returned the cantor, "I must beg you to refrain from using such flattering expressions, if you take me for a true cantor and organ-player, as I have described him; so you bestow upon me just enough honor," said he, with a peculiar expression, slightly ironical; "but that is it which I will be. But do you know how I have become so? Young friend, I have been obliged to be diligent: that is—if you lay aside the gift of God which he has implanted in my breast, to understand music—the whole secret. Especially," continued the old cantor, after a short pause, smiling pleasantly, "does it recall to my mind an incident in the history of my childhood, which has not occurred to me for a long time. At the age of ten years I was bereaved of my father. God had been pleased to remove my mother from me still earlier. I remained a lone orphan, and knew not what would become of me. I had one older brother, my dear blessed Christoph, who was organist in Olortruff, in the Thuringian forest. He took me and taught me to play on the piano forte. But my good brother could not at all times restrain my inclinations; and the lessons which he placed before me were so easy, I desired him to give me more difficult pieces to practice—but my request was never granted. Christoph had a book which contained many very excellent pieces from Fischer and Froberger, from Bruhns, Bohm, and other great composers. For this book I would willingly have given my life; but while my brother was near I could not possess it. What did I now? The book lay in a desk, closely locked with wooden-grated doors, the space between the grates, however, being wide enough to admit my seizing it with my hand. One day I attempted the thing and was successful. When evening came, and I was sure my brother would go no more to the desk, silently stealing into his chamber, I snatched the treasure and hastened with it into my little attic, where stood my bed, but there I had no light, and could transcribe from it only in the clear, moonshiny nights; always replacing it again in the desk early in the morning, before Christoph should arise. Would you believe me, if I should say, full six months passed away before I became fully acquainted with the manuscript. From this, you can infer why my eyesight is now so bad that I scarcely perceive anything distinctly; and yet I repent not the theft, wrong as it might have been, and the advantage I gained from it little compared with what I had promised myself. Then think as I had finished the book my brother discovered the roguery, took it from me without mercy or compassion, and locked it up in a box to which access was not possible. First, after the death of my brother I came into undisturbed possession of the stolen property. As much as this grieved me at the time, till this day I thank my brother for his rigor, as it proved a valuable lesson to me—to allow myself to be deterred by no obstructions, to accustom myself to all difficulties, and that if any one

would learn anything well, he must be in earnest. Indeed, I confess to you, this incident was but a trial of my inclination for the pursuit of this heavenly art. See now, young friend, diligence accomplishes all; that is, it effects everything if the Lord will add thereto his blessing, who withholds it from no one that asks of him in sincerity. Therefore, be not discouraged, wait courageously, and cultivate sacred music, not for the honor and reward of men, but for the praise and glory of God; then you will succeed. And now excuse me, I hear the clock strike ten; that is the hour which is devoted to my dear choir, for their rehearsal for the next sabbath. Indeed, I can do but little more. My son Friedeman, who assists me, is here even now—but I would willingly assist you by my experience. May God guide you, young friend, and if you would not leave the old Bach quite discontented, so let him sometimes hear from you."

From the Christian Mirror, Portland, Me.

### SINGING IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

Experiment is more satisfactory than theory untried. The experiment made in Portland the year past, in having singing taught in public schools, is deserving attention from the friends of education throughout the state. The school committee of Portland employed Mr. A. P. Wheelock to teach singing in the male and female grammar schools and in the high school. The committee have recently reported on this subject; and the following is a part of the report:

"He has faithfully attended to his duties, devoting two hours a week to each of these schools. The results of this experiment, as developed at the examinations, have removed all doubts, if any existed, as to the propriety and utility of introducing singing into our public schools. A large proportion of the scholars have, evidently, learned both the theory and the practice of singing. This has been effected, according to the testimony of all the teachers, without interfering with other studies. Nay, more, it is thought and was so stated by one of them, not himself a singer, that the lessons in music contribute not a little to mental discipline. In their opinion, substantial benefits will accrue from making singing a permanent exercise. One fact has come to the knowledge of the committee, which, they think, is worthy of notice. It is found that many of the boys, who are possessed of much natural taste for music, and had learned the low and vulgar songs that are sung in the haunts of the vicious, have at once abandoned them for the purer and chaster melodies of the lesson book. Thus a very happy moral influence has been exerted, whose importance cannot be estimated. This experiment goes to prove, what similar experiments elsewhere have proved, the incorrectness of the common belief, that a talent for music is a peculiar talent, bestowed only upon a favored few. In consequence of this belief, many parents have supposed that their children had no ear for music, unless they took up singing of themselves. But many facts might be stated, to show that almost all children may be taught to sing."

Every word of this extract deserves serious attention from every friend of the young over the state. Children have a wonderful musical instrument, made by God himself. And shall not this instrument be tried and played? There are in the bible perhaps ten or even twenty commands of God that men should sing, to one command to read. Shall not the young be

taught to sing, then? In heaven there will be no preaching, praying, exhorting, or discoursing, so far as we know, but there will be a great deal of singing. Should we not, then, encourage all to learn to sing? The words that will be sung will be, in almost all cases, sacred words, and the Holy Spirit will, in some degree, attend his own truth. Shall not all the young be encouraged to sing such words? On the wings of the words, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, the souls of the saints have risen on high in devotion.

The introduction of singing into primary schools, as into the summer schools of country districts, may be gradually made. Let those who have some idea of the importance of trying to introduce singing into the schools, purchase some copies of the Primary School Song Book, by Lowell Mason and George James Webb: Boston: Wilkins, Carter & Co., 1846, and sold by the booksellers generally. Let them lend or give these to teachers that are suitable persons to make a beginning, and who are disposed to try the experiment.

Would a dollar thus spent in a country town to make such an experiment be a great sum by one who desires to follow Christ in doing good? If the experiment succeeds, as in time it must, teachers will qualify themselves for the task, and will furnish themselves with suitable books.

#### EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL.—NO. IX.

The day after the concert described in the last "extract," I devoted to visiting Westminster Abbey. This celebrated cathedral was founded by Sebert, king of the Saxons, who died in 616. How much of the original building remains I do not know, but it is now one of the finest, largest, and most expensive gothic cathedrals in the world, measuring 375 feet in length, 200 feet in breadth, and 140 feet from the pavement to the roof of the lantern. But a small part of the space inside the walls is fitted up for public worship, the remainder being appropriated for a cemetery and filled with the monuments and tombs of the great and good. The part in which divine service is held is called the choir. It is partitioned off from the other parts of the edifice, but in such a manner that the partition can be easily removed on occasions like coronations, and great festivals. This portion of the house contains seats for an audience of a few hundreds, with the pulpit and a very large, fine-toned organ. The cathedral service is performed here every day at 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. I attended the morning service. It was chanted by a choir of boys and men, who stood on the floor of the building, at some distance from, and twenty feet below, the organ. The organist played in a much more florid style than is customary with the German organists, varying the stops continually.

I spent most of the day in viewing the monuments. The kings and queens of England down to George II., are entombed here, as are also most of the distinguished of earlier times. The southeastern corner is known by the name of the poet's corner. It contains the tombs of Shakspeare, Dryden, Chaucer, Ben Johnson, Spenser, Milton, Thompson, Goldsmith, and a host of other distinguished writers. Other parts of the building are filled with tombs of military and naval officers who have distinguished themselves; others with the monuments of statesmen; and others still with the tombs of the rich and noble. I saw no monuments of recent date, so I suppose that for twenty or thirty years past, no interments have been made here. I re-

membered the account of the commemoration of Handel, which took place in this cathedral in 1784, (described in No. 9 of volume 1 of this paper,) and was much interested in noticing the places described in the history of that event. Handel and several other distinguished musicians are entombed here. While on the spot, I purchased a printed description of the various monuments, from which I copy the inscriptions on and description of their monuments:

"*George Frederick Handel.*—This is the last monument which that eminent statuary, Roubiliac, lived to finish. It is affirmed that he first became conspicuous, and afterwards finished the exercise of his art, with a figure of this extraordinary man. The first was erected in the gardens at Vauxhall—therefore well known to the public. The last figure is very elegant, and the face is a strong likeness of its original. The left arm is resting on a group of musical instruments, and the attitude is very expressive of great attention to the harmony of an angel playing on a harp in the clouds over his head. Before it lies the celebrated *Messiah*, with that part open, where is the much admired air, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Beneath, only this inscription: 'George Frederick Handel, Esq., born February 23, 1684; died April 14, 1759.'

"*William Croft.*—On the pedestal of this monument, in bass-relief, is an organ, and on the top a bust of the deceased, who was doctor in music, master of the children, organist and composer of the chapel royal, and organist of Westminster Abbey. He died August 14, 1727, aged 50."

"*John Blow, doctor in music.*—Under this tomb is a canon, in four parts, set to music with enrichments, cherubs, and flowers. In the centre is an English inscription, by which it appears that he was organist, composer, and master of the children in the chapel royal, thirty-five years, and organist to this abbey fifteen years; that he was a scholar to Doctor Christopher Gibbons, and master to the famous Mr. Purcell, and to most of the eminent masters of his time. He died October 1, 1708, in his sixtieth year."

"Under Doctor Blow's monument is a tablet, erected to the memory of Doctor *Charles Burney*, with the following inscription: 'Sacred to the memory of Charles Burney, Mus. D., F. R. S., who, full of years, and full of virtues, the pride of his family, the delight of society, the unrivalled chief, and scientific historian of his tuneful heart—beloved, revered, regretted, breathed in Chelsea College his last sigh; leaving to posterity a fame unblemished, raised on a noble basis of intellectual attainments. High principles and pure benevolence, goodness with gaiety, talents with taste, were of his gifted mind the blended attributes; while the genial hilarity of his airy spirits animated or softened his every earthly toil; and a conscience without reproach, prepared, in the whole tenor of his mortal life, through the mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ, his soul for heaven. Amen. Born April 7, O. S., 1726. Died April 12, 1814.'"

"*Doctor Samuel Arnold*, late organist to this church, died October 22, 1802, aged sixty-two years. This monument was erected by his afflicted widow.

Oh, let thy still-loved Son inscribe thy stone,  
And with a Mother's sorrows mix his own.

A sickle cutting the lyre is represented below."

"*Henry Purcell, Esq.*—This is a small tablet, with the following inscription: 'Here lies Henry Purcell, who left this life, and has gone to that blessed place, where

only his harmony can be exceeded.' A short, but comprehensive epitaph, expressive of his great merit. He died November 21, 1696, in his thirty-seventh year, and lies buried beneath."

"Just here is a tablet, with a coat of arms over, and a music book under it, containing the following inscription: 'Near this place are deposited, the remains of *Benjamin Cooke*, doctor in music of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and organist and master of the choristers of this collegiate church, for above thirty years. His professional knowledge, talents, and skill, were profound, pleasing, and various; in his works they are recorded, and within these walls their power has been felt and understood. The simplicity of his manner, the integrity of his heart, and the innocence of his life, have numbered him among those who kept the commandments of God, and the faith of their Saviour Jesus Christ. He departed this life on the 14th of September, 1793, and in the fifty-ninth year of his age.'"

"Upon a tablet that has emblems of music—'To the memory of *James Bartleman*, formerly a chorister and lay-clerk of Westminster Abbey, and gentleman of his majesty's royal chapel. Educated by Dr. Cooke, he caught all the taste and science of that great master, which he augmented and adorned with the peculiar powers of his native genius: he possessed qualities which are seldom united—a lively enthusiasm, with an exact judgment, and established a perfect model of a correct style, and a commanding voice, simple and powerful, tender and dignified, solemn, chaste, and purely English. His social and domestic virtues corresponded with these rare endowments; affectionate and liberal, sincere and open-hearted, he was not less beloved by his family and friends, than admired by all for his pre-eminence in his profession. He was born the 19th of September, 1769, died the 15th of April, 1821, and was buried in this cloister, near his beloved master.'"

Speaking of the death of an Armenian pastor, a correspondent of the New York Evangelist says:

"Those who know what oriental church music is, will regard him as having rendered no ordinary service to his church, in introducing European, or, as it is sometimes here called, protestant music. He has done it with eminent success, and never did sacred music seem more soul-subduing than when his church encircled his grave, and while his remains were quietly deposited there, with full hearts lifted up their voices to God in a song of triumphant and immortal hope."

Our trans-atlantic friends, who call each other *Mein Herr*, have large mouths, and swallow easily. We should like to know if such an article as the following ever appeared in an American paper. It was a poor jest, if it did. We translate from the *Leipsic Allgemeine Musicische Zeitung*:

"Leopold von Meyer was recently honored with the presentment of a valuable silver goblet, from the Philharmonic Society of Philadelphia. The device was, a lion performing on the piano forte. The occasion did not lack for pompous toasts, among which was one by Moss: 'Fame took her trumpet and called: The great Meyer is come. What praise shall he receive?' And Euterpe answered, 'Why seek for new eulogies. In heaven is one divinity, and on earth but a Meyer.' This shameless thing we find in the American paper, the *Public Ledger*."



## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, JUNE 7, 1847.

## A BAD PRACTICE.

Every person who has had the good fortune to see a funeral attended with military honors, has been impressed, probably, by the appropriate music by which such performances are accompanied; and almost all who have soul enough to be touched by the solemn music of such occasions, have felt the disagreeable and disgusting change which is made by the band, on the instant that they commence their return from the grave. Not many things can exceed the unpleasantness with which the sounds of a merry quickstep grate upon the ear at such a time. Yet there is a custom, of a similar nature, but more deplorably inappropriate and unpleasant—to say nothing of its wickedness; and that is, the practice of “playing the congregation out” of church, after divine service is concluded. It is a practice so abused, that it has become one of the greatest evils connected with the possession of an organ. How many good sermons, which might have been like good seed in good ground, have been labor lost, through the agency of a vain performer on the organ! How many hearts, trembling under the sacred influence of a solemn discourse, have lost all serious impressions before leaving the house, by means of the playing. The evil we speak of is an alarming, and, we fear, a growing, one. It almost appears as if Satan, realizing the power of the organ, as, in sacred music, it leads so effectively in the devotions, when properly played, placed himself instantly before the keys, as soon as the preacher's voice ceased, and strove, by his skill in music, to regain what he had lost by the service! How different would be the effect of the playing and the singing in our churches, if the glory of God was made more an object of the performances, and if players and singers performed, not unto men, but in the fear of the Lord. Music may be an essential aid in the work of saving souls; but great care is necessary, that the devil does not steal the christian's weapons, and use them against him.

## CHURCH MUSIC.—NO. VI.

It is our opinion that sacred music may be made a mighty, a powerful agent, in turning men to the ways of righteousness and truth, and that as such it is worthy of a high place in the estimation of all who love the cause of Christ. We are by no means certain that it is not an indispensable agent, which must be properly employed, before the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth as the waters fill the sea. The wonderful power over the heart which God has given to musical tones, never, never could have been given with any other design, than to aid in turning men from nature's darkness to His marvelous light.

It is our opinion that, in point of fact, music is considered by every church in the land, as the most unimportant matter with which the members of a religious society have to do. It is not considered worth the attention of ministers, and it is never recognized by them as an aid in the work of turning men to righteousness. At least, we have never seen or heard it thus recognized, although we are constant readers of the principal religious journals, and have long diligently searched ecclesiastical minutes for some such recognition. Sab-

bath schools, bible classes, prayer meetings, always receive a grateful mention in general conferences, and meetings of presbyteries; but sacred music, never. Religious journals seldom mention this subject, indeed, never mention it, unless to puff some newly-published music book, to vent some long-stifed spleen against a luckless choir, chorister, or organist, or to publish some terrific denunciation against new tunes and hymns. Church officers consider music as utterly beneath their notice. In many of the New England churches, the church is a distinct body from the society. The latter is composed of the pew proprietors, the former of those who have made a profession of religion. The society attend to the business affairs of the corporation, but have no kind of control over church matters. In all churches thus constituted, although the pastor, deacons, sabbath school superintendents, and examining committees, are elected by the church, the singing committees are invariably elected by the society, and most generally consist, in part, at least, of men not members of the church, it being considered an act of courtesy to get as many pew proprietors not otherwise connected with the church into office, as possible. In a church not a hundred miles from Boston, the singing committee consists of five members, whose especial office it is to keep the singing in a snarl, all of the time, which office they have faithfully fulfilled ever since our remembrance. We once asked an aged officer of this church what possible object they could have in allowing such a committee to exist, and his reply was, that there were always a set of men who must be put in office, and so they kept this committee on purpose to get them out of the way. In all of these churches, and they are the first churches of New England, too, the music is in no sense under the control of the church. The singing committee may be infidels, and the church cannot help it.

The music of the church is always considered beneath the notice of the rich and fashionable members of the church (fashionable church members!) Such gladly perform the duties of deacons, elders, sabbath school superintendents and teachers, but the duties of a singer, not they! Catch them in the singers' seats! They would sooner perform the sexton's duties. Poor creatures! pride tells them the door of the choir is not wide enough to admit them. What if the narrow gate above should prove no wider?

Martin Luther said that whoever should attempt to say everything about church music, would still find innumerable things which he had forgotten to say. Our remarks upon this subject are desultory in the extreme, but we will defy any one who realizes the use common sense teaches God designed should be made of sacred music, and at the same time has the opportunity which we have, to see how it is used and esteemed, to make anything like a connected story, unless he writes a volume.

What we have endeavored to say thus far, is, that whoever becomes well acquainted with the art of music, will admit that it possesses a mighty power for good or evil over the human mind; that whoever makes church music his study, will find that if properly used it will be a powerful aid in the cause of Christ; and that, in the churches of our land, without an exception, (in our opinion,) the musical part of divine service is either considered as a recreation and an amusement, or it is held as a thing not worth the notice of the church. Now when we say that to our knowledge there is not a

church in which music is properly esteemed, we do not mean to say that we know of no churches in which there is good singing, or that we know of no churches in which money enough is appropriated for music. Most of the Boston churches pay like princes for the singing, as will be seen by our sketches, and in some of these churches the musical performances are as perfect as we ever expect to hear this side the angelic choirs. Still, we believe it true, that not one in fifty in these or any other churches, have anything like a just conception of the true nature of the service under consideration.

## CHURCHES IN BOSTON.—NO. X.



CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Wm. M. Rogers, and G. Richards, pastors; Lowell Mason, organist and conductor.

This building was erected in 1841. It stands on Winter street, a few rods from the common, and a half minute's walk from Park Street Church. The church is of the orthodox persuasion. The entrance to the house only is seen in the engraving, the main part being in the rear of the dwelling houses. The front is of granite, of the Corinthian order, 53 feet high and 44 feet in width.

The choir contains fifty members, none of whom are paid. They meet regularly for practice on Saturday evenings, besides occasional meetings on other evenings. The young ladies of the choir also meet for solfeggio exercise on one of the afternoons of each week. The organ was built by Thomas Appleton, of Boston. It has three banks of keys, two octaves of pedals to CCC, and the following couplers, viz: great organ and swell, choir organ and swell, great organ and choir, great organ and swell an octave above, pedals and keys, pedals and keys in octaves. The great organ contains, one stopped and two open diapasens, clarabella, principal, 12th, 15th, sesquialtra, mixture, tr. and base trumpets, clarion. The choir organ contains open and stopped diapason, principal, 15th, dulciana, flute, cromena. The swell organ contains stopped and open diapason, principal, dulciana, cornet, clarinet, hautboy. The keys project two or three feet from the front of the organ, which places the organist in the centre of the choir, and enables him to hear the full effect of the organ. Organist's salary, one thousand dollars. The Church Psalmody is the hymn book used. The congregation are also supplied with Mason's Chant book. A chant is often substituted for a hymn, in

which case the page in the chant book is designated by the minister. In this church the hymns are selected by the organist (they are in whole or in part in some of the other churches which we have described.) The order of service is, A. M., 1, organ voluntary; 2, invocation; 3, reading the scriptures; 4, singing; 5, prayer; 6, singing; 7, sermon; 8, singing; 9, prayer; 10, benediction;—P. M., same as the morning. The congregation rise and face the pulpit during singing, and sit during prayer.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE ORGAN.—NO. IX.

*On Combining the Stops.*—As there are a number of unison stops, as well as compound stops, such as the 12th, sesquialtra, mixture, &c. &c., sounding thirds, fifths, and eighths, together, the latter-mentioned stops must never be drawn alone, but should be *added* to the diapasons, &c., which are the body of the organ, and should be covered by the principal, which is an octave above the diapasons, and the 15th, two octaves above the same. The open or stopped diapason may either be drawn singly or together; so may the dulciana be drawn by itself, or with the others; but we will consider each organ separately:

*Great Organ.*—In drawing the stops, take them in the following order: 1, open diapason; 2, stopped diapason; 3, principal; 4, 12th (the 12th must not be drawn without the 15th); 5, 15th; 6, sesquialtra; 7, mixture; 8, trumpet; &c. &c.

The trumpet covers the sesquialtra and mixture; but if there is no trumpet, only the sesquialtra or mixture should be drawn. If the organ is very large, all other stops besides those above mentioned, should only be drawn in addition. If, as is sometimes the case in large organs, there are duplicates of the stops, numbered 1, 2, and 3, they may be drawn with the compound and mutation stops; this will enrich the effect of the whole chorus of stops, and cover, or at least qualify, the shrillness of the more acute stops. The pedals may be used to strengthen the base in all loud passages, and particularly in long holding notes. Slow movements for the two diapasons only, of a grave and solemn character, are often met with in voluntaries. They generally consist of full harmonies, gliding gently into one another, and having frequent suspensions in one or more of the parts. The trumpet and clarion should be reserved for passages of a striking character and of short duration; as the *stretto* or node of a fugue.

*Choir Organ.*—The stops of the choir organ are more delicately voiced, and constructed on a smaller scale, than those in the great organ. For this reason, it is used to accompany solos, duets, trios, &c., for voices, and to play the piano passages in choruses and organ pieces. The fancy stops, or at least some of them, are usually placed in the choir organ.

A choir organ generally contains the following stops: 1, open diapason; 2, stopped diapason; 3, dulciana; 4, principal; 5, 12th; 6, 15th; 7, flute; 8, cromorne. The flute and cromorne, being solo stops, may be drawn alone. The dulciana is also sometimes used alone as a solo stop.

*Swell Organ.*—The swell, from its admitting of a perfect crescendo and diminuendo, is particularly adapted for ornamental solo playing, and for accompanying solo voices.

The swell organ usually contains the following stops: 1, open diapason; 2, stopped diapason; 3, principal; 4, hautboy; 5, cromorne; 6, trumpet. The trumpet is

also treated as a fancy or solo stop, and, like all fancy stops, drawn with the diapason only. In trumpet pieces, which are often met with in the older voluntaries, it is used as an echo to the trumpet in the great organ. The style of the passages given to the fancy stops must be that of the instruments which they are intended to imitate. As the swell does not extend throughout the entire compass of the instrument, the bases to the above combinations must generally be played on the choir organ. In using the swell, the crescendo and diminuendo should be as gradual as possible.

*POWER OF SONG.*—Mr. Bushnell, of Utica, N. Y., a Wesleyan methodist preacher, and zealous Washingtonian, having business in a neighboring town, obliged in consequence to see the landlord of the village inn, so he stopped at his house. When he entered the bar-room, he saw about twenty men in it, most of whom were in a state of intoxication—several of them quite drunk. After a little time, one of the company said something of Mr. Bushnell, who replied in a courteous manner, and spoke of the subject of temperance. Immediately the attention of the assembly was arrested, and the cause was denounced as the work of priests and politicians. Mr. Bushnell, finding it impossible to stem the current of abuse by an appeal to their reason, proposed singing a temperance song, to which they all agreed, and he accordingly commenced the "Staunch Tetotaler." On glancing around the room after he had concluded, he observed the tear trickling down the cheek of almost every man. The sentiment of the song, and the melodious, touching manner in which it was sung, had awakened their purest sensibilities, had carried their thoughts back to their families and firesides, surrounded as they once were, with plenty, happiness, and affection; and then the contrast of a drunkard's home, its dark wretchedness and misery, were wisely presented to their minds, and those hardened men could not resist the appeal, but acknowledged its truth by tears. The song was unanimously called for again, and their wishes were gratified by its repetition. Soon after, the landlord came in, and he was requested to repeat it for his especial benefit; it produced the same effect on him; and after Mr. Bushnell had concluded, he grasped him by the hand, and exclaimed, "I will never sell another glass of liquor as long as I live!" He acted immediately upon this resolution, cut down his sign-post, and closed his bar; the others promising to go to the temperance meeting that evening and sign the pledge, and they all did so, except one.—*Spirit of Liberty.*

A correspondent of the New York Evangelist, giving an account of the female seminary in Monticello, thus describes the music:

"The music, as well as the graceful calisthenics, threw a charm over the two days' proceedings. It was not ten or twenty who displayed their talents, but the whole school. While anxious to do ample justice to the more solid branches taught at the seminary, the writer is unable to overlook the musical department, on which so much care has been bestowed. Music is too often looked upon as a mere accomplishment, and a few evenings under the instruction of some itinerant singing master, or a few quarters' tuition upon the piano forte, from some cheap instructor, is considered quite sufficient for an art that has the greatest possible influence in giving a healthy tone to the mind. At Monticello,

music is considered as necessary to general education. All the members of the school have the opportunity of receiving systematic and thorough instruction in vocal music, without any extra charge; and no pupil can receive a certificate of having completed the course of instruction, till she is able to pass an examination, at least in the principles of the art. Its cultivation must have a happy effect upon the minds and dispositions of the scholars, and, while it forms a pleasing relaxation, it by no means interferes with the severer studies. 'Music,' it has been well said, 'is one of the fine arts; it therefore deals with abstract beauty, and lifts us to the source of all beauty—from finite to infinite, and from the world of matter to the world of spirits, and to God.' The musical department continues under the direction of the same able teacher as heretofore, who has been happily successful in not only inculcating a correct taste, but, by her unremitting care and attention, has enabled many of the young ladies to make rapid advances in this elegant branch of female education."

*HENRY RUSSELL.*—Mr. Henry Russell's vocal entertainments are given every evening at the Strand Theatre, and afford delight and amusement to crowded audiences. Mr. Henry Russell is one of the most popular of all the monologue concert givers. His voice is powerful, and not devoid of sweetness, possessing great capacity to adapt itself to serious and comic singing, of which he makes admirable use; and as a dramatic vocalist off the stage he certainly is not surpassed. With such recommendations, it is no wonder that Mr. Russell should have established himself so firmly in the estimation of native and trans-atlantic audiences. We attended on Monday evening at the Strand Theatre, and left at the end of the performances, quite satisfied that Mr. Henry Russell is a genius *sui generis*. Every song was encored, and a new one introduced in the repeat, so that the visitor to the Strand Theatre had two entertainments in place of one. The principal songs given were, "The Slave Ship," "The Pauper's Drive," "The Song of the Shirt," "The Maniac," and "The Gambler's Wife." Besides these, Mr. Russell gave several nigger songs, and related several nigger anecdotes. Some of his black jokes are inimitable.—*London Musical World.*

*THE MARSEILLAISE.*—In the garrison of Strasburgh was quartered a young artillery officer, named Rouget de Lisle, a native of Lons de Saulnier, in the Jura. He had a great taste for music and poetry, and often entertained his comrades during their long and tedious hours in garrison. Sought after for his musical and poetical talent, he was a frequent and familiar guest at the house of one Dietrich, an Alsatian patriot, mayor of Strasburgh. The winter of 1792 was a period of great scarcity at Strasburgh. The house of Dietrich was poor, his table was frugal, but a seat was always open to Rouget de Lisle. One day, when there was nothing but bread and some slices of smoked ham on the table, Dietrich, regarding the young officer, said to him, with a sad serenity, "Abundance fails at our boards, but what matters that, if enthusiasm fails not at our civic fetes, nor courage in the hearts of our soldiers. I have still a bottle of wine in my cellar. Bring it," said he to one of his daughters, "and let us drink to France and liberty. Strasburgh should soon have its patriotic solemnity. De Lisle must draw from these

last drops one of those hymns which raise the soul of the people." The wine was brought and drank; after which, the officer departed. The night was cold. De Lisle was thoughtful. His heart was moved; his head heated. He returned staggering to his solitary room, and slowly sought inspiration, sometimes in the fervor of his citizen soul, and anon on the keys of his instrument, composing now the air before the words, and then the words before the air. He sang all and wrote nothing, and at last, exhausted, fell asleep with his head resting on his instrument, and awoke not till day-break. The music of the night returned to his mind like the impression of a dream. He wrote it, and ran to Dietrich, whom he found in the garden digging winter lettuces. The wife and daughters of the old man were not yet up. Dietrich awoke them, and called in some friends, all as passionate as himself for music, and able to execute the composition of De Lisle. At the first stanza cheeks grew pale, at the second tears flowed, and at the last the delirium of enthusiasm burst forth. The wife of Dietrich, his daughters, himself, and the young officer, threw themselves crying in each other's arms. The hymn of the country was found. Executed some days afterwards in Strasburgh, the new song flew from city to city, and was played by all the popular orchestras. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the commencement of the sittings of its clubs, and the Marseillaises spread it through France, singing it along the public roads. From this came the name of "Marseillaise."—*Lamartine's Histoire des Girondins.*

**MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.**—An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the ordinary practice of music. They were all observed to be amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, "When anything disturbs their temper, I say to them, 'Sing;' and if I hear them speaking against any person, I call them to sing to me; and they sing away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal." Such a use of this accomplishment might seem to fit a family for the company of angels; young voices around the domestic altar, breathing sacred music, at the hour of morning and evening devotion, are a sweet and touching accompaniment.—*Mrs. SIGOURNEY.*

**ANCIENT CONCERTS.**—The seventy-first season of these fashionable, *recherche*, and antiquated musical assemblies, (originated in 1776,) commenced on Wednesday evening, in the Hanover Square Rooms, under the direction of his royal highness the duke of Cambridge. We have to record nothing novel in the aspect of affairs, present or prospective, as regards the direction. The orchestral and choral department are similar to those of preceding seasons; the same vocalists smile upon us; the same programme stares upon us; the same aristocratic frigidity prevails; and the same conductor presides over all. Only Sir Henry Bishop was more polite in his position to the orchestra than he was last year; for, instead of presenting the skirts of his coat to the gaze of the instrumentalists, he now posts himself sideways, thus making, between the audience and the orchestra, a compromise of his frontpiece. This was effected at the suggestion of Prince Albert, and is certainly in better taste than the position usually occupied by the conductor. Mr. Loder's death has deprived the orchestra of a most efficient leader, and it

seems that the managing committee of the ancient concerts have concluded upon having no leader, as none has been appointed since; for though Mr. T. Cooke holds the nominal position of first violin, the sole conductorship and leadership have virtually merged into one, thus following out the plans adopted in all continental orchestras. Mr. Lucas continues to preside at the organ. The eight conductors of the ancient concerts are, the king of Hanover, Prince Albert, the duke of Cambridge, the archbishop of York, the duke of Wellington, Earl Howe, and the earl of Cawdor. Sir W. Curtis is treasurer, W. A. Greaterex, Esq., secretary and librarian, and Mr. Lonsdale sub-treasurer.

From the New England Puritan.

### THE EARLIEST HYMN.

In the "Pædagogus" of Clement of Alexandria, bearing date some hundred and fifty years from the time of the apostles—but there assigned to an earlier origin—is found the most ancient hymn of the church. It is regarded by Munter and the best critics, as a venerable relic of the earliest days of christianity which has escaped the ravages of time, and remains a solitary remnant of the christian psalmody of that period. Its merely poetical merits are not great, but as a vision of the heart of primitive piety laboring to give utterance to its holy emotions in view of Christ's offices of love, it is full of interest. While from its measure and antiphonal structure, it is impossible to render it with much exactness into an English stanza, I have endeavored to translate its spirit, and convey its devoutest expressions—expressions which, in their Greek original, it is no violation of probability to suppose, were included by Paul among his "psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs"—and often swelled the chorus of the church before John ascended to his reward:

Shepherd of tender youth!  
Who guid'st in love and truth,  
Through devious ways;  
Christ, our triumphant king,  
We come thy name to sing,  
And here our children bring,  
To shout thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord!  
The all-subduing Word!  
Healer of strife;  
Thou didst thyself abuse,  
That from sin's deep disgrace  
Thou mightest save our race,  
And give us life.

Thou art Wisdom's High Priest!  
Thou hast prepared the feast  
Of heavenly love;  
While, in our mortal pain,  
None call on thee in vain;  
Help thou dost not disdain—  
Help from above!

Ever be thou our Guide!  
Our Shepherd! and our Pride!  
Our Staff, and Song!  
Jesus—thou Christ of God?  
By thy perennial word,  
Lead us where thou hast trod;  
Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,  
Sound we thy praises high,  
And joyful sing,  
Infants, and the glad throng  
Who to the church belong,  
Unite, and swell the song  
To Christ our King!

In the tune Kirk, in No. 8, the last note, but one in the third line, alto, should have been *cl*.

**CONCERTS.**—The Swiss Bell Ringers gave concerts in the Melodeon, Boston, on every evening for two successive weeks, to full houses. The last week they spent in Providence, B. I.—The Italian Opera Company have performed the opera, "Moses in Egypt," (the same which has so often been performed by the Boston Handel and Hayden Society,) in character, with appropriate scenery, &c., several times since our last.—The May Festival, by J. C. Johnson, was performed by a choir of three hundred and fifty children and youth, at the Melodeon, under the direction of the author, on Monday, May 31, and repeated on the succeeding evening. Particulars of these concerts will be given in our next.

A lady being urged to sing, replied, in the hearing of Miss Edgeworth, "I cannot sing positively." Miss Edgeworth immediately replied, "True; but we all know you can sing *superlatively*."

### NEW BOOK OF CHURCH MUSIC.

MARK H. NEWMAN & CO., 159 Broadway, New York, will publish as early as the 15th day of August, a new and original collection of music for churches, choirs, singing schools, and musical societies, to be entitled—

#### THE NEW YORK CHORALIST.

By Thomas Hastings and William B. Bradbury. Mr. Hastings is well known as the author and editor of *Musica Sacra*, the *Manhattan Collection*, *The Sacred Lyre*, *The Psalmist*, and other works. Mr. Bradbury is extensively known as the author and editor of *Young's Festival*, *Young Melodist*, *The Singer's Companion*, *The Young Choir*, and *The Psalmist*. All these books have met with distinguished favor from the christian public, and it is expected that this new collection will be in every respect superior to any of the foregoing works.

THE CHORALIST will consist of a full collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes in all the variety of metres now in use, together with Anthems, and settings adapted to various occasions of religious interest, containing also the elements of vocal music for instruction in schools, with exercises for practice.

The publishers flatter themselves that the collection will be found to be one of the most complete that has ever issued from the press. The music is adapted to the present advanced state of the science, and to the wants of the religious community.

Teachers of music, leaders of choirs, and others interested in the progress of musical science, are invited to examine this book on its publication. It will be printed from an entire new and beautiful font, type, and will be furnished to choirs and singing schools at a price suited to the times.

MARK H. NEWMAN & CO., New York.  
May 1, 1847. 810

### CHURCH ORGAN.

CASE Grecian architecture, 15 feet high, 5 feet deep, compass of keys, from GG to F. The contents are as follows: open diapason, stop diapason, base and treble, dulciana, principal, 12th, 15th, flute, hautboy, pedal check—the whole in a swell. For sale by SIMMONS & MCINTIRE, Causeway street, Boston. 389

### CHICKERING'S PIANO FORTES.

A LARGE and choice selection of these unrivaled piano fortes will always be found at the store of the subscriber. Prices, same as at the warehouse of the manufacturer.

Here, also, will be found a very extensive stock of musical instruments, of every kind in general use, viz. violins, violoncelles, and double basses, flutes, fifes, and flageolets; accordions and melodeons of every class; instruments of every description for military bands. Also, a large and very superior assortment of guitars. In all cases, the prices will be found uniform and low.

LUKE F. NEWLAND,  
381 Broadway, first store north of Bleeker Hall, Albany, N. Y.

### REED ORGANS.—REMOVAL.

THE subscriber respectfully gives notice that he has removed from 43 1-2 Congress street, to 303 Washington street, Boston, where he will be happy to receive all who may wish for reed organs of his manufacture. His organs differ in their general construction from the scraphone, and the tone is not confined to one variety, but has as much difference in its character as have the pipes of common organs. Prices vary from 50 to 300 dollars. 388 M. O. NICHOLS.

### NEW SCHOOL MUSIC BOOKS.

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL SONG BOOK. In two parts. The first part consisting of songs suitable for primary or juvenile singing schools, and the second part consisting of an explanation of the inductive or Pestalozzian method of teaching music in such schools. By Lowell Mason and George J. Webb, professors in the Boston Academy of Music. It is supposed that any mother or primary school teacher, who can herself sing, although she may know no title of the musical characters as not to be able to read music herself, may, by the help of these directions, be enabled to teach her pupils with good success, and thus prepare the way for a more thorough and extensive course in higher schools.

THE SONG BOOK OF THE SCHOOL BOOK, consisting of a great variety of songs, hymns, and scriptural selections, with appropriate music, arranged to be sung in one, two, or three parts; containing also the elementary principles of vocal music, prepared with reference to the inductive, or Pestalozzian method of teaching; designed as a complete music manual for common, or grammar schools. By Lowell Mason and George James Webb. This work has been prepared with reference to the wants of common schools and academies, and is designed to follow the above work. In it will be found many songs, adapted to the various circumstances of school children and youth, from eight to ten, to fourteen or sixteen years of age. The variety is thought to be greater than in most similar works, including the sprightly and gallanting, the calm and soothing, and the sober and devout.

Teachers and school committees are requested to examine the above works. Published by WILKINS, CARTER & CO., 16 Water street, Boston, and for sale by the booksellers generally. 389

## MORNING SONG.

Words by J. C. JOHNSON.

MOZART.

Solo, or semi-chorus of female voices.



Chorus, all parts.

Solo, or semi-chorus of men's voices.



Full chorus, all parts.

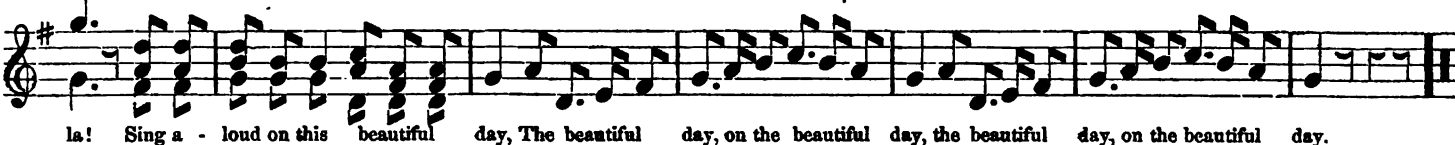


Duet, or semi-chorus, of male and female voices.



Then its shadows will quickly evade us,

Full chorus, all parts.



NOTE.—Music is frequently printed in this way in Germany. The instrumental accompaniment must of course be supplied by the performer. In the passages written in octaves, both notes may be sung, or all of the voices may sing the upper note, omitting the lower, or the lower note, omitting the upper. Where three parts are written, the base may sing the lower, the tenor the middle, and the ladies the upper part; or the treble may sing the upper, the alto the middle, and the gentlemen the lower part.

## GREAT IS THE LORD.

HAYDEN.

Arranged for the Boston Musical Gazette.



## GREAT IS THE LORD. (CONTINUED.)

greatly to be praised, in the mountain of his holiness, In the city of our God, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness. A-men.

A - - - men, A - men, - - - A - men, A - - - men, A - men, - - - A - men, A - - - men, A - men, A - men,

## PRAISE YE THE LORD.

*Allegretto.*

MENDELSSOHN.

Praise ye the Lord, O praise thy God, O Zion; Praise ye the Lord, O praise him; Praise ye the Lord, O praise thy God, O Zion.

Praise ye the Lord, O praise him; Sing unto the Lord, and praise him for - ever; Praise his holy name, his holy name; O praise ye the

Lord for - ev - er; O praise ye the Lord for - ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er-more, for - ev - er and ev - er-more.



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## THE INSTRUMENTAL REBELLION.

It was a dreary winter night in January, when, from St. Jacob's tower, the midnight hour resounded, and echoed strange and hollow along the deserted streets of the residence city. The palace of the grand duke was discernible by lights which shone through the windows, and also one or two ball-rooms sent forth bright rays with the poisonous vapors of a hundred breaths into the atmosphere. Else all was darkness. That midnight hour! Heard only by dissipation and lordly care, the innocent and the laboring poor regarded it not, and children were locked in deep slumber, or dreamed of young angels, who wreathed their heads with flowers, and spoke of their future companionship.

At this spirit hour, a stranger, enveloped in a gray mantle, walked alone through the streets, hollow sighs, meanwhile, resounding from his massive chest. Close to the houses, like a giant shadow, he strode on his way, toward the borders of the town, at each step seemingly giving vent to some angry thought, and his deep murmurs resounded far and near. At length he stood still before a small mansion, and knocked, without any effort at stretching, on a window of the second story. "Brother, brother!" he called out in a voice like low thunder, "awake, gird yourself for the strife, and descend." Immediately the window opened, and a threatening voice, still more dreadful than his own, replied in a hoarse whisper, "Is it you, brother Contrabase?" "I, dear Serpent; but hurry and come." "That is not so easy as you think," said the serpent, "for I must first wake my wife and sister." "Wake them, then," grumbled the other; "and remind them not to forget their mouth-pieces." "Ladies of standing never do forget them," sagely growled the serpent, and closed the window. Contrabase, unused to locomotion, seated himself, with some difficulty, on the doorstep, and hummed the aria of Mephisto, "Still, still, ye waves of passion raging," to while away the time. At length came the sound of withdrawing bolts and bars, and a majestic trio, serpent, trombone, and ophelide, enveloped to the lips, stepped forth from the portal. "Where are the two trumpets?" inquired Contrabase, trying to assume a polite demeanor toward the ladies. "Already at the rendezvous," replied Miss Ophelide; and the four giants strode on heavily through the shades of night, until they arrived at a concert saloon in the centre of the town. A modest tenor viol opened a side door, and, without replying to her pleasant greeting, they ascended to a room used for orchestral rehearsals, where all the other instruments were already assembled.

What a spectacle! In singular and fantastic groups, lay, stood, or reclined, almost every instrument which has ever seen the light, not as they usually appeared to

the world, but, with a due regard to dignity, arrayed in habiliments borrowed from a neighboring theatre. Apart from their companions, a number of violins and violoncellos, in the garb of knights templars, were engaged in earnest and low conversation. Here were the fair ones of the orchestra, chatting busily about nothing. Yonder stood, ironically smiling, a bassoon, in the harlequin costume of Figaro. The flute wore the modest garb of the heroine of the Freischutz, while Constanza found a representative in the oboe. The clarinet shone as Semiramis, and the piccolo as Queen of Night. On a footstool, somewhat vexed at the uncourteous behavior of those for whom she had acted as portress, sat the tenor violiness, as Marguerite in La Dame Blanch. As our four first acquaintances entered, they were surrounded by the young nobility of Janissary music, horns, trumpets, kettle drums, cymbals, taking not a little room for themselves and stately attire.—Some were arrayed as oriental princes, others as French artillery officers, others as Italian bandits. The piano, covered with flaring cloths, and orders, and ribbons, stood in the middle, with an unpleasantly aristocratical air, and opposite, with a jealousy which appeared to devour their very hearts, the guitar and harp, both in mourning, bore their common woes in company. In a distant corner could be seen a curious mixture, the broken, dusty and almost forgotten instruments of a time almost mythological—lyres, mandolines, lutes, viol de amours, baritans, bugle-horns, discant trumpets, viol de gambas, the lively bag-pipe, and the melancholy mule-drum, all with more or less gloom on their faces, and more or fewer rags in their vesture. Still farther back, in a sort of lumber closet, might be spied various harmonicas, panmelodians, aelodicons, anemano-chords, &c., new inventions which appeared but a little while above the musical horizon, and then retired to darkness forever.

The contrabase, letting his mantle fall, displayed the stately robe of Sarastro, and stepping forward from his companions, addressed the assembly:

"Most honored brotherhood, here solemnly leagued against oppression! You know the object of our meeting, which perhaps stands alone in the annals of wood, brass, and strings. A wonder is come to pass, and the sorrow, which has lain restless in our hearts for half a century, has suddenly endowed us with thought, life, speech, and motion. What betokens this metamorphosis, but that we are born for something better than to be eternally sawed, blowed, or pounded upon? As if it was an honor to us to be mis-handled and made ridiculous!"

The feeling of the audience began to manifest itself in such a way, the serpent was obliged to cry, "Silence!" The wise orator, after turning the head which surmounted his long neck majestically from side to side, continued: "Are any of you yet so void of honor and courage, that you will longer bear the tormentings of these crazy virtuosos? They are crowned with laurel, and wander in king's palaces, while we lie in dust and neglect. They take our names, and without leave call themselves violinists, contrabassists, or flutists."

"They despise us, and yet name themselves for us," complained the tenor violin."

"Ha!" said the horn, "and what could they do without us? What would song be, if we did not lend the vibrations of our bodies, by way of accompaniment."

"The horn is right," shouted all, and the contrabase continued—"And farther, shall we longer submit to these new inventions and so-called improvements, which so much injure our voices, and destroy our originality? They bore countless orifices through our bodies, or cover us over with keys and valves; they widen, lengthen, and shorten us *ad libitum*; and having tried the most hazardous experiments upon us, they farther plague us by bringing from us effects which nature never intended we should produce. Of thee, most worthy violin, they would make a flageolet or a harp; of the hautboy, a human voice; from trumpets and horns they would torture the most sentimental passages. Thou, kettle-drum, once companion of kings and generals, neighbor of the thunder, must lift thy voice in love-sick lays. Thou, base-drum, with thy renowned eastern ancestry, and thy majestic 'boom, boom!' must descend to accompany tenor arias.—From myself, honest German that I am, they draw all sorts of silly trills and light passages. What would Wenzel Hanne say to this? and—and—but who can tell all their tyrannies, and our sufferings, and the amount of silliness and craziness that has come to be the rule in musical circles? The French tell us, truly, that these changes are required by the march of intellect, and by the age, but they cannot make us forget the loss of our fair proportions, nor that we are sick—sick soul and body. And such wrongs shall we not revenge?"

At these words, such a tumult arose, that it seemed pipings, groanings, clappings and raspings would never end, and the trumpet was obliged to call for silence. The flute, however, could no longer retain her over-charged feelings, but, rushing forward, flung her arms about the neck of the orator. The contrabase, much to her dismay, shook her coldly off, and she retired, trembling in every key, to her companions.

The guitar now arose, and with sorrowful mein began an address. "Do not think evil of me," said she, "that venture to use my weak voice before you, but I speak as private ambassadress of those poor emigrants, in the class of which I must be reckoned, since the piano, my greatest enemy, has arisen against me. The royal harp shares, in a measure, our woes, but still, to her, now and then, a place in the orchestra is accorded, while I seem to belong to no one, and the English invention of the piano-forte guitar has made me an object of ridicule; I—" but here the poor thing could go no farther, and hid her glowing face in the raiment of her queenly sister.

"Poor toneless generation! you have but met your deserts," haughtily exclaimed the piano.

This completely severed the patience-string of contrabase, who thundered, "Silence! and remember that we only allow your presence, that you are here by sufferance. Have you forgotten that you are a thorn in

all our eyes? You vile music-tone variety store! You, who seize every opportunity to make us seem mean and useless, spoilt favorite of singers and composers, you—"

"I defy and despise you all," cried the piano. "I unite all your virtues, without your clumsiness. Who of you can show more good strings than I? Your voices, my brazen friends, are all empty air, and as for you, drums, cymbals, and your brethren, I have been more pounded upon, during the last thirty years, than all of you put together!"

But what a piping, groaning, shouting! "Out with the traitor; out with the apostate; we can bear his airs no longer;" and they fell, in angry tumult, on the piano, who was obliged to make an abrupt descent of the stairs, leaving some of his splendid clothing behind.

When this insurrection among insurrectionists was somewhat allayed, the excited contrabass took his former station, and, addressing the members of the emigrant embassy, proceeded: "Most honorable friends! you shall all retake your ancient privileges, as soon as we have received ours. In the meantime, dear guitar, remember that you ate, on the father's side, descended from an oriental instrument, called by the modern Greeks *servuri*. On the mother's side, according to Pfeiffer, you are a child of the three-stringed lyre. It is very possible, that Apollo himself may have made use of one of your ancestors." The guitar fell thankfully to the earth, and declared, that it was now of little consequence to her, whether an unhappy *blonde* tingled her strings or not. "And so, you are all of ancient origin—lyre, lute, mandoline, viol de amour, viol de gambas—you are all of noble origin, and in due time, when musicians recover their lost senses, will re-ascend to your former dignity. But, 'hora ruit,' you are dismissed!" And the mourning and ragged embassy, much affected at such unwonted eloquence, retired.

"And now," cried contrabass, "I smell morning air. When shall the blow fall?"

"This evening, this evening, when the director commences!" was the universal shout; and in bungling haste, the instruments resumed their former dress and stations, the serpent and his friends awaking a watchman or two by their grating converse in the streets.

Three quarters of an hour before the time of commencing, a dense audience filled the great concert hall. A celebrated Italian, Signora —, was to sing, and universal curiosity was awakened to hear her, and the new symphony, which constituted one of the chief attractions of the well-selected programme. The room was splendidly lighted, lustres and candelabras hung like burning stars overhead, and gleamed on critics, musicians, fashionables, and nobodies, while science, clique, opposition, friendship, and folly, had all entered into agreement to sweat during three long hours for the good of an art. One after another the members of the orchestra entered, and began, first modestly and lightly, then more and more boldly, to draw the most shocking dissonances from their instruments, under pretence of tuning them.

Now, firm and proud as a king, the chapel master entered, and slowly worked his way through the crowded masses of music and music makers, to the conductor's stand. His appearance fanned the sparks of impatience which had been alight for so long. When he grasped his baton, and with the air of one used to conquer, glanced around on the orchestra, impatience began to flame; and if he did not shake his mane, still

all had respect before him. And now, as he raised his stick aloft, impatience was in a broad, silent blaze. Instruments were tuned, bows raised, cheeks distended, drum-sticks ready for the blow, for the majestic chord of D minor. The stick fell!—not a sound. Bows sawed, lungs almost rent with exertion, arms tired with the use of excessive strength. All still as the grave!

The public stretched its thousand necks and its five hundred opera-glasses toward the orchestra. A murmur went around the assembly, and, glaring like a wounded tiger, the chapel master again raised his staff. It fell—nothing but snapping of strings and clapping of keys.

That was the instrumental rebellion. With hisses, whistles, stampings, and groanings, the refined audience made their exit. The orchestra, their coats hanging characterless about them, vanished. The chapel master, transformed to a gloomy statue, remained motionless at his post.

Several days after, the instruments were again together, crowned with chaplets of laurel, to celebrate their victory. They spoke of their triumphs, and concluded to undertake an artistical journey, to bring before the world the productions of their native, unaided genius. And as they talked and consulted, the door opened, and, lo! a great company of orchestral performers and singers, with the chapel master, like a marshal, at their head. A contemptuous laugh rang from the laurel-crowned heroes, and that noble knight, the violoncello, cried, "Well, most honored masters, what can you do without us?"

"Ha! was that it?" said the chapel master; "umph! I could have thought it; and, on the whole, my children, you are in the right. Try it, then; break the alliance with us, and if you are as successful without us, we will at least part in peace and amity. Shall it not be so?"

"The proud fools!" sneered the base-trumpet; "they do not believe in our capacity."

"You have proved, my friends," said the director, mildly, "that you are all dead without us, and nothing more."

"We dead without you!" cried contrabass; "come, let us show them our skill. Let us play the Sinfonia Eroica. We all know it by heart by this time—and they shall see, they shall see."

And the instruments began violently to rattle their keys, rasp their strings, to endeavor to draw air into their mouths. The contrabass called all his innate worth to aid, the violins their nobility, the clarinets their humor; but in spite of all, only rustlings and the most shocking dissonances were produced. This lasted for half an hour, until the poor instruments hung their heads from shame, and their crowns fell, withered, to earth.

"You see now, children, what nature without soul is, and what a mere organization, without the breath of poetic inspiration, can produce. But be consoled; there are not a few of the human race who have made the same mistake as you. You wished to perform without our aid; and we are not ashamed to confess that we cannot get along without you. True beauty consists in a harmony of all parts; and so let us all unite in a hymn in praise of what is truly, nobly beautiful!"

The instruments, conquered and penitent, gave their consent, the artists grouped themselves in the old accustomed manner, and Father Hayden's immortal cho-

rus, "The heavens are telling the glory of God," rang in its joyous fullness through all the house, in all hearts, in all the world!

**SINGULAR SENSIBILITY TO MUSIC.**—Some years since, when the steamer *Cleveland* was one of the "crack" boats on Lake Erie, we took passage one beautiful morning for Detroit. A fine band, stationed upon the hurricane deck, discoursed most delightful music, and contributed not a little to enliven the party. Among the passengers were a lady and her infant. The child was lying listlessly upon its mother's lap, when, the moment the music struck up, a singular change came over its little frame. Its eyes brightened, its lips were parted, its hands elevated, it vibrated throughout its whole frame like a harp-string to the time of the tune. A livelier air was played, when it was affecting, almost painful, to behold the quiverings of the little creature. Every feature was wrought up to an expression of the most intense interest. The music ceased, and the child wept. So far as our limited observation in such matters avails us, it is rarely that a mere child weeps. It squalls, bawls, and yells outright, but the silent tear seldom trickles down its cheek. The little incident made an impression upon our mind, and we then thought that if that child's ability should equal its susceptibility to the concord of sweet sounds, we should hear of it again. The denouement of the affair is yet to be told. A day or two since, we met the identical mother and daughter, the latter a sprightly girl of ten, with an eye full of soul, and a voice full of melody. She presides at the piano as though it had been her companion from infancy, and sings like a bird. May her song never be softened by the touch of sadness.—*Chicago Journal*.

**MUSIC REFORM IN ROME.**—"A letter from Rome states that the pope is about to revive a project conceived by his predecessor, Gregory XVI., to reduce the church music to its primitive simplicity. He has appointed the Abbe Manni, and M. Alessandro Moraldi, chapel masters to St. Peters, to undertake a mission to search in the libraries of Italy, and also foreign countries, for the early manuscripts of church music, and to prepare an edition as correct as possible, in modern notes, which will be published at the expense of the government, and under the auspices of Pius."

Our readers will of course not confound this latter named gentleman with Pusey, the grand teacher of *dis-cord*, at Oxford.—*Presbyterian*.

**CHINESE MUSIC.**—The music of the Chinese merits attention, on account of its antiquity. Their vocal music is very peculiar, and to our ears not very pleasing; it seems to be formed by closing the glottis, and forcing the sound through the nose. Their musical instruments are very numerous, amounting to about seventy or eighty. They have the model of nearly all ours. In a Chinese concert there is unison, but not harmony; they keep pretty good time, but make such a clatter that it seems as though each performer played on his own hook. Their tunes have no semi-tones, and consequently cannot be played on our instruments.

Confucius was a great lover of music, which he regarded as one of the principal aids to good government. It is said that he once heard a tune as he was passing the streets, which had such an effect upon him that he forgot to write, or even to speak, for three weeks.

**OLE BULL'S FIDDLE.**—The Scientific American says that the instrument played by Ole Bull is dated 1643. It was made at Bripia, by Gaspare de Salo, and was carved at Rome by the celebrated Beuvenuto Cellio, for Cardinal Aldobrandi, for which he received three thousand ducats. At the taking of Inspruck, in 1809, it fell into the hands of a soldier, who sold it for four hundred florins to Ryzcheek, who was celebrated for his splendid collection of stringed instruments. Ryzcheek, at his death, left it to Ole Bull as a testimonial of his admiration for that great violinist. The bridge of this instrument is formed by two beautifully carved fishes, the zodiacal sign for February. Ole Bull has several valuable violins; among others, a Cremona, made in 1742, by Cuarnerins, and a Stradivarius, made in 1687, for the king of Spain. The bows of these violins are almost all inlaid with diamonds—one of them has forty-five at the end of it; this was a present from the queen of Sweden and Norway.

### EARLY INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

Till within a short time, the opinion has been almost universal, that but few could be taught to sing; that the talent for music was a peculiar gift of nature, bestowed upon only a few, and they, favored ones, were to have it to themselves. Parents have neglected their children, and unless they took up singing of themselves have decided that, unfortunately, their children had no ear for music. The opinion has become so common, that but a small part of our congregations even pretend to sing, or think they can. Nor can they as they now are; but would it have been so if the proper pains had been taken with their childhood? How much pains do parents take to teach their children to speak correctly? Had children no better opportunity to hear speaking, or of being taught to speak, than they have to learn to sing, would any more be able to sing? I shall not say that every child who can speak might sing; but I believe the exceptions are very rare. Allow me to present a few facts on this point.

In an orphan asylum in Germany, containing two hundred children, there are only two certainly who have not learned to sing, and that, too, correctly.—These children are probably taught early, and have great pains taken with them. Whether this be or be not so, this fact has great weight in deciding such a question.

In all the common district schools in Germany, singing and music are taught, and every child is as much expected to attend to these branches as to read and write or recite any other lesson. They are all respectable performers, and many of them proficient.

The reading of musical notation is learned even in the snow-covered huts of Iceland. In passing through the continent of Europe, the traveler finds every festival, whether national or religious, graced with music. Serenades from the common people are heard every night in the streets. Music echoes from the shops, the boats, and the harvest fields. Some of the best performances of Mozart's difficult pieces are said to proceed from the privates of Prussian regiments. As a general thing, every house in Germany and Switzerland has some musical instrument.

I once stopped at a German settlement of no great size, where I was invited to hear some music at the house of a mechanic. Here a small company performed, vocally and instrumentally, almost the whole of Hayden's Creation. The master of the house, a black-

smith, more than sixty years of age, took the first violin; his aged wife, in spectacles, gave us a vocal part; the eldest son, a joiner from a neighboring village, sat down at a Leipsic piano, on which, after tuning it, he executed with great skill the whole accompaniment; several young men and women filled the remainder of the score. A boy, five years of age, was pointed out to me as beginning to play on the violin. Upon inquiry, I found there was not a house in that town without a piano or some keyed instrument. This evening's entertainment has often occurred to me as illustrating the happy influence of music upon domestic life and social habits. If you would have young people love home, induce them to cultivate music. It will beguile many a winter night, which might otherwise be worse than wasted. Few pleasures are cheaper, or more innocent, or more within the home circle. Almost all foreigners are proficient. A few years ago, a party of emigrants encamped for the night on a small eminence, about half a mile from my residence. About sunset we were surprised by the most delightful sounds wafted across the valley by these sojourners. It appeared to be their evening hymn, accompanied with horns. The effect was indescribable.—REV. J. TODD.

### PERSEVERANCE.

We translate the following from a French paper.—*Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.*

They used to say that every soldier carried in his cartridge box a marshal's baton. Might not one say in these days, that every chorister carries in his wind-pipe a fortune? Here is one example, at least:

About thirty years ago, in a little city of Italy, at Bergame, by a singular contrast, the company at the opera house was quite indifferent, while the choristers were excellent. It could scarcely have been otherwise, since the greater part of the choristers have since become distinguished composers. Donizetti, Cruvelli, Leodoro, Blanche, Mari, and Dolci, commenced by singing in the chorus at Bergame. There were, among others, at that epoch, a young man, very poor, very modest, and greatly beloved by his comrades. In Italy the orchestra and choristers are worse paid than in France, if possible. You enter a boot-maker's shop—the master is the first violin, and the apprentices relax themselves after a day's work, by playing the clarinet, the hautboy, or the timbrels, in the evening at the theatre. One young man, in order to assist his old mother, united the functions of chorister to the more lucrative employment of journeyman tailor. One day, when he had taken to Nozari's house a pair of pantaloons, that illustrious singer, after looking at him earnestly, said to him very kindly:

"It appears to me, my good fellow, that I have seen you somewhere."

"Quite likely, sir; you may have seen me at the theatre, where I take part in the choruses."

"Have you a good voice?"

"Not remarkably, sir; I can with great difficulty reach *sol*."

"Let me see," said Nozari, going to the piano; "begin the gamut."

Our chorister obeyed, but when he reached *sol*, he stopped, out of breath.

"Sound *la*; come, try."

"Sir, I cannot."

"Sound *la*, you fool."

"*La, la, la*."

Sound *si*."

"My dear sir, I cannot."

"Sound *si*, I tell you, or by my soul I'll—"

"Do n't get angry, sir; I'll try—*la si, la, si, do*."

"I told you so," said Nozari, with a voice of triumph; "and now, my good fellow, I will only say one word to you. If you will only study and practice, you will become the first tenor in Italy."

Nozari was right. The poor chorister who, to gain his bread, had to mend breeches, possesses now a fortune of two millions, and is called *Rubini*.

From a letter renewing a subscription, we take the liberty to make the following extract. We presume the writer is a clergyman in the far west. We beg to assure him that anything from his pen will be gladly published in our columns:

"I have endeavored to obtain subscribers for the Gazette among teachers and leaders in music, and have shown it to many who profess to be lovers of music, but I know of but one who has been induced to send. I do not profess to belong to either class mentioned, and yet the Gazette is well worth the money to me, without taking into consideration the good moral influence it exerts. I have been especially pleased with the article by Lowell Mason, in No. 6, but more especially with your own and those of "A Citizen of New England," in No. 8; and if I cannot find subscribers to your paper, I can preach those sentiments to my people, and thus the moral influence will be diffused. I have for years been heart-sick with the mockery of worship exhibited in the singing in the great majority of our churches, and still more so at the incorrect views concerning the end for which it was ordained of God as a part of worship, and the false estimate of its usefulness. Let it be assigned its proper place, be performed for a right end, and it will be performed far more properly and spiritually, and effect greater good results. As you are not, like many of those whom I have solicited to subscribe for the Gazette, too well informed to learn any more on the subject, I would be glad to send some of my thoughts on the subject, from which you might perhaps draw some new hints; but being at present suffering from a very common calamity in this western country, fever, I can hardly write a legible hand, and must forego the pleasure. May you prosper in the work of reform. God is highly dishonored by the manner in which sacred music is conducted, and he will bless any who will labor for a reform in this thing.

Yours, respectfully,"

Among the resolutions adopted at the last meeting of the Albany (N. Y.) County Teachers' Institute, was the following:

*Resolved*, That we deem the instruction of vocal music in our schools, as far as is practicable, as a very useful and interesting branch of learning.

**PRESENT TO A CHORISTE.**—Benj. F. Edmonds, Esq., chorister of Baldwin Place Baptist Church, (Boston,) a week or two since was presented by members of the church and society with a gold watch, valued at \$130, as a testimonial of the high estimation in which his services are held by the congregation. It is so seldom that any one out of the choir ever thinks of the chorister or his unceasing labors, that it gives us peculiar pleasure to record this instance of the gratitude of a well-served congregation.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1847.

**RIGHT.**—One of the New York papers, in its account of the anniversaries, describing the annual meeting of the American Temperance Society, says "the band of the U. S. ship North Carolina was present, and relieved the meeting by playing, at intervals, popular pieces in very superior style." If music in religious meetings is wanted as a relief to the other services, how much more proper is it for a brass band to discourse "popular melodies," than for a choir to rise and sing,

"To bless thy chosen race,  
In mercy, Lord, incline,"

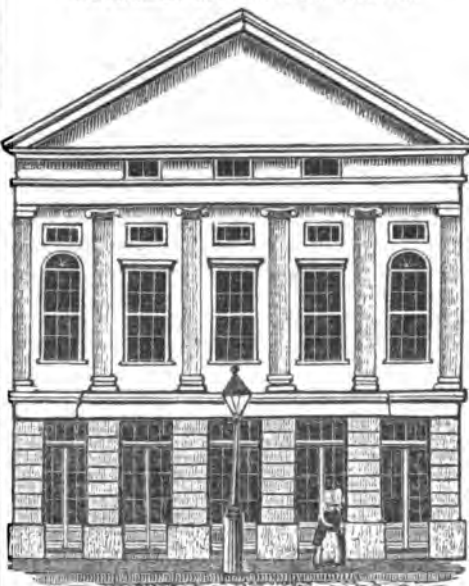
while clergymen, elders, deacons, and fathers and mothers in Israel, stretch their wearied limbs and give way to the liberties, highly indecorous during service, but perfectly proper during recess. We were once present at a commencement in a theological seminary. The house was crowded with professors, clergymen, and others of like character. Death-like stillness prevailed during the prayer, and the most marked attention during the addresses of the young gentlemen. After a time the choir rose and chanted, "O Lord our Lord, how excellent thy name in all the earth." The words of the psalm were printed on the order of exercises; but it seemed to us any one who had the slightest appreciation of propriety, or even decency, in public worship, would have been thunderstruck at the conduct of the audience during the chanting. Gray-haired ministers, staid deacons, elderly ladies, young men and maidens, rose *en masse*, assumed all sorts of lazy positions, and burst forth into conversations on every conceivable topic. Whether any one else observed the strange incongruity or not we cannot tell, but for ourselves, a cold chill passed through our frame, the like of which we have seldom experienced, before or since. How very much better would it have been had the worthy professors of this seminary secured the services of some military or cotillon band, and allowed them to perform Dan Tucker, or any other melody, during which the audience could have enjoyed a few moments' recreation. Truly the American Temperance Society have set an example which should be followed in all religious assemblies where music is wanted as a recreation.

**CONVENTIONS IN TROY AND HARTFORD.**—The exercises at these meetings were the same as are usual at such conventions. The Troy class was attended by from eighty to one hundred persons. The class met one evening in Rev. Dr. Beman's church, when many spectators were present, but no regular exhibition or concert was given. There was an attendance of from 250 to 300 at Hartford. Here also no regular concert was given, but spectators were present at the place of meeting (the vestry of Dr. Hawes's Church) on one of the last evenings.

**SINGING IN CONSTANTINOPLE.**—In an address at one of the anniversaries in this city, Prof. Pomeroy, of Bangor, who has recently returned from a visit to Palestine, said that he attended an Armenian church in Constantinople, which is under the care of one of the missionaries, and that he was much interested in the singing, although he could not understand the language in which they sang. All the congregation took part in

the singing, all singing the same part. In one hymn, Prof. P. said he noticed that they all had their eyes closed, and seemed entirely absorbed in the exercise, while tears were trickling down the cheeks of many, even of the oldest of the congregation. He asked the missionary what the hymn was, and was told it was, "Rock of ages slain for me." Most members of our American congregations take precious good care that the hymns shall have no such effect upon them.

## CHURCHES IN BOSTON.—NO. XI.



TREMONT TEMPLE.

This building was formerly the Tremont Theatre, but three or four years ago it was purchased by an association of gentlemen, members of the baptist church. It is now finished with a large hall containing seats for 2500 persons, a smaller hall with seats for 800, and halls smaller still almost innumerable. The large hall is furnished with a large and splendid organ, containing, in the *great organ*, 1, stopped diapason, treble; 2, stopped diapason, base; 3, open diapason; 4, 2d open diapason; 5, melodia; 6, principal; 7, 12th; 8, 15th; 9, tierce; 10, larigot; 11, 22d; 12, mixture; 13, trumpet, treble; 14, trumpet, base; 15, clarion. *Choir organ*—1, stopped diapason, treble; 2, stopped diapason, base; 3, open diapason; 4, dulciana; 5, principal; 6, flute; 7, 15th; 8, cremona. *Swell organ*—1, open diapason; 2, stopped diapason; 3, double stopped diapason; 4, viol de gamba; 5, principal; 6, 15th; 7, dulciana cornet; 8, night horn; 9, clarinet; 10, trumpet; 11, hautboy; 12, tremulant. *Pedals, from GGG to A, two octaves and two notes*—1, double open diapason, wood; 2, open diapason, wood; 3, open diapason, metal. *Coupling stops*—1, to connect the swell with the great organ; 2, to connect the choir with the great organ; 3, to connect the swell with the choir organ; 4, to connect the great organ with the pedals; 5, to connect the choir organ with the pedals. This organ was built by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, of this city.

The hall which will seat 800, also contains an organ which has one row of keys and six stops. Most of the smaller halls and rooms in the building, are let for various kinds of professional business. The larger halls are constantly let for concerts, lectures, and meetings of all kinds which require a spacious hall.

## TREMONT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. N. Colver, pastor; Joseph Sherwin, chorister; G. G. Hook organist.

This church holds its meetings permanently in the large hall of the Tremont Temple. The choir consists of thirty-two members, who meet for rehearsal every Thursday evening. The singers' seats are immediately behind the minister, so that the congregation face singers and clergymen at one and the same time. The order of service is, A. M., 1, organ voluntary; 2, reading of the scriptures; 3, singing; 4, prayer; 5, singing; 6, sermon; 7, prayer; 8, benediction;—P. M., 1, organ voluntary; 2, singing; 3, prayer; 4, singing; 5, sermon; 6, prayer; 7, singing; 8, benediction. The congregation rise during the singing immediately before the sermon, and sit at all other times. The Psalmist is the hymn book used in this church.

## PILGRIM CHURCH.

Rev. M. H. Smith, pastor; C. Young, chorister; Mrs. Litchfield, organist.

This is an orthodox congregational church, which for the present holds its meetings in the smaller hall of the Tremont Temple. The choir numbers twenty-five members, who meet for rehearsal every Thursday evening. The Church Psalmody is the hymn book used in this church. The order of service is, A. M., 1, voluntary; 2, prayer; 3, reading of the scriptures; 4, singing; 5, prayer; 6, singing; 7, sermon; 8, prayer; 9, benediction;—P. M., 1, singing; 2, prayer; 3, singing; 4, sermon; 5, prayer; 6, singing; 7, benediction.

## EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL.—NO. X.

My next excursion was to Windsor Castle, about twenty miles from London, whither I went by the Great Western Railway. When we went to get our passports signed by the American minister (Mr. Everett,) he kindly procured for us an order for admission to this favorite residence of the English monarchs; and the queen and court being absent, we were permitted to visit every part of the castle. It will not answer for me to occupy room in describing all that interested me, in this my first visit to a royal residence, but it may well be surmised that I was interested, from the fact that I have a yankee's bump of curiosity, besides a fondness for everything of antiquarian interest. In the musical line I saw only the musician's room, and the queen's piano. The musician's room adjoins the dining room, and contained the stands and other accommodations for a band, and also, a small organ of six stops. The attendant informed us that the band usually plays during dinner hours, and that Prince Albert spent much of his leisure time in playing on the organ. The queen's piano was a grand piano, with rich gilt or gold moulding around the edges of the case. Of its tone and touch I know nothing, for I was strictly forbidden to touch or even open it.

In company with my friends, I left London for Windsor at daylight in the morning. On the previous day I had ascertained through a music dealer that there was to be a grand concert on the afternoon of the day on which we visited Windsor. He said it was to be the most remarkable concert ever given in London, it being for the benefit of the sufferers at the great Hamburg fire. The tickets were \$5 each—Mendelssohn, Thalberg, Moscheles, Rubini, Caradori Allan, Adelaide Kemble, Grisi, Lablache, and several other of the most

celebrated performers in the world, were to take part in it—performers, either of whom, alone, would draw a crowded house anywhere. Never was I so much elated as at the prospect of hearing at one concert all the most distinguished living performers. The music dealer had no tickets, but promised to procure me one by the next noon. I charged him strictly not to disappoint me, let the cost be what it would. After a hasty visit at Windsor, I left my friends, and hastened back to London in the noon train, and posted forthwith to the dealer's, for my ticket. With a sorrowful countenance, he told me none could be procured, for love or money. Was there ever such a fall, as my anticipations experienced at those words? The thought that a ticket could not be purchased, had not entered my head, my sole anxiety having been lest some accident should prevent me from reaching the concert in season. I offered the dealer \$10, \$15, and finally \$20, to procure me admission, but he positively assured me the thing was impossible, if I should offer \$1000; so that with feelings of disappointment I never before experienced, I was obliged to employ the afternoon in a far different manner from what I had anticipated.

### J. C. JOHNSON'S MAY FESTIVAL.

This concert, or, rather, these concerts, came off at the Melodeon in Boston, as already noticed, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, May the last and June the first. We, (the senior editor of the Boston Musical Gazette,) having had nothing to do with the preparations from first to last, were present as a spectator. Thinking a concert of a description which can easily be given even in the smallest town, may interest many of our remote readers, we venture to give a description of it as it appeared to us. The Melodeon was formerly a theatre, but now belongs to the Boston Handel and Hayden Society, who at great expense have fitted it up for a concert room, placing in it one of Appleton's best and largest-sized organs. Exclusive of the singers' seats, it will seat 1400 persons, and is the most popular concert hall in the city. On the morning of the first concert, it was discovered that 2100 tickets had been sold. As this was 700 more than the house would hold, there was no little anxiety on the part of the conductor to know what to do. As the only thing that could be done, the fact that more tickets than the house contained seats had been sold was announced in the evening papers, with the fact that the concert would be repeated on the next evening for those who could not obtain admittance on the first evening. Notwithstanding, however, some three or four hundred persons more than the house could well hold, succeeded in jamming themselves in on the first evening, making every one in the house uncomfortable, and causing the audience to be so restless and noisy, that from the centre of the house where we sat, not one word of anything except the full choruses could be heard. A portion of the children also were deprived of their seats, and not knowing what to do with themselves, added their mite to swell the general confusion. In short, on the first evening, the concert was spoiled, although it was evident enough to the audience that the fault was in no wise on the part of the performers. We pass, therefore, to a description of the second evening, when the audience part of the house was full, but not crowded, and when the audience were so still during the singing, that the ticking of the clock could be heard. The sing-

ers' seats were beautifully and tastefully decorated with flowers, arches, pillars, festoons, &c., the queen's throne standing in the foreground, before which was a grass plat, formed with real sods, and around which were flowers innumerable.

The children did not take their places in the singers' seats until after the commencement of the performances, so that the audience had abundant opportunity to see the decorations. Precisely at the hour appointed for the commencement of the concert, the conductor entered, and seating himself at the organ, commenced a voluntary. After a few moments, the strains assumed more of a march movement, and at the same instant two streams of children began to issue from both sides of the organ, marching with measured steps to their seats. On arriving at their seats, they did not sit down, but continued standing, facing sideways to the audience. When all had entered, the organ, which had continued playing all of the time, commenced another strain, at the end of which all the children instantly faced the audience, and commenced in full chorus the air, "Lo the east with saffron tint" (from Bradbury's Floral Festival); 2, "O come, maidens, come," sung as a semi-chorus; 3, chorus, "Come, ye lads and lassies all;" 4, solo, "The Minnows;" 5, duet, "The Chamois Hunter's Daughter;" 6, chorus, "Spring;" 7, semi-chorus, "The Lily of Loraine;" 8, solo, "The Mountain Shepherd Boy;" 9, chorus, "The Farmer;" 10, duet, "The Blue Birds;" 11, solo, "The Forget-me-not;" 12, semi-chorus, "My own Cottage Home;" 13, chorus, "The Village Home;" 14, semi-chorus, "The Silver Nest," by Miss H. F. Gould; (this piece was sung by four little girls, with most beautiful effect, and was enthusiastically encored, notwithstanding a printed request on the programmes, that the audience would abstain from applause); 15, solo, "Where shall the beautiful rest;" 16, chorus, "The Skylark;" 17, glee, three voices, "The Merry Elves;" 18, chorus, O, the winter hath passed away."

The second part of the performance consisted of the coronation of a May queen, the ceremony, songs, &c., as arranged by J. C. Johnson. After an organ voluntary, to quiet the audience, a dozen boys and girls took their stations near the throne, and commenced singing:

"Where, where is our May-day queen—  
Where may the queen of the blossoms be seen?  
For we've come up to sing and to sport and to play,  
And to crown us a queen on this beautiful day."

After they had sung it over twice, and apparently paused for an answer, from the entry was heard the reply,

"Behold, behold our May-day queen!  
Here may the queen of the blossoms be seen.  
Companions come round us, to sport and to play,  
And to crown us a queen on this beautiful day."

Immediately a procession was seen entering from a side door, singing in full chorus,

"Sunny June and joyous May,  
Welcome to your gentle sway;  
Trees are smiling, meadows green,  
Happy herds and flocks are seen."

When the procession had arrived at the throne, the boys and girls who had been standing around, sang to a different tune, "Behold, behold our May-day queen," after which, the queen ascended the platform of the throne, her attendants took appropriate stations, and the rest divided right and left, and marched to their seats, singing,

"Gentle queen, ascend thy throne,  
Wear thy fragrant, flowery crown,  
Let its beauty deck thy brow,  
While before thy will we bow."

After the queen had taken her seat on the throne, all sang

"A rosy crown we twine for thee,"

after which one of the maids of honor presented the crown, with the address (spoken)—

"Fair queen, thy loving subjects true,  
Have twined this flowery crown for you," &c.

Another maid of honor then took the sceptre, and presented it, saying:

"Fair queen, thy subjects good and true,  
Have twined for thee a sceptre, too;—"

Next all sang:

"Hail to thee, O queen of May,  
Welcome to thy gentle sway;  
Pleasant sunshine on the bowers,  
Love and blessing fill the hours."

The queen's heralds then sang:

"Summer, autumn, winter, spring,  
Ye must all a tribute bring;  
Bough, or fruit, or evergreen,  
To the gentle flower queen."

The seasons then presented the queen with a bunch of flowers each, and the months did the same; after which one of the heralds (a boy) read to the queen a long message from the flowers, in verse. The heralds then sang—

"All ye flowers, a tribute bring,  
For the queen of May and spring,  
Bud, or flower, or blossom gay,  
For the queen ye must obey."

After this, to the sound of the organ all the girls passed before the queen and left a bouquet on the steps of the throne, singing,

"Hail to thee, O queen of May,  
Blessings on thy gentle sway."

When all had taken their places, the queen arose and addressed her subjects in verse, commencing,

"Beloved subjects, you have given me reason,  
To bless this genial hour and pleasant season."

This address closed the ceremony. At its conclusion, those standing around the queen, turning to those who were seated, sang, to Nuremberg,

"Dear companions, ere we part,  
Join we every voice and heart,  
Praise the One who gave the flowers,  
And these pleasant, sunny hours."

All then rose, the queen descending from her throne, and sang, to Greenville,

"Father source of every pleasure,  
Hear, O hear, our humble praise."

Three hundred and fifty children and youth, from the ages of five to sixteen, took part in the performance. The girls all wore wreaths of flowers on their heads, and held a bouquet in their hands. The queen was a young lady of fifteen, and her two maids of honor were twin sisters. Being seated on each side of the queen, the effect was admirable. Indeed the whole was, without exception, the most beautiful concert we ever attended—beautiful to the ear, and no less beautiful to the eye. Would that such concerts could be sufficiently multiplied in our cities, to furnish a source of recreation to the thousands who now seek for amusement at the theatre.

**New Music.**—We have received from Mr. C. Holt, jr., 156 Fulton street, New York, the following pieces of sheet music, just published by him: "The Joys that we have seen," a beautiful ballad, by W. C. Beames; "The Absent Soldier," a ballad, by S. O. Dyer, dedicated to those whose lovers and friends are engaged in fighting the battles of their country; "Dear Father, drink no more," a temperance ballad, by C. W. Acker-



man; "The owl sat on the old yew tree," a ballad, by Mrs. A. R. Lyster, in memory of the lost who were wrecked in the steamer Atlantic; "The Hebrew Maiden's Lament," a ballad, by Lindpainter; "Drink from the Mountain Spring," a fine four-voiced temperance glee, by R. L. Cook, dedicated to John B. Gough; "The Wreck of the Atlantic," a four-voiced piece, by S. B. Field; "The Seasons," a capital four-voiced glee, by the Hutchinsons; "The Pauper's Funeral," as sung by the Hutchinson Family; "The Song of the Shirt," as sung by the Hutchinson Family; "The Music we love most," a song, by Miss Augusta Browne; "The Hours we dedicate to thee," a song, by J. P. Knight; "The Mexican Volunteer's Quickstep," by Miss Augusta Browne; "The Child's Waltz and Polka," by C. L. Underner; "The Xylon Waltz;" "The Fountain Waltz," by W. C. Banks; "Le Depart," by H. D. Hewitt, an easy and very pretty waltz.

From E. Howe, Boston, we have received a copy of vol. II. of the Boston Melodeon, a collection of secular melodies, arranged in four parts, by Ed. L. White. This volume contains 224 pages. The first volume of the same work contains music of the same character, and is of about the same size.

From B. B. Mussey & Co., Boston, we have received a copy of the Tyrolien Lyre, a new glee book, containing 232 pages, by Ed. L. White and John E. Gould.

**CONCERTS.**—The Italian Opera Company, which has so long been performing in Boston, closed their performances by giving "Moses in Egypt," on Sunday evening, June 6, in the hall of the Handel and Hayden Society (the Melodeon.) This, like all their other performances, was attended by a crowded audience.—Messrs. Covert and Dodge, assisted by two Misses Macomber, one of whom performs on the violin and the other on the violoncello, have been giving concerts in Boston and vicinity with great success.—We hear of no other concerts of importance.

It is out of our power to furnish full sets of volume 1. From No. 8, we have a large number of copies, which are at the disposal of whoever may want them. From No. 1 to 7 we have not a single copy.

### MUSIC IN SCHOOLS.

Of the many useful and interesting branches of education pursued in our common schools, there is none calculated to exert a more lasting or beneficial influence on the minds of youth, than vocal music. Although I am no advocate for crowding too many studies into our schools, yet it appears to me that the study and practice of vocal music have too long been crowded out; and instead of being regarded as an additional task upon the time and attention of both teachers and scholars, in their pursuit of other studies, it should be considered as an additional auxiliary to them, and a relaxation and amusement from the tedium of study.

But it is thought by many, that children cannot sing, unless they possess a certain phrenological bump, styled the bump or organ of music, and that it is more natural for children to cry, than to sing. All this is a libel upon the youthful character. It is true, if a child is unhappy, it will cry; but if it is happy and cheerful, it will sing. What! has the beneficent Creator bestowed this faculty on the "animal creation to cheer and charm," and denied it to his rational, intelligent be-

ings? It is a reflection upon his wisdom and goodness. Children can sing, and will sing. It appears to be the most natural way of expressing the exuberance of their feelings, and if they are not taught such music, poetry, and sentiment, as are adapted to improve their morals and intellects, they will learn such as are of a demoralizing character. An eminent writer has penned the following sentiment: "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes their laws; I shall govern the people." If this sentiment be true, it is a matter of no ordinary concern, what character of music and sentiment is taught the youth of our country.

Again, there are some, perhaps, who object to music in schools, because the science is too difficult, and therefore children cannot sing scientifically and correctly. Neither can they read or write scientifically and correctly, until they are taught. No teacher would consider even the smallest of his scholars incapable of learning the different forms and sounds of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, whereas in music there are only six notes, differing in length, in common use. It is not expected that the little time which a teacher can devote to this branch of education, will make his pupils adepts in musical science; but by explaining a short lesson each day, and practicing a few plain, simple compositions, they will very soon be able to cheer and enliven the school-room with sweet flowing harmony.

As a means of discipline, children should be taught to sing; for music, like its nature, is calculated to produce harmony and concord of feeling among those who blend their voices together in sweet concord of sounds. Having had many years experience in teaching music in connection with other branches of education, it was not uncommon to witness groups of scholars, during the interim of school hours, singing their social hymns in harmony, instead of being engaged in those bickering disputes and quarrels, so common among school children. Music is an antidote for the rod. If teachers will but try the experiment faithfully, it is confidently believed that they will find but little use for the rod, except to "keep time," while the sweet voices of the children will "keep tune."

As a means of moral training, music should be regarded as of the first importance in schools. If wise men and prophets are taken for authority, music has the greatest influence over the disposition and manners; it soothes and cheers, inspires and consoles, and may be said to be the charm of infancy, the delight of youth, and the solace of age. The constant aid of such a real and efficient contributor to good nature and cheerfulness, should not be dispensed with in early education. The ancient Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, believed that they could more effectually teach the maxims of virtue by calling in the aid of music and poetry. These maxims, therefore, they wrote in verse, and set them to the most popular and simple airs, to be sung by the children. Let christian parents and teachers be persuaded to avail themselves of the same pure and happy influence, to subserve a purer system of morals, more worthy of every ingenuous aid and association which may recommend it to the youthful mind, with a desirable and lively interest.

Happily for the youth of our country, they have an ample supply of the most pleasing and ennobling sentiments of morality and religion, combined with the sweetest harmony. They have the songs of nature; songs of the warbling birds, the humming insects, and the fragrant breathing flowers; songs by day and songs

by night; songs of the ever-varying seasons; songs improving every evil passion, and alluring to the practice of every virtue; songs of reproof, of counsel, and instruction, with the grateful hymn of praise, and each adapted to convey some pleasing moral to the heart. Does the teacher hear some little voice exclaiming, "I can never learn this lesson, it is so hard?" Let the scholars join in singing,

"If you find your task is hard,  
Try, try again;  
Time will bring you your reward,  
Try, try again;  
All that other folks can do,  
Why, with patience, may not you?  
Only keep this rule in view—  
Try, try again."

Are any of the scholars tardy in coming to school? Let the school unite in singing the following gentle rebuke:

"O, with what delight,  
In the morning bright,  
Haste we on to school;  
Knowledge there we gain,  
Order there maintain,  
Free from all idleness."

Would the teacher encourage his scholars to seek higher attainments in knowledge? How appropriate is the sentiment expressed by Montgomery:

"Higher, higher will we climb,  
Up the mount of glory;  
That our names my live through time,  
In our country's story.  
Happy when her welfare calls,  
He who conquers, he who falls."

Singing in our common schools, where it has been properly taught, is universally acknowledged to exert a salutary influence on the minds of scholars. It affords a pleasing relaxation, gives exercise to the vocal powers, cherishes kind and social feelings, excites to diligence and perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge, and thereby subserves the most valuable purpose in the government and discipline of schools, and in the moral and intellectual training of the youth of our country.—*Western School Journal.*

**EASE IN MANNERS.**—A good way to display ease and elegance in company, is to pull out your pen-knife and trim your finger nails.

Another is, if a lady sings, to hum the music along with her; she, as well as everybody else present, will be astonished at your knowledge of harmony.

### NEW BOOK OF CHURCH MUSIC.

MARK H. NEWMAN & CO., 199 Broadway, New York, will publish as early as the 15th day of August, a new and original collection of music for churches, choirs, singing schools, and musical societies, to be entitled—

#### THE NEW YORK CHORALIST.

By Thomas Hastings and William B. Bradbury. Mr. Hastings is well known as the author and editor of *Musica Sacra*, the *Manhattan Collection*, *The Sacred Lyre*, *The Psalmist*, and other works. Mr. Bradbury is extensively known as the author and editor of *Flora's Festival*, *Young Melodist*, *The Singer's Companion*, *The Young Choir*, and *The Psalmist*. All these books have met with distinguished favor from the christian public, and it is expected that this new collection will be in every respect superior to any of the foregoing works.

THE CHORALIST will consist of a full collection of Psalms and Hymn Tunes in all the variety of metres now in use, together with Chants, Anthems, and set pieces adapted to various occasions of religious interest, containing also the elements of vocal music for instruction in schools, with exercises for practice.

The publishers flatter themselves that the collection will be found to be one of the most complete that has ever issued from the press. The music is adapted to the present advanced state of the science, and to the wants of the religious community.

Teachers of music, leaders of choirs, and others interested in the progress of musical science, are invited to examine this book on its publication. It will be printed from an entire new and beautiful font of type, and will be furnished to choirs and singing schools at a price suited to the times. MARK H. NEWMAN & CO., New York. May 1, 1867. 310

### CHURCH ORGAN.

CASE Greek architecture, 15 feet high, 8 feet wide, 5 feet deep, compass of keys, from GG to F. The contents are as follows: open diapason, stop diapason, base and treble, dulcians, principal, 12th, 15th, flute, hautboy, pedal check—the whole in a swell. For sale by SIMMONS & MONTGOMERY, Causeway street, Boston. 309

## WHEN CLORIS WEEPS. (MADRIGAL.)\*

J. CALKIN.

*Andante.*

When Cloris weeps, like some fair plant she seemeth, whose slender stem doth bend beneath the shower; And every drop doth

make us fear, doth make us fear 't will crush the tender flower; Doth make us fear, doth make us fear 't will crush the tender stream - eth, Doth make us fear 't will crush the tender flower, Doth make us fear, doth make us fear, doth make us fear 't will crush the tender make us fear, doth make us fear 't will crush the tender flower, Doth make us fear, doth make us fear, doth make us fear 't will crush the tender

*Adagio.*

flower, Doth make us fear 't will crush, 't will crush the ten - der flow - - - er. But when she smiles, when she When she flower, Doth make us fear 't will crush, 't will crush the ten - der flow - - - er. But when she smiles, But when she But when she smiles, when she

*Alllegro.* *Adagio.*

smiles, Oh! then the sun doth blaze, Oh! then the sun doth blaze, doth blaze, - - - - - And cold De - cem-ber, and smiles, Oh! then the sun doth blaze, Oh! then the sun doth blaze, Oh! then the sun doth blaze, And celd De - cem-ber, and Doth blaze - - - - - and

\* This madrigal obtained the prize given in 1846, by the Western Madrigal Society, England.

## WHEN CLORIS WEEPS. (CONTINUED.)

*Allargo.*

cold December turneth into May, turneth into May; The birds do sing, the birds do sing, the flowers their heads upraise, upraise, their up - raise, their

cold December turneth into May, into May; The birds do sing, the birds do sing, the flowers their heads upraise, upraise, their

cold December turneth into May, turneth, turneth into May;

heads up - raise, And shepherds sing, and shepherds sing, and shepherds sing a joyous Fa la

heads up - raise, And shepherds sing, and shepherds sing, and shepherds sing a joyous Fa la

And shepherds sing,

la. Fa la la la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la. Fa la

la. Fa la, la, Fa la la, Fa la la la la la, Fa la la la la. Fa la la la la, Fa la

la. Fa la la la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la. Fa la

la, And shepherds sing a joyous Fa la la, Fa la la. And shepherds sing a joyous Fa la la

la, And shepherds sing a joyous Fa la la, Fa la la la la la, Fa la la, And shepherds sing a joyous Fa la la

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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In the clerk's office of the district court of Massachusetts.

## THE HISTORY OF HEZEKIAH BROWN.

BY RICHARD DOSEM, M. D.

The abbreviation at the end of my name, Mr. Editor, may mean *doctor of medicine*, and may mean *Moortown doctor*. My wife insists that I shall use it; and, although I have a very poor opinion of the practice of displaying small titles so pomposly, she must have her way; and your readers may take which definition they please. I am the village physician, and during my long rides and walks am accustomed to let my thoughts run on some useful subject, selecting that which gives the greatest promise of benefit to myself or others. These wandering thoughts, after following old Hippocrates in his leisurely trots to and fro for a week or two, frequently concatenate and conglomerate, and assume a form so substantial, as to be worthy of record.

Of late, I have been thinking of music, and of its present and probable future progress in our country. By a natural transition, music teachers, new and old, came up to be contemplated, criticised, and judged. I have known many of them in my day, and can at any time station a pretty long row, in miniature, on my dash-board, all alike, and yet all different, still every one resembling, in this or that respect, cousin Hezekiah Brown, whom I consider an average specimen of the species. Now from this fact, that cousin Hez. is an average specimen of the species, I have been led to think of his life and adventures; and from thinking of his life and adventures, I have come to the conclusion to write them. A "desperate healthy time" in my field of labor, has furnished me with time to act upon this conclusion, and—behold me at my task!

I doubt if a man's life can be compressed into one or two pages. Hezekiah shall then be considered before he "arrived at years of (musical) discretion," and after that desirable era, each period containing matter enough for a chapter.

Some people never seem to attain to years of discretion, but remain all their lives as ignorant, opinion-proud, and unadvisable, as a youth of seventeen. A few, who have, fortunately, been planted in the right soil, fostered carefully while green and young, and tied to straight sticks to prevent a knurly, straggling growth, can hardly remember when they were not discreet and teachable. Hez. belonged neither to one class nor to the other; and therefore I proceed to the consideration of the first portion of his existence, and *could* preface by a table of contents, as, "*Hez. is born; his early years; gets into difficulty; gets out of difficulty; gets in again; gets out again.*" Let the narrative, however, tell its own story.

Near a sunny village, not far from the Green Mountains, stands a red farm-house, half hidden by over-

hanging elms. In front, or in its rear, of a bright afternoon, might be seen a group of as brown, tough, merry young ones, as ever ran bare-footed over a stubble field, or dressed dolls under an apple tree. They were all pretty smart—at least so their father thought, as he paused from cooling his face at the pump, after his day's labor, to look at their gambolings. If any one was peculiarly "a driver," it was the freckle-faced urchin who was captain or drummer in military companies, and schoolmaster, coachman, and general "boss" in all sorts of plays. "Come ahead" would have been an appropriate motto for the end of his nose, and "Go ahead" for his back. Hez. Brown was expert in most boyish accomplishments, and prided himself, in private or openly, not a little therein. He dug angle worms with an air, and pulled up perch or pickerel quite professionally. He could imitate almost all sorts of noises, and whistle five tunes, just one less than the village band could play. At school, he was not often at the head, although he averred that he could keep there if he would. He was, however, quite a king on the playground, and excelled, if in nothing else, in the strength and shrillness of his voice.

Time, who never lies down to sleep under the trees by country houses, or anywhere else, had driven his wagon past several year-stones, causing all people to change and range, and mingle in their chaffer for his various notions. Among other doings, he brought a singing-master to the village of S—, and brought a school under his tuition, which last does not always follow the advent of a teacher.

Among the boys, who were placed, for better supervision, within reach of the professor's fiddle-bow, sat Hezekiah, the elements of musical talent, which had, as a general thing, lain dormant in his bosom, beginning to awake, and to give some premonitory pulls at the muscles of the trachea, larynx, and tongue, by way of tuning for future performances. At the commencement of the quarter, "the master" could be heard as clearly as Chanticleer in a swarm of bees; and at the end, it was not much more than discernible. S—boasted not a few "young men and maidens" who could call "Jake" or "Bill-lee!" so as to be heard a mile off of a still morning. When these once got on the track of screaming by rule, he must have a broad gauge and swift engine who would outstrip them. It seems to me, Mr. Editor, that they were on the *wrong* track. New singers have a natural respect for powerful voices, and with them I admire tones which are at once strong, manly, and polished; but as a *physician* and *musician*, I must condemn commencing with such noises as some teachers yet extort from their pupils. They are not in good taste, nor necessary, and endanger the health of those delicate organs with which we speak and sing. I have been called to attend to not a few bronchial and pulmonary complaints, which were evidently induced by beginning musical study with severe and long-continued vocal exercise. What should you think of an invalid, who should improve the first day of his convalescence in sawing a cord of wood? Yet the cases are quite similar.

The piping tones of our hero could be heard amid the uproar which the musically-disposed of S— called singing. When a quarter had passed away, behold Hez. master of half a dozen psalm tunes, and, respecting elementary education, possessed of the thought, that if any one knew where *mi* was, he could reckon *fa*, *sol*, *la*, from it. From these beginnings, as he advanced in years, natural *smartness*, together with considerable practice, and a very little study, brought him forward to be an *instinctive* good singer. Like many others, he could sing a number of tunes correctly, guess at, and catch easily, new tunes, and even read music with considerable facility, in a choir—still not knowing the situation of a single letter upon the staff, and totally unacquainted with the philosophy of keys and signatures. In this—predicament, I was going to say—at the age of eighteen he became leader of a choir, a pretty self-confident one, too, and something of a marvel whether there were many more accomplished musicians in the country than himself. He was a yankee phenomenon. Whether right or wrong, I doubt whether any out of our country would dare to attempt so much with so small a capital. He was a pretty good leader, ingenuity and boldness helping him out of various shipwreck places where knowledge would seem to be the only safe pilot.

About this period, the new, Pestalozzian system, began to make some—music in New England, and in process of time a moderately good teacher made his appearance in the only vestry of the village, to agitate for a school. Hez. helped him with might and main, both from a real good-heartedness, and a hidden, unconfessed desire to be important. A good class was organized, containing plenty of "new singers," and a quantity of more experienced ones, who came to help along, have a good sing, and, perchance, a nice chat with the village belles or beaux. One of these "old singers" was somewhat surprised to find that he had something yet to learn, and somewhat amazed that he had never found out those unknown things alone. Howbeit, at the end of this, his second quarter's study, he was again a complete musician, master of the science by two systems of study.

When Hez. was twenty-one, it became to him an interesting subject of consideration, whether he should stay and help on the old farm, or try his luck behind a counter, or in selling wooden clocks in Pennsylvania. He was bred a farmer, and knew nothing else. But, stop, what yankee ever needs preparation for a trade? Hez. *could* do anything, but farming a little better than anything else. He concluded to remain in that occupation, but determined to eke out the income which himself and a certain Susan Morse might some day need, by teaching singing school. Who would teach him to teach? He never thought of that. He would manage in some way, so that people should think he knew a great deal, whether he did or not. But was this not a sort of dishonesty? It was shrewdness, enterprise, or something of the kind, which borders on dishonesty. But he really expected to teach his scholars well, and thought he had the capacity to do it. Like him, a

great many err, in thinking that teaching requires no study and preparation.

Remembering that "a prophet has no honor in his own country," he gathered a small school, by way of commencement, in a village five or six miles off, and succeeded pretty well, that is, satisfied pretty well, which is quite a different thing from teaching efficiently and successfully. The mass of those who begin to learn are not competent to judge of the real merits of a teacher, but are easily carried away by a display of confidence and skill on his part, leaving a school at its termination with the impression that they have had a good master, but with not a very clear idea as to what has been learned. Instructors like my cousin teach for their own pockets, not for the heads of their pupils.

For some years, he pursued this occasional occupation, with varying success, according as he happened among intelligent or ignorant people. A visit of a day or two to a musical convention did not help him, for he came back with pretty much the same feeling as people have who have been through college. He taught without knowing how, was proud because of his want of knowledge, and pleased his pupils without benefiting them. He had not arrived at years of discretion; and in order to allow him time to do so, suppose we suspend our narrative until the next paper. \*

### THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Among all the wonders of modern clairvoyance, there is wanting one far more marvelous than has yet been seen, even by the most penetrating eyes. It is but a trifle, (as the sage author of *M'Fingal* has elegantly observed,) to know by sagacious foresight, or gift of prophecy, or sympathy with witch-hazel rods, what things are to happen in future times; but to see not only the things that shall be hereafter, but also those that never have been, are not, and never shall be—this, this is foresight indeed, this is prophecy with a witness, and will elevate him that hath it above all seers, ancient or modern, as some tall liberty pole erected in the market-place towers in lonely grandeur above the heads of the crowd that have raised it. Such to the savans of the old world seems the hope that among the wood-cutters of this great wilderness, this unlimited prairie land, this ill-shaped and indelible continent of hoosier-dom, a school of music shall rise to cast a shade over the most celebrated schools of Europe. Yet what can be alleged to show the absurdity of this? Americans have excelled in everything they have undertaken in earnest, and they always will. An American has given power to the world over the lightning itself. An American has revolutionized the commerce of the globe, by the application of steam to machinery. An American has made it possible for men to converse together in opposite hemispheres without stirring from their places. The most perfect general and statesman of the world, was an American; the most profound metaphysician ever yet known, was an American. And can any one tell the reason why we are not to look for great things in the fine arts from our countrymen? Because we have not yet produced them, does it follow that we shall have no specimens hereafter? Has universal liberty, or the highest style of moral heroism, yet found an advocate who can sing of either in an epic no less pure, no less grand, than that wherein Homer deifies revenge, Virgil apologizes for despotism, or Milton embalms the scholastic theol-

ogy, in bewailing the loss of Eden? Has Moses yet received due honor of this kind as the apostle of liberty? or has Messiah yet seen a disciple who could "watch with him one hour," and enter into the conflicts of a God-man with all the foes of God and man, so as to be able to declare him more nearly in his true relations to man and the world? Then, as certainly as the earth refuses to end for the saving of the credit of not a few among her ungrateful children who assign her a speedy time to perish, there must and will be one raised up to do these things; and where else but among a people of unheard freedom, both of speech and opinion, is there the least chance that he will appear?

And because we have not yet seen and persecuted, then raised statues to an Angelo, a Milton, or a Handel, among ourselves, does it follow that we shall not prove ourselves true to nature by so treating some that are either now beginning to act, or that will soon appear among us? A new epic will produce a new school of painters and sculptors, and the free musical spirit of our country will raise up great masters in the musical art. Our success in this department has already exceeded all example. No authors or editors of church music elsewhere have ever done what will at all compare with the efforts of Lowell Mason and Thomas Hastings—names mentioned it may be with a sneer by some who envy their success without a particle of their talent, but honored by all true musicians as among the first in their departments, and their music is, and for ages will be, sung in every part of the world where a pure and simple taste prevails, and no narrow jealousy of foreign productions excludes them from the knowledge of the people at large. And as in ancient times the religious hymns of the Orphic school afforded material and excitement to the later rhapsodists that figure in the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the *Theopny*, so this American school of the church will raise up a race of oratorio writers, precisely as the strains of Gregory or Ambrose, of Palustrina or Luther, breathed into Handel the spirit of his immortal choruses, and made him the Apollo of the world. ASAHEL ABBOTT.

FOREIGN.—Anna Bishop, reputed the best living English soprano, intends visiting America this summer.—At the last "concert of ancient music," London, Mendelssohn performed an extemporaneous fantasia on the organ, and a concerto of Bach's composition on the piano. The concert was under the direction of Prince Albert.—From April to July is the London concert season. Mendelssohn and Jenny Lind are the stars now before the London public. *Vieuxtemps*, *Grisi*, and a host of other stars of the first magnitude, are also present.—The greatest curiosity now in London is said to be four persons calling themselves Hungarian vocalists. Two of these gentlemen sing duets, and the other two accompany them with their voices, imitating every instrument of the orchestra. They have performed before the queen and Prince Albert, who were highly delighted with their skill.—Spohr is expected in London in July, to superintend the performance of some of his own works.—Mendelssohn's oratorio, "*Elijah*," has been performed four times in Exeter Hall, London, this season, under the direction of its author.—London piano-forte makers have commenced making a style of six-octave pianos, for twenty guineas (\$100.) The editor of the *Musical World* says they are good substantial instruments, unexceptionable, in touch and tone.—A Mr. Siccama,

has invented a patent diatonic flute, said to be greatly superior in tone, to any previously existing.—A new and splendid music hall has just been completed in Dublin.—The sisters Neruda, of Vienna, one of whom is eleven years old, and plays the piano, and the other seven years old, and plays the violin, have given many concerts in Berlin with great success.—Berlioz gave two concerts in St. Petersburg, at which he cleared 30,000 francs, beside which, the empress sent him a diamond ring, and the duchess of Leuchtenberg a valuable breast-pin.—*Rhythm* is derived from a Greek word, signifying *even measure*.—A young lad, named Pappendyk, in Berlin, having shown a great talent for piano-forte playing, the king of Prussia has granted a pension for defraying the expenses of his education.—The French minister of instruction having advertised for a number of compositions, to form a sort of national collection of religious and historical songs for schools, seventeen hundred and fifty pieces, from five hundred composers, made their appearance. Of these, a committee of thirty, arranged in ten divisions, each division to review the work of the others, selected two hundred and eighty-seven pieces. First prizes, of six hundred francs, were given to six, and second prizes, of three hundred francs, to ten persons. In addition, seventeen songs received honorable notice.—Francisco Pollini, a famous Italian piano-forte player, and once, about 1780, a scholar of Mozart, died last fall, in Milan.

KENTUCKY VIEWS OF SINGING.—A presbyterian minister, writing in the *Presbyterian Herald*, gives a doleful account of what he saw and heard in a congregation which he visited as a stranger. It affected him so, that, he avers, were he to spend another sabbath in the place, he would spend it in private devotion. He had no fault to find with the sermon, but the singing was conducted by a choir "of fifteen or twenty persons, perched over the heads of the congregation." No one else attempted to sing. "There was such a squeaking of fiddles, such a tooting of flutes, and such a squealing of whistles of one sort or other, and withal a style of singing so very fashionable, that not one word of the hymn could be heard." How sadly must that minister be affected, if he ever visits New England, where there is nothing but choir singing. He must think that all religion has died out—especially if he applies to us his closing remark, which is:

"A church encouraging or tolerating such a state of things, need scarcely expect a revival. To introduce such performances when a revival exists, (which we are thankful will never be done,) would put an end to the good work. And were the church above referred to blessed now with a revival, (than which nothing is more unlikely,) it would at once silence the fashionable singing, and banish their fiddles and the like from the house of the Lord."—*N. E. Puritan*.

The vessels consecrated to the perpetual use of the temple were not less noble than the pile itself. Joseph counts one hundred and twenty thousand of them which were made of gold, and one million three hundred and forty thousand of silver, ten thousand vestments of silk and purple girdles for the priests, and two millions of purple vestments for singers. There were likewise two hundred thousand trumpets, and forty thousand other musical instruments made use of in praising God.



## ANNUAL EXHIBITION

*At the Conservatory, or Musical College, in Leipsic.*

This conservatory boasts several of the first musicians in the world among its professors. At the exhibition of which we give the programme, Mendelssohn and Moscheles presided, and played the accompaniments on two grand pianos:

1. Overture to Count Robert of Paris, by Cherubini.
2. Violin concerto, by H. Riccius, of Bernstadt, and W. Metzlar, of Twickau.
3. Rondo brillante for piano, J. Archer, of London.
4. Ave Verum, by Mozart. Male and female pupils.
5. Two studies on the piano, from Chopin. Michael Sentir, of Waraw.
6. Scherzo for violin. Adolph Long, of Thorn.
7. Concerto from Weber, piano. Louis Drouet, of Coburg.
8. Aria from Mozart, by Minna Berndt, of Mittau.
9. Piano-forte concerto from Mendelssohn, by F. Breuning, of Brotterode.
10. Overture from Hummel, arranged by Moscheles, played by six pupils, on three pianos.
11. Prayer from Hauptmann, chorus and solo voices.
12. Variations on the violin, from David, by Franz Seiss, of Dresden.
13. Four studies, from Moscheles, by Miss Flinn, of Dublin, Ireland.
14. Scena and aria from the Freischutz, sung by Minna Stark.
15. Study from Thalberg, and fantasie from Liszt, by August Gockel, of Willebadessen.
16. Duet from Donizetti, by Fraulein Stark and Berndt.
17. Concertante for four pianos, from Czerny, played by Fraulein Berndt, Miss Flinn, Augusta Remde, of Weimar, and Augusta Lachse, of Weissenfels.

No compositions by pupils were brought forward, from which the writer of the report from which we copy infers, that harmony is not so readily taken up by youth as other studies, and remarks in addition that while many wonderful young performers have astonished the world, no child has been found to be naturally a good composer. Mozart, even, forms no exception. His first attempts were purely childish ones, imitations of things he had heard, or something of the kind, quite unworthy of his later fame.—*German paper.*

## GENIUS.

A genius should be prudent. One who intends to display genius should first be sure he has it, and also deep calculation, strict self-criticism, and sufficient courage to write, paint, or compose something at which one knows a whole troop of critics will sneer and shake their heads. In truth, *genius* may be defined as deep thought and calculation. Some reckon and think slowly, like Beethoven, Weber, Angelo, Buonarrotti; some fast, as Master Amedeus, Rafael Sanzio, Calderon de la Barca, &c. The fact is the principal thing; the rapidity with which a thought arrives at maturity, of little consequence.

In the life-time of the great Mozart, what a host of stupid people there were! Many, many thought him a light-minded child, that his melodies came to him without trouble, and that he had only to open his arms and shake down an opera or two. How vexed he was one time when he saw such a libel in print! Directly he wrote to the count of Waldsegg: "See, dear sir

count! I never thought people were quite so stupid. They don't understand my music, and on the top of that they say it comes to me in my sleep, and I need only to open my arms and shake it out. Heaven knows, though, that *Don Juan* caused me almost to sweat blood!"—*Berlin Musical Journal.*

Mozart often wrote letters in the common Austrian dialect, and his expressions were simple as those of a child. This dialect may be compared to that of Yorkshire in England, only it is not quite so broad. \*

MESSENGERS. EDITORS.—It "lately befel [me] accidentally," that I took up an "old almanac" for the year 1820, in which I found the following lines. I hope no one will attempt to shield himself from the shaft that flies quasi "accidentally" from this homely bow-string, behind the saying, that "*All is not true that is in the almanac.*"

## THE ASS TURNED FLUTE PLAYER.

Good sire! or ill or well,  
A short story I'll tell,  
Of what lately befel,  
Accidentally.

O'er a green field of grass,  
It just now came to pass,  
There did stray a young ass,  
Accidentally.

And in this ass's way,  
I have also to say,  
There a little flute lay,  
Accidentally.

Well, the flute he espied,  
He smelt to it, and pryed,  
And into it sighed,  
Accidentally.

Now the air in the flute  
Did not pass through it mute,  
Although breathed by a brute,  
Accidentally.

Cried the ass, How divine  
Is this music of mine!  
And say, who shall revile  
The sweet asinine style?

Without compass or chart,  
Without canons of art,  
See an ass play his part,  
Accidentally.

We copy the following ode to "our organ," from the Chester (Vt.) World of Music:

## LINES,

Suggested on hearing the Organ at Park Street Church.

Oh, noble instrument of praise!  
Thy rich and deep-toned harmony bursts forth  
In tuneful symphony, and fills the souls of those  
Who meet as worshippers, within these sacred courts,  
To pray and praise, with pure and holy zeal.  
A soothing influence thou dost yield, o'er all  
Assembled here, which calms all passions of the soul,  
Which sets aside all worldly thoughts, and waits  
Each mind to glorious realms of light and love,  
The sure abode of those, who true perform  
The duties of their earthly course, required of them  
By God, also by man. 'Tis here, while listening  
To the thrilled accents of thy lofty voice,  
Majestic organ, the rolling thunders of thy base,  
Which shake the pillars of the court, and jar  
Its unrelenting walls, all yielding to thy magic sway,  
It is e'en here that I would ever dwell.  
Devotion can but bow before thy shrine,  
And join with thee, to lead the weary hearts  
Of wandering pilgrims unto Zion's gate.  
Faith could but listen to thy melodies,  
And Love, and Hope. E'en others would unite with thee—  
And all combined cannot but win the end,  
Tired travelers of earth, who look for joy in vain,  
To such a home above.  
There, music sweeter than the golden tones  
Which issue from the organ, will be heard, and keep

In tune, and fill with love, the souls of all  
The holy ones of heaven. There would I ever dwell.  
Oh! who can turn, and looking to the world,  
Say, "Happiness is mine?" 'Tis false. 'Tis never found  
While rambling through the wicked scenes of earth.  
Music! long I might bow before thy shrine,  
But never tell, no, nevermore express  
How much I love thy presence.

M. A. B.

Boston, April 11.

INVENTION OF THE ORGAN.—The organ was invented previous to 757, and during the tenth century it became in general use in Germany, Italy, and England. From the following description of an organ erected about the tenth century, by St. Elphegus, bishop of Winchester, we may suppose that the instrument then used differed somewhat from that known by the same name in our day:

"Twelve pair of bellows, ranged in stately row,  
Are joined above, and fourteen more below:  
These the full force of seventy men require,  
Who ceaseless toil, and plentifully perspire;  
Each aiding each, till all the wind be prest,  
In the close confines of the incumbent chest,  
On which four hundred pipes in order rise,  
To bellow forth the blast that chest supplies."

MUSIC.—Sacred music (says the chevalier Sigismund Neukomm,) is the only kind that is imperishable. The composer who faithfully devotes himself to it, renounces at once the applause of the multitude. His inspirations arise from conviction. His ideas, or, I should say, his sentiments, verified by the rich conceptions of harmony, and by the charms of a melody at once pure and noble, are sure of finding an echo in the soul of every well-organized being. It is not so with profane music; the composer of this sort wishes and must endeavor to please the *profanum vulgus*; all means are lawful; a vague expression, and often even a false one, is sufficient to captivate the attention for a moment, and hence the caprices of what is called taste, but which ought to be called fashion. These ephemeral notes divert us a moment and die on the ear, without even reaching the heart; they resemble soap bubbles, which, after having glistened for a moment with all the colors of the rainbow, burst and leave no traces of their having been.

Music, both in theory and practice, vocal and instrumental, I consider a necessary part of education, on account of the soothing and purifying effects of the melodies, and because men, wearied with more serious pursuits, require an elegant recreation.—ARISTOTLE.

Let me make the ballads of any nation, and you may make their laws.—VOLTAIRE.

SALE OF MUSICAL WORKS.—The valuable musical property of Mr. J. A. Stumpff, late of 44 Great Portland street, was sold at auction by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, on Tuesday, March 30, and following days, at their rooms, Piccadilly. A catalogue has been transmitted to us. The musical collection is rich and varied. Among the curiosities and varieties proffered for sale, we may note, a portrait and snuff-box of Beethoven, each with a lock of his hair; ten MSS. in the autograph of Mozart; a wedding service of Sebastian Bach's, in his own hand-writing; a scrap of writing in Beethoven's own hand, written on his death-bed for Mr. Stumpff; besides various autographs of other great men, including Spohr, Goethe, &c. &c. Attention is particularly called to seven manuscript compositions of Beethoven, presumed to be unpublished. Among these are three overtures.—*London Musical World.*

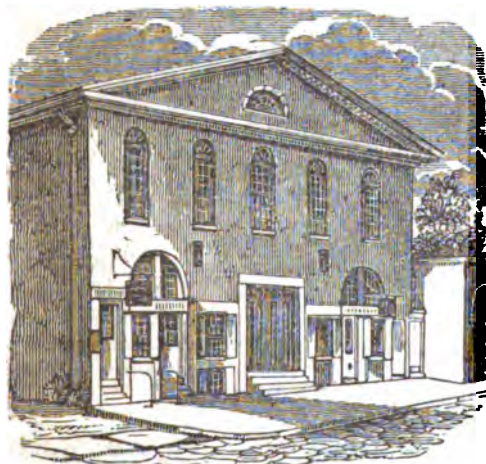
## CHURCHES IN BOSTON.—NO. XII.



SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Rev. Hosea Ballou and Rev. E. H. Chapin, pastors; John Low, chorister; C. Henderson, jr., organist.

The choir consists of fifteen members; the organist only receives compensation. The organ is six years old, and was built by Thos. Appleton, of Boston. It contains, in the *great organ*, open and stopped diapason, principal, 12th, 15th, sequialtre, dulciana, flute, croma. In the *small organ*, open and stopped diapasons, dulciana, principal. Also, pedal base and couplers. The house is a plain, brick building, without steeple, 75 feet long and 67 broad. It stands on School street, about fifty yards from King's Chapel.



SECOND METHODIST CHURCH.

Rev. Mr. Higgins, pastor; W. Daniels, chorister; the organ is played by a lady.

This house is of brick, and measures 84 by 54 feet. In the middle course of hammered stone in the foundation, is a block taken from the celebrated rock on which our forefathers landed at Plymouth. The house was dedicated Nov. 19, 1806. It stands on Bromfield street, a half minute's walk from Park Street Church. The choir numbers thirty members, none of whom are paid. They meet regularly for practice every Saturday evening. Two hundred dollars is the annual appropriation for music. The organ was built by Geo. Stevens, of East Cambridge, has two banks of keys, twenty-two stops, pedals, coupling stops, &c., and is a very fine instrument.

## CHURCH MUSIC.—NO. VII.

The estimation in which church music is practically held in this country, can hardly be definitely described. It is, by all but quakers, considered a part of public worship which *must* be performed, but *why*, for what object, few know, and fewer care. Churches of every denomination consider it their *duty* to have singing, and make, each in its own way, provision for its performance, but none seem to have the slightest conception of any farther duty in relation to it. With most churches, if the hymns are sung, it is all they ask. A few societies go a little farther, and endeavor to have them sung *well*, and some farther still, and make provision for as perfect a musical performance as the opera itself can furnish. If there is a church in the United States, that, as a church, regards its musical services, as a part of public worship, and means of spiritual edification, whose arrangements with regard to it are made with sole reference to these ends, who view it in no other light, and during its performance have no other thoughts in reference to it, we should be rejoiced to know it. Such a church we never have visited in this country, and such a church we believe does not exist within these United States. In other countries, we doubt not, the music is considered in no other light than as a part of public worship. In Scotland, Holland, and Germany, we know, by personal observation, that the idea of a musical recreation or exhibition never enters the mind of a member of the congregation, nor is the music considered in any respect a less sacred exercise than the prayers. In those countries, you never see a person, during the singing of a hymn, in any other attitude than that of profound attention, with the whole heart engaged in the exercise. In those countries, you never see a minister engaged in arranging his notes, or turning over his bible, or correcting, pencil in hand, his sermon, during the performance of a hymn, nor do you ever find him, during such an exercise, engaged in anything else than with heart and mind in the exercise itself. During a year's attendance at the same church in Germany, we never witnessed the slightest thing inconsistent with the idea that the singing was a direct act of worship, as much so as the prayers, and, indeed, there was much to make one feel that it was considered the most sacred part of the service. Of all the protestant countries we have ever visited, our country stands alone, in considering the musical part of public worship a recreation, an amusement, a relief to the other services. Every intelligent foreigner who has been trained in the protestant church, with whom we have ever conversed on the subject, has expressed almost as much horror at the manner in which our church music is esteemed, as we should express were we to visit a country where the prayers in public worship were used merely as a performance to tickle and amuse the congregation, or to be to them a relief from the tedium of the other services. If any doubt our statements, we advise them to converse with religious foreigners upon the subject. Several years ago, we were present at a church prayer meeting in Boston, when the remarks turned upon the subject of religious declension. Several reasons had been assigned for the low state of religion in the churches, when a stranger, whom we took to be a Scotchman, arose, (the meeting was open for any one present to speak,) and stated his opinion, that a prominent reason, he thought the most prominent, was the

manner in which the music was used. Most of those present thought the man was crazy, and for years afterwards we thought so too; but we now think we never heard a more truthful remark. A year or two since we attended a crowded meeting in the Winter Street Church in this city, to hear an address from a converted Spanish priest. He did not understand a word of English, but addressed the audience in French. From what we have heard of European church music, (considered in the light of performance merely,) we do not believe this priest ever heard such perfect singing in church in his life before. Yet, although he could not understand a word that was sung, he rose, fastened his eyes upon his hymn book, (from which he did not remove them for an instant, for we narrowly watched him, nor so much as glance at the choir, who were directly before him,) and was most evidently engaged in the inmost recesses of his heart in worshipping Almighty God. Not so the other ministers, of whom there were several in the pulpit, and not so a large portion of the congregation. Some of the ministers were staring at the choir and congregation, with hymn books closed, while two or three were engaged in conversation.—Very many of the audience were facing and gaping at the choir, with all the appearance of a delighted concert audience, although the fact was printed on every hymn book, that in that church the audience are expected to face the pulpit. True, among the audience, and among the ministers, were those who evidently esteemed the exercise aright, but they were by no means the majority. We believe every religious foreigner, during singing, will be found as was this priest, whether he understand the language or not, and we grieve to express our belief, that in every similar religious assemblage in this country, similar conduct will be observed on the part of some of the clergy and the larger part of the congregation.

Public opinion governs everything in this country. Whatever may be said or written to the contrary, there is no doubt in our mind, that public opinion in our religious community considers church music in the light of a musical recreation, and requires that it shall be made so! We have thus far spoken of the estimation in which church music is held in this country. This "estimation," in our opinion, is the root from which has sprung every trouble and every difficulty ever connected with church singing. Correct public opinion on this point, and musical troubles will flee from our churches, to return no more.

How shall church music be reformed? Answer, let public opinion in relation to it be reformed. We shall, of course, be expected to make some suggestions as to the best means for correcting public opinion. It is a subject, before which a stouter heart than ours might faint, but, still we will endeavor to make some suggestions in relation to it. First, however, we will consider the manner in which church music should be performed. This in our next.

The choir of the Allen Street Presbyterian Church, New York, gave a concert and excursion up Hudson river in a steamboat, June 24. They were accompanied by the band of the man-of-war North Carolina.—The N. Y. Sacred Music Society make an excursion to Poughkeepsie July 5, where they will perform the "Creation" in the tent of the agricultural society. Tickets for the "excursion and concert" are sold in New York.

From the Musical Library.

## GENERAL DIRECTIONS TO SINGERS.—NO. I.

## POSITION.

1. The singer should stand perfectly erect; the chest should be somewhat expanded and advanced, by pressing the shoulders a little downwards and backwards. The head should be quite erect, or thrown back in a line with the shoulders; and the direction of the eyes should be, as nearly as possible, horizontal. The singer should carefully avoid, on the one hand, a formal stiffness or sameness; and on the other, should strenuously guard against a regular or constant motion of the head or any part of the body, or any action or movement having the appearance of affectation or peculiarity.

2. In singing to a piano-forte accompaniment, the singer will appear to the best advantage by fronting, or nearly fronting, the right or left shoulder of the accompanist, with the head turned gracefully towards the music. When the singer has also to play the accompaniment on the piano forte, the instrument should be so placed that the performer may face the company, and not sit with the back to them; the seat should be a little lower than for ordinary playing; the proper position of the body should be preserved, and especial care taken that the shoulders and chest be not so contracted as to injure, or prevent the free and proper delivery of the voice.

## THE MOUTH.

3. In general, singers do not open the mouth sufficiently wide; a few are found on the other extreme; while we occasionally find those who naturally open the mouth and lips well, beautifully, and advantageously. It is always the object so to open the mouth as to produce the finest quality of tone; but as no two persons are formed exactly alike, no directions can be given which will be equally applicable to all. That form which has the most expression is, generally, the best; and this can only be acquired by careful attention to the position of the organs, and a length of practice sufficient to make that position natural and easy.

4. As a general rule, the teeth should be so far apart as freely to admit the fore finger between them. Whatever the vowel sound may be, the same form and degree of openness should be retained, as far as is consistent with the purity of the vowel sounds, as a means of preserving uniformity in the quality and quantity of tone.

5. That form of the mouth which is produced when the lips assume a little of the smiling form, and display the edges of six or eight of the upper and lower teeth, is beautiful and desirable. Some persons, however, cannot show the teeth without distortion, which must always be avoided. An agreeable formation, and that which is the most expressive, without the appearance of affectation, is the best. Good nature, cheerfulness of disposition, buoyancy of spirits, and warmth of feeling, contribute much to the proper opening figure of the mouth, and to the general good appearance and performance of the singer.

6. The protrusion of the lips is unfavorable to quality of tone; in the vowel sounds of O and U, the singer must be careful not to commit this fault.

7. While the singer is careful to cultivate the habit of opening the mouth in such a way as to produce the best possible tone, the very great importance of the form and action of the lips and tongue must not be forgotten. Indeed, all the organs of sound must be taught

to perform their office quickly, promptly, accurately, and with ease. Everything like grimace is as unfriendly to good execution and expression, as it is offensive to an attentive auditory. It is highly important, therefore, to cultivate a natural and agreeable appearance of the person and countenance. To assure themselves of their own propriety in these respects, and in order to acquire the habit of directing their looks to others while singing, learners should practice frequently before a mirror, and also invite the criticism of those in whom they have confidence.

**THE ÆOLIAN.**—This is the name of a new musical instrument for the parlor, invented by Messrs. Blodget & Horton, of this village, and which, if it had originated in Boston or New York, would, ere this, have been heard of in every village in the land. All are captivated with it who have heard it. We visited the shop of the ingenious inventors the other day, and had the pleasure of receiving from them a description of it, as well as listening to its truly æolian music. It is a wind instrument, as its name indicates, and has a key-board like a piano, which it much resembles in appearance. The music is produced by means of metallic reeds, which are so constructed as to vibrate with the softest pressure, as well as to play any *fortissimo* passage. These are combined with an air chamber and sounding-board upon principles entirely new, and in such a manner as to produce a richness of tone, hitherto unattained in reed instruments. The application of the air is also new. The peculiar construction of the blowing apparatus gives the performer unlimited control over the power of the instrument, enabling him to accent, swell, and diminish, and to produce every variety of expression in music, combining the prolonged tone of the organ with the soft and loud of the piano forte. It is admirably adapted to sacred music, and waltzes and marches are performed with equal facility. In size it varies from that of a card table to a piano forte. The inventors of this instrument have put measures in progress to secure a patent for it, and we have no doubt but they will reap a rich reward for their ingenuity, taste and enterprise.—*Akron (Ohio) Beacon.*

**GIVING UP.**—It's hard for any one to relinquish an object on which his heart is set, but it sometimes happens that the best of men fail of accomplishing their plans. We had set our heart on publishing all the music sent to us, and although the pile in our drawer has sensibly increased every time we have looked at it, we have still hoped against hope, and endeavored to feel that we should be able to accommodate all. Musical contributions have rained down upon us so fast within the past month, that we are, much against our will, obliged to "give up," and cry "enough." We have as much copy on hand as the Gazette will hold for more than a year to come; so, for goodness gracious sake, do n't send us another tune this six months; if you do, take our word for it, it will never find a place in the columns of the Gazette. To those who have forwarded music, we beg leave to say that we cannot tell when their compositions will be published, or whether they ever will be. What in the world can induce those who are ignorant of the simplest rules of harmony, to spend so much time in composition? It is as much impossible to write a good tune without understanding harmony, as it is to write a good book without understanding grammar.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, LONDON.**—The first concert for the season took place in the Hanover square rooms. The following programme was performed in presence of a very full audience:

**PART I.**—Funeral Anthem, "When the ear heard him," Miss Ransford, Miss Salmon, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Wetherbee, and chorus, Handel. Cantata, "Let all on high their voices raise." Soli by Miss Stewart, Miss Salmon, Messrs. Gardner and Wetherbee, Weber. Concerto dramatique, violin, Mr. A. Simmons, Spohr.

**PART II.**—Chorus, MS., from a mass; the soli by Miss Cheeseman, Miss Salmon, Mr. St. Albin, and Mr. Weeks, H. Wylde. Recitative and air, "But who is he?" Miss Ransford (Joshua,) Handel. Concerto stuck, piano forte, Mr. J. T. Mew, Weber. Song, "O, had I Jubal's lyre," (Joshua,) Handel. Trio and chorus, "Most beautiful appear," Miss Cheeseman, Mr. St. Albin, and Mr. Weeks, (Creation,) Hayden. Duetto, "Quan ancante," Miss Solomon and Miss K. Ward, Marcelllo. Trio and chorus, "Though all alone," Miss Ransford, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Wetherbee, (Mount of Olives,) Beethoven. Conductor, Mr. C. Lucas; principal violin, M. Sainton.

The Royal Academy of Music, says the Morning Chronicle, was instituted in 1822, and is under the immediate patronage of her majesty. The queen dowager is the patroness, Prince Albert, the king of Belgium, and the duke of Cambridge, vice patrons, and the duchess of Kent vice patroness. The committee of management consists of the earl of Westmoreland, the chairman, who was mainly instrumental in the formation of the institution, and to whom it is deeply indebted; Sir G. Clerk, chairman *ad interim*; the earls of Wilton and Fife, Lord Saltoun, Hon. A. Macdonald, Sir G. Warrender, Lieutenant General Sir A. Barnard, K. C. B.; Sir J. Campbell, K. C. T. S.; and Rev. F. Hamilton, A. M. Captain Bontein is the superintendent, and Mrs. Weiss the governess. Mr. Cipriani Potter is the principal of the musical department, Mr. C. Lucas the conductor, and M. Sainton first violin. Amongst the professors are Sir G. Smart, Sir H. Bishop, Signori Crivelli and Negri, Messrs. Goss, Neate, W. S. Bennett, W. L. Phillips, J. Bennett, W. H. Holmes, Mrs. Anderson, Madame Dulcken, Miss Kate Loder, &c. There are also professors for Italian and general literature, declamation, &c. The pupils may be either indoor students, residing at the academy in Tenterden street, or out-door students; and all branches of music are taught, the selection being made on entrance. The tuition is for forty weeks during the year; and the students, when competent, are appointed sub-professors. Certain advantages are given to the students who leave the academy, there being three classes of certificates to be gained by study and good conduct. Four king's scholarships were founded in 1834, the gainers receiving their musical education for two years gratuitously, when the late scholar may compete a second time. Many of our most distinguished musicians have received their musical education at the Royal Academy.—There can be no question, however, that its advantages might be materially increased, if the legislature could be prevailed upon to extend its patronage by a financial support, so as to form a national conservatoire. At present, the Royal Academy is dependent on the payments of the pupils, private donations, and the annual proceeds of a fancy dress ball.—*London Musical World.*



**NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.**—After the publication of No. 13 and before the publication of No. 14, is the only time, (other than at the end of the volume,) at which, according to our published regulations, subscribers can stop their papers. All who wish to stop at this time must give us notice previous to the publication of No. 14. Subscriptions will positively not be discontinued after that time, until the close of the volume.

The laws of the United States provide that no person can legally require his paper to be stopped until he has paid all arrearages, and given notice to the publisher that he wishes it discontinued, and declare leaving a paper in the post office uncalled for, without notifying the publisher, evidence of intentional fraud.

In most, if not in all of the churches in Germany, the singing is performed by the whole congregation, accompanied by a powerful organ, the congregation always singing the melody fortissimo, and the organ always being played with every stop drawn. To our mind, the musical service always appeared formal and dull, notwithstanding the extravagant encomiums we had so often heard bestowed upon it. The following article, from a German musical periodical, published in Erfurt, intimates that, in the writer's opinion, the music of the German church is susceptible of improvement:

#### RESPONSIVE SINGING IN CHURCHES.

I extract from an excellent work, "Theory and History of Church Music," by Wenzelau Weiss, the following remarks on "Responsive Singing in the Church": "We find that responses from congregation to choir were, several hundred years ago, quite common. Luther's *Herr Gott dich loben wir* was originally arranged in four parts, or for two choirs. The Antiphonian of the Bohemian brethren were arranged for two bodies of singers. In more modern collections of church melodies, this interchange of song has been mostly laid aside or slighted, and the only reason which can be assigned seems to be, that church music is not cared for as in elder days.

It is hoped that responsive singing may yet take a prominent place in the services at church. Through it, the congregation are interested, and better able to unite with minister and choir, to pray and sing in the heart. The revival of responsive singing will bring to light many a beautiful, long-forgotten melody, and, what is of more importance, will increase the dignity and effect of the musical part of service. Every one knows how religious a feeling the singing of a choral, especially if, contrary to common usage, it is sung in four parts, produces in the mind. How much this feeling might be deepened by an interchange of the thousand-voiced unison of a congregation, and the soft, gliding, perfect harmony of a choir! An example, and a good one, may be taken from the *Janer* hymn book. The preacher, on a certain "feast-day," selects responsive song No. 28, to be sung before sermon. After a grave, solemn prelude on the organ, the congregation commences:

"As prayed Isaiah on the mount of God,  
Above him blazed the presence of the Lord,  
Upon a lofty throne, arrayed in light,  
While the whole temple owned the glory bright,  
And seraphim on rushing wing drew near,  
And fell before the throne in holy fear.  
And none might view that uncreated light,  
But decked his face, and veiled his scorched sight.  
Then one cried to another, full and strong,  
While heaven's wide arches echoed to the song."

The congregation cease—a minute's pause—and a full, sweet harmony swells from the choir:

"Holy is Jehovah of Sabaoth!  
Holy is Jehovah of Sabaoth!  
Holy is Jehovah of Sabaoth!

The whole earth, THE WHOLE EARTH is full of his glory!"

Who would not here think himself in the neighborhood of angels? Who does not feel a holy awe in his heart of hearts, as he proceeds with the congregation:

"Then trembling seized on porch and mazy wall,  
While mid thick-clouded incense rang the call!"

And now the choir, fortissimo, with loud instrumental accompaniment, repeats:

"Holy is our God!  
Holy is our God!  
Holy is our God, Jehovah of Sabaoth!"

Who, even with the roughest nature, could avoid being impressed, affected, nay, bettered, at least for a moment, by such singing? And when the good preacher follows with his teachings and warnings, truly the seed must fall on good ground, well prepared, and we may hope and expect fruit an hundred fold.—JACOB.

**SINGING IN EAST FRIESLAND.**—In this country there is not much singing; even in household services I have only heard it once. In the schools, nothing is done for the art; if children "scream out" well, the teacher is satisfied. This screaming is also heard in churches, to such a degree, that, although possessed of pretty strong nerves, I have been almost stunned, and came away with the headache.

For the accommodation of those who come late to church, a curious custom prevails. During the first choral, the organ pauses between every verse; and the cantor, or leading singer, repeats, or screams the last word of the stanza which has been sung. This word, resounding in appalling distinctness through the otherwise noiseless house, affords a certain clue by which tardy worshippers may find their places in the hymn book.—*Evangelischer Kirchenzeitung.*

**EDINBURGH.**—Association for the Revival of Sacred Music.—On Tuesday, the classes of this institution were examined in the music hall at a morning and evening meeting. Among those who were present in the morning and evening, (and some of them on both occasions,) we observed the chairman of the association, Lord Murray, the Hon. Mr. Primrose, Sir George Warrender, Lady Ruthven, Sir George and lady Harriet Suttie, Lady Arbuthnot, Lady Keith Murray, Sir William Murray, Sir James Ramsay, Robert Graham, Esq., David Milne, Esq., of Milne Garden, Richard Trotter, Esq., of Morton Hall; Professors Pillans, Donaldson, and Smith; Rev. Dr. Grant, Rev. R. H. Stevenson, Robert Paul, Esq., Dr. Schmitz, rector of the high school, &c. At the morning examination, seven hundred children were present, and made a very gratifying appearance, demonstrating that they had been taught, not only to read and sing musical notes correctly, but that the ear had been cultivated to distinguish, and to translate into musical notation, any tune which they might hear. During the examination, some melodies and some pieces from Mozart, were handed by the directors to Dr. Mainzer to play, and the pupils, although they had never heard them before, very readily and successfully stated the notes of which they were composed. "The Shepherd Boy" was sung by some children from three to five years of age. "Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre," from Handel's oratorio, was sung by fif-

teen children. In the evening, about two hundred of the more advanced children sang several compositions of Handel, Shield, Arnold, Kent, Cherubini, &c., in a manner to elicit deserved applause. The association has been nearly three years in existence, and has demonstrated its efficiency to promote a revival of sacred vocal music, so greatly needed throughout Scotland, and to supply the humbler classes of society with innocent and rational amusement.—*London Courier.*

The air of "Auld Lang Syne," and nearly all Scotch tunes, can be played on the black keys of the piano. The key will be, of course, F#. All the notes of the scale can be obtained thus, excepting *four or fa*.

#### BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

**TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.**—The fourteenth annual Teachers' Institute, or Musical Convention, will be held at the Tremont Temple, in Boston, commencing on Tuesday, August 17, and closing on Thursday, the 28th of August next:

Exercises daily, from 9 to 1, from 3 to 5, and from 7 to 9 o'clock, as follows:

1. Lectures on Teaching, in which the inductive or Pestalozzian method of teaching music, will be explained and illustrated.
2. Lectures on the Cultivation of the Voice.
3. Lectures on Harmony.

These lectures will be given at an hour before the regular daily session, or from 8 to 9.

4. The practice of Church Music, as chants, anthems, and metrical tunes.
5. The practice of Secular Music, as glees, madrigals, &c.
6. The practice of some of the most popular choruses of Handel, Hayden, and other celebrated composers.

The singing exercises, which will occupy a part of every session, will be accompanied by such critical remarks as may tend to promote correct views, and a uniform, chaste, and appropriate style of performance.

Tickets of admission, at five dollars each, admitting a lady and gentleman, may be had of Messrs. Wilkins, Carter & Co., 18 Water street.

Such members of former conventions of the Academy as desire to attend, and TAKE PART IN THE EXERCISES, are invited to do so free of expense.

3112

#### SERAPHINE FOR SALE.

**GEO. P. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row,** has one of these splendid instruments, manufactured by the very celebrated factor, A. Debain, of Paris, and called by him "the harmonium." It contains twelve stops, viz. Flute, clarinet, fife, hautbois, cor, anglaise, bourdon, clarion, bassoon, and two forte stops, and combined with the grand Jew and forte stops. The power of tone is immense, fully equal to any fifteen hundred dollar organ. The instrument was made for the French minister at Washington, but he returned about the time the instrument arrived in this country, and never used it. The size of the instrument is small, but little larger than an ordinary seraphine, but remarkably well adapted for any church, large or small, large room, &c. &c. Price, three hundred and fifty dollars.

3112

#### NEW SHEET MUSIC.

**JUST published and for sale by GEO. P. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston:** Evergreen Waltz, Stoddard; Maryland Waltz, Miss Spicer; Galop Brilliant (sur des themes del opera), Les Martyrs, Grobe; Cottage Waltz, Havig; Variations Brillantes sur un Air favori Français, Metz; Monro; The Blighted Flower, Balfe; Two Easy Serenades, Beethoven; Grailas Agnus Tibi, La Dame Blanche, Goussier; General Taylor's Encampment Quickstep; Atlantic Quickstep, Chadwick; Matamoros Grand Triumphant March and Quickstep; Atalanta Waltz, Zuffo; Kind friends, we meet again, Osborne; Waken, lords and ladies gay, Underhill; Alhambra Polka, Scherph; Viola Waltz, Hanft; Chrysal Polka, Chadwick; Morris Cade's Quickstep, Oakley; The Lark, Monro; The Blighted Flower, Balfe; Pike; Farewell to thee, lady, Farewell, Rockford; Ruby Polka; Oh, greatly grieve my bonny boat, Greenwood; Sailor Boy, Gibson; Then wake thee, maiden, 'tis the hour, Strong; Oh, think not my spirits are always light, Strong; Mary Blane, Scherph; La Columba vas, Strong; Mississippi Waltzes, Britche.

1112

#### NEW BOOK OF CHURCH MUSIC.

**MARK H. NEWMAN & CO., 199 Broadway, New York,** will publish as early as the 15th day of August, a new and original collection of music for churches, choirs, singing schools, and musical societies, to be entitled—

#### THE NEW YORK CHORALIST.

By Thomas Hastings and William B. Bradbury. Mr. Hastings is well known as the author and editor of *Musical Gems*, the *Magnum Collection*, *The Sacred Lyre*, *The Psalmist*, and other works. Mr. Bradbury is extensively known as the author and editor of *Flora's Festival*, *Young Melodist*, *The Singer's Companion*, *The Young Choir*, and *The Psalmist*. All these books have met with distinguished favor from the christian public, and it is expected that this new collection will be in every respect superior to any of the foregoing works.

THE CHORALIST will consist of a full collection of Psalms and Hymn Tunes in all the variety of metres now in use, together with Chants, Anthems, and set pieces adapted to various occasions of religious interest, containing also the elements of vocal music for instruction in schools, with exercises for practice.

The publishers flatter themselves that the collection will be found to be one of the most complete that has ever issued from the press. The music is adapted to the present advanced state of the science, and to the wants of the religious community.

Teachers of music, leaders of choirs, and others interested in the progress of musical science, are invited to examine this book on its publication. It will be printed from an entire new and beautiful font of type, and will be furnished to choirs and singing schools at a price suited to the times.

MARK H. NEWMAN & CO., New York.

3110

## HOLY IS THE LORD.

Arranged from MOZART, for the Boston Musical Gazette.  
Andante.

Allegro.

*ff* Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord, is the Lord God of Sabaoth. Heaven and earth are full of his glory.

Heaven and earth are full of his glory. Hosanna, in the highest, Ho - san - na in the highest, in the high - est, Ho -  
Heaven and earth are full of his glory. Ho - san - na in the highest, Ho - san - na in the highest, Ho - san - na in the highest, in the high - est, Ho -

san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the highest.  
Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the highest.  
san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, in the high - est, Ho - san - na, in the high - est, in the high - est.

## CHURCHILL. S. M.

GEORGE A. THOMAS, Portland, Me.

The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since He is mine, and I am His, What can I want beside? What can I want beside?



## MELROSE. L. M.

Miss H. A. D., (14 years of age.)

O God, my Father and my King, Of all I have or hope, the spring! Send down thy Spirit from a - bove, And fill my heart with heavenly love.

## ELMSDALE. S. M.

Miss H. A. D.

How various and how new Are thy compassions, Lord! Each morning shall thy mercies show, Each night thy truth re - cord.

## PHILOSOPHY FOR THE TIMES.

W. TILLINGHAST.

Arranged for men's voices.  
Quick.

1. Let those who will, re - pine at fate, And drop their heads in sorrow; I laugh when cares upon me wait, I know they'll leave to-morrow.

My purse is light, but what of that? My heart is light to match it; And if I tear my only coat, I laugh the while I patch it.

2. I've seen some olves, who called themselves  
My friends in summer weather,  
Blown far away in sorrow's day,  
As winds would blow a feather.  
I never grieve to see them go;  
The rascals! who would heed them?  
For what's the use of having friends,  
If false when most you need them?

3. I've seen some rich in worldly gear,  
Eternally repining,  
Their hearts a prey to every fear,  
With gladness never shining.  
I would not change my blithesome heart,  
For all their gold and sorrow;  
For that's a thing that all their wealth  
Can neither buy nor borrow.

4. And still, as sorrows come to me,  
(As sorrows sometimes will come,)  
I find the way to make them flee  
Is, bidding them right welcome.  
They cannot brook a cheerful look;  
They're used to sobs and sighing;  
And he who meets them with a smile,  
Is sure to see them flying.

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A. N. JOHNSON,

In the clerk's office of the district court of Massachusetts.

From the New York Knickerbocker.

PETER CRAM;

—OR THE—

ROW AT TINNECUM—A SKETCH OF LONG ISLAND.

BY F. W. SKELTON.

The village of Tinnecum, situated on Swan creek, Long Island, has hitherto escaped the observation of travelers; happy, however, in this respect, if she has likewise escaped their ill-natured remarks and maledictions. There is, it is true, little here to attract the eye. A church, a schoolhouse, a shop, a tavern, and a blacksmith's forge, supply the spiritual and temporal wants of those who make up the small society. By some extraordinary oversight, the postmaster general has neglected to establish a post office in this place, so that the inhabitants, who are wonderfully fond of news, can get little except what they manufacture on the spot. Nevertheless, I must not forget to mention that a newspaper has just been established, which manages to get wind of the great revolutions which take place in the world, long after they have ceased to be matters of surprise or wonder. It is a pity that Tinnecum lies off the mail routes. It makes it a very dull place. The rumbling of coach-wheels, and the clear bugle of the postman, as he brings up gallantly, after creeping for miles at a snail's pace, is never heard. There is no gathering together in groups at the post office, to catch the rumors of the day, but all things exhibit a stagnation and repose, imaged forth by the languid waters of Swan creek, which rest upon the profound mud. When the November elections come round, there is, indeed, more excitement; and recently, when the political party who have always had the upper hand in this neighborhood, gained a renowned victory, and succeeded in sending the blacksmith to the legislature, in opposition to the store-keeper, who was "too much of a gentleman," they thought that this was rather too large an exploit to rest in silence; and in order that no one might be ignorant of what they had done, from the north to the south, and from the sea coast to the Rocky

Mountains, they got an immense show-bill struck off, and liberally dispensed, which was headed in flaming capitals to this effect: "TINNECUM ERECT!"

But the waters of Swan creek were to be agitated yet more violently than they had ever been "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant." There was to be, it seems, a puddle in a storm. To speak more plainly, the event which had lately taken place in Tinnecum was of that exciting character, and is the subject of such vehement remark, that it really seems worthy of being recorded in her annals; and the attention of the reader is requested for a few moments to the narrative of one who would not willingly "extenuate, or set down aught in malice."

One evening in the middle of November, Mr. Jonas Weatherby, schoolmaster, who taught all the arts and sciences which it was necessary for the inhabitants of Tinnecum to know, came home very much wearied after the labors of the day, and sat himself down before a good fire to read the "Tinnecum Gazette." He had been for some time so engaged, and was beginning to doze comfortably over the learned disquisitions of the editor, when he was observed suddenly to wake up and look bright; his eye-balls expanded and became large; he held the paper first near, and then afar off, as if he had got the wrong focus, and did not read aright; then shaking himself in his chair, he began to sniffle in a way indicative of contempt and indignation. The cause of all this feeling was a simple announcement in the Gazette, in the following terms:

## INSTRUCTION IN THE ART OF SINGING.

MR. PETER CRAM, of the State of New-Hampshire, respectfully informs the inhabitants of Tinnecum, that he intends to open a singing school in this village, provided sufficient encouragement is given. The course of instruction will be twenty-four lessons, in RHYTHM, MELODY, and DYNAMICS. He proposes to meet those who are desirous of instruction in music, at the big-room of the Tavern, on Tuesday evening, when the first lecture will be delivered GRATIS, at which the public generally are invited to attend.

November 16.

"Here is a pretty illustration of bringing coals to Newcastle!" thought Mr. Weatherby, as he reflected on this impudent invasion of his musical province. "Here comes a New Hampshire yankee, green from the mountains, who cannot pronounce three words according to Walker, I'll warrant it, and wants to set up a singin' school in Tinnecum, where I have been chorister for these ten years past, and regularly instructed the folks in psalmody! Like enough he will come here with his hallelujah choruses, and powerful anthems, and new-fangled notions, and almost craze some foolish heads. But he sha'n't snatch my laurels, nor shall I be trifled with. It shall be Peter Cram, or Jonas Weatherby, one or the other. If this stranger is to receive countenance, then I pull up stakes, and depart from Tinnecum forever." This solemn resolve was promptly suggested to the mind of the schoolmaster, who manifested not a little contempt and anger; for the more he read the advertisement, the more he was astonished at the rashest act of temerity he had ever witnessed in his born days. If it were not for the evi-

dence of his eyes, he would not have believed that any one would have ventured along the shores of Swan creek on such an errand. Only to think of bringing music to Tinnecum!

After fidgeting about for some time, Mr. Weatherby got his hat and cloak, and crumpling up the obnoxious paper, went out. The cold air of the night did not allay his excitement. He directed his steps to a small apartment situated over the horse-shed of the inn, where a huge board projected in the air, on which was inscribed, in large characters, "OFFICE OF THE TINNECUM GAZETTE." There was a flight of steps on the outside, which the schoolmaster ascended, and, opening a door at the landing, entered without ceremony. The room was dark, silent, and almost solitary. A single mould candle, having a thief in it, and stuck in a black bottle, which had become thoroughly incrustated with grease, shed an uncertain light over the forms, cases, and cabalistic instruments of art, scarcely revealing the huge iron outlines of the "press," which vaguely suggested to the mind the idea of that "tremendous agent" which it is described to be. It was the day after publication, when the noise, bustle, and clatter of the office had momentarily ceased, and the cry of "copy," and continual demands upon the brain, were stayed.

The *genius-loci* sat at a table, snuffing the air of literary sanctity, but forgetting to snuff his candle withal. It is no wonder that he was absent-minded, for the departments of his labor were many. He made the news, printed it, pressed it, wrapped it, and dispatched it; and he was at this moment engaged in the task of pasting wrappers on papers which were intended for the Long Island subscribers at Bog Lots, Drowned Meadow, Patch Hog, and Mount Misery. He was an inferior-looking man, of servile demeanor, with a low, concave brow, and whose other features seemed to retire unanimously to make room for a great beak of a nose, which nature made on purpose to be twitched, and which cast the shadow of a flying bridge over a wide extent of wall. It was wonderful that so distinguished a member disappointed the end for which it appeared to have been formed; for although many persons felt an irrepressible inclination to give it a tweak, the owner was so meek and inoffensive that he never afforded anybody a chance, for his editorial reflections could not in any case be construed into libel, unless they were severely wrested; on the contrary, they were so obvious in their character, that they could with difficulty be questioned at all. Nevertheless, Mr. Weatherby presented himself before the editor, somewhat excited, and holding the crumpled paper in his right hand, which he clenched so tightly that the windows rattled in the room. "Sir," said he, "I hold in my hand the Tinnecum Gazette, of yesterday's date."

"An interesting number, wa'n't it?" replied the editor, who was far from suspecting any cause of displeasure in the person who addressed him.

"Yes, it was interesting—particularly so," said Mr. Weatherby, with a sardonic smile, which the darkness of the room concealed. Then raising his voice so that

his feelings could not be mistaken, "I come here to inquire," said he, "whether you are privy to that article;" and he thrust the newspaper in the light, and put his finger upon the name of PETER CRAM.

"I printed it," replied the editor, in a tone of perplexity and surprise.

"You printed it!" thundered the schoolmaster; "then let me tell you that you have done insult and injury to me, by alluding to this man in your editorial columns. He is an impostor and an ignorant rascal, and such he will turn out to be, and you had n't ought to have recommended him. By so doing, you bring contempt on the legitimate masters of the art. You see that, don't you?"

"Jes' so!" conceded the obsequious editor; but he murmured something about the "liberty of the press."

"The 'liberty of the press!'" echoed Mr. Weatherby, in a loud and contemptuous tone, which would have required all the exclamation points in the office to express its emphasis; "if the 'liberty of the press' consists in praising quacks and imposters, then I, for one, do not know what it means. I should rather call it a prostitution of the press. That's equally plain, is n't it?"

"Jes' so!" said the editor, cowering; "I hope you will excuse me; I did n't mean any harm."

Notwithstanding the wrath of the schoolmaster was thus deprecated, he continued to speak for a long time in the printing office with caustic severity, and at last he took the paper in question, and wended his way homeward, stopping, however, first at the blacksmith's shop. Here he gained the attention of a little audience, and for several minutes the bellows ceased to heave, the iron cooled on the anvil, the sparks went up lazily out of the chimney, one after another, instead of ascending in blazing fireworks, and the interesting operation of making hob-nails was arrested. Mr. Weatherby then went into the "store," where half the town of Tinnecum were warming their fingers around the stove pipe, and wound up his argument against itinerating schoolmasters in these emphatic words, which will long be remembered by those who heard them: "Gentlemen, it is rascally, it is contemptible!"

The consequence of all this was, that quite a party was got up against Peter Cram, and a council convened to determine what it was proper to do to him. Some were in favor of keeping entirely aloof, and looking upon him with silent contempt; others wished to appoint a committee to wait on him and inform him that his services were not needed; while the younger part of the community would resort to the lawless alternative of plunging him head and ears into Swan creek. Fortunately for Mr. Cram, a grand obstacle prevented them from executing any of these plans. They had an itching and craving desire for novelty, and secretly, they had no intention of crushing this matter in the bud, just to gratify Mr. Weatherby. For since the departure of the "Erudite Goat," and the "Albino Lady," and the "Prodigious Children," there had been no exhibition of any kind at Tinnecum. Consequently they determined to wait the arrival of the stranger, and let him speak for himself.

Probably if no previous mention had been made of him, he would have attracted little attention, and would have quietly departed for the want of patronage; but now the whole village was on the *qui vive*, and when the appointed evening came, the place of meeting was crowded almost to suffocation. It was the big-room of

the tavern, where the town meetings were usually held, and where there was a dance every winter after the first snow, provided the services of the blind fiddler could be secured. It was illuminated on the present occasion by five candles, four of which were placed in tin receptacles on the wall, and one stood on the table. An ominous silence reigned in the assembly, something like that which precedes a thunder-storm, when the air is pent and murky, and scarcely a leaf is seen to move. Mr. Cram had not yet arrived, but he was momentarily expected, and there was a stretching of necks at every motion in the direction of the door. At the last moment, when expectation was wrought to the highest pitch, he entered, and walking up to the table, laid down an oblong book, called "Zion's Harp, or the Collection of the New Hampshire Academy." His motions were watched with great greediness. He commenced operations by pulling off his great coat and hanging it upon a peg, at the same time rubbing his hands, and adjusting his dress. This he did with a smart, sprightly air, for the number collected had flushed his cadaverous cheeks with the hope of unwonted success.

He was a tall, shambling man, and his body, if I may speak musically, was composed of flats and sharps. His feet were flat, his stomach, chest, back, all were as flat as grave-stones; but his chin was sharp, and his nose "looked as if it had been cut out of a shingle," and lay in the same plane or superficies with his cheeks, of which it was a continuation. His mental endowments, to speak the truth, were not any richer. He was utterly ignorant of the world, and simple and unsuspecting in his character. He looked for no guile in others, and for his own part, there is no doubt that he had at heart his individual emolument, and the improvement of the Tinnecum folks in psalmody. He had received his musical education at the base of the Green Mountains, and his dialect was rancorously tinged with the peculiarities of that region. He began the lecture, by saying that there were more persons present than he called to have met on the first night, and that it was gratifying to see them so eager to embrace this privilege, for it was "a great and crowning privilege" to possess the means of instruction in this sublime art. He said that music was of divine origin; that it was coeval with the world, and that the morning stars sang together for joy; that it was common among the primitive christians; and that it was said of the disciples in the testament, that they "sang a hymn, and went about!"

No sooner was this last word heard—which was uttered with a compound twang which it is impossible to describe, out of the mouth of Mr. Peter Cram—than the down-cast pronunciation struck upon the Dorian ears of the Tinnecumites, and they burst into a fit of unextinguishable laughter. This first symptom of insubordination was, however, utterly unintelligible to the lecturer, and he went on. He remarked that music had been used in the army, at an early date, and that the children of Israel were commanded to try the musical properties of *reams' horns*, when they besieged the town of Jericho, and by those means the walls fell down. After that, the use of "reams' horns" was continued in the army for a long time, to allay the excitement, and to soothe the feelings. It had been fitly said, that—

"Music was formed to tame the savage breast,  
And lull the angry passions all to rest."

After many more reflections of this nature, and some grotesque illustrations, to render them more forcible, Mr. Peter Cram arrived at the driest part of the lecture. He said that the science of music might properly be divided into three parts, rhythm, melody, and dynamics. He asked their attention, while he attempted to explain briefly what they were.

He was proceeding to give the definitions with mathematical precision, when a movement was observed in the middle of the room, and the spectators held in their breath with excitement when they beheld Mr. Weatherby slowly rising to his feet, and evidently about to speak. That profound teacher had listened from the beginning with exemplary patience, but things had now arrived at that pitch of absurdity, that he deemed it his duty to interpose for his townsmen's sake.

"Sir," said he, gazing at Cram so steadily and so sternly, that folks said, after the meeting was out, that they wondered that the look did n't cut him in two: "I beg leave to suggest to you that the Tinnecum people do n't care much about the *elements* of music, of which they have hear'n tell for these two hundred years, and more; and it is the opinion of those present, that you had better skip over that part of the subject, and give us a sample of your style of singing, and we will try and jine in with you."

"Ah," replied Cram, with a patronizing smile, as if he were allaying impatience, and holding back a store of good things which he was not yet ready to dispense, "we mus'n't be impatient; we must feel our way as we go. You will find these things sort o' dry, sir, at first, but it won't be long before you get to love 'em. It wont do to leave off square jest here."

"We insist upon it!" said Mr. Weatherby; and this motion was seconded by an uproarious demonstration on the part of the audience.

"Oh, very well!" replied Cram; it does n't matter a pin's pint to me; I called to lectur', and I'd jest as lieve to do it as let it alone. But I've no objection to sing you a psalm tune, since you're anxious to hear it; but after that you must buckle to, and stick to the elements. Spellin' comes before readin', and readin' before writin'. Has any on ye got a tunin' fork?"

"A what!" shouted the inhabitants of Tinnecum, with eager curiosity.

"A tunin' fork, my friends. I left mine to home, to New Hampshire. It slipped out of my pocket while I was splittin' rails."

"I say there," shouted a voice in one corner of the room; "landlord's got one o' them 'ere things."

"Will somebody be so kind as to go and ask landlord to lend it for the use of the singin' school? Take good keer of it."

A messenger being dispatched, Mr. Cram said that in the meantime he would give them a little exercise for the voice; he therefore requested them to repeat after him, the syllable *la*. "Them gentlemen," said he, "that's a settin' on the bedstead, in the corner of the room, please not to make so much squeaking. Them boys that's a scrouging each other, will find plenty of room this way. Silence, gentlemen, if you please. Pay attention and take notice of me. *La, la, la, la, la, la*. Now all jine in." "*La, la, la, la, la, la*." "Good!" said Cram; "that's enough." But the inhabitants of Tinnecum proceeded to exclaim, "*La, la, la, la, la, la*." "I tell ye that's enough!" said he. But they thought otherwise, and continued to drown his voice with the monotonous cry of "*La, la, la, la, la, la*." Mr. Cram

stamped his foot, and strove to command attention; but he might as easily have silenced a sheep fold; and when he reflected that wherever there were singing schools, there would be carryings-on, he thought the cheapest way was to let them have the fun out. When the noise had subsided, he told them that he *thought* they would "get to love the science before long, but they were rather more on the go-ahead principle than the New Hampshire folks." This raised a prodigious laugh, which put him in a pleasant mood. "Aint there no *gals* in this neighborhood?" said he; "I never see a school organized without *them*."

"Oh! lots on em!" replied the scholars.

"Then jest fork 'em over here!" said he; but no sooner were the words out of his mouth, than a suppressed giggling was heard in the direction of the door, and the landlord's buxom daughters, who had been peeping upon the scene, precipitately fled. This again raised a good deal of laughter and confusion, during which, that no time might be lost, Mr. Cram took out of his pocket a wooden comb, "in two parts," made at the New Hampshire Wooden Bowl and Fancy Snuff-box Manufactory, and began to "slick down" his hair. This nice little operation over, he fumbled for a bit of chalk, and said he was going to give them a little idea of *time*. He then strode up to the black-board, which consisted of a plate of sheet-iron well rusted, which he said would "have to do," as Mr. Weatherby did n't feel justified in letting his go out of the schoolhouse, and wrote some musical characters.

"What's them things?" cried an ignoramus in the crowd.

"Them is *minims*," replied he, obligingly.

"We do n't want minims, we want Old Hundred!" exclaimed several.

"Do n't be so heady," replied Cram; "you can't do two actions to once."

"Old Hundred!" exclaimed the assembly, with one consent.

"Gentlemen, time is very important; I was going to give you some exercises in beating time; Old Hundred bimeby."

"Aye, aye, let's beat time!" said a number.

"That looks like coming to reason," replied he; "now pay strict attention, and I'll show you how it's to be done. I want you should all raise up your right hands, jest as I do."

All obeyed the summons as far as related to lifting up the hands, only some held up the right, some the left, and others both; and the patched elbows which appeared, reflected abundant credit on the housewives of Tinnecum.

"Now," said he, "I want you should bring down your hand horizontally, and then carry it up ag'in, and say, 'Downward beat, upward beat; downward beat, upward beat; downward beat, upward beat.'"

The scholars of Tinnecum obeyed this direction with enthusiastic promptitude, stamping with their feet, and jarring the tavern to its foundation, while they shouted lustily, and with tolerable precision, "Downward beat, upward beat; downward beat, upward beat; downward beat, upward beat."

Cram's eye sparkled. He looked round the room with a gratified air. The school was getting into capital order; it was evident they were becoming "interested;" and he reflected to himself, that "only leave him alone," and he would cheat 'em into the elements, before he sang Old Hundred for them. He never

"see" such scholars, except when he taught school one winter in the "valley" of Connecticut. "Now," said he, "we'll have triple time. Make three motions, thus, Downward beat, hither beat, upward beat."

The scholars obeyed willingly, repeating the words, "Downward beat, hither beat, upward beat; downward beat, hither beat, upward beat." And this they did for several minutes, and stopped beating when requested.

Cram was delighted; but not to push the scholars on too fast, lest they should become wearied, and relapse into inattention, he entertained them by making a few remarks with respect to the indispensable necessity of keeping correct time. "Ever sence I took to school-teachin'," said he, "for which I left a profitable profession, (the manufacturing of pump-handles,) I set a proper vally on time. There's nothing more important in singin'; and I hope my pupils begin to see it. Is the gentleman that spoke a spell ago satisfied on that p'int?" said he, glancing in the direction of Mr. Weatherby.

"Oh, yes," replied the latter, humoring the joke, "perfectly satisfied!"

"Thank'ee, sir," said Cram; "I am pleased to hear you say so; and now, as we're getting on so slick, s'pose an' we try a lick at the quadruple time? Attention by the bedstead there! Lift up your right hands, gentlemen—are you ready? Downward beat, hither beat, thither beat, upward beat; downward beat, hither beat, thither beat, upward beat."

This pleasant exercise was interrupted by the arrival of the messenger who had gone after a tuning-fork, and who now presented to the breast of Mr. Cram the sharp points of a two-pronged table fork, with an air which seemed to indicate that he had executed his mission to the letter. "Well, really," thought the professor, as he gazed at the instrument with evident surprise, "to think that the Long Island folks never see a tuning-fork!" He however grinned pleasantly, and endeavored to smooth over the matter, saying that his meaning had been entirely mistaken, and kindly entering into an explanation of the thing required. "My friends," said he, "a tunin'-fork is not what you suppose it to be, an article to use at the table, and to pick teeth with, but it's something that you get the pitch with."

"Ah, is it, *indeed*!" said Mr. Weatherby, speaking from the middle of the room.

"Yes, my friend," replied Cram; "I would show you mine with pleasure, but I lost it, when I was to home. I would n't have parted with it for a load of shingles."

Here considerable confusion took place in different parts of the room, and there was a loud demand for "Old Hundred." "Aye, aye," said he, shaking his head understandingly; "I haven't forgot that yet. I s'pose some of the youngsters would like to have me sing a psalm tune by this time, and some of the old folks, too, may be. Bubby," added he, looking at a white-headed little boy, with that affectionate good humor which indicates the love of children, "blew your nose first, and then go and tell landlord to send me a tum'ler of water; I'm pretty nigh choked. Make haste, and mind, bubby, tell him to put a little apple-brandy into it."

Cram now began to cough, and clear his throat, preparatory to singing Old Hundred. Standing with his arms a-kimbo, and his feet in the first position, he bent his body slightly forward, and screwing up one eye,

while he gazed eagerly downward with the other, spat with unerring aim through a small knot-hole in the floor; then throwing his head back, and scraping with his right foot the edges of the orifice with an air which seemed to indicate that he had accomplished nothing remarkable, and which he could do again if it were necessary—"We'll try and guess at the pitch," said he; "*fa, sol, la, fa—sol, la, mi, fa—fa, mi, la, sol, fa*." Humming over these syllables rapidly, he requested those who thought they could come "anywheres nigh the tune, to jine in" with him. Then opening the Collection of the New Hampshire Academy, he lifted up his right hand for the purpose of beating time, and began to give a specimen of his powers in good earnest. His voice was not a bad one, and it was now wonderfully clarified by the apple-brandy. Unhappily, the whole audience undertook to "jine in," and every man setting out upon a different key, produced such wild and warring sounds as it is difficult to imagine. When they had finished the first verse, Cram shook his head, but not upbraidingly, for it was not his intention to discourage them.

"It does n't sound much like it," said he; "but I never cal'late to look for too much from new beginners. Try it again."

The second attempt, however, resulted much worse than the first; and some of the profane so far forgot themselves as to mingle all manner of hideous sounds, and even to sing the air of that popular song called "Jim along Josey."

"That will do," said Cram, decidedly; "there is room for improvement. I'm glad I come to this place; and I feel as if I was sent here by a particular providence. My friends, singin' is a science which comes pretty tough at first, but it goes slick afterwards; and if you pay the attention you had ought to, in three months I'll make you know pretty nigh as much as I know myself."

While this harangue was going on, a certain wight of Tinnecum, who had "an eye," got behind Mr. Cram, and chalked his full-length portrait on the black-board; and as the plot of this little farce was rapidly approaching its *denouement*, no sooner was this perceived, than a burst of undisguised laughter proceeded from the crowd. "Ha!" said Cram, turning round, "a very pretty picter! Music and drawing is twin sciences." Another laugh, and cheers hearty and thrice repeated, followed this oracular saying. Cram smiled. He certainly did not know why the audience should laugh at everything he said, but he supposed as business had been transacted first, that play must come afterward.

But a solemn pause now succeeded, unbroken for several seconds by a single word or motion; and Mr. Cram was on the point of requesting those persons who "calculated to jine the singin' school," to come forward to "subscribe their names," when Squire Sharkey, a man universally known and respected in the town of Tinnecum, left his seat, went up to Cram, and leisurely casting his eye about the room, called out in a clear, distinct voice: "Will Mr. Weatherby please to walk this way?"

A breathless anticipation pervaded the audience, as that gentleman slowly arose, cast aside his cloak, and approached, as he was desired.

"Mr. Cram, said the squire, looking him full in the face, and speaking loudly, so that every one might hear, 'Permit me to introduce to your particular acquaintance, Mr. JONAS WEATHERBY, instructor of district

school number three, and chorister of the presbyterian meeting house in this town!"

This tremendous announcement was followed by great excitement, whispering, and suppressed exclamations, all through the assembly, who seemed to think that Mr. Cram ought certainly to sink through the earth. That personage *did* look particularly foolish. A sickly smile came over him, and his head rolled from side to side, as if it desired a hiding-place. But he was too ingenious to suffer himself to become the victim of a predicament. In a little while he recovered his self-possession, or, to make use of his own expression, he "licked up." He scratched his head in deep study, and at last starting as if with some bright idea, and gazing eagerly at the Tinnecum schoolmaster—"Look a-here," said he, "s'pose an' we take the school on *choers*?"

He made the suggestion so much on the impulse of the moment, that he was almost frightened when he said it; and he paused immediately to observe what the effect would be. Mr. Weatherby nodded his head and smiled; then he looked at Squire Sharkey, and he smiled. Cram mistook the expression of that profound contempt, and proposed that they should sing a duet. Before this offer could be met, one of the candles was suddenly extinguished, in an instant after another, then a third, and, (it grieves me to record so gross an instance of misconduct,) in the midst of the greatest tumult and confusion, a fourth was hurled at Mr. Cram by some unknown hand, and hit him on the bridge of the nose. Bewildered, and scarcely knowing what he did, he grasped the remaining candle upon the table convulsively, and when that shared the fate of the others, being pushed and pulled about in the dark, he roared loudly for quarter.

But the better class of the inhabitants of Tinnecum did not permit this scene to continue. They struck a light, and took Mr. Cram under their protection. He shook from head to foot like an aspen leaf, nor could he divest himself of the idea that he was mobbed, and in imminent danger of being murdered. He came within an ace, however, of turning the tables upon his oppressors. It seems that he had all his life been subject to "spasms," as he himself called them; in other words, to epileptic attacks of a strong character. But as these came on at regular intervals, generally at the change of the moon, he so timed his operations that they should never clash with singing meetings. But now, whether owing to mis-calculation, or to the agitation of his brain, or from what cause it is difficult to say, without giving any previous notice, he sprang from his feet with a yell absolutely terrific, and the moment that he touched the ground, began to whirl round like a dancing dervish, and throwing out his long arms, to dash down everything within his reach. Benches, table, black-board, were strwn around in confusion, and a valuable Slickville clock, which stood on the mantel, was for several minutes in imminent jeopardy. Those who were in the room went out of the doors and windows precipitately, as if they had fled from the cage of a wild beast. It was some time before they dared to return, and then, as they peeped in at the door to look at the state of things, they could not help upbraiding themselves. "He's been druv' into fits!" said one; "he's been treated shameful!" "Fits is awful," replied they; "but Peter Cram's fits goes ahead of anything we ever seen!"

When the distraction of the unfortunate man had

ceased, he was put to bed and kindly treated. The next morning he had recovered from the fright, and felt better, and even went so far as to say that he "had known worse noises at some singin' concerts afore now." But he decided that it was best for him to depart from Tinnecum. Before the sun had risen very high, he left the place where he had received such ill-treatment, and putting a little brown trunk under his left arm, strode down with hasty steps to the shores of Swan creek. There he made a keen bargain with the owner of a skiff, and in a few moments embarked, and pushed off with a long pole. He was observed for several hours urging himself along, until at last his tall form entirely disappeared in the distance; and as he was never seen or heard of afterward, it is supposed that he was lost amidst the windings and meanderings of that romantic river.

### MUSICAL CATECHISM.

1. What is a slur?

Almost any remark which one singer makes about another.

2. What notes require more time than others?

Notes of hand, signed by bankrupt debtors.

3. What is beating time?

Singing so fast that time can't keep up with you.

4. What is a rest?

Going out of the choir, to get some refreshments, during sermon time.

5. What is singing with the understanding?

Marking time on the floor, with the foot.

6. What is a staccato movement?

Leaving the choir in a *huff*, because one is dissatisfied with the leader's requirements.

7. What is figured base?

The scribbling usually found on the blank pages of singing books, supposed to be executed, usually, during sermon time.

8. What is a swell?

A professor of music who pretends to know everything about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance.

9. With what propriety may a clarinet be used, as an accompaniment to church music?

With about the same as a tin kettle, beat with a pair of tongs, might be used with an æolian harp.

10. What is a legato movement?

The escape of Santa Anna, at Cerro Gordo.—*Lynn News*.

**SOMETHING NEW.**—A packet boat called the "Musician," has been put upon the canal to run between Albany and Buffalo. She carries a band of musicians, composed of the family of the captain, both male and female, and a piano for the use of the passengers. Fare from Albany to Buffalo, \$6.

**FROM GERMAN PAPERS.**—Died, in Berlin, May 14, Fanny Hensel, wife of the celebrated painter, Hensel, and sister of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. She was well known as a very superior piano-forte player, and also as the composer of many popular songs.—A wealthy master builder in Leipsic, who had always been a liberal patron of music, testified in his will, his love for the art, by leaving a sum of money sufficient to pay for the performance of Mozart's requiem, on his birth day, once in three years, forever. The first performance took place May 14 of the present year. A full audience, invited by card, were delighted.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, JULY 19, 1847.

As we got out of the first numbers of volume one, many of our subscribers were obliged to commence their subscriptions where they could. We find it, however, altogether too small business for us to keep accounts of subscriptions commencing at every part of the volume, and we therefore decline commencing or stopping subscriptions at any other portions of our volume, than at the commencement or middle. The first half of this volume ends with this number. All whose subscriptions expire with the half volume, who do not, before the next number, give notice that they wish to stop, will be considered as continuing another half year. We positively will not stop subscriptions at any other than our specified times, for we cannot afford the time to keep our accounts correctly in any other manner. Subscribers will please notice, that we must be *notified*, if they wish their subscriptions stopped. Leaving papers in the office uncalled for, does not exonerate a subscriber from liability with regard to it. Below, we give the United States law of newspapers:

"1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If the subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered their paper discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is 'prima facie' evidence of intentional fraud."

### CHURCH MUSIC.—NO. VIII.

How should church music be *performed*? If all the answers to this question that have ever been published, could be collected and printed in one book, it strikes us it would be a curious volume. It is a question that *ought* to be discussed, and that ought to be decidedly settled; but by whom the decision shall be made, and when and where it shall be decided, are inquiries more difficult to be answered than the question itself. We wish some *competent* body of men could be assembled to give this question a fair and full discussion. We say *competent* body of men. Where could such a body be found? Men of sound judgment, and of good common sense, men accustomed to *think*, who have no partiality or prejudices on the subject, and at the same time men who *THOROUGHLY UNDERSTAND MUSIC*. Such an assembly we shall not see in our day; 1st, because the christian public do not consider church music worth their serious attention; 2d, because, as far back as the memory of the oldest inhabitant reaches, men of "good common sense and sound judgment" have been accustomed to regard church music as a toy designed for the amusement of frequenters of the house of God, and old habits would prevent their considering the subject aright; 3d, because men could not be found, who, to other qualifications, unite the one paramount to all others, a thorough knowledge of music. Still, we should like to see such a convention—a convention composed of men deeply interested in this "question,"



and competent to decide it. We should not place confidence in an assembly of delegates selected as delegates usually are, a convention composed of merchants and mechanics, nor one composed of deacons and elders, nor one composed of doctors and lawyers, nor yet a convention composed of ministers. Although, for a decision relating to subjects falling within their various callings, we might have the utmost confidence—for the decision of the question, "How should church music be performed?" there is but one class of persons whom we deem competent. They are, those who have had many years' experience as conductors of church music, who perfectly understand the science of music, and are themselves competent performers, and leaders. We know it is a new and startling doctrine, to assert that choristers and professors of music are competent to decide so important a subject as this, and more startling still to declare that they alone are competent. It is the almost universally prevailing opinion that every person in a congregation is better qualified to decide with regard to the music than the leader himself; but still, we, the editor of the Boston Musical Gazette, being of sane mind, and in the full possession of all our faculties, do, in the face and eyes of universally-prevailing public opinion, declare our opinion to be, that a professor of music who understands his profession, and has had long experience in conducting church music, is more competent to decide how church music should be performed, than all the D. D.s, LL. D.s, merchants, mechanics, and laboring men in a congregation, put together.

But we need not enlarge on this subject. People do think that those who have devoted the least time to music, know the most about it, and *vice versa*; and this generation always will think so, and we cannot help it. Churches of this generation will employ a man who has spent twenty years of his life in close study of the subject of music, to conduct their music, and at the same time appoint a singing committee, consisting of a blacksmith, a tailor, and a lawyer, to superintend him. People of this generation will listen to anybody and everybody as to how church music should be performed, always excepting those who make music the business of their lives. We who are professors of music, must bear with public opinion as best we can, and hope the rising generation will understand the matter better, as they certainly will far excel their fathers in their knowledge of the science of music.

We cannot expect a competent convention will decide the question which heads this article, at least in our day. We will venture to give our answer to it in our next paper.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—Organ concerts are quite common in Germany, although almost unknown in other parts of the world. At a concert of this description, given in the Pauline Church, Leipsic, May 25, by Musik-direktor Kloss, Mr. Kloss played upon the organ a fugue by Handel, a fantasie upon Italian melodies, by Corelli, the B A C H\* Fugue, by Sebastian Bach, and a fantasie, with variations, upon "God save the King," by Rink. Miss Simon sang an aria with obligato organ accompaniment; and a number of young ladies, amateurs, sang several of Mendelssohn's choruses for female voices.

\* In Germany, the sound which we call B-flat, is called B, and that which we call B, is there called H. Bach wrote a fugue, the subject of which spelt his own name, thus:



From the World of Music.

### WILLIAM BILLINGS.

For one hundred and fifty years after the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth, no native son of New England had attempted musical composition. This distinction was reserved for William Billings, a native of Boston, whose works were so much admired in his own day, and so much neglected afterwards. He was born Oct. 7, 1746, and died in Boston Sept. 26, 1800, aged 54. He was author of six distinct publications, viz.:

1. *The New England Psalm Singer*—106 pages, published Oct. 7, 1770.
2. *The Singing Master's Assistant*—102 pages, published 1788, being an abridgement of the former work.
3. *Music in Miniature*—32 pages, 12mo., published in 1779. This is principally a collection containing seventy-four tunes, thirty-one new and original, and thirty-two from his former books, and 11 old standard European tunes.
4. *The Psalm Singer's Amusement*—103 pages, published in 1781.
5. *The Suffolk Harmony*—56 pages, published 1786.
6. *The Continental Harmony*—199 pages, published in 1794.

These, with a few separate anthems, viz., "Except the Lord build the house," "The Lord is risen from the dead," "Mourn, mourner, ye saints," "Jesus Christ is risen to-day," comprise all his published compositions; and, excepting the eleven European tunes above mentioned, the whole were his own.

Billings was of humble origin, and by occupation a tanner. His opportunities for education of any kind were small, and his literary acquirements, of course, scant. He had little knowledge of counterpoint, having seen, probably, no work on the science or rules of harmony, except, perhaps, Tansur's grammar, a very meagre and imperfect treatise; but his love of music, and skill in the art of singing, were early manifested; and even in youth he became a popular singing master, and he began to compose and commenced his first publication while quite young. The English publications by W. Tansur, A. Williams, J. Arnold, W. Knapp, and J. Stephenson, had found their way across the Atlantic about the time he came on the stage. The lovers of psalmody here, who had from their youth heard nothing but the slow, isochronous notes of the very few old church tunes in their day in the country, very gladly accepted the more lively and spirited airs which these authors offered them. Billings was foremost in adopting the new style, and formed his taste and took his cue in his compositions from such tunes as the 3d Psalm, 34th Psalm, Milford, Christmas Hymn, and many other similar fuguing and lively compositions, then just becoming popular. His works were of course eagerly adopted, and all the old sacred melodies, however before approved and established, were entirely laid aside for many years. Those who succeeded and imitated him, carried this style and taste to a still greater extreme. This music, therefore, so much denounced and ridiculed by some, and called in derision the American or yankee style, had not its origin, as has been already suggested, on this side the water. England abounded at that time with the same flashy compositions. Volumes were there published and are still extant, in which not a single solid tune can be found, nor one of any description which has found its way into any respectable collection of music there or here. Though their harmony may be more correct, the melodies bear

no comparison with those of Billings, who therefore, in this respect at least, far exceeded his models.

His first publication was exceedingly deficient in all the constituent requisites of good melody, as well as good harmony, and particularly as to accent. It will not bear criticism; and it may amuse the reader to see the remarks of the author himself on his own work. In the preface to his second publication, he said, "Kind reader, no doubt you remember that about ten years ago I published a book, entitled 'The New England Psalm Singer,' and truly a most masterly performance I then thought it to be. How lavish was I of encomiums on this my infant production! Said I, 'Thou art my Reuben, my first born, the beginning of my strength;' but, to my great mortification, I soon discovered that it was Reuben in the sequel, and Reuben all over. I have discovered that many of the pieces were never worth my printing or your inspection." Of course, in his second work, which at length obtained the name of "Billings's Best," and which professed to be an abridgement of the first, he omitted altogether a great proportion of the tunes, and amended very much those he retained, particularly in point of accent. This work, as well as his fourth, called "The Psalm Singer's Amusement," became very popular, and no other music for many years was heard throughout New England. Many of the New England soldiers who, during the revolutionary war, were encamped in the southern states, had many of his popular tunes by heart, and frequently amused themselves by singing them in camp, to the delight of all who heard them. A gentleman now living in Philadelphia, distinguished for his musical taste, often speaks of the great pleasure he enjoyed from this source during that period, and that the name of Billings has been dear to him and associated with the happiest recollections even to the present time. Billings possessed something also of the spirit of poetry, as well as of music, and was author of many of the words as well as the tunes he published. The following words, set to Chester, were his own:

"Let tyrants shake their iron rod,  
And slavery clank her galling chains;  
We'll star them not, we trust in God—  
New England's God forever reigns."

He was a zealous patriot, also, and much attached to the late governor, Samuel Adams, who was also a great lover and performer of psalmody, and it is within the recollection of many now living, that that venerable statesman uniformly was seated in the singing choir. One secret, no doubt, of the vast popularity Billings's works obtained, was the patriotic ardor they breathed. The words above quoted are an example, and Chester, it is said, was frequently heard from every file in the New England ranks. The spirit of the revolution was also manifested in his Lamentation over Boston, his Retrospect, his Independence, his Columbia, as well as his Chester, and many other pieces.

Finally, whatever may be said of Billings's music, and however deficient it may now be thought to be in good taste as well as in many other respects, it certainly gave great delight in its day, and many now living, who were accustomed to hear it in their youth, are much inclined to prefer it to the more elaborate and learned music of the present time. And who can wonder that after an age of slow, dull, monotonous singing in our churches, confined at the same time to half a dozen threadbare tunes, our congregations should have been electrified and delighted with the chanting, song-

like, spirited style, which Billings introduced? Besides, the manner of performance should be considered. In the old way, tunes were set and struck up by the chorister at random, without tuning-fork or pitch-pipe, and performed by rote, and of course often without tune or time; while the new style could be performed only by those who had been instructed in schools and in the art of singing. Billings, therefore, may justly be considered a reformer, and as having given a new impulse to music generally in our country. Had he lived at the present day, with the superior advantages for obtaining musical skill and science now enjoyed, or had he lived in any other period, there is no reason to doubt he would have been as much distinguished as he was in his own. And though his name and his music, as improvement in knowledge and taste in the art advanced, soon declined and were almost entirely out of date, yet we now begin to see both his name and his melodies making their way again into respectable notice and the best collections. There is fashion even in music. The style and taste of one period has no charms at another. So it is also with the tastes of different nations at the same period; what prevails in one, is without interest in another.

**CONCERTS.**—The season for concerts is about over. There have been none of importance since our last. We have heretofore taken the pains to search the papers of all the large cities, for accounts of concerts. We seldom find any of much importance, except in Boston and New York, unless they are performances of some artists who travel the country over. In future we will promise a regular notice of all concerts in Boston and New York, but believe we shall not continue our endeavors to find notices of them in other places. We shall, nevertheless, always be happy to receive accounts of musical performances, from any one who will take the trouble to send them.

We received, last week, the programme of a concert given in Marietta, Ohio, under the direction of Mr. C. Robbins, and put the paper away so carefully that we cannot find it anywhere.

J. C. Johnson's floral concert was given for the third time, June 30. This time the performance was in the Tremont Temple, which possesses peculiar advantages for such a performance. The decorations of evergreen, boughs, bushes, flowers, and roses, in countless numbers, were beautiful beyond description. The girls wore a wreath of flowers around their heads, and held each a long ornamental wand in their hands, giving them a peculiar "fairy-like" appearance. A charming original duet, "Ha! ha! I am a fairy king," was most beautifully sung by two misses, who were invisible to the audience, being stationed on the inside of the splendid organ. An occasional change of place in the organ, (which is as large as a good-sized dwelling house,) produced a fine effect, causing the sounds to recede and advance in a peculiar manner. The following article by the editor of the Boston Bee, we copy from that paper:

"The Musical Festival of Flowers, on Wednesday evening, at the Tremont Temple, under the direction of Mr. James C. Johnson, was a most beautiful and pleasing exhibition, and we look upon it as a pure and every way desirable species of entertainment. The hall was most tastefully decorated, the children prettily arrayed, and the warbling of their simple songs was like the bursting melody of woodland birds from the

thickets of rural life. There were some faults of recitation, and some points susceptible of improvement; but taken as a whole, it was the prettiest, the least exceptionable, and the most fascinating of any entertainment that ever came before a Boston audience. The juvenile concerts of former days were admirable in their way, and the floral processions were pleasant fetes, and they will both be occasionally rejuvenated, with the accord of popular good will. But then, floral concerts outvie them, and as much in advance of them, as a railroad is in advance of a turnpike. Indeed, the fascinating evolutions of the Viennese children are cast into the shade along side of the glowing countenances, the happy hearts, and the free, unrestrained action of these children, while their agreeable ceremonies of choosing, crowning, and inducting a queen of the flowers into office, their procession of the months and the seasons, their bearing of bands and badges of honor, and casting flowers at the feet of their sovereign, have enough of the theatrical to meet the want of exciting amusement that dwells in the heart of every man, without any of the decidedly objectionable features and tendencies of the stage proper. We say again, as much as we have been delighted with the performance of Madam Wiess's children, they have nothing of the charm that dwells in this display of our own city girls and boys.

We have a few words to add as to the moral benefits to result from such exhibitions as this of Mr. Johnson's getting up. Amusement and pleasure the young must and will have, and indeed every human being as well as they. God never made human beings to put them in the traces of toil and drive them through the world, with a jerk at the bit, and a lash at the back, with eyes blinded with leather, or enticed by the sight of well-stored corn bags. They were never intended to delve alone within brick walls; to listen to the sound of carts and drays upon the thundering pavements; to put their limbs in painful constraint of cloth and buttons; to be under the stupid laws of conventional life; in short, to eat, drink, talk nonsense, strut, and sleep, and die. And yet this is about all that is done by two-thirds of the people in large cities, except to vary these ennobling pursuits by seeking amusement in the contemptible counterfeit scenes of a theatre, or the gratification of sensuality in the purlieus of vice. The young fall into the imitation of the old, and so the world goes.

Now the introduction of this and similar sources of entertainment, will do something to link pleasure to virtue, and amusement to innocence. It will cultivate taste, improve the heart, and exalt the character. It will help to bring about that change in educational policy which will unite strict, stern, unbending culture of the intellect, with beauty, pleasure, taste, and the outgushing of exuberant feeling. Men, we repeat, will have amusements, and if they cannot find the beautiful and the pure, they will accept of the corrupt, and the corrupting. We have too few holidays, too few sympathetic collections of the people generally, and of course too much isolation, too much aceticism, too much bigotry. These festivals are a link in the golden chain of life, and we care not how many of them there are to come."

#### TEACHERS' CLASS FOR 1847.

THE fifth annual class for teachers, and others interested in the cultivation of vocal and instrumental music, and the diffusion of a correct knowledge of their legitimate principles, will meet at the Melodeon, in Boston, Mass., the fourth Tuesday in August, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Lectures will be given on the following subjects—The best method of teaching classes the science of music; The art of singing; Chanting Psalms; Recitative; also, instruction in the use of the principal instruments embraced in a full orchestra.  
The class will be in session ten days. Terms—gentlemen, five dollars. Ladies are respectfully invited to attend, free of charge, as, also, members of former classes.

B. F. BAKER, Rowe Place.  
L. B. WOODBURY, Music Hall, School st.  
215 Mr. A. BOND, teacher and leader of the instrumental department.

#### WANTED.

A PIOUS LADY, as an assistant in a private school at the west—one who is qualified to give instruction on the piano. The situation is healthy, pleasant, and desirable. One acquainted with vocal music would be preferred. Address H. M. Teacher, N. E. Parlan of fee, Boston, Mass. 13

#### COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscriber has associated with himself Mr. THOMAS D. WARREN, and will continue the business of organ building, at the old establishment, 120 Cambridge street, Boston, under the firm of APPLETON & WARREN. Persons in want of superior-toned instruments are respectfully invited to call. All orders for repairing and tuning promptly executed. 13 THOMAS APPLETON.

#### SHEET MUSIC,

JUST published by CHARLES HOLT, Jr., 136 Fulton street, New York:  
First Gift, Chadwick, for guitar, 12 1-2c  
Child's Waltz and Polka, by Underner, Albany, 12 1-2c.  
Fountain Waltz, W. G. Bland, 25c  
Dear father, drink no more, I pray, a temperance song, 12 1-2c  
When the moon on the lake is beaming, S. C. Massett, arranged as a quartet by W. A. King, 25c  
The Last Sad Scene, by F. H. Nash, 25c  
I come from the silvery streams of light, Chadwick, guitar, 12 1-2c  
New York March, Underner, 18 3-4c  
March—Man go to his long home—words by Rev. A. C. Cox, (son of Dr. Cox, of Brooklyn,) music by J. Ramney, of Middletown, Conn., 12 1-2c  
Col Mansfield's Native Home March, by Ramney, 25c  
'Tis sweet at night, a new song of H. C. Massett's, 25c  
Brother, come home, a beautiful duet by the Orphans, 25c  
Gen Zachary Taylor, a quartet by the Orphans, 25c  
La Violette, a grand waltz by Underner, Albany  
The joys that we have seen, by Deane, 25c  
A new large work on the violoncello, by Morley, invaluable to learners, 1.50c  
The Gracioso Songster, all the songs of the Hutchinson Family, a book, 25c, in muslin 50c 13

#### FOR SALE.

JUST finished, a new and splendid ORGAN, at the celebrated organ manufactory of THOMAS APPLETON, 120 Cambridge street, near old Cambridge Bridge, Boston, of the following dimensions: 17 feet 2 inches high, 12 feet 10 inches wide in front, 7 feet 8 inches deep from front to back; two sets of keys, from GG to F in alto (38 notes,) one and a half octaves of pedals, one and a half octaves of heavy sub-bass pipes to CCC, 16 feet; a shifting movement to take off and pull on at the pleasure of the performer; the principal, 12th, 18th, and sequentials; a coupler to connect the swell with the great organ; a coupler to connect the pedals with the keys, &c. Contents as follows:

GREAT ORGAN.		SWELL ORGAN.	
1 Open diapason	88	14 Open diapason	37
2 Stopped diapason, base	88	15 Stopped diapason	37
3 Stopped diapason, treble	88	16 Dulciana	37
4 Clarabella	88	17 Principal	37
5 Principal	88	18 Flute	37
6 12th	88	19 Piccolo	37
7 18th	88	20 Clarinet	37
8 Sequentials, 3 ranks	174	21 Hautboy	37
9 Flute	88	22 Tremulant	37
10 Trumpet, base	88	23 Base to swell, st. diapason	37
11 Trumpet, treble	88	24 Flute	37
12 Sub-bass	18	25 Couple pedals and keys	37
13 Couple swell and great organ	36	26 Pedal chest, &c.	

For further particulars, inquire as above.  
Also, a superior second-hand Organ, of the following dimensions: 15 feet 6 inches high, 8 feet wide in front, 4 feet 9 inches deep from front to back, with the following stops: open diapason, stopped diapason, base, stopped diapason, treble, clarabella, principal, 12th, 18th, flut., pedal diapason, &c. 13

#### BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—The fourteenth annual Teachers' Institute or Musical Convention, will be held at the Tremont Temple, in Boston, commencing on Tuesday, August 17, and closing on Thursday, the 20th of August next:  
Exercises daily, from 9 to 1, from 3 to 5, and from 7 1-2 to 9 o'clock, as follows:

1. Lectures on Teaching, in which the inductive or Pestalozzian method of teaching music, will be explained and illustrated.
2. Lectures on the Cultivation of the Voice.
3. Lectures on Harmony.

These lectures will be given at an hour before the regular daily session, or from 8 to 9.

4. The practice of Church Music, as chants, anthems, and metrical tunes.
5. The practice of Secular Music, as glee, madrigals, &c.
6. The practice of some of the most popular choruses of Handel, Haydon, and other celebrated composers.

The singing exercises, which will occupy a part of every session, will be accompanied by such critical remarks as may tend to promote correct views, and a uniform, chaste, and appropriate style of performance. Tickets of admission, at five dollars each, admitting a lady and gentleman, may be had of Messrs. Wilkins, Carter & Co., 16 Water street. Such members of former conventions of the Academy as desire to attend, AND TAKE PART IN THE EXERCISES, are invited to do so free of expense. 3113

#### SERAPHINE FOR SALE.

GEO. P. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, has one of these splendid instruments, manufactured by the very celebrated factor, A. Debain, of Paris, and called by him "the harmonium." It contains twelve stops, viz. Flute, clarinet, five, hautbois, cor anglais, bourdon, clarion, bassoon, and two forte stops, and combined with the grand Jew and forte stops. The power of tone is immense, fully equal to any fifteen hundred dollar organ. The instrument was made for the French minister at Washington, but he returned about the time the instrument arrived in this country, and never used it. The size of the instrument is small, but little larger than an ordinary seraphine, but remarkably well adapted for a church, large or small, large room, &c. &c. Price, three hundred and fifty dollars. 3113

## SYDENHAM.

Harmonized by V. NOVELLO.  
Fine.

In God's own house pronounce his praise, His grace he there reveals; To heaven your joy and wonder raise, For there his glory dwells. Let

All that have motion, life, and breath, Proclaim your Maker blest; Yet when my voice ex - pires in death, My soul shall praise him best.

all your sa - cred pas - sions move, While you re - hearse his deeds; But the great work of sav - ing

## CONTENTMENT.

RIGHINI.

love, Your high - est praise ex - ceeds.

1. I live in daily peace and joy, And when a trial's given, I humbly bow my

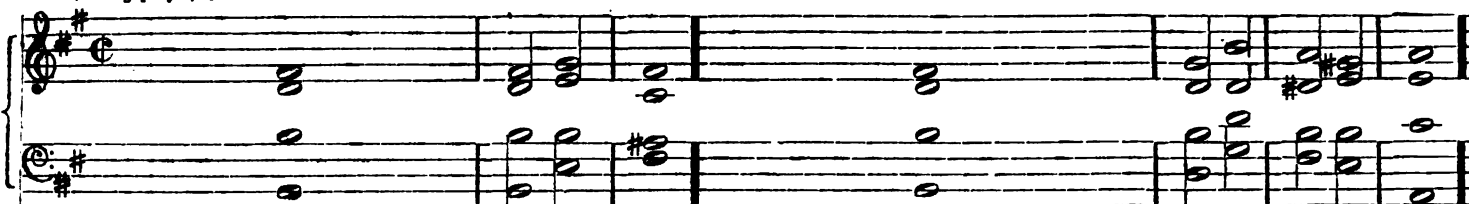
2. Sweet, sweet content, my wife, my friend, My power, my wealth, my blessing; When thou art by, I

head and say, My Father is in heaven. So many seek for power and wealth, No room I find to join them; So fast on sweet content I hold, And all the rest resign them.

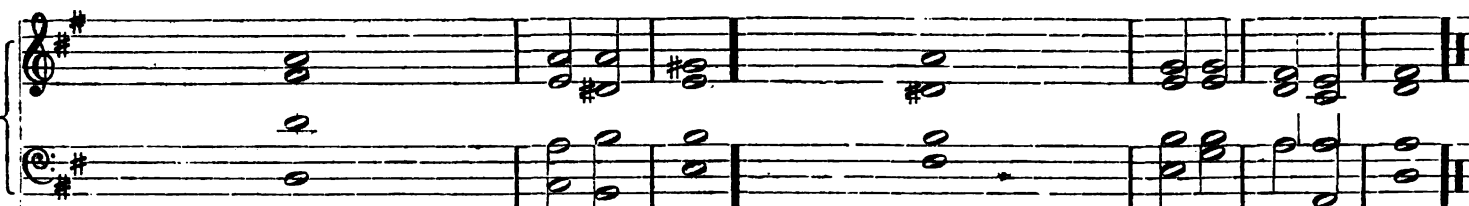
have them all, Each gift in their possessing. Sweet sleep each night I have of thee, No thief or murderer fearing; And peaceful in the morn I wake, Thy heavenly source revering.

## DEUS MISEREATUR.

S. NOLEN, JR.

*Evening prayer, after the second lesson.*

- |                                |                |                       |  |             |         |        |    |
|--------------------------------|----------------|-----------------------|--|-------------|---------|--------|----|
| 1. God be merciful unto        | us, - and      | bless us              | and show us the light of his countenance, and be | merci - ful | un - to | us.    | 2. |
| 3. Let the people              | praise thee, O | God; yea, let all the |  | peo - ple   | praise  | thee.  | 4. |
| 5. Let the people              | praise thee, O | God; yea, let all the |  | peo - ple   | praise  | thee.  | 6. |
| 8. Glory be to the Father, and | to the         | Son, and              |  | to the      | Ho - ly | Ghost. | 9. |



- |  |               |          |  |             |               |           |    |
|--|---------------|----------|--|-------------|---------------|-----------|----|
| 2. That thy way may be                     | known upon    | earth,   | thy saving                                   | health a -  | mong all      | nations.  | 3. |
| 4. O let the nations re -                  | joice, and be | glad;    | for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, } | na - tions  | up - on       | earth.    | 5. |
| 6. Then shall the earth bring              | forth her     | incre'se | and God, even our own                        | God shall   | give us - his | blessing. | 7. |
| 7. God                                     | shall         | be,      | and all the ends of the                      | world shall | fear          | him.      | 8. |
| 9. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall    | world    |  | with - out  | end - A -     | men.      |    |

## WALFORD. S. M.

H. K. OLIVER, Salem, Mass.



- |  |
|--|
| 1. While my Redeemer's near, My shepherd, and my guide, I bid farewell to every fear; My wants are all supplied.                   |
| 2. To ever fragrant meads, Where rich a - bun-dance grows, His gracious hand in - dul - gent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose. |
| 3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wandering feet re - store; And guard me with thy watchful eye, And let me rove no more.           |

## DETROIT. S. M.

D. C. WHITCOMB, Detroit, Mich.

*Allegretto, con affetto.*

- |   |
|---|
| O where shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul? 'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole. |
|---|

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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A. N. JOHNSON,

In the clerk's office of the district court of Massachusetts.

## THE HISTORY OF HEZEKIAH BROWN,

*After he had arrived at Years of Discretion.*

BY RICHARD DOSEM, M. D.

Susan Morse, with whom cousin Hez. became united some years after his professional *entree*, was a person of sound sense and nice discernment. Perhaps it was in consequence of various suggestions, or impalpable propulsions, in the way of gentle remarks on her part, or perhaps it was because he had acquired a serious turn of mind, which in its turn had given him a tender conscience in various matters—but the smart teacher suddenly collapsed into a diffident one, with an idea that he knew very little, and must learn more. I was much surprised, one fine spring morning, to see him open my office door in Moortown, with the air of a man going a journey, on an important errand. He carried an umbrella in one hand, a carpet-bag in the other, and the thunder of a heavy trunk on the entry floor preceded his appearance.

Replying briefly to my expressions of congratulation and surprise, he seated himself deliberately in a chair, as firmly as a stone column on its base.

"Well, Hez.," said I, "I am very glad to see you; but what are you driving at, and where are you going?"

"I'm bound toward the rising sun, Doctor, and I'm driving at improvement."

"If you were a crusader just now, and improvement were a Saracen, he would stand but a poor chance before you."

"I've got something worse than a Saracen to encounter," said Hez. "The truth is, Doctor, and I would n't tell it to everybody, but I have had some doubts about whether it was right for me to teach, knowing as little as I do. To be sure, I know as much as any one in our neighborhood, but I have come to the conclusion that a man must know all about his subject, and have it at his fingers' ends, before he can impart a proper idea of it to scholars."

"Certainly, it is hard work making a show without material."

"Hard enough, and so I have found it, although I believe nobody ever suspected how little I know. A few months ago I did not know better, but now I really think that, feeling as I do, it would be wrong for me to continue. I am going to the city to study."

I could only congratulate him on the formation of so good a resolution, and wish him success in his undertaking. We passed a pleasant evening together, talking mostly of the prospects of music in our state and country, and with the morning stage my cousin was off, a traveler in quest of something worth more than gold—wisdom.

It is no trifling undertaking, especially for a married man, to give up business for a year or two, and devote that period to study. I am not sure that it is the duty of every one to do so. Still, for common and the public good, it is required just now that all teachers should make sacrifices, serious ones if necessary. Most will find themselves well repaid by increased success in their profession. But if, possibly, no money be gained in the transaction, every one must feel remunerated by the satisfaction of *knowing that he knows something*. Another generation will not fail to be thankful to those who strive to be a little in advance of their times. I am convinced that many teachers around the country are only deterred by an unpleasant presentiment of high board bills and the like, from devoting a few months to bettering or perfecting their musical education. Cannot somebody invent a way of diminishing the expenses of students, without taking away from the lawful and proper emoluments of teachers? Some rich man might do a great deal of good, it seems to me, by a donation or legacy, creating a fund to lie at the foundation of a musical institution for training teachers. What this institution should be, or how it should be arranged, I cannot say; it seems a pity, however, that while lawyers and ministers have their schools and seminaries, musicians have nothing of the kind. If we ever have a *musical college*, it must be well endowed and firmly established, else it will be not much better than none.

A year and a half passed away, during which but few communications were received from my cousin. At the end of that time, we received another call from him, on the way to the scene of his former labors and successes. It is wonderful how much less one knows after taking a deep draught from the Pierian spring, than before making acquaintance with its brain-clearing waters. He now had the modest air of one who knew something and was sure he knew it; and need take no pains to convince others that he knew it; but still believed in the existence of many ideas which had never passed through his thinking apparatus, and of some abstruse principles of science, too difficult of comprehension for one whose term of study has not approached a decade of years, instead of a half score of months.

A year after the newly-educated professor's return, duty called me twenty miles from home, where I met the musician once more. On inquiring into his success since re-commencing, my cousin said that he was at first somewhat disappointed. People who expected

a marvelous increase in a capacity to *show off*, were disposed to underrate his solid acquirements. The advent of a flashy singer, with a voice still louder than his own, a throat of brass, and a disposition of the same sterling material, had nearly thrown him off the course with respect to singing classes. So true is it, that the mass of people have those peculiar ears which can only catch the tone of men who blow a trumpet before them. Hez., however, was not to be put down, and, summoning up his old "spunk," raised a breeze which carried him safely out of danger. In process of time, the teaching of a seminary, of a choir, and of various common schools, fell into his hands. "In the course of two years," said he, "I shall have no reason to regret having lost a few months' time and the considerable sum of money which my education cost me. No doubt it will all be made up, and I shall have gained a good profit on my investment. At any rate, I shall have the consolation of doing good to the church, to the young, and through them to many individuals and families."

The younger portion of the inhabitants of S— and its environs have the name of being good singers and thorough musicians as far as they go. It will not be a matter of wonder if a fine singing society should arise there before long. Honor, then, to the one who planted the young tree. May he live to eat of its fruit!

## EDUCATION OF THE FACULTIES.

From an admirable lecture by Samuel J. May, on the above subject, we make the following extract:

"Thus we see that necessity, and the influence of adventitious circumstances, develop a power in the senses of some men, which we should not suppose possible to be acquired. Now, although we may not thence infer that the senses of persons in general could be made to attain such perfection without the urgency of similar circumstances, yet who can doubt that the senses of all persons might be improved by proper exercise, to a much higher degree than they usually are? When, therefore, we contrast what might be done with what is done for the development of these avenues of thought, knowledge, and sentiment, how can we avoid the conclusion, that the very general neglect of them must have injurious effects upon the intellectual perceptions of men, and thence upon their moral sentiments, feelings, and principles. How such effects can be produced, will need some further illustration. I will attempt to give it in respect to the senses of sight and hearing.

First, of sight. That the power of this sense is very much greater in some individuals and classes of men than in others, you all have doubtless remarked. And have you not also observed the consequences? Those persons who have been long accustomed either by the necessity of their situation, the example of those about them, or the judicious care of parents and teachers, to observe attentively the relations of parts, the symmetry of forms, or the shades of color, have eyes that are perpetually soliciting their minds to notice some beautiful or grand perceptions. Wherever they turn, they spy some new and therefore curious arrangement of the al-



ements of shape, some striking combination of light and shade, or some delicious peculiarity of coloring. The multiplicity and variety of their perceptions must and do increase the number of their thoughts, or give to their thoughts greater compass and definiteness. Such persons are likely to become poets, or painters, or sculptors, or architects. At any rate, they will appreciate and enjoy the productions of others who may have devoted themselves to these delightful arts. And, think you, will not such persons be most readily awakened to desecry and adore the power, the skill, and the beneficence of the Great Architect, who reared the stupendous fabric of the universe, who devised the infinite variety of forms which diversify creation, and whose pencil has so profusely decked his every work with myriads of mingling dyes, resulting all from a few parent colors? To an unpracticed eye, the beauties and wonders of creation are all lost. The surface of the earth is a blank, or, at best, but a confused and misty page. Such an eye passes over this scene of things and makes no communication to the mind that will awaken thought, much less enkindle the spirit of devout adoration, and fill the soul with love of Him, 'whose universal love smiles everywhere.'

The effects which may flow from the due cultivation of the sense of hearing are not less apparent, and certainly they are not less important to our intellectual and moral being. If it be true, as we are told it is by those who have been engaged in teaching both the deaf and the blind, that the absence of hearing is even a more formidable impediment to the communication of knowledge than that of sight, we must infer that all imperfections of the organ of hearing itself, or in the manner of using it, must correspondingly lessen the accuracy of the knowledge we receive through that organ. The meaning of language very often is conveyed not so much by the words themselves, as by the tones of voice in which the words are uttered. If, therefore, the hearing be indistinct, or there be no habit formed of careful attention to the inflections of sound, the impressions received from what we hear must often be inaccurate. Our speech, too, will be far less agreeable, and be inefficient, even if it be not positively inarticulate. We owe it to others, no less than to ourselves, then, to cultivate the powers of the voice, the common instrument that God has given us for the interchange of thought, sentiment, and feeling, which, though so common, is the most perfect of all instruments for the transmission of sound. Yet how deplorably it is neglected, how shamefully it is misused. It can be fully developed and made what it is capable of being, only through the influence of the ear. If this organ be neglected, the voice must needs be imperfect. And the voices of many persons are through life imperfect, disagreeable, because they were not carefully trained in early childhood to articulate distinctly, much less to utter musical sounds. The opinion is confidently expressed by those who are best qualified to decide the matter, that nearly all children might be taught to sing, if proper attention were paid early enough to the use they make of their ears and their organs of sound. The careful training of these should be considered an indispensable part of a school teacher's, as well as a parent's, duty; and the exercises by which this training may be effectual, are various and very enlivening.

But in urging the great importance of this branch of education upon those parents and school officers who were themselves allowed to neglect it, we labor under

this disadvantage, that we have no means of making them sensible how much they have lost by that neglect. We cannot by verbal description convey any idea of grateful harmony, delicious melody, or any other of the charms of music; because musical sounds so far transcend the articulate ones. How extravagant, to one whose ear is uncultivated, must seem the ecstasy of the amateur of music—

'Music! O how faint, how weak,  
Language fades before thy spell!  
Why should feeling ever speak,  
When thou canst breathe her soul so well.'

This exclamation must be wholly unintelligible to one whose ear has been so much neglected that he perceives not the significance of any sounds that are not articulated. How little can such a one enter into the spirit of the Hebrew psalmist, when he tells of the valleys and the hills singing for joy in the wisdom and goodness of their Creator! What pleasing thoughts can be awakened in the mind of him whose ear is deaf to harmony, when he reads of the heavenly choir singing praises to the Most High, of the host of the redeemed with golden harps, and voices all in sweet accord, chanting their hallelujahs, of the 'angels who, with songs and choral symphonies, day without night circle his throne rejoicing.'

I may be extravagant in my estimate of the importance of the culture of the eye and the ear, but so it is, that while I have been reading the writings of the Hebrew prophets, and of those other gifted bards who communed so intently with nature and nature's God, it has seemed to me impossible that any one could enter fully into all the tenderness, beauty, and sublimity, of their language, or receive into his heart all its peculiarity of meaning, unless his own eye has been used to trace the skill of that hand which framed and fashioned everything that is, and to desecry the delicacy of that pencil which has painted all the flowers of the field, nor unless his own ear has learned to perceive the melody and harmony of sounds."

#### JENNY LIND.

Our readers probably know that this young lady has already turned the heads of half continental Europe, and earned for herself fame and fortune sufficient to satisfy the most aspiring mind. She is a native of Sweden, and is now not far from twenty years of age. As a soprano singer, if one can believe what is written about her, she ranks above any and all who have ever lived. For three or four years past she has been performing at different operas on the continent of Europe, at immense prices. Some two years since she was engaged to perform at Drury Lane Theatre in London, but did not fulfil her engagement, alleging as an excuse her ignorance of the English language.

The queen's theatre, (or, as it is sometimes called, "her majesty's theatre,") in London, has perhaps always held the highest rank in the world as an Italian opera house; at least it has always had among its performers the best living artistes, paid the highest prices to the performers, and charged the highest price for admission. The house is one of the largest theatrical buildings in the world, containing, if we recollect aright, six tiers of boxes, a very spacious pit, and a gallery capable of seating hundreds. As the lowest price for admission to any part of the house (except the gallery) is \$2.50, an immense sum is realized from a full house, and everything is performed in a style, and on a scale, of which we yankees can form but a

slight conception. If we mistake not, from the days of Handel, London has sustained but this one Italian opera, until this year. During the past year, Costa, who had been the conductor of music at this opera for several years, and on whom the proper performance of the music mainly depended, became dissatisfied with some arrangements of the managers, and considering himself an indispensable part of the concern, made some peremptory demands, which the managers not only refused to comply with, but notified him that his services would not be wanted after the conclusion of the season. Accordingly, at the close of the last season, Costa was displaced, and Balfe, a somewhat celebrated composer, appointed in his place. Costa is probably one of the best conductors in the world, and is very popular with the nobility, as also with "the queen and all the royal family." Like a true Italian, he had no idea of "giving up so," and when the present season commenced, the managers of the queen's theatre, to their great astonishment and surprise, found that Signor Costa had hired another theatre, and engaged the best part of the performers who formerly played under him at the queen's theatre. As such performers are not to be had every day, the managers of her majesty's theatre saw that it was "a gone case" with them, unless they could make some extraordinary stroke, to retrieve their loss. They accordingly secured the best orchestra and singers that they could, and made to Jenny Lind such a princely offer that she accepted it, and made her first appearance in London on Tuesday evening, May 4, since which time she has nearly driven the poor Londoners mad. As the manager of Drury Lane, whose engagement she had broken, had straitly threatened her that if she dared to set her foot in London he would pounce upon her like an eagle on a nightingale, with the strong arms of the law, it was supposed she would not dare to come; but the managers of the queen's theatre agreed to pay all damages without including it in her salary, and she decided to come. It is beyond our ability to describe the enthusiasm which has prevailed since her first appearance. One paper declares that \$5000 a week are spent for bouquets to throw upon the stage while she is singing, the queen herself being a constant attendant, and setting the example of bouquet-throwing. Another paper says that the queen alone has given her in presents enough to have sustained an Irish county. The Musical World says that the excitement beggars description, and that the prices paid for boxes and stalls would appear fabulous. On the nights of her performance, the Haymarket and adjacent streets are actually gorged with vehicles, from the armorialised carriage of the aristocrat, to the humble cab of the plebeian.—Crowds on crowds throng the vicinity of the theatre, to catch even a glimpse of the songstress, and happy is he who to his price of admission does not have to add that of a spoiled dress, or a broken limb. Mlle. Lind is still in London, and her popularity does not seem in the least to decrease.

A Paris paper tells rather a queer story about Queen Victoria. Whether the story is the result of the peculiar friendship existing between France and England, or whether it is true, we cannot tell. It says:

"Queen Victoria puts forth great pretensions to musical skill, and all of her courtiers studiously conceal from her two things: that her voice is harsh and crabbed, and that she sings so much out of tune as to wound ears not protected with triple brass, like those of Hor-

ace. For the purpose of passing herself off as a musical amateur, her majesty has organized court concerts, at which she sings duets with Lablache, who is a witty fellow, as well as a man of talents. The duets are, of course, badly executed. 'The queen sings well,' a Parisite one day remarked to Lablache. 'Very well,' replied the basso; 'but I sing flat, which prevents us from keeping together in tune.' The queen's passion for drawing is as unfortunate as her musical talent. One day, a vignette intended for letter franks was issued from the London post office, bearing the signature of an eminent artist. The journals vied with each other in exclaiming against it as a pitiful affair, and signified their astonishment that so respectable an artist should sign such a frightful daub. Somewhat nettled, the artist replied by letter that a celebrated lady, his pupil, had executed it, and compelled him to affix his name thereto. Every one immediately guessed who the celebrated lady was, and her taste for drawing has become as popular as her musical talent."

Jenny Lind was to sing at one of these court concerts, which are under the direction of Signor Costa, who is a great favorite with the queen. When it came her turn to sing, Costa accompanied her so badly that she stopped singing, and quietly returned to her place. The queen, however, noticed the cause, ordered Costa to leave the piano, and politely invited Jenny to accompany herself. It is said that Jenny cannot be induced to appear at another court concert. The following, from a London paper, will give some idea of this wonderful vocalist's personal appearance:

"Mlle. Lind is not unlike the portraits with which the public are familiar. But there is a simple earnestness of expression in her countenance, wonderfully delicate and touching, which it is hardly possible for any portrait to convey. We think her decidedly pretty, though she has perhaps no single feature with a claim to that distinction. But the form of her neck and head is exquisite; and upon her honest, open, pleasant face, there is that perpetual play of engaging and indescribable grace, of frank intelligence, of touching simplicity, of everything innocent and good, which constitutes the only beauty that time cannot wither, or custom stale. Every movement of her person is instinct with grace. The expression in her hand and arm is extraordinary. You see at once in her whole style and aspect that nameless elegance and quiet exaltation of manner which distinguishes the poetry from the prose of our every-day world. Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, the two greatest living authorities, have testified to her unequalled genius. But it has been said of her by a countryman whose heart and mind seem cast in the same mould of simplicity and genius—Hans Christian Andersen—that she is more than the finest of singers and actresses. 'She is one of the noblest creatures on earth. She is pure-hearted, pious, and kind. She is a noble woman and a faithful friend. She is my beloved sister.' To look into her face is to believe all this, and to sympathize with the kindly soul that utters it."

Mlle. Lind will continue to perform in London until the end of August. For her three months' engagement she receives \$25,000 entirely clear of all expenses, with a splendid house, carriage, servants, &c., all in the very highest style. About Sept. 1st, she is to appear two nights at Manchester, for which she will receive £500 per night. The price of admission to the boxes on the evenings of her performance will be 31s. 6d., (about \$8,) and to other parts of the house in propor-

tion. She will also perform one or two nights in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Perhaps also in Liverpool, Dublin, and some other large cities. Although she has now performed three times a week for two months in London, the excitement is in no degree diminished. In true English style, it has been proposed to open a subscription for a testimonial to her, but some of the papers are puzzled to know what the testimonial shall be for.

In the proceedings of a meeting of the Tioga (N. Y.) County Teachers' Association, held at Oswego, May 29, we find the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That vocal music has a tendency to dissipate the stupefying influence and relieve the dull monotony attendant upon the labors of the school; also, that it enlivens the mind, cheers the spirit, and serves to accelerate rather than retard the pupils.

#### EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL.—NO. XI.

While in London, I had an opportunity of attending one of the famed Philharmonic Concerts. This society give a half dozen concerts every season. Admission to each performance being \$5, and the house generally crammed at that, the society have the means to command the best musical talent in the world. This concert was given in the Hanover square rooms—the aristocratic hall of London. I have not described the hall in my minutes, but recollect that it was large enough to accommodate perhaps a thousand persons. Walls perfectly plain, with no niches or protuberances to injure the sound. I presume the hall was fitted up in a magnificent style, but I have quite forgotten everything relating to its "fixings," except that at the end opposite the orchestra was a gallery fitted up in splendid style for the accommodation of members of the royal family who may condescend to attend concerts in this hall. The audience attending this concert were required to dress appropriately, to leave hats, umbrellas, canes, &c., at the door, and not to wear boots. I was wholly ignorant of any of these regulations when I presented myself at the door, but fortunately happened to be dressed so as to pass muster. These regulations gave to the audience a very different appearance from the concert audiences of yankee land, and seemed to indicate that music is too holy an art to be listened to in Tom-and-Jerry coats or cowhide boots. The hall was filled with an audience more refined and polished, in appearance at least, than it ever was my lot to see at a concert before or since. The performance consisted of, 1, *sinfonia* in E flat, by Mozart, performed by an orchestra of about two hundred, under the lead of Sir George Smart; 2, *scena*, by Beethoven, sung in Italian by Miss Dolby; 3, concerto for piano forte and orchestra, composed by Mendelssohn, the piano part performed by the composer. Mendelssohn is a very handsome man, about forty years of age, and of exceedingly modest appearance. He seemed not a little embarrassed by the long-continued and deafening applause which greeted his entrance, and after standing, hat in hand, until he had bowed his neck-cloth half off, seemed glad to be allowed to seat himself at the piano. This was one of the most exquisite performances I ever heard. Mendelssohn is one of the best piano-forte players living, as well as the greatest composer. The music itself would have interested me, even if performed in the most imperfect manner; but to hear it performed as he who composed it could perform it, accompanied by the finest orchestra in the world, was worth all my journey

cost. 4, duet by Meyerbeer, sung in French by Miss Birch and Signor Mario; 5, overture, *The Isles of Fingal*, by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, by full orchestra, led by Mendelssohn—(under his baton it seemed as if the members of the orchestra were actually electrified; I never heard such a performance before, and fear I never shall again); 6, *sinfonia* in C minor, by Beethoven, performed by full orchestra, under the lead of Sir George Smart; 7, *scena* from Meyerbeer, sung in French by Signor Mario; 8, concerto, violin, Mr. Blagrove; 9, *scena*, Miss Birch, *Così fan tutti*, by Mozart; 10, jubilee overture, by C. M. Von Weber. This was one of the first European concerts I ever heard, and perhaps I was not a competent judge, but it seemed to me as well worth the admission price, five dollars, as common concerts are worth fifty cents.

The London Musical Times for June, a paper devoted to the interests of music among the masses, gives the following as its only items of news:

"At this season of the year it is more the habit of audiences to frequent public places for the purpose of listening to renowned singers and players, than to music for itself; but it is with the latter that we more especially concern ourselves. Since the satisfactory production of 'Elijah,' towards the conclusion of April, nothing of importance has been performed in choral music.

At Leeds, on whit-Tuesday, a very excellent band and chorus, principally from the town and neighborhood, assembled for the performance of a new oratorio, called 'The Deliverance of Israel from Babylon,' by Mr. W. Jackson, of Masham. The occasion was interesting, as the work has not only much musical merit, but when considered as the production of a village organist, who has had but few opportunities of hearing any sort of music, and but a limited study of the works of the great oratorio writers, it shows a great deal of aptitude on the part of the composer. The choruses are effective, and in the Handel school, with some well-worked fugues on natural and easy subjects.

Whilst at Leeds, we visited the public gardens, in which a large temperance festival was being held, according to annual custom, on whit-Tuesday, and we were both surprised and gratified by the manner in which several brass and wind bands executed a variety of opera and other airs. We understood the performers to be almost all workmen in the factories, many of the mills having their own especial band. It must be a great reward to those by whose exertions this growing musical taste has been fostered, to have seen the intelligent faces of these orderly and happy mechanics, dancing to the excellent music of their companions. We remember, some years since, hearing with delight one of the earliest of these mill bands, formed by the kindness and energy of a large machine-maker at Bury, in Lancashire. Circumstances caused the dispersion of his men; but the good seed has not been sown in vain, for in the various shops in which they have found work, they have carried their love of music with them, and have been the beginnings of many similar bands. In the large workshops of the Great Western Railway, at Swindon, a number of these very men have combined to make a most excellent orchestra, seconded by the liberality and encouragement which seem to pervade the company's arrangements at this village, for the benefit, improvement, and amusement of their workmen."

## CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

On Sabbath evening, July 18, we listened to an address upon this subject, given before the Pilgrim Church in this city, by Lowell Mason, Esq. This church has been in existence about a year, and has heretofore held its meetings in the smaller hall of the Tremont Temple. Being about to remove to the Marlboro' Chapel, a large hall recently fitted up for them, the church, fearing their inability to pay the necessary expenses of a good choir, propose to try the experiment of congregational singing, and invited Mr. Mason to address them upon the subject. We took no minutes of the address, but give from memory some of its leading features.

Mr. M. commenced by asking, "What is the object for which churches are organized?" and answered the question by saying that "whatever objects are designed to be accomplished by the organization of churches, the cultivation of music as an art is certainly not one of them." Why then, said he, is music introduced in our public worship? If the design is not to make an artistic display of the art, nor to furnish a musical entertainment which shall relieve the tedium of the other services, why is music made a part of the public services of the sanctuary? Because music is the language of feeling, the natural language of the heart, a medium through which deep emotion and intense feeling can be far better expressed than in any other way. Music has always formed a part of public worship, under the Jewish as well as under the Christian dispensation. Christ and his disciples sang a hymn at the institution of the Lord's supper. How did they sing it? Did they hire some one to come in and sing it for them, or did they sing it themselves? We all know that they themselves offered the sacrifice of praise, and there is no reason to believe that the Saviour himself felt it beneath his dignity to take part in this hymn of praise. The early Christians frequently had singing meetings. "They meet together and sing hymns of praise to Christ as God," was the description their enemies gave of them. The Jews had a feast of blowing the trumpets, a great musical festival for praising God. It is to be regretted that in our day we never hear of these meetings for worshipping God in songs of praise.

Mr. M. adverted to music in the Catholic church down to the time of the reformation, and to the use made of this art by Luther and his fellow reformers. The pilgrim fathers of New England were eminently psalm singers. So great was their reverence for the tunes used in public worship, that they would not allow them to be used anywhere else. In our day, we frequently hear, on Sabbath evenings, a circle gathered about the piano in the parlor, singing church tunes with sacred words, without one feeling with regard to them, except of amusement and gratification. Our forefathers would not allow a common use of such sacred things, and although the family singing circle is greatly to be commended, it were better not to use words of sacred import, for any other than sacred purposes.

In all countries where the Protestant religion prevails, except our own, music in the church is considered in no other light than as a direct act of worship. In our country, it was sacredly so considered down to the time of the revolution. Not an individual attended public worship, who viewed the singing in any other light than as a devotional exercise. After the revolution, a spirit of sturdily independence prevailed among the people, which induced them to do without every-

thing foreign, and incited them to produce everything among themselves. Among other things, they endeavored to dispense with foreign music, and ignorant and illiterate men composed church music to take the place of the European tunes previously used. These men were entirely ignorant of the rules of musical composition, and their compositions were the most flashy and worthless trash that ever was dignified with the name of music, but they had the effect entirely to supplant the old standard tunes previously in use. For the simple congregational tunes previously in use, they substituted compositions so difficult, and full of such strange progressions, that the congregation could no longer take part in the singing, and choirs had to be introduced. Bad as this trash was, it set the country on fire, as it were, and the fire is raging still in many parts of the country, although in many parts it has been extinguished. With the advent of this style of church music, devotion of course fled away, for the simple singing of such stuff would drive devotional feelings from any mind. From the revolution down to the present time, the music of the church, in New England at least, has been in the hands of choirs, and all other portions of the congregation have ceased to feel any other interest in it, than as an entertainment, or a musical amusement. The idea of solemnly worshipping God in the hymn has long since faded from the mind, and thoughts of a far different character now fill the hearts of the congregation during the singing of the hymns. A reform was greatly needed, but how the reform was to be brought about, Mr. M. could not tell. He had no doubt that choirs might be greatly useful to the church, but not as now conducted. The effect now produced by their performances is precisely similar to the effect produced by a concert. Upon minister, choir, and all between them, no other effect is produced, as far as his observation extends. Mr. M. almost despaired of reforming the religious community with regard to the estimation in which the singing of the choir ought to be regarded, and he hardly knew what remained but to relinquish choirs, and force the congregation to sing themselves, when, there being no finished musical performance to criticise or enjoy, and no one to sing for them, they would be obliged to take the words upon their own lips, and eventually might come to realize the solemn nature of the service as they ought.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—The princess of Prussia recently presented Liszt with a complete set of the music works of Prince Louis Ferdinand. In return, Liszt wrote an *elegie*, and dedicated it to the princess.—The house in which Hayden was born, in Rohran, Austria, was recently totally destroyed by fire.—Among a lot of old papers purchased at an auction, an antiquarian has discovered two letters written by Jerome de Cockx, (who lived in the time of Luther, and was an intimate acquaintance of the great reformer,) upon Luther's exertions to extend a knowledge of music among the people.—An organ builder has used glass, instead of ebony, for his organ keys, in some of his last organs. It has given such satisfaction, that several piano-forte makers have begun to use the same material for their keys.—The opera of Ernani which was received with so much *clat* in Boston, is considered in Germany an utter failure.—The annual music festival of the German Rhine provinces, was held at Cologne, May 23d and 24th. Handel's Messiah, Mendelssohn's 114th

psalm, Beethoven's symphony in A major, and Weber's overture to Der Freischutz, were performed under the direction of music director Dorn. A symphony by Onslow was conducted by the author. Spontini also directed the performance of an overture of his own composition. 780 persons took part in this performance, but it did not excite much attention among the public, and not more than 600 admission tickets were sold.—The corner-stone of an opera house was laid in Tiflis, Georgia, (Asia,) April 27.—The first organist of the Mary's Church, in Dantsig, has received from the Prussian minister of culture, a valuable present, in consideration of his musical knowledge and talent, and also in particular consideration of his zeal in disseminating correct ideas of music.—In Stralsand, the resident music teacher recently gave a concert, in which his son, aged six years, played Hummel's Nocturno on the piano.—Ernst Blumsoder, of Nuremberg, has invented a way, by which kettle drums can be tuned to any key in an instant.—A German has invented a guitar of five octaves compass, whose strings are made to vibrate by a current of air passing on to them. It is played with keys, like a piano.—Barrel organs playing twenty psalm tunes, designed for church use, are advertised in London. They must be grand for congregational singing, where even this number of tunes would be superfluous. Whoever possesses skill enough to turn a crank, could officiate as organist.

## For the Musical Gazette.

The members of the N. Y. Sacred Music Society, with a large number of ladies and gentlemen, left New York on the 5th ult., at half past one, in the Eureka and after a delightful trip over the waters of the Hudson, arrived at Poughkeepsie at half past six. As the scenery on this route has been described a thousand times, nothing need be said on that point. Dodworth's inimitable cornet band accompanied us. We also had several quartets and glee parties, and all, both singers and listeners, seemed to enjoy themselves highly.—From the boat at Poughkeepsie we marched up in procession, headed by the band in full blast, and it seemed as if the whole population turned out to see such a novel and indeed beautiful procession, having so many lovely ladies in its ranks. After stopping a few minutes at the Temperance Hotel, (just the right sort of a place to stop at,) for the ladies to lay off their bonnets and arrange their head-dresses, we proceeded (the ladies uncovered,) to the large tent of the agricultural society, kindly offered for the occasion, erected in a field, but a few rods from the hotel. Here the great oratorio of the Creation was performed, and well performed, too—Miss Northall sustaining the soprano, Mr. Paige the tenor, Messrs. Bell and Smith the baritone and bass. All sung well, being in good voice and good spirits, with a good audience, both outside and in. Yes, a large congregation availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing this excellent performance, without enjoying the privilege of paying fifty cents for tickets. Leaving the tent at 10, we had a fine supper at the Temperance House, filling it up from top to bottom. At 11 we reached the boat, and while waiting to start, the audience, both on board and on shore, were regaled with some fine old glees, quartets, &c., eliciting most hearty plaudits, closing up in grand chorus with Sweet Home. On our way down, rockets and other fireworks were interchanged from our boat and other boats on the river, and the shore; also cheers, &c., all seemed

happy. As soon as they got well under way, the decks were cleared for dancing. Not approving a participation in this, your humble servant sought the softest part of the cabin floor for a resting place, and we all got home in first-rate season—so early—being half past six Tuesday morning. ¶

From the Musical Library.

## GENERAL DIRECTIONS TO SINGERS.—NO. II.

### THE BREATH.

8. The ability to command, and to manage the breath, with regard to its collection, its quantity, and its emission, by means of a good position and good capacity of chest, is of the greatest importance to the singer. If the breath can be taken *when we please*, as *quickly as we please*, and in what *quantity we please*, and if we can *hold it*, or *let it go*, at pleasure, we are enabled to regulate the beauty and quantity of the voice, to phrase the words justly, and to sing intelligibly, intelligently, and expressively.

9. For the purpose of enabling the singer to manage his breath properly, that which has already been said on the *position* and on the *mouth* is highly important.

10. The habit of taking a full inspiration without its being perceived lower than the waist, should be carefully cultivated. The breath should be taken as in a deep sigh, but more rapidly, and without noise; and the lungs, thus inflated, should be able to retain the breath after the manner of holding it. The voice may thus acquire freedom, and may be allowed to float or flow steadily, spontaneously, and copiously, with the requisite mildness, sweetness, fullness, smoothness, elasticity, and buoyancy; instead of being dragged or driven forth stubbornly, inflexibly, or roughly.

11. The capacity of the chest may be increased by giving the lungs a full inflation suddenly and frequently; by practicing very long sounds; by exercise with the dumb-bells, or by running up a stair-case, a hill, or rising ground, especially in the morning, going slowly at first, and gradually increasing faster and faster, taking care to avoid over-fatigue so as to produce panting.

12. Unnecessary constriction of the waist (tight lacing) should be as strenuously avoided, as over-exercition, or the extremes of heat and cold. It contracts the chest, restrains the play of the lungs, renders it impossible to sing with ease, and will, if persisted in, destroy the finest voice.

MESSRS. EDITORS—We that have the management of choirs, often have lamentable occasion to feel that ministers are lacking in due understanding of the nature and right use of *music* in the services of the sanctuary. When I see a preacher arise in his pulpit, and hear him say, "Let us worship God in the use of the—hymn," and then proceed to read,

"So let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess," &c.,

I feel at perfect liberty to judge by a little what much means, and say at once, that that congregation whose preacher does not recognize any difference between the "*worship*" of God, and a christian exhortation to not let our lives give the lie to our profession, if they happen to have passable music, look upon it as a kind of *pastry*, good to make the other services go down.

It is but a few days since I heard a noted preacher introduce the lines above quoted, and in that same way, to be sung at a large meeting of ministers and others,

in New York city. I was led to query with myself whether, if I should happen into his congregation of a Sunday, I would not find him, during the first singing, looking up the chapter for his morning lesson; during the second, looking over his notes, or else sitting quietly fanning himself, waiting for his turn; and during the last, the deacons passing the contribution-box around.

Do I seem harsh? Let *facts* witness to the *truth*; and let ministers bestow a little common-sense *thought* upon the matter, and they will need no lecturing, through the prints, or otherwise. T.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I wish to inform you, and all the readers of your valuable Gazette, that quite recently there have transpired in our neighborhood some two or three circumstances, from which we may take courage and really *hope*, in relation to church music. A single gleam of day from an horizon so dark as has been the sky of church music under which our worshiping assemblies have so long *reposed*, every friend of *true worship* will hail with joy.

A day or two since, an individual of musical taste, also a member of an evangelical church, said to the writer, of his own free will, "Those chants which you sing on sabbath mornings, do take hold of my feelings very much, and they are taking hold of the church, too. The fact is, the psalms, (as we read them in the bible,) thus expressed in simple music, do elevate the feelings, and raise the soul to heaven. I seem to join your choir, and we all seem to be praising God. Why, I have never felt so before in the exercise of singing; for some reason I *try* to appropriate the language of David as my own, and when the choir sing the high praises of God, I do so too, although I do not make a sound. When you sing, supplicating the mercy of the great God our Father, in the language of those sacred psalms, I pray along with you, and it does appear to me that every member of the church, if they were informed a little on the subject, would at once see the value of this service in a manner, and to an extent they have failed hitherto to imagine. I expressed my own emotions to a worthy friend of mine, the other day, and asked him to apply more directly his *mind* to the morning chants; he said he would do so; and when I saw him again, he acknowledged that he had been well paid for listening to the advice given him, and he had enjoyed the musical exercise since, more than ever before. He had thought more about it, had more intelligently *worshiped*, and hoped he began to feel something of the holy joy of a worshiper. He had given his mind to the service along with his ear, and he saw at once that such solemn language, though delivered in musical tones, demand something more than a passive listening. There seems to have been a new *discovery*. The truth is, people have waited to be moved, and have not *tried* to pray, nor praise, nor confess their sins, in the songs of the sanctuary. I said *waited*; have we not, rather, stood quite aloof, forgetful and careless, during the performance of the songs in the house of God? The individual first spoken of said further: "The church, arc being affected by those chants, or songs of David, but they do not *know it*, that is, they do not take note of the fact, so as to be able to give an intelligible or intelligent account of their feelings during the performance. They are *moved*, but they do not (I am persuaded) make the most of it; they do not readily sympathise with the music they hear. They do not appear to *know* that the soul is in duty bound to *worship* in the

language of the psalmist, when uttered by other voices than their own. They must be reminded of this fact, and when reminded, it appears to me that they will at once see clearly their duty, and, remembering with sorrow their past neglect, they will take hold of the exercise, and enjoy the worship of God more, infinitely more, than ever before."

Now, Messrs. Editors, do we not see encouragement in the above simple account? Do we not perceive, too, the necessity of cherishing a spirit of patient perseverance in well doing? Do we not see, or seem to see, how very near the christian church may be to the right understanding and appreciation of *worship*? If it be true that *one* body of christians are almost ready to *worship* God in the songs of the temple, may it not be so of other bodies? Who knows that the churches of our whole land are not almost ready to *hear* that God ought to be worshiped in the songs of Zion? And who knows that as soon as they are plainly *informed*, by the *precept* and *example* of their pastors, in relation to this great though simple fact, they will not, (as did others, on an occasion of the coming of great light,) cry out, Pastors and people, why have you not told us before? how can we be forgiven for slumbering so long over a subject pertaining to God's worship, so plain, so very apparent?

We hear much regret expressed, that the Holy Spirit is not poured upon men in its converting power. He is willing to convert men, say the ministers at the altar; He is willing, respond their people. Now it is said that "judgment begins at the house of God." Peradventure, if those who love God will honor Him, not chiefly or wholly, by prayer and importunity, but as they ought, by a due observance of praise and thanksgiving, also, God will be pleased with their thoughtfulness. A grateful savor it may be unto Him. He may cause the church to rejoice, when they bring all their tithes into the "store-house." "There can be no doubt that, when the church is filled with *true praise*, the light of God's countenance will rejoice their hearts. Let all christian hearts be duly exercised with the praise of God, in the best sense, and we need not tremble for the ark, God is equal to his plans. His wisdom and His power are balanced by infinity. Let all christians in all things praise the Lord, and if sinners are not converted, the christian is clear. May the Musical Gazette, then, do what it can to remind the church that there is a simple means of worship quite within their reach, that has been neglected, to God's dishonor, to the christian's reproach. May your admonitions, Messrs. Editors, on this sacred subject, be heard and be improved, and on *this* account, the church need clothe herself in sackcloth no longer.

Yours, respectfully,

HOPE.

We find the following in an English paper:

DR. JOHNSON.—Dr. Johnson's ear, in respect to the power of appreciating musical sounds, was remarkably defective; nevertheless, he possessed a sense of propriety in harmonic composition that gave him an unconquerable distaste to all unmeaning flourish and rapidity of execution. Being one night at a concert where an elaborate and florid concerto on the violin was performed, after it was over, he asked a gentleman who sat near him what it meant? The question somewhat puzzled the amateur, who could only say, that it was *very difficult*. "Difficult!" answered the learned auditor, "I wish it had been impossible."

From the Providence, R. I., Journal.  
**THE BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.**

The vocal department of this talented musical association adjourned on Monday evening last to the second Tuesday in September. There was a very full attendance at the last meeting, and the interest of the members in the elegant studies which the society has been pursuing during the past year does not appear to have relaxed in the slightest degree, but rather seems to have increased since the termination of the course of public rehearsals. For some weeks past, the society has occupied a portion of its time with the oratorio of the "Messiah," but whether with any intention of performing it publicly or not, we are not informed. The ladies and gentlemen of the society are rather disinclined, we have understood, to give public concerts. We do not think they will be permitted, however, quietly to enjoy all their music by themselves next winter. The lovers of good singing would be very glad to hear some of that beautiful music from Masaniello, Amilie, Eva Diavolo, &c., to which the society has been treating itself lately, to say nothing of the grand and lofty choruses of the "Messiah," and we rather think they will insist upon being gratified when the long winter evenings set in. In short, if the members of this society are unwilling to give public concerts, they must at least make some arrangements to accommodate a few hundred particular friends, who, we will undertake to say, will be very ready and willing to pay all expenses.

The Boston Cultivator thus concludes a long account of the farm of a Mr. M., a Massachusetts farmer, who began life as a poor farmer's boy, and with his own hands, and by skill as a farmer, has become the owner of one of the best farms in the country:

"He has taken great pains to collect a choice list of fruits, and his orchard is among the most flourishing in the country. Some varieties, noted for their slow growth, exhibit the vigor of a greening or baldwin, so that we did not know them by their growth and wood. He has sold apples from two baldwin trees in one year for \$27. One quince bush pays him annually the interest on \$100. Knowing that Mr. M. was a hard-working farmer, and that he had accomplished a great deal by his own industry, practically using his hard hands to execute, as well as a wise head to plan, we were greatly surprised, on taking a seat in the parlor, to find a farmer with his 'huge paws' upon the keys of a piano, and performing in a masterly style, that would put to shame many young ladies who have, or rather do little else than attend to music; and our surprise was greatly increased when we learned that he was playing tunes of his own composing, as appeared when he presented us with a copy of the 'Conference Psalmody,' mostly of his own composition. Mr. M. remarked that he sometimes finds himself placed in rather an awkward situation, as he is going about in his farmer's garb, handling potatoes with his hands, as he is dealing them out to his customers, and is compelled to take a seat at the piano in the parlors of people of fashion and distinction."

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.—We lately announced the expected return of this lady to the metropolis; nay, her coming was inserted in our advertising columns, and the day named. We have now to announce, regretfully, that the charming artiste left us for America, in the Boston steamship which sailed June 19, having

received such tempting offers from Brother Jonathan, as would be little short of madness to refuse. Madame Bishop, on her way from Ireland to London, was waited upon in Liverpool by an American agent, who proposed to her an engagement in the United States, backed by such splendid and substantial offers, that the fair cantatrice, after some hesitation and a few demurrers, at last signed, sealed, and ratified, the contract, and almost immediately sailed for America, from whence she will not return until next spring. Our gifted and highly-talented countrywoman takes with her our best wishes for her success, and our hopes, no less, that before next summer she may come back to us with powers unimpaired, and intellect as vivacious and captivating as ever. Madame Bishop has no less the good wishes of all who happen to know her, than she has ours, for a more unassuming person for one of her talents and reputation it is impossible to find. The success of this great artiste in America cannot be doubted. The yankees are not so indifferent to artistic singing as they were some years ago, and unless they have ears and hearts as dull as Erebus, they cannot be insensible to the exquisite art and delicious vocalization of our English prima donna. With right good will we say to Madame Bishop, "Joy speed your travel, and success crown your efforts."—*London Musical World.*

[Madame Bishop arrived in Boston July 4, and proceeded immediately to New York.]

SACO, ME.—The express agent informs us that the gentleman to whom twenty of our papers for subscribers in this town were sent, has removed from the town. We send the present number by mail.

Several ancient philosophers and physicians assure us of the wonderful efficacy of music in the cure of many diseases. And this has been reported and believed by persons of no mean credit and skill even in modern times, with regard to those who have been stung or bitten by the *tarantula*.

#### NEW YORK CHORAL UNION,

For the Improvement of Church Music.

THIS society will hold its annual sessions in the city of New York, commencing on the 7th day of September next, for Free Lectures and Discussions on topics directly connected with the interests of Church Music.

Ministers, church members, leaders of choirs, and the friends of church music generally, are earnestly requested to be present at the lectures, and to take part in the discussions.

Practical lectures will be given each day, by Messrs. Thomas Hastings, Edward Howe, Jr., and others, and continued as the wants of the classes may seem to require, probably not exceeding a fortnight, on the following principal subjects:

Elements of notation for adult and juvenile classes.  
 Formation and cultivation of the voice.  
 Thorough base and organ-playing.  
 Essential properties of style, with reference to the manner and spirit of praise.

Selections and adaptations of psalmody, illustrated by exercises.  
 Abuses of church music, and modes of improvement.

The above subjects will be treated as fully as possible in the very limited time afforded, which will be entirely inadequate to their merits. The "New York Choralist" will be used, a new work by Messrs. Hastings and Bradbury, just published by Mark H. Newman & Co. Various concerts of music will be given in the city during the sessions of the society.

Further particulars may be learned at the time, at the store of M. H. Newman, 129 Broadway. EDWARD HOWE, JR., cor. sec.  
 New York, July, 1847. 1114

#### THE MUSICAL CLASS BOOK,

BY A. N. JOHNSON. This work is designed to supply teachers with material for the practice of their classes. It contains a great number of exercises, tunes, &c., arranged expressly for the practice of elementary classes, and will supercede the necessity of writing lessons on the black-board. Published by GEORGE F. REED, No 17 Tremont Row, Boston.

#### NEW MUSIC,

Published in the United States, and for sale by GEO. P. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston:  
 The Good Physician, W D Sullivan  
 We yet shall meet again, John St Luke  
 The Unassuming Galop, Charles Grobe  
 Grand March from La Philire, J A Getze

General Taylor's Quick March at Buena Vista, Louis Reimer  
 The Sentinel Galop, from Les Quatre Fils Aymor, Charles Grobe  
 L. Allemande, as danced by Danseurs Viennoises, Mathias Keller  
 Forget thee, not my Rosalie, Wm T. Lemon  
 The Ray of Joy, galop from Der Wildschütz, Charles Grobe  
 The Casino Waltz, C A A Beckett  
 The Banisher of Sadness Galop, from Quatre Fils Aymor, Charles Grobe

The False Friend, arranged for guitar, J. Meiguer  
 Oh now on music's magic swell, J L Milner  
 Hence Discontent, waltz for guitar, F Weiland  
 Blighted Flower, M W Balfe

The Boquet, or Melodies of Opera, No 1, Hernani, F Beyer  
 The Boquet, or Melodies of Opera, No 2, Love Spell, C T Brunner  
 Fantaisie for the piano, La Straniera, S Thalberg

She lives by the valley brook, C B  
 Les Memories du Diable Quadrille, H Bolman  
 Romance Varie, S Thalberg

Recreations Italiennes, No 1, Theme de Carafa, H Rosellen  
 Recreations Italiennes, No 2, Theme de Paeini, H Rosellen

Recreations Italiennes, No 3, Theme de Paeini, H Rosellen  
 Border Ballad, No 4, Jeannette, the girl, J Monro  
 Border Ballad, No 5, Up and over the border, J Monro

Border Ballad, No 6, You remember Annie, J Monro  
 Ravel Polka, 4 hands

Cornelian Polka, A R Brauer  
 The Melodeon, a collection of popular airs, &c, for flute and piano  
 Concise Instructions for Seraphine and Melodeon, C L White

Waltz, Quickstep, Allen Dodworth  
 Grand March, D M Beltsworth  
 Grande Marche Arabique, Augusta Browne

Rough and Ready Song  
 Atlantic Grand Valse Brillante, H S Savoni  
 Mahapoc Lake Waltz, 4 hands

Les Sentimentales Grand Valse, J Brady  
 The Chameleon, Samuel Lover  
 Flower of Natches, Samuel Lover

Rio Bravo Mexican March, Austin Phillips  
 Make me no gaudy chaplet, duet, Austin Phillips  
 War Ship of Peace, Samuel Lover

Sacred Songs—No 1, Come, loved religion, by Rt Rev John H Hopkins; by the bishop of Vermont—No 2, Earth is fair, No 3, Be merry and gay; No 4, When traveling weary; No 5, As wave chase wave; No 6, Spring; No 7, Summer; No 8, Autumn; No 9, Winter; No 10, Dear; No 11, Dear; No 12, The rain has ceased; No 13, As foolish maiden; No 14, Home, sweet home; No 15, Oh peace as heavenly

Lucentian One, C H N  
 The Lover's Star, C H N  
 Grand Triumphal Quickstep, E I White

Eagle Waltz, Esauenden  
 Imager Waltz, E S Naon  
 Nature's Nobleman, a four-voiced glee, words by M S Lapper, Esq, music by Samuel Lover

Hark, those bells so wildly ringing, a fine song, by Gratian Cooke  
 Tom Thumb Polka, by his pianist, W Marston

Study with Amusement, a series of progressive lessons for the piano forte, calculated to render the fingers independent of each other, both hands even, the touch distinct, &c; suitable particulars for small hands; including the first principles of harmony—by Franz Petersilia.

#### TEACHERS' CLASS FOR 1847.

THE fifth annual class for teachers, and others interested in the cultivation of vocal and instrumental music, and the diffusion of a correct knowledge of their legitimate principles, will meet at the Melodeon, in Boston, Mass, the fourth Tuesday in August, at 10 o'clock, a.m.

Lectures will be given on the following subjects—The best method of teaching classes the science of music; The art of singing; Changing Positions; Recitative; also, instruction in the use of the principal instruments employed in a full orchestra.

The class will be in session ten days. Terms—gentlemen, five dollars. Ladies are respectfully invited to attend, free of charge, as, also, members of former classes.

B. F. BAKER, Rowe Place.  
 I. B. WOODBURY, Music Hall, School st.  
 218 Mr. A BOND, teacher and leader of the instrumental department.

#### COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscriber has associated with himself Mr. THOMAS D WARREN, and will continue the business of organ building, at the old establishment, 120 Cambridge street, Boston, under the firm of APPLETON & WARREN. Societies in want of superior-toned instruments are respectfully invited to call. All orders for repairing and tuning promptly executed. 13 THOMAS APPLETON.

#### BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—The fourteenth annual Teachers' Institute, or Musical Convention, will be held at the Tremont Temple, in Boston, commencing on Tuesday, August 17, and closing on Thursday, the 24th of August next.

Exercises daily, from 9 to 1, from 1 to 5, and from 7 to 9 o'clock, as follows:

1. Lectures on Teaching, in which the inductive or Pestalozzian method of teaching music, will be explained and illustrated.

2. Lectures on the Cultivation of the Voice.

3. Lectures on Harmony.

These lectures will be given at an hour before the regular daily session, or from 8 to 9.

4. The practice of Church Music, as chants, anthems, and metrical tunes.

5. The practice of Secular Music, as glees, madrigals, &c.

6. The practice of some of the most popular choruses of Handel, Haydn, and other celebrated composers.

The singing exercises, which will occupy a part of every session, will be accompanied by such critical remarks as may tend to promote correct views, and a uniform, chaste, and appropriate style of performance.

Tickets of admission, at five dollars each, admitting a lady and gentleman, may be had of Messrs. Wilkins, Carter & Co, 16 Water street.

Such members of former conventions of the Academy as desire to attend, and take part in the exercises, are invited to do so free of expense. 3112

#### SERAPHINE FOR SALE.

GEO. P. REED, No 17 Tremont Row, has one of these splendid instruments, manufactured by the very celebrated factor, A. Debain, of Paris, and called by him "the harmonium." It contains twelve stops, viz. Flute, clarinet, flute, hautbois, cor, anglaise, bourdon, clarin, bassoon, and two forte stops, and combined with the grand Jew and forte stops. The power of tone is immense, fully equal to any fifteen hundred dollar organ. The instrument was made for the French minister of War, but returned about the time the instrument arrived in this country, and never used it. The size of the instrument is small, but little larger than an ordinary seraphine, but remarkably well adapted for any church, large or small, large room, &c. &c. Price, three hundred and fifty dollars. 3112



## ONCE MORE, DEAR FRIENDS.

Words by W. E. HICKSON.

1. Once more, dear friends, once more we meet, Old times again renewing,  
When life first grew with friendship sweet, Our paths with roses strewing. } The cares that late my heart oppressed,  
Where joy is now prevailing, With absence cease; no

2. Yet grief in absence finds a spell That binds affection stronger;  
Your image in my heart shall dwell, Until it beat no longer. } For you my prayers to heaven shall rise,  
On wings of hope ascending; And till in death I

## FIVE TIMES BY THE TAPER'S LIGHT.

STORACE.

more my breast With doubts and fears assailing.  
close these eyes, Our love shall know no ending.

Five times by the ta - per's light, The hour glass we have turned to - night,  
Five times by the ta - per's light, The hour glass we have turned to - night.

Solo.

Hark! hither hither footsteps come; Faint - ly hear, and now more near, The way-worn traveler hast'ning home.

Home, home, we come, we come; Hark! from the woodland vale be - low, From the woodland vale be -  
Home, home, we come, we come; Hark! from the woodland vale be - low, From the woodland vale be - low, Their  
Hark! From the woodland vale be -

low, Their voices mingling, mingling soft and slow. *pp* Home, we come, we come, we come, we come.  
voices mingling soft, Home, Home.  
low, Their voices mingling, mingling soft and slow. Home, we come, we come, we come, we come.

## LIGHTLY TREAD.

J. SCOTLAND.

Lightly tread; 'tis hallowed ground; Hark! a - bove, be - low, around, Fairy hands their vigils keep, While frail  
 mortals sink to sleep. And the moon with feeble rays, Gilds the brook that bubbling plays; As in murmurs soft it

## HEAR, FATHER, HEAR OUR PRAYER.

Words by W. E. HICKSON.

Music by HIMMEL.

flows, Music lulls to sweet re - pose.

1. Hear! Father, hear our prayer; Thou who art Pity where sorrow pre - vail - eth.  
 2. Hear! Father, hear our prayer; Wand'ring unknown in the land of the stranger,  
 3. Hear! Father, hear our prayer; Still thou the tempest, night's terrors re - veal - ing,

4. Hear thou the poor that cry; Feed thou the hungry, and lighten their sorrow;  
 5. Dry thou the mourner's tear; Heal thou the wounds of time-hallowed af - fec - tion;  
 6. Hear! Father, hear our prayer; Long hath thy goodness our footsteps at - tend - ed;

Thou who art Safety when mortal help faileth, Strength to the feeble, and Hope to despair. Hear! Father, hear our prayer.  
 Be with all travelers in sickness or danger; Guard thou their path, guide their feet from the snare. Hear! Father, hear our prayer.  
 In lightning flashing, in thy thunder's pealing; Save thou the shipwrecked; the voyager spare. Hear! Father, hear our prayer.

Grant them the sunshine of hope for the morrow; They are thy children; their trust is on high; Hear thou the poor that cry.  
 Grant to the widow and orphan protection; Be in their trouble a friend ever near. Dry thou the mourner's tear.  
 Be with the pilgrim whose journey is ended; When at thy summons for death we pre - pare, Hear! Father, hear our prayer.

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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No. 15.

PUBLISHED ONCE A FORTNIGHT.

A. N. & J. C. JOHNSON, editors and proprietors, No. 7 Alston Place.

Kimball & Butterfield, Printers.

Entered according to act of congress, in the year 1847, by

A. N. JOHNSON,

In the clerk's office of the district court of Massachusetts.

From the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times.

## FIRST PIANO IN NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

A few evenings since, after reading to a lady the story about the introduction of a piano forte into the state of Arkansas—which is conceded on all hands to be a good 'un, my feminine friend related to me the incidents connected with the appearance of the "inanimate quadruped" in the northern portion of the Sucker State, she being an eye-witness to what occurred on that occasion. For the amusement of your readers, I will venture to describe them:

During the summer following the termination of the Black Hawk war—being among the first of the down-east emigrants in the country then barely evacuated by the red men of the forest—Dr. A., of Baltimore, removed to what has since become a small town by the name of P—. The doctor's family was composed of three young ladies and his wife, all of whom were performers on the piano, and one of them the possessor of the instrument in question.

As is usually the case in all newly-settled places, when a "new comer" makes his appearance, the neighbors (that were to be had,) collected together for the purpose of seeing the doctor's "plunder" unpacked, and making the acquaintance of its possessor.

Dr. A.'s "household" was stowed away in seven large wagons—being first packed into pine boxes, on which were painted, in large, black letters, the contents, address, &c.

One wagon after another was unloaded, without much sensation on the part of the little crowd of lookers on, except an occasional exclamation like the following, from those who had never seen the like before:

"Glaas! this side up with care! Why, I thought this 'ere feller was a doctor! What on yearth is he going to do with that box full of winders?"

"This side up with care!" exclaimed one. "He's got his paragoric and ile-of-spike fixin's in that. Wont he fizick the agur fellers, down on the river?"

In the last wagon there was but one large box, and on it were printed the words, "Piano forte. Keep dry and handle carefully." It required the assistance of all the bystanders to unload this box, and the curiosity excited in the crowd upon reading the foregoing words, and hearing the musical sounds emitted as it struck the ground, can only be gained by giving a few of the expressions that dropped from the spectators.

"Pine fort!" said a tall, yellow-haired, fever-and-ague-looking youth; "wonder if he's afeerd of the Injuns? He can't scare them with a pine fort."

"K-e-e-p d-r-y," was spelled by a large, raw-boned man, who was evidently a liberal patron of "old bald-face," and who broke off at the letter "y" with, "Blast

your temperance karacturs—you need n't come round here with tracts!"

He was interrupted at this point by a stout-built personage, who cried out:

"He's got his skeletons in thar, and he's afeerd to gin them lick, for they'll break out if he does! Poor fellers! they must suffer powerfully!"

"Handle carefully," said a man in a red hunting-shirt, and the size of whose "fist," as he doubled it up, was twice that of an ordinary man's; "Thar's some live critter in thar. Don't you hear him groan?" This was said as the box struck the ground, and the concussion caused a vibration of the strings.

No sooner had all hands let go of the box, than Dr. A. was besieged by his neighbors, all of whom were determined to know what were its contents, and what was the meaning of the words "Piano Forte." On his telling them that it was a musical instrument, some "reckoned that it would take a 'tarnal sight of wind to blow it;" others, that it "would take a lot of men to make it go!" &c. The doctor explained its operations as well as he could, but still his description was anything but satisfactory, and he could only get rid of his inquisitive neighbors by promising them a sight at an early day.

Three days—days that seemed like weeks to the persons before mentioned—elapsed, before the premises were arranged for the reception of visitors; and various and curious were the surmises among the settlers during this time. Dr. A. and his "plunder" were the only topics of conversation for miles round. The doctor's house had but one lower room, but this was one of double the ordinary size, and the carpets were all too small to cover the entire floor; hence a strip of bare floor appeared at each side of the room. Opposite to, and facing the door, was placed the "pine fort." All was ready for the admission of visitors, and Miss E. was to act as the first performer. The doctor had but to open the door, and half a score of men were ready to enter. Miss E. took her seat, and at the first sounding of the instrument, the whole party present rushed in. Some went directly up to the "critter," as it had been called on account of its having four legs; some, more shy, remained close to the door, where, if necessary, they could more easily make their escape; while others, who had never seen a carpet, were observed walking round on the strip of bare floor, lest by treading on the handsome "kaliker," they might spoil it!

The first tune seemed to put the whole company in ecstasies. The raw-boned man, who was so much opposed to temperance tracts, pulled out a flask of whiskey, and insisted that the "gal," as he called Miss E., should drink. Another of the company laid down a dime, and wanted "that's worth more of the forty pains," as the name of the instrument had come to him after traveling through some five or six pronunciations. Another, with a broad grin on his face, declared that he "would give his claim and all the truck on it if his darter could have such a cupboard!" The "pine fort" man suggested that if that sort of music had been in

the Black Hawk war, "they would have skeered the Injuns like all holler!"

It is needless to say that it was late at night before Miss E. and the other ladies of the house could satisfy their delighted hearers that they were all tired out. The whole country, for twenty miles around, rung with the praise of Dr. A.'s "consarn," and the "musikal kubburd!" The doctor immediately had any quantity of patients—all of whom, however, would come in person, for advice, or for "agur pills," but none of whom would leave without hearing the "forty pains."

With an easy way and a good-natured disposition, Dr. A. soon formed an extensive acquaintance, and became a popular man. He was elected to some of the most responsible offices in the gift of the people—one of which he held at the time of his death. So much for the charms of a piano forte!

## EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL.—NO. XII.

I attended many concerts and churches in London, a description of which might be interesting, but I must cut short my extracts about this great city, or there will be no room left for other places. With a notice of one more musical performance, and two more church services, I close the account of my sojourn in London. The musical performance was by the music class of the City of London Literary and Scientific Institute, in commemoration of the death of a prominent officer of the class. The performance was given in the hall of the institute, a large square hall, with seats arranged in a semi-circle, rising one above the other half way to the top. It was densely crowded, and I could only procure a standing place in one corner. The performers consisted of about fifty gentleman, four ladies, and an amateur orchestra of perhaps twenty members. The instrumental accompaniment was also aided by a seraphine, at which a gentleman presided with all the dignity imaginable, although it was difficult to decide whether the instrument made any noise or not. The four ladies were professional (opera) singers. I was told that ladies other than professional never sing, either in amateur societies or in church choirs, in England, the treble and alto being always sustained by boys or professional female singers. The alto is frequently sung by gentlemen. The performances consisted of selections from the Messiah, selections of funeral anthems, and Mozart's 12th Mass. The words of the mass were of course Latin. In the other performances the words were English; and it is worthy of remark, that this was the only performance I attended in London, in which any of the words were in the English language. The institution with which this class was connected, makes provision for the advancement of its members in every department of science, music among the rest.

I attended a service of a congregational church, in this hall, on sabbath afternoon. The services were similar to those of the congregational churches in America. The singing was performed by the congregation, without a choir and without instruments of any kind. Singing books were scattered around the hall, for the

congregation, and a man arose and named the page, after which some one pitched the tune, and all fell to singing, with might and main. The tunes were not appropriate for congregational singing, and were consequently badly sung.

I also attended a service at the church of Rev. Mr. Melville, one of the most popular clergymen of the church of England. His church, a very large one, was crammed to its utmost capacity. The singing was congregational, without a choir, and without a chorister, but accompanied by a small, fine-toned organ. The singing here was bad enough, hardly any one joining, but allowing the organ to play the tunes through, almost alone. There was no chanting, but the service was read, two hymns only being sung.

A feature in the music of London which a stranger cannot overlook, is the incessant and ever-varying performances of street musicians. I do not think I was ever at my boarding house an hour, without hearing a dozen bands of these performers under the window. Some were bands composed of men, some of women, some of boys, some of girls, some of all together; some with hand organs, some with all the instruments of the orchestra, and some with their own unassisted voices; while among them all, Punch and Judy, (a performance heard nowhere out of London,) takes a prominent place. It would fill a large sheet to describe the ever-varying appearance and performances of these street beggars, many of whom are very good performers. No other city can furnish such an innumerable quantity as London, and yet they seldom get more than a penny or two at a time, and that mostly from foreigners. I heard at one time a trio of clear boys' voices under the window, accompanied by a violin, and occasionally a queer clapping noise. I found it to proceed from three Irish boys, one of whom played the violin, while the others at the end of every stanza would stand on their heads and clap their bare feet together, instantaneously recovering an erect position in time to commence the next verse promptly as the violin finished the symphony. This is but one instance of a thousand of the methods used by these poor creatures to attract attention. I spent almost all my leisure hours in listening to their performances, and was quite as well amused as at many more expensive concerts.

Messrs. Editors.—Not far distant from the place of your annual convention in western New York, is a moderate-sized country town. At or near the centre is situated the first congregational church. The pastor is a friend to, and an ardent admirer of, refined and cultivated music. He has during his short settlement manifested a deep interest in the improvement of the church music. About one year since, he evinced increased desires for this object. His lady—a sweet singer, of refined taste, and remarkable for correct execution—having embraced the opportunity of attending your annual course of lectures the previous year, also gave her private yet efficient influence to awaken an increased interest. The sabbath previous to the commencement of the last convention was exclusively occupied by the pastor in faithfully discussing the nature and uses of *sacred* music in particular, and plainly pointing out the common defects among choir singers, not omitting to tell those before him, in plain and strong language, their faults, and urging upon them their duty to improve the privilege offered by an attendance upon the course of instruction which was that

week to commence at Rochester, under the general direction of Mason and Webb. The result of that day's work was more evident than even the minister himself could have imagined. Four of the prominent members of the small choir attended punctually upon the full course of the convention, and several more attended upon some of the public exhibitions. To say the least, a strong desire for improvement was awakened, an acquaintance with singers formed, and a knowledge of the best teachers gained; and when they returned and took their places again, the deficiencies of the choir were plainly and painfully felt. The contrast was so wide, that some felt that they must leave this important part of the church's aid. Some complained of the chorister, some, of the officers of the church, some, of the minister's wife, and more, of the minister himself, because he had preached personally, and urged a part of the choir to attend the Rochester convention; others grieved. But a remnant, of sterling merit, were resolved to move forward and do all in their power to improve and cultivate this righteous agency, so indispensable in the great work of turning men from nature's darkness to His marvelous light.

In the month of October last, a meeting was called by those whose hearts and voices were from principle devoted to the cultivation of musical tones in honor to the cause of Christ. The pastor attended this meeting, and urged, in his own earnest manner, the important fact, that sacred music may be made a mighty, a powerful agent, in turning men to righteousness and truth, and that as such it was worthy a high place in the attention of ministers and people; that singing and preaching were what God had joined—that neither alone would answer the great design of public worship. While the one would allure, the other would persuade, men. The one would prepare the soil, the other sow the seed, and God, true to his own plans, would give the increase. He considered the music of the church as much deserving the care and attention of the minister and his people, as the ministrations of the desk.

The result of this meeting was, the appointment of a committee to employ the services of Mr. Samuel Bacon, and open a singing school. This gentleman was a prominent member of your class in Rochester in 1846, and is well known in different parts of western New York, and also in Illinois. His qualifications, as a gentleman, a christian, and an efficient teacher, were such, in the estimation of that portion of the choir who had enjoyed his acquaintance in the class, as to satisfy the people that he was emphatically *the man for the place*.

Mr. Bacon commenced his instructions, beginning at the foundation, and compelled the members of his class to make themselves entire masters of each weekly lesson. His labors were abundant; his zeal was worthy of the cause. Fidelity on his part to the honor of the profession was never better known by any member of his class. By some, his course was thought to be too severe. Others thought he kept them too long upon the rules; that his practice and style were new. Some stormed and threatened, and called him hard names. Some wept; many left the class. Yet Bacon, untrifled and unmoved in his purpose, moved perseveringly forward, and, as he often said, doing his whole duty to his God and his fellow men, whether men *honored* or *dishonored* him. During his course of six months, an interesting portion gave their time, their best energies, and their money, freely, to profit by his instructions.

And they were profited, and their profiting now appears to many. This class now make the entire choir of the church. The standard of music is very much advanced. The style of execution is changed for the better. The sweet harmony of mellowed and harmonious tones render this part of the public service pleasant; it is even rich, elevating, and delightful. And a general interest is awakened and expressed for the improvement of sacred music, which convinces us that a deeper tone of feeling now pervades the whole society, in regard to the nature and use of the songs of Zion. The tones of the voices have been so much enlarged, softened, and enriched, through the skillful and untiring labors of Mr. Bacon, that he is now held in distinguished favor by the christian public where nine months ago he was wholly unappreciated.

These are some of the fruits of your valuable services rendered in behalf of church music in western New York. The importance of your yearly mission is being more and more appreciated. And you will witness a deeper interest the approaching season than any previous. Mr. Bacon was once a pupil of the Boston Academy of Music, and stands far in advance as a professional teacher in this section of the country. He is one of your school.

This hasty sketch may serve to encourage you, and, perhaps, might others. And if you are pleased to give it, or any part of it, circulation through the "Gazette," which semi-monthly visits us, it is at your service.

AN EYE-WITNESS.

Monroe County, N. Y., July 27, 1847.

From the Musical Library.

### GENERAL DIRECTIONS TO SINGERS.—NO. III. REGISTERS OF THE VOICE.

13. In every voice, (though in some much more marked than in others,) there are three kinds of tone, registers, or ranges of voice, each of which is produced in a different manner, and by means of which, either simple or combined, the performer is enabled to sing throughout the whole compass required, with firmness and equality, preserving purity and an agreeable equality of tone. They have been called the chest voice, or *voce di petto*; the *medium voice*; and the head voice, or *voce di testa*.

14. A distinct notion of what is meant by the different registers, lies at the foundation of the cultivation of the voice. The pupil must be made fully to understand the difference, and must be able to sing at different pitches in the different registers. This knowledge may be obtained by singing loudly, the scale from the lowest to the highest convenient pitch, to a simple vowel sound, until the two changes, first from the register *di petto* to the *medium register*, and second, from the *medium register* to the register *di testa*, are discovered. In this exercise, the *kind* of tone and the *manner* of producing it, will lead to a clear perception of the different registers. The aid of an experienced and judicious teacher is, however, highly important.

15. A distinct notion of the registers *di petto* and *di testa* may be obtained by the performance of the Jodeln introduced into the Swiss and Tyrolese airs, where the lower notes are purely *di petto*, and the upper ones purely *di testa*.

There are three kinds of tone also perceptible in the violoncello, the violin, and particularly in the flute, when these instruments are in the hands of accomplished performers.

16. The extent of the different registers is different in different voices, but is usually found to be nearly as follows, viz :

I. In soprano voices, the register di petto will be found to extend as high as F, G, or A—second space, G clef. The medium register most conveniently commences where the di petto stops, and continues to C, D, or E, fourth space. The register di testa commences where the medium register stops, and continues upwards.

II. In tenor voices, the register di petto does not often naturally go higher than G or A below the middle C, though it may be extended much higher. The medium register will be found between G below middle C and its octave. The register di testa will necessarily commence in most voices on G or A above the middle C. It may, however, be easily extended downward even as far as to the upper notes of the register di petto.

III. In base voices, the register di petto usually extends to F, G, or A, (5th line F clef,) and the register di testa commences at middle C, D, and E.

IV. Mezzo-soprano will not be found to differ much from bases, except that they are an octave higher.

17. The tones purely di petto usually want smoothness and sweetness; the medium tones are often husky, and want warmth and feeling; and those purely di testa, though often pure and sweet, are sometimes thin, and in danger of degenerating into shrillness or screaming.

18. The voice previous to cultivation, or the unpracticed voice, with its different registers, may be compared to the trumpet, open diapason, and stopped diapason stops of the organ; the trumpet extending from the lowest sound to G or A second space G clef; the open diapason from base E to treble C, D, or E; and the stopped diapason from middle C upward. Or the registers di petto, medium, and di testa, in singing, may be regarded as analagous to the colors, yellow, red, and blue, in painting.

### MADAME MARA.

Madame Mara's character as an artist has been thus ably drawn. The Italians say, that "of the hundred requisites to make a singer, he who has a fine voice has the ninety-and-nine." This held good with respect to Madame Mara. Her voice was in compass from G to E in altissimo, and all its notes were alike even and strong; but we may also be allowed to add the hundredth requisite; that too she possessed in a super-eminent degree, and it consisted in the most sublime conception.

Though her first impressions led her to prefer songs of rapid execution, yet she soon learned to prefer those in which taste prevails, and that are touching. She was often heard to declare, that the true foundation of all good singing must lie in pure enunciation, and in the most accurate intonations of the scale. Dr. Arnold used to relate that he had, by way of experiment, seen Mara dance and assume the most violent gesticulations, while singing up and down the scale; such was her power of chest, that the tone was as free and undisturbed, as if she had stood in the customary quiet position in the orchestra.

The elocution of Mara must be considered rather as universal than as national; for, although she passed some time in England when a child, and retained a

little knowledge of the language, her pronunciation was continually marred by a foreign accent, and by those mutilations of words which are inseparable from the constant use of foreign tongues, during a long residence abroad. Yet, notwithstanding this drawback, the impression she made, even upon uneducated persons, always extremely alive to the ridiculous effects of mis-pronunciation, and upon the unskilled in music, was irresistible. The fire, dignity, and tenderness, of her vocal appeal, could never be misunderstood—it spoke the language of all nations, for it spoke the feelings of human nature. Indeed, Mara was truly the child of sensibility; everything she did was directed to the heart. Her tone, in itself pure, sweet, rich, and powerful, took all its various colorings from the passion of the words she sung. Hence, she was no less true to nature and feeling in "The Soldier tired," and in the delicate "Hope told a flattering tale," than in Handel's sublime air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Her tone was, perhaps, neither so sweet as Billington's, nor so powerful as Catalini's, but it was the touching language of her soul. It was on the command of the feelings of her audience that Mara rested her claim to renown. She left surprise to others, and was wisely content with an apparently, but not really, humble style; and she thus chose the part of genuine greatness.

Madame Mara's acquaintance with the science of music was considerable, and her facility in reading notes astonishing. Perhaps she was indebted to her violin for a faculty at no time very common. It has been observed, that all players on stringed instruments enjoy the power of writing and reading music beyond most others; they derive it from the apprehension of the coming note, or distance of interval, which must necessarily reside in the mind, and direct the finger to its information. The two branches of art are thus acquired by the violinist in conjunction.\*

Her execution, too, was very great, and though it differed materially from the agility of the present fashion, it must be considered as more true, neat, and legitimate, as it was less quaint and extravagant, and deviated less from the main purpose of art—expression. Mrs. Billington, with a modesty becoming her great acquirements, voluntarily declared, that she considered Madame Mara's execution to be superior to her own in genuine effect, though not in rapidity. Mara's divisions always seemed to convey a meaning; they were vocal, not instrumental; they had light, shade, and variety of tone; they relaxed from, or increased upon, the time, according to the sentiment, of which they always appeared to partake: these attributes were remarkable in

\* M. Bacon tells us, in his *Elements of Vocal Science*, that it is a favorite notion of his, that the best way to begin the instruction of a singer, would be, to teach them to hire an instrument, or, perhaps, to play on the violin, while the vocal exercises are going on; adding, that his opinion is confirmed by the fact, that Madame Mara was originally taught the violin. "In a conversation," says he, "which I lately had with that lady, she fully confirmed my idea, by assuring me, that had she a daughter, she should learn the fiddle before she sung a note. 'For,' said Madame M., 'how can you best convey a just notion of slight variations in the pitch of a note? by a fixed instrument? no; by the voice? no; but by sliding the finger upon the string, you instantly make the most minute variations visibly, as well as audibly, perceptible.'"

her open, true, and liquid shake, which was more than commonly perfect.

Neither in her ornaments, learned and graceful as they were, nor in her cadences, did she ever lose sight of the distinguishing and prominent feature of the melody. She was, by turns, majestic, tender, pathetic, and elegant; but in the one or the other, not a note was breathed in vain. She justly held every species of ornamental execution to be subordinate to the grand end of operating with undivided force, and with certainty, upon the feelings of her hearers. True to this principle, if any one commended the agility of a singer, Mara would ask, "Can she sing eight plain notes?"

We hesitate not to place Madame Mara at the very summit of her profession, because, in majesty and simplicity, in grace, tenderness, and pathos, in the loftiest attributes of art, she far transcended all her competitors. She gave to Handel's compositions their natural grandeur and effect, which is, in our minds, the very highest degree of praise that can be bestowed. "Handel is heavy," say the musical fashion-mongers of the present day. Milton would be heavy beyond endurance, if delivered by a reader unpossessed of taste and feeling.—*English periodical.*

### CHURCH MUSIC.—NO. IX.

How should church music be performed? We promised to give our answer to this question, but we find it not an easy matter to frame an answer to it. It is quite easy, however, to tell how it should *not* be performed. It should *not* be performed to please or amuse the congregation. It should *not* be performed for the amusement of the choir. It should *not* be performed for the purpose of "showing off" the musical acquirements of the choir, the organist, or the chorister. Church music should *not* be performed as a mere exhibition of art, to be criticised or enjoyed by the congregation. It *should* be performed for the praise and glory of God, and the spiritual edification of the worshiping assembly. That the music, as performed in our churches, is generally liable to one or all of the faults enumerated above, few will deny. They have long been felt by those who have considered the subject, and doubtless many remedies have been devised, although no one has been generally adopted. The remedy which many persons of good judgment are proposing, is the suppression of choirs and the introduction of congregational singing. We know many persons, in whose judgment we have more confidence than we have in our own, and who have had many more years' experience than ourselves, who recommend this plan. For more than ten years, however, we have considered this subject, and for more than ten years we have listened to and read the arguments of those who are in favor of congregational singing, and during this time we have spent more than a year in a country where congregational singing is almost universally practiced, under the most favorable auspices. With all proper deference to the opinion of others, we cannot help giving our voice *against* congregational singing, and in favor of choir singing; at least, most decidedly against the abolishment of choirs. Choir singing has been, and is, abused, we know, but we have yet to learn that the abuse of a thing is a sound argument against its use. Preaching is abused, every sabbath of the year. There are thousands of ministers who every sabbath preach themselves instead of Christ, and who make it their chief aim to "show off" their own talents



and eloquence. There are denominations of christians who on this account will not have educated, "man-made" ministers, as they call them, but prefer allowing any member of the congregation, whom for the time being the spirit moves, to preach to them. The fact that many ministers abuse their office, cannot be a sound reason for abolishing the office. It is not unfrequently the case that prayer offered in public, is most evidently designed to elicit the applause of the audience. The officiating clergyman evidently wishes to hear people say, "That was a splendid prayer." A daily paper, describing the exercises on the fourth of July, mentioned the prayer as being the "best ever addressed to a Boston audience." It has never yet been assigned as a reason for congregational praying, that ministers sometimes (not often, we allow,) pray more for the sake of pleasing the audience than worshipping God; and yet congregational praying is far more practicable than congregational singing.

With our present knowledge of the subject, our answer to the question, How should church music be performed? is, *by a perfectly balanced and perfectly trained choir*, the congregation uniting with the choir in the hymns which require great power more than delicate expression, and the congregation listening attentively to the choir in all hymns which require to be sung by the choir alone. In future numbers we shall state our objections to congregational singing more at length, and also describe what we understand by a "perfectly balanced and perfectly trained choir," mentioning how such a choir can be organized and sustained.

#### NEW SYSTEMS.

If ever a really well-educated professor of music is tempted to feel that his profession is not what the world calls an honorable one, it is when he witnesses the exceeding gullibility of the public with regard to so-called improvements in the manner of writing music. Scarcely a week passes in which some new method is not announced, which is warranted to do away with all the difficulties which learners of music have to contend with, each new method considering the written characters as the difficulty, and consequently each endeavoring to improve these written characters so as to remove the mountain of difficulty they are supposed to present to the learner. We have just been looking over a brand-new method, termed the "Letteral System of Music." What pretensions are made for this system, or what advantages are claimed for it, we know not, but presume it promises to impart a knowledge of music in an incredibly short space of time. The following is a part of the air of Old Hundred, written according to this system:

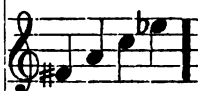
b-; | b-;L-; | J-;J-; | J-;L-; | J-;)

We recently saw a method in which sounds were represented by geometrical figures, as squares, triangles, &c. Another in which strangely-shaped original signs were used. Another still, in which three lines and two spaces were made to do the office of the staff.

To the mind of any one who correctly understands music, these attempts to remove the difficulty of learning to sing, by altering the notation, must appear absurd in the extreme. Vanity of vanities, or, rather, humbug of humbogs, is written upon them all. For aught we know to the contrary, the authors of these systems may be sincere, and may think they are simplifying the subject; but if this is the case, they are them-

selves utterly ignorant of the subject they are seeking to make plain to others.

Every learner of music meets with difficulties, and always will, let the method be what it may. But with what difficulties do learners meet? We very much doubt whether the thousandth part of those who commence the study of music are so stupid as to find it difficult to understand that notes represent the length of sounds, lines and spaces their pitch, and a few Italian words their power. Although all learners meet with difficulty, and that at every step of the way, we do not believe there ever was one, who was blessed with common sense, who ever found it difficult to understand the common notation. With what difficulties, then, do learners have to contend? Answer: they find it exceedingly difficult to control their vocal organs in such a manner as to produce exactly the sound of the scale they wish; they find it exceedingly difficult to divide time into portions of exactly equal length, especially in difficult rhythmic relations; and they find it exceedingly difficult to manage their vocal organs in such a manner as to produce exactly the dynamic expression they desire. These are the difficulties which learners must overcome, and these are the only ones. They find it difficult to do what they understand, and not to understand what to do. For an illustration, write, thus,



and request a new beginner to sing it. If, as is probable, he cannot sing it, write it #4, 6, 8, 3, and see if your new method of expressing the sounds upon paper has such an effect upon his vocal organs as to enable him at once to sing the sounds. You will undoubtedly find that the reason he cannot sing them will be, his inability to manage his vocal organs, and not his inability to understand the notes. Suppose a man of indifferent acquirements in arithmetic should find it difficult to add these numbers—75, 59, 34, 68, would it not appear absurd for a person to tell him that the reason he could not add them was because the numbers were expressed by figures, and that if he would express them by letters, thus, LXXV, LIX, XXXIV, LXVIII, he would meet with no difficulty. Who does not know that if he could not add the numbers as first expressed, the reason would be, the want of discipline in his own mind, a difficulty which no possible change in the manner of expressing the numbers could in the least affect. So in music. It is a difficult and patience-trying work to train and discipline the organs with which musical sounds are produced; and the older a person is, the more difficult is this work; while with increased age and mature faculties, it is comparatively easy to understand any system of notation.

We are frequently requested by correspondents to express our opinion about this or that newly-invented system. We beg leave to answer these requests *en masse*, and state our sincere and firm convictions with regard to each and every such new system which has been or which shall be invented, which is, that new methods of writing music are and always will be utterly valueless, and that they are and always will be either the work of persons who are themselves ignorant of the principles of music, or vile impositions, put forth by those who know they are valueless, but who are unprincipled enough to take advantage of any means which may redound to their pecuniary advantage. We believe the common notation to be so simple and complete, as to be incapable of improvement. We believe

that it is so absolutely perfect, that it never will be materially changed, so long as the world stands. This opinion, expressed in these very words, may be found in the writings of many of the ablest German authors.

Of the new methods recently forced upon public notice, the vilest and most unprincipled imposition is the so-called figure system. We doubt whether the world ever saw a more brazen-faced, unprincipled, and vile succession of lying promises and puffs, than those which have been systematically put forth to gull the public into patronizing this system. In the first place, it is a miserable falsehood to assert that any one in this country, or in this generation, invented this system. The only material difference between it and the common notation, is the use of figures, instead of the staff, to express the pitch of sounds. Whoever can have access to any extensive collection of old American singing books, can see books more than a half century old, in which, instead of the staff, figures are used to express the pitch of sounds. In Europe, books in abundance of an older date still, may be found, printed with this notation. About forty or fifty years ago, a great deal of stir was made in Germany, about the identical system in every particular, which is now palmed off on the American public as a new and valuable invention. We have before us at this moment, a German work published in 1817, just thirty years ago, which gives a statistical account of this even then exploded system, with a table containing the different methods which had been used to express the length of sounds. Figures were used to express the pitch of sounds, but almost every author used a different method to express the length, although most still adhered to the notes for this purpose, or used a large figure to indicate a whole note, a smaller one to indicate a half, and the usual stems and dashes to indicate quarters, eighths, and sixteenths. It is, then, a vile falsehood, to pretend that this system has been invented in America within the last two years. It is also a vile imposition to call it a sight-seeing method. The man does not live, who can with any considerable facility read difficult music written with the figure notation, at sight. It is the most difficult method from which to read at sight, that was ever devised. But the greatest falsehood promulgated with regard to it, is, that persons can learn to sing by it in a shorter space of time than by the common system. Indeed, the statements put forth with regard to the ease of learning to sing by the figure notation, are so extravagant, and so utterly devoid of truth, that one can hardly credit the evidence of his senses and believe that there are men so utterly lost to every principle of truth as to publish such statements.

As we have already said, the only difference between the figure and the common notation, is the manner of expressing the pitch of sounds. Length and power are expressed by the same characters in both systems. It follows that the difference in time required to learn the two different methods is, the difference of the time required to fix in the mind the five lines and four spaces, and the time required to fix in the mind the various arrangements of the figures. Any one who will take the trouble to examine the subject, will find that an hour or two will suffice to learn either notation. The persons who have resuscitated this old and worthless system, attempt to impress upon the public the idea, that whoever understands what the written characters mean, is a singer; but who does not know that this is false? Who does not know that understanding that the figures 1, 2,

3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, represent the sounds of the scale, is a very different thing from having the ability to sing the sounds of the scale? Who does not know that *understanding* what progression of sounds is represented by the figures, 1, 6, 2, 8,  $\flat$ 6,  $\sharp$ 1,  $\flat$ 7, 5, 4, 2, 5, &c., is a very different thing from being able to sing such a progression? We deny that it is easier to learn even the notation of the figure system, than that of the common system, but even if it is, it does not materially lessen the difficulty of *learning to sing*. So very small a proportion does the difficulty of learning the notation bear to the difficulty of learning to sing, that it would not sensibly abridge the time necessary to learn to sing, if the notation was dispensed with altogether.

No system for expressing musical sounds by written characters has ever been discovered, which can compare, for utility, with the one now in common use. In its adaptation to expressing every possible variety of musical sounds in such a manner as to be read at sight with facility, it is as much superior to the figure system, as the light of the sun is superior to the light of a taper.

A multitude of new systems have been published to the world within the last two years, all of which, in our opinion, are utterly worthless; but we believe the authors of all of them are willing their respective methods should stand or fall by their own merits, excepting the promulgators of the system of which we have spoken at length, viz., the figure system. A system of the most unbounded puffing, and of the most extravagant promises, has characterized the advent of this method, followed up with a zeal and perseverance worthy of a better cause. Country newspapers have been flooded with its puffs. In our cities, placards of mammoth size and smaller hand-bills innumerable have been posted at every corner, proclaiming promises almost beyond the ability of the most credulous to swallow. Agents have visited every part of the country, so that hardly a village has escaped their importunities. A so-called musical journal has been issued semi-occasionally, and sent free gratis to every teacher whose address could be ascertained, its columns filled with fulsome praise of the figure system, and with vile slander against every other system, and every other author. We intended to have given our readers a specimen of some of the magnificent puffs which are so freely circulated, but we have already made this article too long. "Common singers can learn in one hour so as to read music at sight in all keys." "To learn music by the common method so as to read well in all keys, is equal to acquiring a knowledge of the Latin language. To learn to read music perfectly by the figure system, requires less mental effort than to learn the common alphabet." These two are among the least of the extravagant pretensions put forth by the promulgators of the figure system.

We commenced this article by advertizing to the feeling of disgust which must fill the mind of every well-educated teacher, when he sees the avidity with which these new and superlatively silly methods are swallowed by the public. We doubt not that well-meaning editors, and even educated men, are often found among the advocates of these so-called improvements. We noticed some time since, in the Teachers' Advocate, a high-toned educational journal, published in Syracuse, N. Y., a most flattering notice of the most nonsensical of the new methods of which we have been speaking. The notice was from the editor's own pen, and although he modestly admitted his ignorance of music, he did

not hesitate to recommend the system. With equal propriety he could as heartily have recommended a new German alphabet, although ignorant of the German language. It would form an interesting subject for a philosopher, to ascertain on what principles the above-named editor could recommend an entire change in the long-established method of representing an art with which he was wholly unacquainted. But editors frequently do such silly things, and even learned men are sometimes found among the gullible of mankind. Professors of music should take courage from the fact that music is not the only science in which the public are humbugged. Look at the science of medicine. What an innumerable host of quacks dispute the ground with properly educated physicians. In all branches of learning, how ready are people to swallow the most extravagant hoax. A few years since, a penny-a-liner in New York concocted the story that Sir William Herschell, at the Cape of Good Hope, had constructed a telescope with a magnifying power of 42,000 times, with which he had seen men, birds, &c., in the moon. We doubt not most of our readers remember how soberly this was believed, not a single newspaper daring to express unqualified doubt of its truth. We were in Germany not long after this occurrence, and were told that the great body of even the savans there believed every word of it. Men who really understood astronomy, protested that it was utterly false, but their only answer was, "You cannot believe anything out of the fixed rules of the schools." Yet how absurd this story was! How absurd that such a telescope could have been made at the Cape of Good Hope! When every one knows that the largest telescope in existence cannot bear a power of more than 6000, and can hardly ever use even that, how absurd to believe that one of 42,000 could have been constructed, or ever be used, if constructed. Lastly, as every one knows that the moon is 240,000 miles from the earth, who could not see that even a power of 42,000 would only bring objects in the moon to within five and a half miles? and who ever saw, with the naked eye, a man or a bird five and a half miles distant? Absurd and contrary to every principle of common sense as this story was, it still was believed, even by sensible people. So the fact that absurdities are believed by men reputed sensible, is no evidence of their truth.

We may be assured, that new systems of writing music will continue to be brought before the public until the time arrives when the public shall have become so far enlightened upon the subject of music, as to give new systems no chance of success. 2d, we may be assured that every new system will have its advocates, and its day, after which, it will vanish like the morning dew. 3d, we may be assured that the good old notation in which Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven wrote, will continue in universal use so long as the compositions of those immortal composers continue to be models for the world.

MESSRS. EDITORS—What does the name J. Scotland mean, over the sweet piece of music in your last, "Lightly Tread?" My "London Musical Library" gives it as the composition of that fine musician, Berg. Yours,  
QUERIST.

We took the piece of music in question from an English collection, edited by the somewhat celebrated W. E. Hickson. In that collection, J. Scotland is given as the author.

**INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.**—Music multiplies the ideas we entertain, respecting the faculties of the soul.—When listening to it, we feel capable of the most noble efforts; it is by it we could march to death with enthusiasm. Happily it has not the power of expressing the base sentiments, cunning, or untruth. Even misfortune itself, in the language of music, is without bitterness, and without despair. Music generally relieves the weight almost always experienced by the heart capable of deep and profound attachments; this weight which we sometimes confound even with the sentiment of existence, so habitual is the melancholy it produces. It seems as if, when listening to its delightful sounds, we were about to penetrate the mystery of our existence, and the secrets of another world. No words can express the impression made on the mind by music; for words follow the first impressions, as translators in prose follow the steps of the poet. It is only a *look* that can convey to the mind some idea of those feelings—the look of a beloved object for a long time fixed on the countenance, and by degrees penetrating so deep into the heart, that it is at last necessary to cast down the eyes, in order to deprive ourselves of such exquisite happiness; as the radiance of another life will consume the mortal wishes, to consider it attentively.

Music is a pleasure so fleeting, that we feel its escape so much the more, not only in proportion as we feel a melancholy impression, mingled with the gaiety of its causes, but also when it expresses grief, it gives birth to a more delightful sensation; the heart throbs with more rapidity when listening to it; the satisfaction which the regularity of its measure causes, in recalling the shortness of time, bestows upon us the power of enjoying it.—MADAME DE STAEL.

**MR. THOMPSON'S ADDRESS ON MUSIC.**—A correspondent speaks highly of the address on sacred music, lately delivered in the Plymouth Church, Cranberry street, Brooklyn, by the Rev. J. P. Thompson. The lecturer traced the origin of sacred music from the earliest period of its history, and showed its value as a portion of worship, from scriptural proofs. He illustrated, with ability, its progress to its present state of perfection in Germany, as the land where the great masters had brought the system, in the fine muses of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, to the highest cultivation and effect of its powers, and placed it as first among those polished arts which have

"Humanised mankind;  
Softened the rude and calmed the boisterous mind."

The musical accompaniments, under the direction of Mr. George Andrews, of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, were performed in a well-poised arrangement of parts, with superior effect.

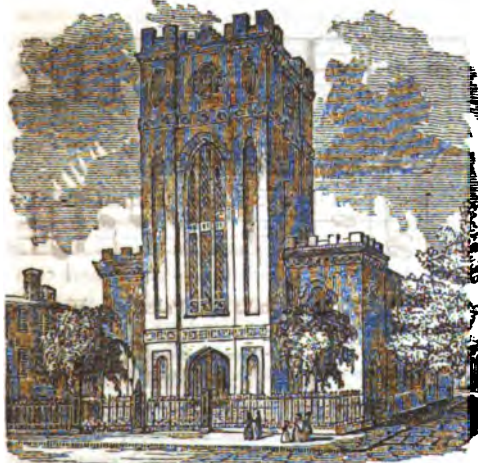
Considering that everybody has a tongue, and keeps it pretty constantly employed, it is astonishing how few use it to much purpose. With most, it is only put, in a careless and unskillful manner, to the simplest and commonest purposes; but when placed in a wise head, and used with full effect and power, it is a wonderful organ, and contributes more, perhaps, than any other member, to the real worth and interest of life. To educate the tongue properly to fulfil its office, is quite a consequential matter, and one of every-day utility. If we could all converse with the precision, richness, and roundness of tone, of which the voice is capable, what a musical world this would be.

**MUSIC IN AN AFRICAN CHURCH.**—A letter written from Richmond, Va., mentions attending service on a Sunday at the African church in that city, where, he says, the music exceeded anything of the kind he had heard in the same place. "A band of some forty or fifty slaves," he says, "conducted the music. The singers had their hymn books in their hands, and their note books before them; and the style of execution was such as would have been creditable to the best drilled choirs of the north. There were some fifteen hundred blacks present. The large church was crowded. It is said there are two thousand members of this church. It was touching to hear these children of bondage pouring out their hearts in overwhelming songs of praise to Him who looks not upon the external man, but into the heart."

**MESSENGERS.** EDITORS—The valuable and interesting historical article on Billings and his music, copied into your paper of July 19, from the World of Music, was originally published, with a few trifling variations, in the former Boston Musical Gazette. It seems to me proper, as a matter of justice, and to give the statements their due weight of authority, that the writer should be made known. The Hon. NAHUM MITCHELL is the man.

And for the same reasons, also, the fact may here be recorded, that the same gentleman was the writer of all that series of historical articles inserted in the Boston Musical Gazette, (I mean the paper by this name which was on the carpet eight or ten years ago,) under the signature of "M." Respectfully, yours, M. L.

### CHURCHES IN BOSTON.—NO. XIII.



TRINITY CHURCH.

Rt. Rev. Mantor Eastburn, pastor; A. U. Hayter, organist.

This is an episcopal church, situated on Summer street. The first building upon the present site was erected in 1734. The present building, which is of un-hewn granite, was erected in 1828. The choir consists of four members, all of whom are paid, thirteen hundred dollars being the annual appropriation for music. The organ was built by Gray, in London, in 1837. It is one of the most expensive organs in the city. The key-board of this organ is contained in a case which projects over the front of the gallery, the connecting rods running under the organist's feet, consequently the

organist, when performing, faces the minister, and has his back to the organ. The contents are, in the *great organ*, 1st and 2d open diapasons, stopped diapason with clarabella treble, principal, 12th, 15th, sesquialtra, mixture, trumpet, clarion; in the *choir organ*, open diapason, stopped diapason with clarabella treble, principal, cremona, dulciana; in the *swell organ*, open diapason, double stopped diapason, stopped diapason, principal, trumpet, hautboy; sub-base two octaves to GGG.

From the Christian Advocate.

### ADDISON AND ATTERBURY ON CHURCH MUSIC.

Addison was of opinion, "that music, among those who were styled the chosen people of God, was a religious art." "The songs of Zion—which we have reason to believe were in high repute among the courts of the eastern monarchs—were nothing else but psalms and pieces of poetry that adore or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greatest conqueror in this holy nation did not only compose the words of his divine odes, but generally set them to music himself; after which, his works, though they were consecrated to the tabernacle, became the national entertainment, as well as the devotion of the people. Music, when thus applied, raises noble ideas in the mind of the hearer, fills it with great conceptions, it strengthens devotion, advances praise into rapture, lengthens out every act of worship, and produces more lasting and permanent impressions in the mind than those which accompany any transient form of words that are uttered in the ordinary method of religious worship." He then adds, after speaking of the poetry of the scriptures, "Since, then, we have such a treasury of words so beautiful in themselves, and so proper for the airs of music, I cannot but wonder that persons of distinction should give so little attention and encouragement to that kind of music which has its foundation in reason, and which would improve our virtue in proportion as it raises our delight." In the same article we find the following observations: "Music has a strong hold upon the passions, if not upon the judgment; upon the heart, if not upon the intellect; and certain it is, that the passions must be moved, and moved aright, or there is no true devotion; the heart must be won or the man lost; for 'where the heart goes, there goes the man;' so true it is, that, unless the moral feelings are affected and won to the obedience of Christ, it matters nothing how well the judgment is informed, or the intellect improved. We have often noticed a lamentable degree of listlessness in time of prayer, and have even seen persons asleep under sermons that ought to have been heard with the profoundest attention, but have never witnessed any great apathy under good and powerful singing."

Bishop Atterbury, in showing the power of music upon the passions, furnishes (we think) one of the best arguments in favor of instrumental music being used under the gospel dispensation, of any we have ever seen; and to those who denounce the introduction of music into our churches, as an ungodly innovation upon the simple forms of christianity, we would recommend to their serious consideration the following beautiful passage from that pious author: "But the power of music is seen chiefly in advancing that most heavenly passion of *love* which reigns always in the bosoms of the pious, and is the sweet and most inseparable mark of true devotion. At this our religious begins, and at this it ends; and is the sweetest companion and im-

provement of it here on earth, and the very earnest and foretaste of heaven; of the pleasures of which nothing further is revealed to us, than that they consist in the practice of *holy music and holy love*. And, therefore, it is observable, that that apostle in whose breast this divine quality (of love) seems most to have abounded, has also spoken the most advantageously of vocal and instrumental harmony, and afforded us the best argument for the use of it, for such I account the description which, in the Apocalypse, he has given us of the devotions of angels and blessed spirits, performed by *harp*s and *hymns* in heaven, a description of which, whether real or metaphorical, yet belonging to the *evangelical state*, certainly implies thus much, that whatever is there said to be made use of, may now, under the gospel, be warrantably and laudably employed. Would we, then, have love in our assemblies; would we have our spirits softened and enlarged, and made fit for the illapses of the Divine Spirit; let us, as often as we can, call into our aid the assistance of music to work us up into this heavenly temper. All selfishness vanishes from the heart where the love of divine harmony dwells, as the evil spirit of Saul retired before the harp of David."

The teachers' classes commence in this city, to-morrow, and a week from to-morrow.

### NEW MUSIC BOOK.

MARK H. NEWMAN & CO. have just published the New York Choralist, a new and copious collection of church music, containing psalm and hymn tunes, anthems, set pieces, and chants; by Thomas Hastings and Wm. B. Bradbury. The Choralist contains 16 tunes in long metre, 101 in common metre, 69 in short metre, 127 in the various particular metres; and upwards of 100 set pieces, anthems, and chants. The music is for the most part entirely new, and the adaptation will be found to be superior to anything heretofore published. The Choralist contains a full alphabetical index, a complete metrical index, and an index of first lines of psalms and hymns made use of in the book. The attention of teachers and the friends of church music is invited to this collection.

The Choralist may be found in Boston at O. Ditson's, Gould, Kendall & Lincoln's, and at the bookstores generally.

MARK H. NEWMAN & CO.  
129 Broadway, New York.  
For sale as above, "Flora's Festival," "The Young Melodist," "The School Singer," "The Young Choir," "The Crystal Fountain," (a temperance song book,) and The Psalmist. \$15

### A MUSICAL CONVENTION AND TEACHERS' CLASS.

WILL meet at Cleveland, Ohio, on Monday, the 6th of September, and continue five days. The class will be considered as connected with the Boston Academy of Music, and Messrs. L. Mason and G. J. Webb, will be present and take the charge. A similar meeting will also be held at Rochester, N. Y., beginning on Wednesday, 18th September, and continue eight days.

### THE MUSICAL CLASS BOOK,

BY A. N. JOHNSON. This work is designed to supply teachers with material for the practice of their classes. It contains a great number of exercises, tunes, &c. arranged expressly for the practice of elementary classes, and will supercede the necessity of writing lessons on the black-board. Published by GEORGE P. REED, No 17 Tremont Row, Boston.

### CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscriber has associated with himself Mr. THOMAS D WARREN, and will continue the business of organ building, at the old establishment, 120 Cambridge street, Boston, under the firm of APPLETON & WARREN. Societies in want of superior-toned instruments are respectfully invited to call. All orders for repairing and tuning promptly executed. 13 THOMAS APPLETON.

### BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—The fourteenth annual Teachers' Institute, or Musical Convention, will be held at the Tremont Temple in Boston, commencing on Tuesday, August 17, and closing on Thursday, the 29th of August next.

Exercises daily, from 9 to 1, from 3 to 5, and from 7 1/2 to 9 o'clock, as follows:

1. Lectures on Teaching, in which the inductive or Pestalozzian method of teaching music, will be explained and illustrated.
2. Lectures on the Cultivation of the Voice.
3. Lectures on Harmony.

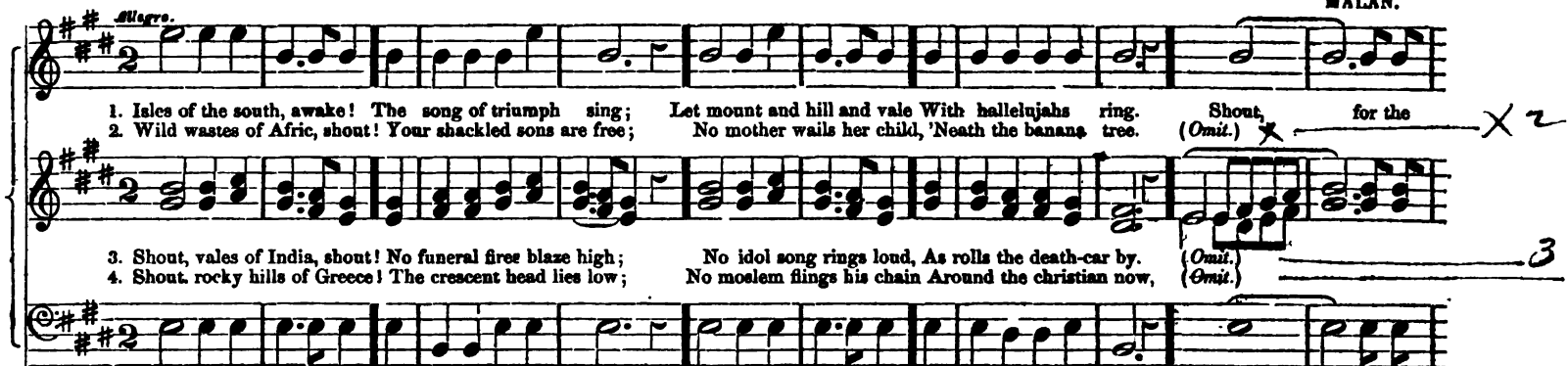
The singing exercises, which will occupy a part of every session, will be accompanied by such critical remarks as may tend to promote correct views, and a uniform, chaste, and appropriate style of performance. Tickets of admission, at five dollars each, admitting a lady and gentleman, may be had of Messrs. Wilkins, Carter & Co., 16 Water street.

Such members of former conventions of the Academy as desire to attend, and TAKE PART IN THE EXERCISES, are invited to do so free of expense. 312

## MILLENNIUM.

MALAN.

*Stagros.*



1. Isles of the south, awake! The song of triumph sing; Let mount and hill and vale With hallelujahs ring. Shout, for the (Omit.) X 2

2. Wild wastes of Afric, shout! Your shackled sons are free; No mother wails her child, 'Neath the banana tree. (Omit.) 3

3. Shout, vales of India, shout! No funeral fires blaze high; No idol song rings loud, As rolls the death-car by. (Omit.)

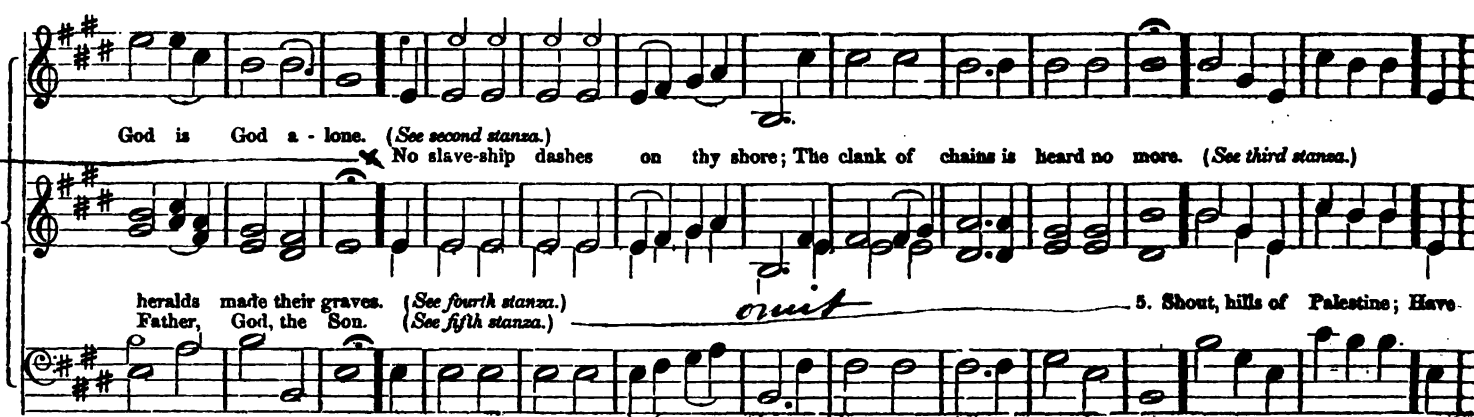
4. Shout, rocky hills of Greece! The crescent head lies low; No moselem flings his chain Around the christian now, (Omit.)



idol over - thrown, And Israel's God is God a - lone, Shout, for the idol's over - thrown, And Israel's

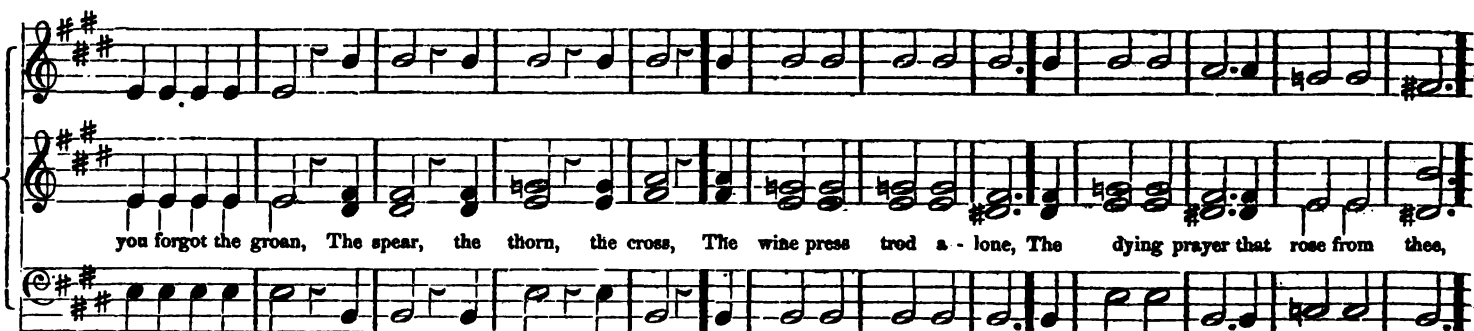
The ban - ner of the cross now waves Where christian heralds made their graves, Where christian

But Greek and Mos - lem join in one, (Omit.) To praise the



God is God a - lone. (See second stanza.) No slave-ship dashes on thy shore; The clank of chains is heard no more. (See third stanza.)

heralds made their graves. (See fourth stanza.) Father, God, the Son. (See fifth stanza.) omit 5. Shout, hills of Palestine; Have



you forgot the groan, The spear, the thorn, the cross, The wine press tread a - lone, The dying prayer that rose from thee,



## MILLENNIUM. (CONTINUED.)

6. Hail, bright millennial day, O shout, ye heavens above; To-day the nations sing The song, redeeming  
Thou garden of Geth - sem - a - ne.

love, redeeming love, Re - deem - ing love the song shall be. Redeeming love the  
Hail, blessed year of ju - bi - lee; Re - deem - ing  
Redeeming love the

song, the song shall be, Re - deem - ing love, the song shall be, Re - deem - ing love, p Re - deem - ing love.  
love, the song shall be, Re - deem - ing love, the song shall be, Re - deem - ing love, p Re - deem - ing love.  
song,

## MARSH. 8s. &amp; 7s.

S. NOLEN, JR.

Dread Jehovah! God of nations! From thy temple in the skies, Hear thy people's sup - pli - cations; Now for their de - liv - 'rance rise.



# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

Vol. 2.

BOSTON, AUGUST 30, 1847.

No. 16.

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## BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC'S TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

The teachers' class came together on Tuesday, the 16th instant, at about 10 o'clock. The occasion was an interesting one, not only to those who came for the first time, but to those who had attended before, now having the opportunity to view the faces of old friends, to renew the casual acquaintances of former years, and to compare notes on the progress of music in various sections of the country. It was remarked to us during the day, that this class had a very *refined* appearance, more so than had ever been noticed before. It may be so. The effect of these annual "communions of spirit" must be to induce mutual respect, and to debase self-conceit. With all due respect, we have seen, in former years, great, even amusing exhibitions, of self-importance. They were the natural consequences of isolation, and—shall we say it—ignorance. A teacher, moving in a certain sphere, instructing in one, two, or three towns, avoiding much colloquy with every fellow music-teacher he meets, because that one is a competitor and a rival; who has picked up his knowledge from a few sources; who daily, or evening-ly, views his system, not by the side of others, but only compared with its own fair proportions, must almost of necessity imagine that it has no superiors; and he, because he can sing down a village, feels, whether he confesses it or not, that he can sing down anything from Blue ridge to the Aroostook. Now, such a person, coming in contact with others of equal ability, must necessarily get off his stilts, or have them pulled from under him; and from this debasement he rises to a proper estimation of himself and others. He becomes more social, intellectual, and *refined*.

After half an hour spent in looking at each other, the class were seated to listen to the lecture of Mr. Mason, who commenced by reviewing, briefly, the history of the teachers' class. This, he remarked, is its fourteenth session. In the beginning, it was quite small, but it has increased yearly, until last year about five hundred took part in its concerts. During this period, great progress, in music, throughout the country, has been evident. Many more have studied the science than before, singing schools have flourished, the children have learned to sing, and general interest in the subject much increased. It is not pretended that the teachers' classes have done *all* this, or even the greater part; but they have done something, and their influence can hardly have been otherwise than powerful. There is, then, abundant ground of encouragement. These meetings for instruction and practice have not been useless.

It is not pretended that this institute furnishes a complete education. No one can obtain a complete

musical education in ten days. The lecturers pretend no such thing. In the course of one day, the lecturer on teaching may throw out a few valuable *hints* with respect to the best method of instruction, the lecturer on cultivating the voice give a few directions, the lecturer on harmony advise as to the best mode of pursuing the study. These few hints a day will become a considerable number in ten days, and may be of permanent advantage. Some persons have gone forth from this institute, hailing from Boston, and claiming to have received their education under the auspices of the Academy of Music. Everything has its abuses, and this institute cannot expect to be free from them. But because abuses exist, is no reason that the class has not its solid and substantial utility.

Before proceeding to the explanation of the method of teaching, it had been suggested that as the first lesson was a very important one, it should be deferred until the next day, many of the class not having arrived.

A member of the class rose and said, that he considered that the "first lesson" was the most important of the series, and hoped that it would not only be given now, but repeated at the next session, so that all could hear, and understand. It was decided to make the lesson for the day quite short, and in such case it could be easily reviewed.

The tune Dundee, was now sung, and with such power, brilliancy, and purity of tone, as to do one good to hear. More persons were present on this morning, than at the first session of any previous class.

In explaining the principles, Mr. Mason wished to be understood that it was by no means necessary that every one should use *his precise words* in teaching their schools. He went on the principle that his hearers knew a great deal, and passed over many things in the shortest way. Several years since, he had commenced a class by saying something like, "Now, gentlemen, I presume I shall tell you nothing but what you know, (in a certain sense,) already." A while after, he read in a paper, that a teacher had commenced a class of beginners, by saying, "Now I shall proceed on the principle of telling you nothing but what you know already!" It is the object, in these lectures, to illustrate the inductive mode of teaching, never yet fully understood, although carefully explained. When one has a proper idea of the mode of teaching, he is furnished with a compass, and must steer his own course over the ocean. Some commence by teaching time, some by teaching tune. Different kinds of people must be taught differently. It will never do to introduce the study of the dry elements immediately, to a class of children. Let them sing some song that they know, to commence with. When that is done, ask them if they can count, "one, two, one, two, one, two." They reply, "yes!" You set them to counting, and beating time, and that is their first lesson. With a class of adults, a different course might be necessary. The skill of the teacher consists in adapting his instructions to the peculiar circumstances of his pupil. No one can be a good teacher, who simply repeats mechanically the

words and illustrations of another. Mr. Mason commenced his regular course, by illustrating the divisions of the subject. This he did by first singing a very long, followed by a very short sound. Mr. Mason never tells his pupils out-right, the subject he wishes to teach them, but always so illustrates it as to lead them to find it out themselves. To lead pupils to notice the distinction of length in musical sounds, let the long sound be sung so long as to attract particular attention to the fact that it is a very long sound. Mr. M. spent some time in leading the mind to notice this distinction, and illustrated it in a very happy manner. Having made the fact plain that musical sounds differ with regard to length, Mr. M. sung two sounds of the same length, but of different pitch, and asked, "Were those two sounds alike, or different?" Answer, "different." "Did they differ with regard to length, or something else?" Answer, "Something else." To the question "What was the difference?" various answers were given, all of which would not have occurred to the minds of real pupils. A good method for leading the mind to a correct answer was explained. Two sounds, one very loud, and the other very soft, were then sung, and the conclusion arrived at, that musical sounds may be loud or soft. Much time was spent in illustrating this part of the subject, designed, particularly, to show the importance of commencing systematically, and also to illustrate the inductive system. Mr. M. now wrote upon the board, the three properties of musical sounds, viz: length, pitch, power, and said these were all the properties of a musical tone. He then quaintly asked, "Did you ever see a very bad man?" "Yes." "Is a very bad man a man, or not?" Having obtained answer to this difficult question, he asked, "Did you ever see a MAN standing on a platform all alone, as I am now?" "Yes." "In order for him to be a MAN, is it necessary that four or five men should stand on the platform?"\*

The properties of musical sounds having been ascertained, the subject of the length of sounds was introduced, and much time employed in illustrating the manner in which time should be taught. Mr. M. said that many teachers seemed to think that *beating time* was *keeping time*. He once thought that all he had to teach his pupils was to make certain motions with the hand. The great and only important thing is to give a correct idea of time to the mind, the manner of indicating the time by motions is a matter of small importance. Unless a correct idea of time is imparted to the mind, all else is useless. After numberless illustrations of methods by which the foundation of this all important but difficult subject (keeping time) may be laid, two or three tunes were sung, after which a recess was had until 12 o'clock.

From 12 till 1 o'clock. This hour was devoted to glee singing, under Mr. Geo. J. Webb. "Flora gave me fairest flowers," the first piece in the Boston Glee Book, was first sung. After it had been once sung

\* We presume these singular questions were intended as a hit at those sage authors who call *QUALITY* and *COMBINATION*, properties of musical sound.

through, Mr. Webb said that in such a large choir, the first fault always observable, was the heavy monotonous organ tone, which pervaded the performance from beginning to end. He then remarked, somewhat at length, that all music might be considered as belonging under one of two heads, the *energetic* or the *expressive*. The expressive style requires that there should be no organ tone, and no sudden forte or piano passages, but a constant and gradual increase and diminish of the sound, always varying, but always gradual. The energetic style requires force and energy, and abounds in sudden changes.

*From 3 to 4 o'clock, P. M.* Mr. Mason continued his lecture on the elements. Time was still the subject. Pupils should be thoroughly drilled in *slow* time. Those who neglect to practice in *slow* time, fail to impart the ability to keep *correct* time. At the very commencement, scholars should be warned not to leave undone anything which they have learned should be done.

*From 4 to 5 o'clock, P. M.* Glees under Mr. Webb. A collection of new glees, edited by Messrs. Wm. Mason, and Silas A. Bancroft, was introduced.

*From 7 1-2 to 9 o'clock, P. M.* Choruses from the works of the great masters, from a pamphlet prepared for the occasion. This exercise was under the direction of Mr. Mason. The great fault in heavy choruses, the constant prevalence of the organ tone, was pointed out, and particular pains taken for its correction.

*Thursday, August 19. From 8 till 9 1-2 o'clock, A. M.* Lecture on Harmony, by A. N. Johnson. Harmony was defined as being like mathematics, an almost endless study, but like mathematics, a study of which the most important of the first principles can be easily learned. Some knowledge of the first principles of harmony is absolutely necessary for a teacher and chorister, for without so much knowledge of the classification of sounds into chords, as to be able readily to read four parts at once, the chorister or teacher cannot properly teach the performance of church music. The first lecture would be upon the course of study necessary to acquire the ability to listen to several parts at once. A tune was now sung, which was written in one part, i. e. all the parts were in unison. To hear a performance of a piece written in one part, no assistance from harmony is needed. To hear the two parts of a duet distinctly, is somewhat more difficult, but, to hear, understandingly, four or more parts, without the assistance of a knowledge of the combination of sounds into chords, as taught in harmony, is impossible. The first step in harmony is to acquire a knowledge of the intervals. The learner must acquire the ability to tell any interval by the eye, and must be acquainted with the effect produced by singing or playing two sounds of any given interval together. Ability to name intervals readily, can be acquired by naming rapidly the intervals between the base and treble, or any other two parts of different tunes. Ability to recognize intervals by the ear, can be acquired by playing sounds of different intervals on an instrument, and listening to the effect. For example, notice attentively the effect produced by playing two sounds a major third apart, then two a minor third apart, &c.

The lectures on harmony were illustrated by printed examples, a copy of which was distributed to each member.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS.

Not having seen any account of the celebrated psalmists in any American publication, it is hoped that the following sketches, drawn from Wood's *Athenae Oxoniensis*, and Hawkins's *History of Music*, may prove useful and interesting. It is well known that, until the rupture between King Henry VIII, and the pope, the only music in the English churches consisted of the Latin masses and services of the Romish ritual. After this event, a translation of the former services succeeded, which, with various modifications, is still in use in our episcopal churches. Psalmody, as we understand it, is of puritan origin, and is properly introduced only in congregational churches, the introduction of it in the episcopal worship being only connived at, and not appointed.

Thomas Sternhold, says Wood, was, in all likelihood, born in Hampshire, but whether educated in Wykeham's school, near Winchester, is as yet doubtful. Sure it is, that he, having spent some time in this university, [Oxford, England,] left it without the honor of a degree, and retiring to the court of King Henry VIII, was made groom of the robes to him, and when that king died, he left him in his will 100 marks.

Afterward he continued in that office, under King Edward VI, at which time he was in some esteem in the royal court, for his grave vein in poetry and other trivial learning. But being a most zealous reformer, and a very strict liver, he became so scandalized at the amorous and obscene songs used in the court, that he forthsooth turned into English metre, 51 of David's psalms, and caused musical notes to be set to them, thinking thereby, that the courtiers would sing them, instead of their sonnets; they did not, only some few excepted. However, the poetry and music being admirable, and the best that was made and composed in those times, they were thought fit afterwards to be sung in all parochial churches, as they do yet continue. All those psalms which he put into rhyme have the letters T. S. set before, to distinguish them from others. What other poetry, or what prose, this our poet Sternhold hath composed, and left behind, I know not, nor anything else of him, only that he died in London, or Westminster, in fifteen hundred and forty-nine. By his will he appears to have some little property.

Cotemporary with Sternhold, was John Hopkins, who is styled to be, "*Britannicorum poetarum sui temporis non infimus*," (not the meanest of the British poets of his time,) as indeed by the generality living in the reign of Edward VI, he was so, if not more esteemed. He turned into metre 58 of David's psalms, which are to this day sung in the churches, and in all the editions of the said psalms, his, (which he translated,) hath set before them the two letters, I. H.

Thus far from Wood.

William Whittingham, says Hawkins, had also a hand in this version of the psalms; he was a man of great learning, and one of those English divines that resided abroad during the persecution under Queen Mary; preferring the order and discipline of the Geneva church to that of Frankfort, whither he first fled; he chose the latter city for the place of his abode, and became a favorite of Calvin, from whom he received ordination. He assisted in the translation of the bible, by Coverdale, Goodman, and others, and translated into English metre, those psalms, in number only five, which, in our version, bear the initials of his name; among these, is the 119th, which is full as long as

twenty of the others. He also versified the decalogue, and the prayer immediately after it, and very probably the Lord's prayer, the creed, and the hymn, *Veni Creator*, all which follow the singing psalms, in our version. He was afterward, by the favor of Robert, Earl of Leicester, promoted to the deanery of Durham: and might, if he had made the best of his interest, have succeeded Sir Wm. Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, in the employment of secretary of state. Wood, (from whom Hawkins obtains his account,) gives several acts of his, which he calls "*works of impiety*," such as defacing popish monuments, carrying two holy water stones of fine marble into his kitchen, for his servants to use, &c. He died in 1579.

Thomas Norton, a barrister of Sharpenhoe, in Bedfordshire, versified twenty-seven of the psalms, which are distinguished by the letter N. Wood calls him a forward and busy Calvinist, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, a man then accounted eminent for his poetry and making of tragedies. Norton published quite a number of tracts, and other productions ephemeral in their nature. He died about 1584, having been solicitor to the city of London, and to the Stationers' Company.

Robert Wisdome, continues Hawkins, translated the twenty-fifth psalm, and wrote also that prayer in metre at the end of our version, the first stanza whereof is.

"Preserve us, Lord, by thy dear word,  
From pope and Turk defend us, Lord,  
Which both would thrust out of his throne,  
Our Lord Jesus Christ, thy deare son."

For which he has been ridiculed by the facetious Bishop Corbet, and others, though Wood gives him the character of a good Latin and English poet of his time. He adds, that he had been in exile in Queen Mary's reign, that he was rector of Settrington, in Yorkshire, and also archdeacon of Ely, and had been nominated to a bishopric in Ireland, in the time of Edward VI., and that he died in 1568.

The rest of the psalms have the initials W. K. and T. C., but who the authors were is not known.

Sternhold's fifty-one psalms were first published in 1549, with the following title: "*All such Psalms of David as Thomas Sternholde, late grome of the kinges majestyes robes did in his lyfetye drawe into Englyshe metre.*"

The whole collection, as we now have them, was first published in 1662, by John Day; in which edition, as far as the writer can make out, first appeared the music. Several editions subsequent to this, however, are to be seen in the fine library of Harvard College, some account of which will conclude this article. The earliest of these is a quarto, in the end of a bible, in black letter, the title running thus: "*The Whole Booke of Psalmes: collected into English meter by Thomas Sternhold, Iohn Hopkins, and others: conferred with the Hebrae, with apt notes to sing them withall. Iames 5—If any man bee afflicted let him pray: and if any man be mery, let him sing psalms.—London: imprinted by John Day: 1583. Cum gratia & privilegio regie maiestatis.*" On the reverse of the title is the following address: "*To the Reader.—Thou shalt understand (gentle reader) that I haue (for the helpe of those that are desirous to learne to sing) caused a new print of note to be made with letters to be ioyned to every note: Whereby thou maiest know, how to call every note by his right name, so that with a very little diligence (as thou art taught in the introduction printed*

heretofore in the Psalms) thou maigest the more easily by the viewing of these letters, come to the knowledge of perfect solfaing; whereby thou maigest sing the Psalmes the more speedely, and easely. The letters be these: V. for Vt., R. for Re., M. for My., F. for Fa., S. for Sol., L. for La. Thus where you see any letter ioyned by the note you may easely call him by his right name, as by these two examples you may the better perceive:



Thus I commit thee vnto him that liueth for euer, who graunt that wee may sing with our hartes and mindes vnto the glory of his holy name. Amen."

Without farther preface, we come to the hymn "Veni Creator," with music; next, "The Humble Suite (suit) of a Sinner," with music, &c.; then the 90th Psalm, a "Te Deum," "Gloria Patri," "St. Ambrose's Te Deum," "The Song of Simeon called Munc Dimittis," "Quicumque vult, Athanasius," (i. e., the Athanasian creed,) "The Lamentation of a Sinner," "The Lord's Prayer, or Pater Noster," "The X Commandments," and "The Complaint of a Sinner." Then succeed the "Psalmes of Dauid in Metre," one hundred and fifty in number. After these, we find "An Exhortation vnto the Prayse of God, to be sung before the Morning Prayer, T. B.," also another before evening prayer, the commandments again (another version, by W. W. Whittingham,) "A Prayer," "The Lord's Prayer," by D. Cox, "The Creed," "A Praier to the Holie Ghost, to be song before the sermon," "Da Pacem Domine," by E. G., "The Lamentation," "A Thanksgiving after the receiuing of the Lorde's Supper," and the Prayer by Robert Wisdome, before mentioned. These are the contents of the famous version of Sternhold and Hopkins.

The tunes are about forty in number, and directions are generally given, what tune to use, as at Psalm 75, we have the direction, "Sing this as the 44th Psalm." To the 100th Psalm, we have our familiar tune, Old Hundred, and this is the only one that appears to be still in use. In this particular edition, the tune is considerably different from the way we sing it, though in all the others in the college library, it is—excepting in time—almost precisely as we sing it now. It is here as follows (we change it to our modern notation.) Observe, the last note is *la*!



Here is a stanza by Hopkins, from Psalm 73:

"Why dost withdraw thy hands abacke,  
And hide it in thy lap?  
O plucke it out and be not slacke  
to give thy foes a rap."

And here are a few from the 18th, by Sternhold, which will sound familiar. Observe how the rhythm is eked out:

"The Lord descended from above  
and bowed the heavens high,  
And underneath his feet he cast  
the darkness of the skye.  
On cherubes and on cherubins  
full royally he rode:  
And on the winges of all the windes  
Came flying all abroad.  
The very darts and thunderboltes  
disperce them here and there,  
And with his often lightnings  
he puts them in great feare.  
Lord at thy wrath and threatenings  
and at thy chiding chere,  
The springs and the foundations  
of all the world appeare."

A stanza from Norton—Psalm 102:

"Thou the foundations of the earth  
before all times hast laid;  
And Lord the heavens are the worke  
which thine owne handes hath made.  
Yea they shall perish and decay  
but thou shalt tarry still;  
And they shall all in time ware old  
even as a garment will."

From the 119th Psalm, by Whittingham:

"When with thy rode the worlde is plagued  
I know thy cause is just  
So when thou dost correct me Lord  
the cause just needes be munt.  
Now of thy goodness I thee pray  
some comfort to me send,  
As thou to me thy servant hast  
so from all ill me ahead (protect.)"

It will be noticed that these specimens are all in common metre; this is properly called *common*, for there are few psalms in any other. The music, as is almost uniformly the case with old music, is more than half in the minor key. This collection of psalms extends to rather more than one hundred pages, and is bound with a copy of the Genevan bible of 1584.

The next copy of Sternhold and Hopkins to be mentioned, has precisely the same title page, except on a rather larger scale, being a 4to. rather less in size than the Musical Gazette. It is without the address to the reader, the grammar in many places is corrected, slight modifications of ludicrous passages occur, &c., but on the whole it is the same thing, printed by the same man, Day, only in a handsomer and larger form. The "apt notes to sing them withal," have no letters prefixed to them, and "Old 100," excepting the last note, and the last but three, is, in melody, as we sing it. The last note is *re*, evidently a mistake; the other *mi*, instead of *fa*. This is a beautiful black-letter copy, and is bound with Beza's Testament.

The next in order of date has the following title: "The whole Booke of Psalmes, collected into English meeter by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others, conferred with the Hebrew, with apt notes to sing them withall. Set forth and allowed to be sung in all churches, of all the people together, before and after morning and evening praier; as also before and after sermons; and moreover, in private houses, for their godly solace and comfort, laying apart all vngodly songs and ballads, which tend onely to the nourishing of vice, and corrupting of youth. Iam. 5—If any be afflicted, let him pray, if any be merry, let him sing psalms. Col. 3—Let the word of God dwell plenteously in you, in all wysdome, teaching and exhorting one another in psalmes, hymnes, and spiritual songs, and sing vnto the Lord in your hearts.—London: imprinted for the company of stationers. 1606." This is a small

4to. in Roman letter, and is bound with a copy of Barker's Bible, of 1606, in which Cain is called a "vagabond and a runnagate" (Gen. 4: 12.) "Old 100" is precisely, in melody, as we now sing it. "The Song of the Three Children" is added to the hymns which precede the psalms. Pages, about one hundred.

1610.—This is a 4to. like the last in title, but is in black-letter, has the address to the reader, and the letters prefixed to the notes.

1629.—This is a very handsome folio ruled with red lines, with the same title as the last, but a different imprint: "Printed by Thomas and John Back, Printers to the University of Cambridge, [England] Ann. Dom. MDCXXIX." Roman letter, without the address, and the notes without the prefixes. About ninety pages.

1638.—Title the same, but "Printed by Thomas Buck and Roger Daniel, Printers to the University of Cambridge: 1638." Roman letter, and "Old 100" as we sing it.

There are also two other copies of the same work, which have no dates; one of them evidently very old.

A. W. T.

SINGING IN CHURCHES.—Some of the religious papers are advocating the revival of the old practice of the whole congregation singing in church. The editor of Zion's Herald thinks that God is heaping confusion and perplexity upon this department of religious exercise, as a retribution for the profanation with which it is conducted. He utterly eschews the harmony of all choirs, and longs to have his ears saluted by the harsh screech and guttural groan of a motley group of worshippers. We cannot admire his musical taste. For our part, we consider a well-trained and skillful choir as essential in public worship, as a well-educated and talented minister; and we presume that if a majority of people were obliged to lose either, they would dispense with the services of the latter sooner than the former. Why not do without a preacher, and put his salary into the charity box, and let each member of the congregation edify the others with his eloquence? Undoubtedly a large proportion of the congregation can preach better than they can sing.—*Norway (Me.) Adv.*

A CONCERT IN THE COUNTRY.—We attended, yesterday afternoon, a concert given at a country residence near our town by a very fine troupe of vocalists, whose performances, we think, far exceed those of the Italian Opera Troupe. A duet between Signor Bobolinka, the *prima donna assoluta*, and Signor Bullfroggi, the *basso profundo*, was exceedingly fine. The trills of the former, in the passage, *twicki-twicki-frilliky-killiky*, were exquisite, and the *twong-bong-boosh* of the latter, inimitable. Signor Oriole gave us a fine solo. Signorina Chipper was in excellent voice and spirits, and her *twitty-twitty* was deservedly applauded. The *buffo*, Signor Katbard, made a great deal of sport, and his imitations of the rest of the troupe were very happy. Signor Kro seemed to be troubled with a hoarseness—indicative of illness. In fact, we should not be surprised if he hopped the twig. The rest of the troupe acquitted themselves well. We hope they will make a good thing of it, and be able to feather their nests well. They always present excellent bills. Signor Pigeon was indisposed on the occasion above referred to; his habits are so well known as to have given rise to a proverb, and we presume his absence must be attributed to a touch of his old complaint.—*Boston Times.*

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, AUGUST 30, 1847.

We suppose, according to rule, we ought to have an "editorial" in each number; but the truth is, we grudge the room occupied by the heading, which printers say must always precede an article of this kind.

We have concluded, in compliance with many requests, to bore our readers with an extended account of the Academy's Teachers' Class. We say "bore," not because we consider the exercises tiresome, but because a written account necessarily falls so far below the reality. We have not been able to procure a suitable reporter, and our report is made up from minutes taken by different persons at different times, which will account for the want of connection between its parts. As this is the most extended of the meetings of this kind held in various parts of the country, we consider a detailed account of this as sufficient, and shall decline publishing extended accounts of any similar meetings, which would be but a repetition of the same subjects.

It may be well to inform our correspondents, that our printing office is distant some ten miles from our sanctum, which will account for our frequent non-compliance with their requests.

**THE NEW YORK CHORALIST.**—We have received a copy of this new work by Messrs. Hastings and Bradbury, and regret that our pressing engagements, consequent upon the convention, prevent us from giving it even a casual examination. We have copied an anthem from it, which will be found in our music pages. See advertisement.

**SYLLABLES.**—In our last we published quite a discourse on the subject of new systems of teaching or writing music. Among these is one, in which the difficulty of learning to sing is said to be "done away" by the simple expedient of chaining the syllables to the degrees of the staff, i. e., when the treble clef is used, every note on the added line below is to be sung with the syllable "do," every note on the space below with "ra," every note of the first line with "mi," &c. We have frequently been requested to give our opinion of this method, but have never happened to think of it when preparing the copy for our paper. We have just chanced to open a new English work by a distinguished teacher, to a passage answering the aforesaid requests, and copy it while the subject is in our mind. The author says:

"There is but one mode of using the syllables, in which they can be of the slightest use, and that is by adhering to the rule laid down by Rousseau, and followed by the best of our English teachers, of identifying the syllables, not with the fixed sounds expressed by the letters, but with the intervals of the diatonic scale, 'one' in every key, being sung with the syllable do, 'two' with the syllable re, 'three' with the syllable mi, &c. The art of reading music at sight depends upon the ability to recognize at a glance the intervals of the scale in whatever key they may be written, that is to say, to distinguish at once, not which is A or B, but which is 'one,' 'two,' 'three,' &c. It will therefore at once be seen, that by adopting Rousseau's rule for using syllables, the pupil is obliged to keep his attention constantly directed to study the degrees of the scale, by which alone it is possible to sing readily at sight. The employment of syllables in this

method obliges the singer to recognize the degree of the scale represented by each note, and prevents the possibility of his guessing at the sound. Great confusion and perplexity are introduced by the use of fixed syllables. We think it must be obvious, that syllables thus employed tend to mislead the pupil, rather than to assist him in learning the art of sight-singing. It is using words, as a lawyer would say, in the sense of a *suggestio falsi*."

**EDUCATIONAL PERIODICALS.**—We earnestly recommend every teacher of music to subscribe for at least one periodical on the subject of teaching. The principles on which instruction should be imparted, are the same in every branch of learning, and the experience of teachers in other branches cannot but be of great advantage to those whose business it is to impart musical instruction. Among periodicals of this description, we can recommend as the best which have fallen under our notice, "The Practical Educator," published in Boston, "The Teachers' Advocate," published in Syracuse, N. Y., "The District School Journal," published in Albany, N. Y. We heartily recommend to our numerous western readers, "The Common School Advocate," published in Indianapolis, Ind." We have regarded this as one of the best conducted and most instructive journals with which we are acquainted; and we regret to learn that its support has been so inadequate that without an increase of its subscription list it must be discontinued. Are there not a hundred or two of our readers in that region, who will benefit themselves, and the all-important cause of education, by sending in their names for this paper? It is issued semi-monthly, at one dollar per annum. "The Michigan School Journal," published at Jackson, Mich., is also a very valuable periodical, issued monthly, at fifty cents per annum.

## ORGANS IN LONDON.—NO. I.

We have visited many of the organs in London, and have procured a description of some of the principal ones, which will doubtless interest some of our readers.

**St. Paul's Cathedral.**—This organ, which was originally built by Schmidt and Cranz, in 1694, has been repaired and altered by almost every organ builder since. Mr. Bishop, in 1825-6, added a very fine set of open wood pedal pipes. Service at a quarter before ten, and a quarter before three o'clock. The great organ contains, 1, open diapason; 2, open diapason; 3, stopped diapason; 4, principal; 5, 12th; 6, 15th; 7, nasoon flute, 15th; 8, tierce; 9, sesquialtra, 2 ranks; 10, mixture, 2 ranks; 11, tromba; 12, tromba to C sharp (new, in place of mounted cornet); 13, clarion. The choir organ (to FFF) contains, 1, small open diapason; 2, stopped diapason; 3, dulciana; 4, flute; 5, principal; 6, 12th; 7, 15th; 8, trumpet (in place of vox-humana.) The swell organ (to tenor C) contains, 1, open diapason; 2, stopped diapason; 3, principal; 4, cornet to middle C; 5, oboe; 6, Tromba; 7, cornet (Bishop.) One octave of open pedal pipes, (wood,) added by Bishop—1, pedal copula; 2, swell copula.

**St. Peter's, Westminster Abbey.**—This organ was built by Schrieder, and repaired by Messrs. Elliott & Hill. The compass is from GG to E in alt. The diapasons in this organ are very fine. Services at ten and three o'clock. The great organ contains, 1, open diapason, east front; 2, open diapason, west front; 3, stopped diapason; 4, principal; 5, flute; 6, 12th; 7, 15th; 8, ses-

quialtra, 3 ranks; 9, mixture, 2 ranks; 10, trumpet; 11, clarion; 12, cornet, 5 ranks; 13, pedal pipes; 14, double diapason. The choir organ contains, 1, stopped diapason; 2, flute; 3, principal; 4, 15th; 5, cromorne. The swell organ contains, 1, stopped diapason; 2, open diapason; 3, hautboy; 4, trumpet. The great organ contains 940 pipes, the choir organ 280 pipes, and the swell organ 128 pipes; total, 1348.

Officers of the Boston Academy of Music, chosen at the recent annual meeting, for the ensuing year: Geo. E. Head, *president*; George W. Crockett, *vice president*; George W. Gordon, *recording secretary*; Josiah T. Flagg, *corresponding secretary*; Benjamin Perkins, *treasurer*; Benj. F. Edmands, *librarian*; Samuel A. Elliot, Moses Grant, Daniel Noyes, Bela Hunting, Julius A. Palmer, Wm. W. Stone, Henry Edmands, Luther S. Cushing, Jonas Chickering, Wm. C. Brown, *counsellors*.

**FOREIGN.**—The leader of the orchestra of the Glasgow theatre is traveling over the continent of Europe with a company of Scotch Highland musicians, who, clad in Highland costume, give concerts of pure old Scottish music—Donizetti, who for two years past has been in the insane asylum near Paris, has left it, and taken up his residence with his nephew, in Paris. He has not entirely recovered, but is still oppressed with melancholy.—Jenny Lind has received an offer of marriage from the brother of the English ambassador at Berlin.—A German paper gives the following as the compensation received by Jenny Lind for her performance at the Royal Opera in London, viz: 1. all her traveling expenses for herself and servants to be paid by the managers; 2, all the expenses of herself and servants, while in London, to be paid by the same; 3, permission to give a concert in London or elsewhere once a week, for her own benefit; 4, £12,000 a month. It will be seen that this is much higher than the amount stated in the London journals.—A society, called "Amateur Musical Society," composed exclusively of nobility, has been formed in London, for the performance of classical orchestra music. It numbers one hundred members, among whom are Prince Albert, and the duke of Cambridge. All the others are from the highest order of nobility.

## ORGAN VOLUNTARIES.

## GENERA AND SPECIES.

**GENUS 1**—Dancing voluntaries, so called, because they set the pulses and nerves of a congregation dancing or jumping.

**Species 1**—Waltzes, sometimes on known airs, sometimes improvised.

**Species 2**—Galopades and light quicksteps, sometimes a little disguised, sometimes plain and without cover. These two species used also for interludes, especially in solemn tunes.

**Species 3**—Heavy quicksteps and marches, in lively time.

This genus is a favorite with many persons in congregations, but not with many ministers, as the effect is pretty much the same as when seed fell by the wayside, and the fowls of the air came and carried it away.

**GENUS 2**—Execution Voluntaries. These show the skill of a performer, and astonish congregations; also sometimes justify their name by doing execution on weak nerves and fine ears.

*Species 1*—Difficult compositions, printed—played from score.

*Species 2*—Raggle-ey scraggle-ey improvisations; sprinkled with chromatic scales and harmonic passages.

*GENUS 3*—Fluting Voluntaries. These are of but one species, and consist in pleasing solos on various stops, with light accompaniments.

*GENUS 4*—Sentimental Voluntaries, which have several species.

*Species 1*—Airs from various operas, mingled and a little disguised.

*Species 2*—Favorite songs, with variations.

*Species 3*—Extemporaneous effusions.

These are general favorites, and frequently produce exactly opposite effects on various portions of the audience.

*GENUS 5*—Quiet voluntaries; simple, and solemn, and not difficult; of but one species, and that, in the opinion of most sober people, a very good one.

*GENUS 6*—Fugues and other compositions by Bach and Rinck. Considered in advance of the age. \*

The New York correspondent of a Boston paper thus describes the singing in the Jewish synagogues in New York:

"CANTILLATING HEBREW.—If there is any music which gives the idea of the grand, it is this. Nothing in the Grand Oratorio, or in the grand chorus of the Grand Oratorio, equals it. The nature of the exercise is conveyed by the meaning of the derivative, *cantillo*, to sing low, to trill, to chant, from *canto*, to sing; it is reading in song, but not in sing-song. The leader is selected for his good looks and his voice, an intelligent Jew remarked in conversation; and the prolonged inflections on syllables, and the heavy notes in which the whole congregation join at intervals, and the language as a basis, with its deep guttural sounds, all together produce at times the most rousing and animating effect. One of their tunes on the occasion of the consecration they pretended was one of King David's, sung by the sweet singer of Israel. Of course it was within a hundred years of being three thousand years old."

#### AN INCIDENT.

The choir connected with Rev. Mr. Sanford's church, in Union street, in this town, went on an excursion, last Saturday afternoon, accompanied by their minister. They proceeded to Swampscott, and had a fine time in singing glees upon the rocks which edge the ocean, while the hospitable people of the village, glad to hear the music by such means, got them a chowder ready. They had a very pleasant time of it, delighting their hearers by their music, and enjoying it themselves. Having spent the afternoon in this happy manner, they proceeded to the house of one of the citizens, to which they had been previously invited, and spent the evening in singing. In the course of the evening, one of the young ladies whispered to the chorister, "We are going to have a wedding, are we?"

The chorister knew not what she meant; but, hearing it from another person, and seeing the minister in the room, he suspected that something was to come off, that was "not in the bills." He therefore asked the clergyman if he would like to have them rest a little while.

"You may, if you please," was the reply.

At this instant, the performer on the double-base viol left the room, and there was a curiosity to know what

was going on. The crowd by the windows were wondering why the singing was stopped. At this time, Rev. Mr. Sanford took a paper from his pocket, as the door was opened, and in came the base-viol player, accompanied by a young lady, dressed in white. The clergyman then said, "Let us pray;" and the company had hardly recovered from their surprise, before they witnessed the union of two loving hearts in the hymenial vows. The chorister immediately selected an appropriate piece for the choir to sing, after the performance of which, the congratulations of the company were offered to the newly-married couple. The evening was afterward spent in a very pleasant manner; and the company returned to town well pleased with their day's pleasures, which had been so unexpectedly heightened by the wedding.—*Lynn News*.

From the Musical Library.

#### GENERAL DIRECTIONS TO SINGERS.—NO. IV.

THE LARGE AND SMALL STYLES, OR VOLUMES OF VOICE.

19. The large style, or volume of voice, may be displayed most easily and advantageously from a little above the middle, to the lowest sounds of the register di petto; from a little below the middle, to nearly the highest sounds of the medium register; and in the upper sounds of the register di testa. It consists in fullness, freeness, and copiousness of manner, in delivering the voice.

20. The small style, or volume of voice, is favorable to the lowest sounds of the register di testa, the medium register, and to the highest sounds of the register di petto. Some adult contra-altos carry their register di petto pure through their whole compass, by means of this style.

21. Between the two extremes of the large and small styles, there are various gradations.

22. The large style, or volume of voice in singing, may be compared to breadth of manner in painting; and that which approaches the small style, or volume, to softness of manner in that art.

23. Strength is the most favorable to the production of good tone from near the lowest sounds to the middle or a little higher of the register di petto; from near the lowest to almost the highest sounds of the medium register; and about the middle of the register di testa.

24. Softness favors the same objects in the highest and lowest tones of the three registers.

25. Strength and softness of voice may be compared to what painters understand by these epithets when applied to coloring.

#### THE CHOIR.

It is not generally realized by members of choirs, how very important it is to be guided by certain rules. The best elementary rules for this object, that we have ever seen, we find in the Musical Library. It is contended that as soon as the singers enter the choir, they voluntarily put themselves under the authority of the leader. Good and strict discipline are as necessary to success in a musical organization, as in a military company. It is necessary, in order to be a good soldier, to render obedience to all the commands of the officers; so it is also necessary for the good member of a choir to render cheerful obedience to all the proper requirements of the leader. When the command, "Attention!" is given, the soldier always feels that he must

let everything else go, and attend to his military duty; so, when the signal for commencement is given, the singer should let the business of the choir exclusively engross his attention. As it is important for the soldier to take the first step right, so in music it is important that the first sound should be correct. A good member of a choir voluntarily and cheerfully gives up his own ease and gratification, so far as they may interfere with the general object in view, and yields himself entirely to the purposes of the association—his time, attention, knowledge, capacity, vocal powers, and last, but not least, his example.

We mention some of the most common violations of these principles. It is wrong for members of a choir to remain together after the time has arrived for the exercises to begin. All unnecessary conversation should be avoided. Inattention to time, or anything else properly belonging to the performance, should never be indulged in. Time is very important, and especially where the movement is to change from adagio to allegro, &c., every eye should be directed to the beat of the leader. There should be no sitting down during the performances, for where one or two remain seated, the ardor of all the others is in a measure dampened. A little fatigue is not a sufficient excuse for this fault, for as soon as the members get wearied, the performances should be immediately closed. It is not good taste to whistle or hum a tune between the different pieces. No member of the choir has a right to listen to hear how well the others sing, for were this universal, they would be all hearers and no performers. No member should leave the choir at any meeting until its close, unless in extreme cases. It has a very injurious tendency. It is a great error to find fault with proper rules, and consider them too strict. If members of church choirs generally would place more confidence in the leader, and follow his direction more cheerfully and readily, we believe there would be better singing.—*Salem Advertiser*.

For the Musical Gazette.

MESSENGERS. EDITORS.—All that has been said in the Gazette, and more, respecting the false estimate put upon the nature and uses of sacred music, by christian churches, and ministers generally, is true. But I do not see that the abolition of choirs, and giving the singing into the hands of such as may choose to sing in the congregation, would abolish the evils so justly complained of. We say that congregations worship the music, instead of worshipping in it. Do they not also worship the prayer of the pastor, instead of worshipping in it? Not if he is faithful to instruct them that when one prays orally all should pray mentally. Why not so in singing? Why not instruct them that ascriptions of praise and glory to God, confessions of sin, supplications for pardon and mercy offered by him are none the less ascriptions, confessions, and supplications, if sung by the choir. It would appear about as proper to say that when the minister prays orally, all should join orally, (whether forms are used or not,) lest the charm of his manner and voice restrain us from praying mentally, as to say the same of singing by a choir. Are we afraid of having good music, lest we worship that, instead of its Great Author? Then banish it, and all its semblances, from the church, but introduce not disorder, chaos, and confusion confounded, as would be the case in ninety-nine in every hundred congregations—should but the half of the persons composing them at



tempt to join in the singing. Perhaps a few churches in Boston may form an exception. Even there, and in the lecture-room meetings, where the most familiar tunes are usually sung, it may be doubted whether more than one half of those attending, join in this exercise. Go into similar meetings elsewhere, and the number will be found not to exceed one in five. Congregational singing, then, is in fact impossible, and any attempt to introduce it, at present, would only produce congregational noise, and violate the injunction to "let all things be done decently, and in order."

Is there any sin in having good music, or, rather, is there not sin, in having anything else but good music in church? It is clearly the duty of every church to have its music as perfectly performed as their circumstances will allow. Surely not as an *end*, but as a means. Therein is the sin, making an end of the means. Ministers themselves need instruction, as well as others, on this subject. It is not long since the leader of a certain choir asked his pastor if measures could not be taken to have the congregation not turn round and face the choir during singing. The pastor asked, "Do n't you like to be looked at when you sing?" The leader said, "Allow me to ask if you like to be looked at when you pray?" "When I preach I like to be looked at." Said the other, "When you give us *sermons to sing*, we may be looked at, but not when you give us *prayers*." The pastor acknowledged the distinction a just one, but had "*never thought of it before!*" Let ministers, then, think on these things, and act accordingly. Those persons who listen to the singing in church, to admire or criticise, will generally be found listening to the praying and preaching for the same purpose. An editor in Boston once said of a prayer on a fourth of July celebration, "It was the most eloquent and impressive prayer we ever heard offered to a Boston audience." May all such ministers, and people, be cut in sunder by the "sword of the Spirit."

After all, some may say it is the duty of each person to "*sing, right or wrong*," which in many places would mean "*tune or no tune*," not, to "*sing any part of a given tune you choose, base, tenor, or the air two octaves below*"—that is not objected to; but the sounds that come up from the different parts of the lecture-room of a Wednesday evening, by persons that do not appear to know they are not singing any "part" of any tune, are what must be mingled in every congregational tune, and that to a greater and yet greater degree, according as we can get those who know they can't sing a tune, to lay aside their scruples, and chime in, each for himself.

### SUPERSTITION.

MESSENGERS. EDITORS.—Not twenty-five years ago, in a certain village in the interior of the state of —, there lived a worthy old church member by the name of —. In addition to the weight of years, his gait was much affected by palsy; so that always of a Sunday morning, he started *betimes* for the meetinghouse, and generally was nearly or quite the first one there. It so happened on one warm summer morning, that two brothers, who sang base in the choir, were there before him, (having taken the cool of the morning to walk from their home, a distance of some three or four miles,) and were humming over the base of some of the tunes, when the old man came in. He was passing to his accustomed seat, which was where he could not see the singers' seats, when the sound of the voices of

the two brothers fell upon his ear. He stood still, leaning upon his staff tremblingly, listening for a moment, and then turned for the door. Some one coming in just then, overheard him ejaculating to himself, as well as the state of his speech would admit, "*There! they've got that un-godly big-fiddle-up-there!—guess—I'll-go-home!*" and out he went, as fast as the palsied state of his three limbs (including the one he carried in his hand) would allow.

NAGELI, the first teacher who applied the Pestalozzian system in Switzerland and Germany, gives the following as necessary and desirable requisites in a choir leader:

#### NECESSARY REQUISITES.

1. He must be a good timist.
2. He must have a sharp, correct ear.
3. He must have experience in piano-forte playing.
4. He must be a thorough tactician, prepared to notice every error, and to apply the remedy.

#### DESIRABLE REQUISITES.

1. He should be a singer, if possible a solo singer, with considerable compass of voice.
2. He should have experience in teaching classes and giving private instruction.
3. He should understand harmony.
4. He should be something of a rhetorician, acquainted with the structure of poetry.
5. He should be a good reader.
6. He should read music in score readily.
7. He should possess energy and life, with zeal sufficient to keep a choir interested throughout a rehearsal.
8. He should be able to keep his attention on several things at once.

#### REQUISITES FOR CHOIR MEMBERS.

1. They should read music easily.
2. They should be firm timists.
3. They should have skill enough to articulate rapid passages or solfeggios with ease.

MUSIC IN MAN.—The universal disposition of human beings, from the cradle to the death-bed, to express their feelings in measured cadences of sound and action, proves that our bodies are constructed on musical principles, and that the harmonious working of their machinery depends on the movements of the several parts being timed to each other, and that the destruction of health, as regards both body and mind, may be well described as being out of time. Our intellectual and moral vigor would be better sustained if we more practically studied the propriety of keeping the soul in harmony, by regulating the movements of the body; for we should thus see and feel that every affection which is not connected with social enjoyments is also destructive of individual comfort, and that whatever tends to harmonize also tends to promote happiness and health. There is every probability that a general improvement in our taste for music would really improve our morals. We should, indeed, be more apt to detest discords; but then we should also be more ready to avoid their causes, and should not fail to perceive that those feelings which admit not of cheerful, chaste, and melodious expression, are at war with both soul and body. A wholesome musical education is, perhaps, a necessary part of a high religious cultivation, and it will be far more valuable to children than the

catechistic familiarity with great truths, which, being committed to memory as a task, are, alas! too apt forever after to be associated with dark ideas, instead of directing the soul to the Maker of illuminated worlds.

A MUSICAL REPLY.—A gentleman at a musical party, where the lady was very particular not to have the concord of sweet sounds interrupted, was freezing under the performance of a long concerted piece, and seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend, in a whisper, "How shall I stir the fire without interrupting the music?"

"Between the bars," replied the friend.

VISIBLE DISCORD.—Madame de Stael says that architecture is frozen music. What a hideous discord the Bowling Green Fountain must have been before it was congealed. It was probably one of those passages which the critics say "make the blood run cold." The is some hope that in the coming summer some day may be hot enough to melt it, and that it will come down in a "grand crash," to the air of "Monster away."

Musical sounds must not change the character of vowels, the proper sounds of which must always be preserved pure and unchanged.

#### NEW MUSIC BOOK.

MARK H. NEWMAN & CO. have just published the New York Chorist, a new and copious collection of church music, containing psalm and hymn tunes, anthems, set pieces, and chants; by Thomas Hastings and Wm. B. Bradbury. The Chorist contains 16 tunes in long metre, 101 in common metre, 80 in short metre, 127 in the various particular metres; and upwards of 80 set pieces, anthems, and chants. The music is for the most part entirely new, and the adaptation will be found to be superior to anything heretofore published. The Chorist contains a full alphabetical index, a complete metrical index, and an index of first lines of psalms and hymns made use of in the book. The attention of teachers and the friends of church music is invited to this collection.

The Chorist may be found in Boston at O. Ditson's, Gould, Kendall & Lincoln's, and at the bookstores generally.

MARK H. NEWMAN & CO.

129 Broadway, New York.

For sale as above, "Flora's Festival," "The Young Melodist," "The School Songs," "The Young Choir," "The Crystal Fount," (a temperance song book,) and "The Psalmist." 815

#### A MUSICAL CONVENTION AND TEACHERS' CLASS.

WILL meet at Cleveland, Ohio, on Monday, the 8th of September, and continue five days. The class will be considered as connected with the Boston Academy of Music, and Messrs. L. Mason and G. J. Webb, will be present and take the charge. A similar meeting will also be held at Rochester, N. Y., beginning on Wednesday, 15th September, and continue eight days.

#### THE MUSICAL CLASS BOOK,

BY A. N. JOHNSON. This work is designed to supply teachers with material for the practice of their classes. It contains a great number of exercises, tunes, &c., arranged expressly for the practice of elementary classes, and will supercede the necessity of writing lessons on the black-board. Published by GEORGE P. REED, No 17 Tremont Row, Boston.

#### COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscriber has associated with himself Mr. THOMAS D WARREN, and will continue the business of organ building, at the old establishment, 120 Cambridge street, Boston, under the firm of APPLETON & WARREN. Societies in want of superior-toned instruments are respectfully invited to call. All orders for repairing and tuning promptly executed. 18 THOMAS APPLETON.

#### BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—The fourteenth annual Teachers' Institute, or Musical Convention, will be held at the Tremont Temple, in Boston, commencing on Tuesday, August 17, and closing on Thursday, the 25th of August next.

Exercises daily, from 9 to 1, from 3 to 5, and from 7 1-2 to 9 o'clock, as follows:

1. Lectures on Teaching, in which the inductive or Pestalozzian method of teaching music, will be explained and illustrated.
2. Lectures on the Cultivation of the Voice.
3. Lectures on Harmony.
4. The practice of Church Music, as chants, anthems, and metrical tunes.
5. The practice of Secular Music, as glees, madrigals, &c.
6. The practice of some of the most popular choruses of Handel, Hayden, and other celebrated composers.

The singing exercises, which will occupy a part of every session, will be accompanied by such critical remarks as may tend to promote correct views, and a uniform, chaste, and appropriate style of performance.

Tickets of admission, at five dollars each, admitting a lady and gentleman, may be had of Messrs. Wilkins, Carter & Co., 16 Water street. Such members of former conventions of the Academy as desire to attend, AND TAKE PART IN THE EXERCISES, are invited to do so free of expense. 3212

## THE NATIVITY.

From the New York Choralist, by permission.  
Solo.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

When Jordan hushed his waters still, And silence slept on Zion's hill, When Bethlehem's shepherds thro' the night, Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light, Watch'd still,

o'er their flocks by starry light. Hark! from the midnight hills a - round, A voice of more than earthly sound, In distant hallelujahs  
Hark! from the midnight hills a - round, A voice of more than earthly sound, In distant hallelujahs  
o'er their flocks by starry light, Hark! from the midnight hills around, from the midnight hills a - round, In distant hallelujahs  
Hark! from the midnight hills a - round, A voice of more than earthly sound, . . . .

Full Chorus.  
distant hallelujahs stole, o'er th'enraptured soul, Wild murm'ring o'er th'en - rap - tured soul. 5. O Zion, lift thy raptured eye, The  
stole, Wild murm'ring o'er th'enraptured soul, Wild murm'ring o'er th'en - rap - tured soul. 5. O Zion, lift thy rap - tured eye, The

long expected hour is nigh, The joys of nature rise again, The Prince of Salem comes to reign, The Prince of Salem comes to reign. 6. See  
long expected hour is nigh, The joys of na - ture rise again, The Prince of Salem comes to reign, The Prince of Salem comes to reign. 6. See

## THE NATIVITY. (CONTINUED.)

mercy from her golden urn, Pours a rich stream to those that mourn; Behold she binds with tender care, The bleeding bosom of despair, The

mercy from her golden urn, Pours a rich stream to those that mourn; Behold she binds with tender care, The bleeding bosom of despair, The

**Semi-Chorus.**

bleed - ing bo - som of des - pair. 7. He comes to cheer the trembling heart, Bids Satan and his hosts depart; Again the day-star

bleed - ing bo - som of des - pair. 7. He comes to cheer the trembling heart, Bids Satan and his hosts depart; Again the day-star

**Full Chorus.**

gilds the gloom, Again the bowers of Eden bloom, Again the bowers of Eden bloom. 8. O Zion, lift thy raptured eye, The long expected

gilds the gloom, Again the bowers of Eden bloom, Again the bowers of Eden bloom. 8. O Zion, lift thy raptured eye, The long expected

hour is nigh, The joys of nature rise again, The Prince of Salem comes to reign, The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

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# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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## BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC'S TEACHERS' INSTITUTE (CONTINUED.)

In pursuing our report, it is as well to say, that it is impossible, within the limits of our paper, to give the whole of each lecture, with its lessons and exercises. The course is designed to illustrate the inductive mode of teaching. Its principal details are accurately laid down in the Boston Academy's Manual. What then may be readily read there, would be superfluous for us to write here. During the lectures, however, many points of interest come up, and are remarked upon and discussed. Some are suggested by questions from members of the class, some by the memory of similar questions proposed during the lecturer's professional excursions. For instance, on Wednesday some remarks were made to this effect:

For a number of years the inductive or Pestalozzian system has been annually explained. Many as yet do not comprehend what it is, or in what it consists. This cannot be wondered at. Many persons have been trying, for years past, to introduce the system into the teaching of geography, grammar, and other branches. Many schoolmasters, some of them persons of fine education, cannot yet comprehend it, and will not adopt it. Some music teachers have written books, following out, as they said and thought, the system, who had no proper conception of it. One teacher remarks, "I admire the Pestalozzian system; I have used a black-board for years; and even before its regular introduction in the country, I used the board." He used the board! Just as if the black-board, which can be used in the old, the new, in every system, should embody all the improvements of Pestalozzi and his peers!

Another says, "I have a great admiration for the new system. It is greatly better to use plain terms, such as whole note, half note, &c., than to retain the old semibreves, crotchets, and quavers." But new names for things do not make a system.

Another plumes himself on having used the syllables, "*do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do*," instead of the old "*fa, sol, la*," and thinks that one who uses them must be an inductive teacher.

Another says, "I like close and proper definitions; *step* is better than *tone*." He thinks these changes constitute the new system.

Another thinks that all these things together constitute the system. He and all the others are utterly mistaken.

What, then, is the inductive system? No perfect definition can be given; but we may say, It is that system which presents the truth in the most natural way, as it would come up in the mind of the learner. It is hard to describe, but easy to comprehend; and a child trained in this system, will not be likely ever to teach by any other. In it, first one thing is learned, then

another thing grows out of the first, and a third out of the second. If a watchmaker wishes to teach his apprentice to make a time-keeper, he does not tell him how to make a whole watch, but sets him to filing round or square pieces of brass, afterward to making wheels and cogs. At last, when he can perfect all parts, he places them together, and lo! a beautiful and delicate machine. So in teaching a child; we do not at once tell him all, but set him to counting "one, two," then add something to that, and again and again an item, until he becomes a musician. In the course of the lesson, it was observed that this mode of studying music has a beneficial effect on the thinking powers, and develops the intellect better than the pursuit of some other sciences.

It may be added here, that in the course of the lecture on the cultivation of the voice, Mr. Root observed that Mr. —, a gentleman of great celebrity as a writer and instructor, could teach the elements better than any one (with perhaps one exception,) that he had ever seen. At the same time, this gentleman could hardly sing Auld Lang Syne. Why could he teach so well? Because he was accustomed to the inductive method, and could apply it with success to a science, with the practice of which he was not familiar.

In explaining the mode of teaching "derived relations," Mr. Mason observed that it was the practice of many instructors to omit them in their course. They are not essential, or even necessary, but useful. In any study, we derive benefit from classification. Now, looking at and singing tables of "primitives and derivatives," has a tendency to fix firmly in the mind the proportions and relations of notes.

After a singing class has a knowledge of double and triple measure, and of the scale, it is time to do something in the way of training the voice and ear. And in order to do the latter perfectly, one should have an instrument of fixed pitch at hand. A teacher should not depend upon his own ear. That is liable to get out of tune. Yes, the best musical ears will lose their power of discrimination, if not kept in constant and proper practice. In order to tune a piano forte, and do it well, a person must have an acutely-refined ear. The best tuner, however, should he suspend for a few months, and be out of hearing of pianos, would find, on returning to his occupation, that he could not put instruments in so good tune as formerly, and what is mortifying, he would have to be told of the fact, since his own ear would be too dull to appreciate the difference.

It will not do to depend on a violin for pitch, because this instrument is regulated by the ear of the player, and that ear may get out of tune. It is best to have some instrument of a fixed pitch, a well-tuned piano, for instance, at hand, for reference, accompaniment, or correction. All animals, with the exception of man, receive their faculties perfect. He alone requires development and training.

With respect to chanting—it can only be learned by imitation. A choir who would chant well, must have a good reader as conductor, and imitate his manner per-

fectly. His ideas may not always be correct, but it is necessary to have but one style, and one mind in a performance. Chanting is reading in musical tones. Hence the rules of elocution must be respected. In the English cathedrals, it is the custom to chant very rapidly. Mr. Chapman, an English gentleman present, says that the reason for this hurried procedure, may be found in the fact, that the singers are generally teachers of music, and are anxious to shorten the services, so as to get away to their scholars! This gentleman, by the way, who was for some years chorister at St. Paul's, and is a fine vocalist, finds it necessary, every day, to practice the scale in long tones. The fact is, that the scale, when once learned, is to be practiced forever.

On Saturday, after a number of remarks on the difficulty of imparting an appropriate style, the subject of intervals was taken up, and several ways of teaching them illustrated. A teacher may say, "From 1 to 2 is a whole step, from 2 to 3 a whole step," &c., but this, though the shortest, is by no means the best method. A Pestalozzian teacher prefers to sing 1 and 2, 2 and 3, 3 and 4, asking a number of questions about them, until most of his class perceive that 3 and 4 are only half as far apart as 1 and 2. When this is discovered, the larger intervals are called steps, and the smaller one, a half step. The pupils, during the process of learning, not only understand the subject, but go through a valuable training of the ear. Some may say that the latter method is slow. Very well; it is slow, but sure.

An instrument of fixed tune is a great help in singing semi-tones correctly. A certain teacher is said to have taught his pupils to sing 7 sharp in ascending, but a little flat in descending. This cannot be done on a piano.

Some teachers think it best to explain the "philosophy of the scale" in their course. They give the details of the experiment, in which one string is stretched so that in vibrating the tone C will be evolved. A string half as long will give C an octave higher, a string one third as long, G, &c. This seems to show that the scale is of artificial construction, but can be of no sort of use in a elementary class. If beginners know what the scale is, that is sufficient. They need not learn how it is made. It is doubtful whether the philosophy of the scale can be satisfactorily explained. We might say, that steps and half steps, in the order of the scale, are most agreeable to the human ear. This position seems shaken by something that was related by one of the American missionaries in Constantinople. This gentleman, who is quite a musician, tried to teach some Turkish pupils to sing, but could not succeed. He found, to his astonishment, that the Turkish intervals, or their scale, were altogether different from ours. Other nations may have other scales, and thus the idea of our having a natural scale, accounted for on philosophical principles, will become absurd. In ancient times, they had a variety of scales, as the doric, plagal, &c.

On Monday, a considerable portion of the lesson was devoted to answering questions and objections relative to the transposition of the scale, the most difficult part

of an elementary course. It was remarked, that some people, who commence study late in life, will never understand this subject perfectly, but it is believed that all children, who commence and go through the elements properly, do and will understand it perfectly.

On Tuesday, the subject of rapid chanting being under consideration, Mr. Mason remarked that he had read, in some late English periodicals, of efforts to improve chanting, and also to introduce congregational singing.

Transposition was still the subject of the day's lecture. It is to be regretted that there is any part of the first principles hard to teach or comprehend. But there is nothing so hard in the world as to teach well; and he who would be a good teacher, must be thoroughly qualified and educated. If this is the case, he will make difficult things plain, and most of those under his tuition will be familiar with the transposition of the scale.

In many cases it may not be prudent to introduce this subject at all. A principal thing in teaching, is, to train the ear. If one should be called to teach a school of slaves at the south, his object would be to enable them to sing a number of songs correctly in concert. He would avoid all abstruse subjects, and perhaps not introduce notes at all. He might substitute figures for notes. A similar course might be pursued in some back settlements, filled with ignorant foreign emigrants; also in classes of young children, to prepare them for something more extended. Some forty or fifty years ago, a few benevolent persons in Germany, feeling a great interest for the poor peasantry, undertook to teach their children to sing. In this laudable undertaking they encountered a great obstacle—the inherent stupidity of their pupils. The idea at last occurred to some one, that it was of no particular use to go through a complete course with persons who would never have occasion to sing more than a dozen simple chorals, and a few songs. It was then thought best to proceed only as far as the scale, and when that was understood, to write the exercises and tunes thought necessary, in figures, leaving notes to be learned only by those of the higher ranks. This plan became quite a favorite one, but has not been pursued, to any extent, for many years past, probably because the peasant children have become more intellectual, and can comprehend the more advanced portions of the elements.

An exercise in chanting now followed. To a question, "How can choirs chant perfectly, if they do not observe time in the cadences?" answer, It is not wrong to keep perfect time, that is, to sing the notes in cadences in the proper proportion. It is thought better, however, to trust to the "sense of propriety" in singers, to modulate their voices, and to enable them to keep perfectly together.

On Wednesday morning, Mr. Mason proceeded to answer at length a question proposed on the previous day, whether he thought that "congregational singing should be generally adopted." We did not hear the commencement of his remarks; but he took the ground that congregational singing may and ought to prevail, and illustrated several points in relation to the subject.

*Congregational singing is possible.* If we should pass out into Tremont street, place a bar across it, and turn every passer-by into the Temple, until it was full, then request every one to join in singing Old Hundred, it is probable that every one would be able to sing. It may be said, "You can do this in Boston, because music is

much cultivated here, but it would be impossible elsewhere." Go into the streets of some western town, and probably the same result would follow. Very small qualifications are necessary to enable one to take part in congregational singing. The variety of tunes must necessarily be small. Eight or ten will suffice; and all may learn these without much difficulty.

*Congregational singing will not diminish an interest in the cultivation of music.* The reverse will be true, since all, being required to sing, will no doubt wish to sing well. Some teachers have said, "We cannot uphold this style of singing; break up the choir, make singing schools unnecessary, and our occupation's gone." It is thought that teachers will find their schools increased by the change.

*Congregational singing answers the end of church music.* Devotion is thereby promoted. All join in expressing humility before God, in praising him, in entreating for his favor, instead of doing it by proxy.

*Congregational singing should not prevail exclusively.* CHOIRS SHOULD NOT BE DISCONTINUED. Mr. M.'s *beau ideal* consists of the union of choir and congregational singing. He had seen such arrangements during his European travels. In one place, there was a choir which sung for several congregations, one day for one, the next for another, and so on, the congregation sustaining the singing when the choir was not present. A fine effect might be produced by one person leading the congregation; by one person singing alternately with the congregation; by the choir singing alternately with the congregation, or perhaps by one portion singing several verses, congregation, choir, and organ, uniting in their full strength on the last verse.

*Congregational singing should be in unison.* It is not desirable, scattered as the various parts are through the house, that base, treble, alto, or tenor voices, should sing anything else than the air, the organ supplying harmony.

Exertions have been made in England to introduce this mode of worship. In one church, a number of persons who had learned to sing in Mr. Hullah's schools, were distributed over the house, one or two in every pew. This it was thought would furnish a support for the voices of diffident singers. It unfortunately happened, however, that all in the neighborhood of those "leaders" were afraid to let their voices be heard in contrast with theirs, and so the project fell through. In congregations, for some time, great discords will undoubtedly be heard, and will greatly annoy practiced ears. This difficulty will, however, die away, and in the course of years be eradicated.

The time of Thursday morning was principally occupied in explaining the minor scale.

We are aware that this report does but meagre justice to the lectures of Mr. Mason. They occupied a fourth part of every day's session, and of course cannot be written in full. Many parts of the subject were illustrated in ways which cannot be put on paper. We have noted down the leading ideas which seemed to stand out from the course, and which seemed most likely to interest general readers.

MR. WEBB'S LECTURES.—These were upon style in the performance of glees and choruses, his remarks being mostly criticisms upon the performances of the class. Of course it is not possible to report his remarks. His instructions and drillings were thorough and tasteful in the highest degree, as indeed his exer-

cises always are. Would that every teacher and chorister in the land could be induced to sit under his invaluable instruction.

MR. ROOT'S LECTURES.—The lectures of Mr. Geo. F. Root before the teachers' class, on the cultivation of the voice, were, as usual, very interesting and useful. We have noticed, since these lectures have been given, a period of about five years, a great, very great improvement in the quality of tone produced by the ladies and gentlemen who assemble from year to year, which improvement it is but just to ascribe, in a measure, at least, to Mr. Root's admirable instructions. Mr. Root's lectures are eminently practical, interspersed with numerous illustrations, which we cannot report. Although — may represent a long tone, we know of no typographical character to represent a throat tone, or a tracheal tone, or a nasal tone.

The theory which Mr. Root supports and illustrates, is a highly interesting and practical one, and we will endeavor to give it in detail another time.

MR. JOHNSON'S LECTURES.—These commenced as already explained, and were continued day by day, explaining, first, triads, then chords of the 7th, 9th, &c., concluding with the minor scale as used in harmony, and the laws of progression.

CONCERTS.—This year, four concerts were given by the class, each of them quite numerous attended. The choir, as numbered on the third evening, amounted to six hundred, and filled both side galleries of the Tremont Temple, together with the regular choir seats in front of the organ. The accompaniment consisted of the organ and two pianos. On Monday evening, the performance commenced with "The God of Israel," chorus by Rossini. The body of tone which filled the house during the singing of this and other choruses, has, we presume, never been equaled in strength on this side the Atlantic. "When round about the starry throne," went grandly, as did "How beautiful are their feet," "The heavens are telling the glory of God," and "The Lord is great." In the last, where all unite on "He is their glory and their strength," it seemed as if the ear could contain no mightier sound.

The choruses alternated with songs, duets, quartets, &c., by members of the class, all sung well, and some most excellently. Miss Stone, Miss Garcia, Mr. Geo. F. Root, Mr. E. T. Root, and Mr. Chapman, (an English gentleman,) were among the performers. Mrs. Geo. F. Root, with the two Messrs. Root and another gentleman, sang the admirable quartett by Asabel Abbott, published in No. 24, vol. 1, of this paper, "He will keep thee in perfect peace."

The second concert consisted of glees and other specimens of secular music. The glees were from a new collection, edited by Mr. Silas A. Bancroft and Mr. William Mason. During the evening, this latter gentleman performed a difficult fantasia from De Meyer, on the grand piano. Miss Stone, Miss Garcia, Mr. Geo. F. Root, and Mr. Chapman, each sang beautiful songs in different styles.

The concert on Wednesday was similar to that of Monday. The same choruses, with the addition of the "Hallelujah Chorus," were performed. Miss Garcia, Miss Frost, Mr. Marshall, and a quartett from Bowdoin Street Church choir, each performed very pleasing pieces.

The fourth concert, on Thursday afternoon, consisted principally of pieces performed by a large orchestra of professional performers, and was intended for the



benefit of the gentlemen from the country, who do not often hear a large orchestra. The programme consisted of the "Overture to Masaneillo," "Overture to Zannetta," "Solo on the clarinet," song by Miss Garcia, with oboe accompaniment, the instrument being outside of the hall; concerto for the piano forte and orchestra, from Herz, by William Mason; chorus, "The God of Israel," by the choir and orchestra; symphony from Beethoven; and the "Hallelujah Chorus," by choir, orchestra, and organ.

The final meeting of the class was held on Thursday evening, at which church music was sung, accompanied with remarks upon church music, by Mr. Mason. At the close of the meeting, the class resolved itself into a meeting for business, passed the following resolutions, and, after some concluding remarks by Mr. Mason, the members separated, to meet again another year.

Influenced by a sense of propriety, and by gratitude, the Teachers' Class of 1847 cannot close its present session without some expression of obligation; therefore

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the members of this institute are due to the Academy under whose auspices we have met, for the ample provision they have made for our accommodation and improvement.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the institute be and are hereby presented to the excellent professors of the Academy, for their patient and untiring efforts for our advancement, and their onward course in the tried paths, while they examine with care the many innovations and pretended improvements in the science of music.

*Resolved*, That we hail with unmingled pleasure the new feature in the Academy, in the introduction of orchestral performances, and that we tender the members of the orchestra our sincere thanks for the splendid entertainment given us at the close of this session.

*Resolved*, That we present thanks to the superintendent of the Temple, for his prompt and kind services, and to Mr. Cook, for his gentlemanly and constant attention.

*Resolved*, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Musical Gazette.

E. T. EASTMAN, chairman.

C. G. PEASE, secretary.

From the Rochester American.

**MUSICAL CRITICISM.**—Brown, of Buffalo, (everybody knows Brown,) writes to Smith of the same place, as follows. He had just been to hear Herz and Sivori's concert, and expresses his feelings in the Buffalo Express.

BUFFALO, August 17, 1847.

DEAR SMITH—The first time I ever heard anybody play on the fiddle was last Friday night, up at the tavern. There was a man by the name of Sivori there, who gave me a very high respect for rosin. He made every sound in the world, from a groan that came from away below the bottom of a distressed heart, to the uttermost playful harmonic above the highest and purest twitters of a Canary bird. Every tone sparkling more brilliantly than the magnificent diamonds upon his fingers—I never had such a dance in my ears before. But the fiddling on one string, Smith, was lost time. A good trick, to be sure, as it would be for a horse to go on one foot; but a fiddle, like any other human-created quadruped, should go on all fours. I think Mr. Herz, too, is at the top of the stack on the piano forte. Per-

haps De Meyer might lay the broader foundation and handle the heavy forkfuls better, but it would take a Herz to top it out. They are going to play again to-night, and, Smith, I advise you to go—and, if you can see them before they begin, lay in with Sivori to play a tune or two of good yankee music. Get him to play 'em naked, at first, and then perhaps put on a little foreign finery, just to see how they look dressed up; but mind and have him take it off again and leave them in a state of nature, to please the audience.

Yours, &c.,

BROWN.

**PHILANTHROPIC.** We take pleasure in announcing that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Piano Fortes, has assumed its humane and important duties. A committee of vigilance is to be appointed in each ward, and will be on duty day and night during the warm weather. These strong measures are deemed indispensable, in consequence of one or two instances of unmitigated horror and barbarity having occurred in — street a few evenings since.—*Boston Post.*

George Berg, the author of "Lightly tread," was an English composer, who gained the first prize medal given by the Catch Club, in 1763, and two others the following two years.

**MESSRS. EDITORS.**—A correspondent, in your last, calls attention to the article on Billings. Lest it should be thought that the writer in the World of Music was guilty of "appropriating," will you be kind enough to state, that Judge Mitchell's article is thus introduced, in that paper:

"I send you an article by Judge Mitchell, upon him [Billings,] and will add a few facts from other sources. From the Musical Reporter, July, 1841."

Then follows the article in question.

Yours, respectfully,

A. W. T.

From the Musical Library.

## GENERAL DIRECTIONS TO SINGERS.—NO. V. FORMATION OF THE VOICE.

26. The proper formation of the voice consists in the union and blending of the different registers. The best voices seem to have been formed in this way. They are modified, also, by the tone being made to ring at, or near the throat, from one or both of the arches near the soft palate; or higher in the head, near to, or at, the posterior nostrils. These are called the throat or guttural, the palatal, and the head, or a slightly nasal, modification. Guttural and nasal are generally understood in the extremes, or the more or less vitiated states of the throat and head modification. The qualities sometimes perceptible upon voices by impressions made by the mouth, or cheeks, the teeth, the tongue, or the lips, are often offensive. That peculiar quality of tone which may be called veiled, or cloaked, is also to be avoided. The formation of those voices which are the most remarkable for beauty and excellence of tone, is slightly, but inoffensively, nasal.

27. The lowest sounds of the great vocal scale, which may be understood to extend from CC three octaves up, are formed, mostly, of the register di petto; the middle sounds mostly of the medium register; and the highest sounds of the register di testa. The sounds intermediate to the lowest and middle of the compass, are most favorable to a combination of the registers di

petto and medium; and those intermediate to the middle and highest sounds, are most favorable to a combination of the registers medium and di testa.

28. In base voices, in general, the register di petto prevails, being modified by a blending of the medium register, and occasionally of the register di testa. Sometimes the registers di petto and medium are combined, with, perhaps, a slight blending of the register di testa. Some base voices depend chiefly upon the medium register, slightly modified by a blending of the register di petto. The real base voice is remarkable for its magnificence and its extent.

29. Baritone, or tenor-base voices, though higher, are constituted similarly to base voices.

30. Tenor voices in general, are formed by the medium register; modified either by a blending of the register di petto, or of the register di testa. Sometimes they are formed by a combination of the registers di petto and medium, occasionally modified by the register di testa; or, by a combination of the registers medium and di testa, occasionally modified by the register di petto; and sometimes by a combination of the three registers, with an occasional predominancy of one or the other, according as the pitch, or as the vowel sound, may favor the one or the other.

31. The adult male alto voice is commonly formed by a blending of the registers medium and di testa.

32. The alto of boys is chiefly formed by the register di petto, modified by the medium.

33. The mezzo soprano of boys is most frequently composed of the medium register, modified by one of the other registers, according to the pitch, or the vowel sounds.

34. The alto, or lowest voice of females, is formed of the register di petto, modified by the medium.

35. The mezzo soprano (medium voice of females,) is, in general, formed of the register di petto, modified by a blending of the medium, or di testa; or by a combination of the three registers, having either the one or the other predominating, according to pitch, or vowel sounds.

36. The soprano, (treble, canto,) or highest voice of females, is formed generally of the medium register, modified by a blending of the register di testa. The admission of the register di petto here is too masculine and coarse in its effect.

## ORGANS IN LONDON.—NO. II.

*Christ Church, Newgate street.*—This organ, originally built by Messrs. Elliot & Hill, and now rebuilt by the present Mr. W. Hill, containing seventy-one stops, is the largest and finest in London; the great organ exceeds in weight and brilliancy of tone any single manual of any organ in Europe. Organists, Mr. H. J. Gauntlett and Mr. Davis. Services at eleven and six o'clock. The great organ contains, 1, bourdon, CCC; 2, tenoroon diapason; 3, open diapason; 4, open diapason; 5, viol di gamba; 6, stopped diapason; 7, quint; 8, principal; 9, principal; 10, wald-flute; 11, 15th; 12, piccolo; 13, doublette, two ranks; 14, lorigot; 15, tierce; 16, lorigot mixture, 5 ranks; 17, tierce mixture, 5 ranks; 18, cornet de cinque, 5 ranks; 19, furniture de cinque, 5 ranks; 20, contra-fagotto, CCC; 21, tenoroon trumpet; 22, trombone; 23, clarion; 24, octave clarion. The choir organ contains, 1, sub-base, CCC; 2, open diapason; 3, stopped diapason; 4, dulciana; 5, claribel-flute; 6, oboe-flute; 7, principal; 8, st. flute; 9, 12th; 10, 15th; 11, sesquialtra, 3 ranks; 12,

mixture, 2 ranks; 13, echo dulciana cornet, 5 ranks; 14, cornopean; 15, cromorne; 16, Swiss cromorne flute. The swell organ contains, 1, bourdon and tenoroon dulciana united, CCC; 2, open diapason; 3, stopped diapason; 4, principal; 5, flageolet; 6, 15th; 7, mixture, 5 ranks; 8, oboe; 9, tromba; 10, corno; 11, clarion. The pedal organ contains, wood open diapason, large, 16 feet, CCC; wood open diapason, small 16 ft, CCC; metal open diapason, Montre, 16 feet, CCC; bourdon, 8 feet, CCC; principal, 8 feet; 15th, 4 feet; tierce mixture, 5 ranks; larigot mixture, 5 ranks; contra-posaune, CCC, 16 feet; posaune, 8 feet. Eight copulas, and room left for the grand ophelide and an oelophon on a separate row of keys.

**Christ Church Hall.**—This organ, which is a fine one, was built by Messrs. Elliot & Hill. The great organ (to CCC) contains, 1, open diapason; 2, open diapason; 3, stopped diapason; 4, principal; 5, flute-principal; 6, 12th; 7, 15th; 8, sesquialtra, 4 ranks; 9, mixture, 3 ranks; 10, trumpet; 11, clarion. The choir organ contains, 1, open diapason; 2, dulciana to GG; 3, stopped diapason; 4, principal; 5, flute; 6, 15th; 7, cromorne; 8, bassoon. The swell organ (to G gamut, keys to CCC,) contains, 1, double dulciana; 2, open diapason; 3, stopped diapason; 4, principal; 5, 12th; 6, 15th; 7, sesquialtra, 3 ranks; 8, horn; 9, tromba; 10, oboe; 11, clarion. Copulas—1, great to swell; 2, choir to swell; 3, choir to great; 4, great to pedals; 5, choir to pedals; 6, finger pedals. The pedal organ contains, wood diapason CCC to C two octaves; pedal board, two octaves; pedal keys, two octaves.

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH CHOIR.—NO. I.

We have just received the numbers, as far as published, of a periodical called "The Parish Choir," published in London. Those who conduct it, are connected with the established church, and its articles have particular reference to those churches in England; but the subject of which it principally treats is one of the highest importance to christians of every denomination. For some half dozen numbers to come, we propose to make copious extracts from its columns, convinced that it takes the right view of the all-important subject of church music. It is published under the auspices of a society, whose preamble we copy from the cover of the work:

"SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHURCH MUSIC.—It has appeared desirable to some members of the church to establish a "Society for Promoting Church Music." The objects of the society are—to call public attention to the present extremely defective state of the choral service, to diffuse information amongst all classes respecting the true nature and spirit of the liturgy, and to point out the best methods to be pursued by such of the clergy and people as may be moved to exert themselves to procure its more solemn celebration.

The first step which the society contemplates for the promotion of these objects, is the publication of a very cheap monthly periodical, to be called The Parish Choir, or Church Music Book. Each number of this work will contain eight pages of letter-press, and four of music. The letter-press will include—a series of articles on the English Common Prayer Book, on its history, nature and meaning, and on the manner which reason and ancient custom point out for celebrating every part of it most correctly and most devoutly; remarks, letters, criticisms, &c., on church music, and on the ancient usages of various churches; notices of use-

ful books, &c; observations on the training and organization of choirs, and the establishment of parochial choral societies; biographies of eminent church composers; in fact, articles on all points calculated to illustrate the Common Prayer Book, and to interest and instruct all true members of the church.

In the musical department there will be gradually published a complete system of all the music required for the celebration of matins and even-song, the litany, the holy communion, and all the various offices of the church; and care will be taken to admit no composition that has not a sterling church character.

It may be added, that both the letter-press and the music will be adapted for parish use, and especially for the young. The music first published will be very simple; and it is believed that many admirable compositions of the old masters will appear in the Parish Choir, or Church Music Book, which are well calculated for country choirs, and many of which have never yet been published at all—certainly not in a cheap and accessible form. Thus it is hoped that the work will gradually form a complete body of church music, for all the services, and for every season, whether penitential or festive; and, at the same time, a complete body of instruction, from which all ranks of churchmen may learn to join in their common prayer, with a full knowledge of its true spirit and meaning. If this first project of the society meets with favor at the hands of the church, it is proposed to devote a portion of its funds towards publishing good music at a cheap rate, and towards furthering the instruction of the poor in church music.

Any member of the church may be elected a member of this society. The annual subscription is one guinea. Every member is entitled to a copy of the society's monthly publication gratuitously, and of any future publications at reduced prices."

The first article in the first number we copy, as it sets forth the objects of the society, and of the periodical:

"The society which this little publication now brings under the notice of the members of the church of England, has arisen from the feeling that something may be done, and ought to be done, to improve the style of music and singing in our churches. Few persons will deny that it wants improvement. For very many years, bishops have complained of it to their clergy, the clergy have preached about it to their parishioners, private persons have exerted themselves in various ways—but yet, although some good has been done, as we must thankfully confess, yet far from enough has been done, and what has been done has not always been done well. This being the case, a few members of the church have determined to try what they can do by uniting themselves into a society, and employing some regular means of teaching and persuasion. And their desire is, not only that the singing in churches should be improved, musically speaking, but, further, that all improvement should be guided by sound religious principles, and they feel that the latter point needs particular attention, now that instruction in singing is become so popular, and so easy to be had.

In this undertaking we hope to meet with the assistance and good wishes of the church at large. The rich, perhaps, will subscribe to our society, others may buy and circulate our publications, some may send us useful information, and all, as we hope to show, can give us some help, if they are inclined so to do. In the

course of our pages, we intend to impress upon our readers how essential a part of the Divine worship vocal music is. In fact, nobody who reads the bible, or who has ever noticed that graceful old word, *even-song*, used in the prayer book to denote evening prayer, would deny this. Therefore, as a first step, we say, let all children be taught to sing, not only in the national and charity schools, but also in the private schools to which people in good circumstances send their children. It is a healthy and cheerful exercise; it is a capital discipline for the memory and attention; and it need cost very little. Let all young persons, too, who can possibly get the leisure and opportunity, join one of the public singing classes. But let all who learn, consider it their chief aim and object to qualify themselves for joining in the public thanksgivings of the church. We would also respectfully urge the clergy, (if not already "*moderately skilled in plain chant*," as some of the old college statutes require,) to acquire, at least, the rudiments of music, if they can possibly spare the time from more important duties. The psalm of praise would be sung with double fervor, if the people saw that it were begun and heartily joined in by their minister.

Next, we mean to insist that the singing in church ought not to be left as a mere matter of accident, whether it shall be bad or good; but that it ought to have all due arrangement and forethought; that it requires an expenditure of time, trouble, and money; that the parish, or the offerings of private individuals, ought to supply these; and that there ought to be a choir including a few good voices, properly trained and superintended, to lead the congregation.

It is very well known, that in some churches the singing is so bad, that it merely gives matter for ridicule to those who do not care for the honor of God's house, and very great sorrow and shame to those who do. All that can be said in favor of it is, that it costs *nothing*. Not many weeks since, in a chapel in the most wealthy and fashionable part of all London, the clergyman was obliged to put a stop to the singing in the middle of the psalm, because it was so horribly bad that the congregation began to look at each other in wonder and disgust. Now, seriously speaking, are we not almost *afraid* to think of such a thing happening before God? Let us imagine a parallel case. When Queen Victoria went to Germany, last year, the people flocked about her, and made her concerts, and sang choruses before her, to welcome her and do her honor. Now, let us suppose that the citizens of some rich town had demanded an audience, and had come into her presence, bringing with them half a dozen little scare-crow children, who began to sing something, but broke down in the middle. Would not the queen have thought herself insulted, and insulted wilfully? She would know, that when people are in earnest to do her honor, they do not offer her such music as that. And so we say, that people who wish to praise God worthily, will imitate holy David, and disdain to 'offer to the Lord their God that which costs them nothing.'

It cannot be wondered that, if the singing in church is very bad, some persons, instead of reforming it, which is the reasonable thing, should make it an excuse for getting rid of it altogether. And then, if some zealous person afterward tries to restore it, a thousand difficulties are in the way; the thread of good old custom has been broken; no one knows of any rule to go by, and so every one does what he thinks best. Hence the

complaints that we have, that the way of celebrating divine service in different churches is so different, that people who go by chance to a strange church, find themselves disturbed and bewildered. Now, common sense shows that the remedy for this evil is a very simple one. Are there any rules to go by? If so, find them out, and stick to them, and then everybody must do alike. Everybody must see, that if we wish to repair or reform anything well, we must know something of its original nature and shape, what parts it is composed of, and what ornaments are proper to adorn it."

The remainder of the article relates to the proper use of the prayer book, which of course we omit.

### POWERS OF MUSIC.

Curious anecdotes are related of the effect of music upon animals. Marville has given the following amusing account of his experiments: "While a man was playing on a trump-marine, I made my observations on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, some cows, small birds, and a cock and hens, who were in the yard under the window: the cat was not the least affected; the horse stopped short from time to time, raising his head up now and then as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind legs, looking steadfastly at the player; the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles peaceably; the hind lifted up her large, wide ears, and seemed very attentive; the cows slept a little, and, after gazing at us, went forward; some little birds that were in an aviary, and others on trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats with singing; but the cock, who minded only his hens, and the hens who were solely employed in scraping a neighboring dunghill, did not show in any manner that the trump-marine afforded them pleasure." That dogs have an ear for music cannot be doubted; Steibelt had one which evidently knew one piece of music from another; and a modern composer, Mr. Nathan, had a pug-dog that frisked merrily about the room when a lively piece was played, but when a slow melody was performed, particularly Dussek's Opera 15, he would seat himself down by the piano, and prick up his ears with intense attention until the player came to the forty-eighth measure; as the discord was struck, he would yell most piteously, and with drooping tail seek refuge from the unpleasant sound under the chairs or tables.

Eastcot relates that a hare left her retreat to listen to some choristers who were singing on the banks of the Mersey, retiring whenever they ceased singing, and re-appearing as they re-commenced their strains. Bousset asserts, that an officer confined in the Bastille drew forth mice and spiders, to beguile his solitude, with his flute; and a mountebank in Paris had taught rats to dance on the rope in perfect time. Chateaubriand states as a positive fact, that he has seen the rattlesnakes in Upper Canada appeased by a musician; and the concert given in Paris to two elephants in the Jardin des Plantes, leaves no doubt in regard to the effect of harmony on the brute creation. Every instrument seemed to operate distinctly as the several modes of the pieces were slow or lively, until the excitement of these intelligent creatures had been carried to such an extent that farther experiment was deemed dangerous.

The associations produced by national airs, and illustrated by the effect of the *Rans des Vaches* upon the Swiss, are too well known to be related; and the *mal de*

*pays*, or *nostalgia*, is an affection aggravated by the fond airs of infancy and youth during the sad hours of emigration, when the aching heart lingers after home and early ties of friendship and of love. It is somewhat singular, but this disease is frequent among soldiers in countries where they are forcibly made to march; but is seldom, if ever, observed in the fair sex, who most probably seek for admiration in every clime.

The whims of musical composers have often been most singular; Gluck composed in a garden, quaffing champagne; Sarti, in a dark room; Paesello, in his bed; Sacchini, with a favorite cat perched upon each shoulder. The extraordinary fancies of Kotzwara, the composer of the "Battle of Prague," are too well known, and led to his melancholy, but unpitied end.

Great as the repute of the most popular musical performers, whether vocal or instrumental, in the present day, may be, and enormous as the remuneration may seem, the ancients were more profuse in their generosity to musicians and the factors of musical instruments. Plutarch, in his Life of Isocrates, tells us that he was the son of Theodorus a flute-maker, who had realized so large a fortune by his business, that he was able to vie with the richest Athenian citizens in keeping up the chorus for his tribe at festivals and religious ceremonies. Ismenias, the celebrated musician of Thebes, gave three talents, or £581 5s., for a flute. The extravagance of this performer was so great, that Pliny informs us he was indignant at one of his agents for having purchased a valuable emerald for him at Cyprus at too low a price, adding, that by his penurious conduct he had disgraced the gem. The vanity of artists in those days appears to have been similar to the present impudent pretensions of many public favorites. Plutarch relates of this same Ismenias, that being sent for to play at a sacrifice, and having performed for some time without the appearance of any favorable omen in the victim, his employer snatched the instrument out of his hands, and began to play himself most execrably. However, the happy omen appeared, when the delighted bungler exclaimed that the gods preferred his execution and taste. Ismenias cast upon him a smile of contempt, and replied, "While I played, the gods were so enchanted that they deferred the omen to hear me the longer; but they were glad to get rid of you on any terms."

### NEUKOMM.

The Chevalier Sigismund Neukomm, who was born at Salzburg in 1778, began his musical education under the tuition of the excellent organist of that town, Weissaner, at the early age of six years, and at fifteen was elected organist of that university, where he studied the other sciences under the careful superintendence of his father, who was a writing master there. It does not appear that any extraordinary musical talent showed itself at a very early age in Neukomm, for it was not until he was eighteen years old that his determination was fixed to follow music as a profession. His mother was nearly related to the wife of Michael Hayden, who was induced to initiate young Neukomm into the knowledge of the theory of music, and the rules of composition, without any other remunerative consideration than his occasional assistance in the performance of his duty as court organist. His first public occupation was that of chorus master, which situation he held for about two years, and in 1798 quitted

Salzburg for Vienna, where the celebrated Joseph Hayden was then residing, carrying with him a request from Michael that his brother would receive him as his pupil. Hayden, finding that Neukomm profited by his instruction, treated him more like a son than a stranger, and took great pains to instil into his mind the best principles of that art which he himself had studied with such eminent success. Neukomm was Hayden's pupil for about seven years, and this may account, perhaps, for his writings being so frequently composed after the style of this great master. From Vienna he took his departure in 1804 for St. Petersburg; but his stay in Russia was short, owing to a very serious malady with which he was seized, and which obliged him to seek a more congenial climate; he therefore proceeded to France, in the capital of which kingdom he made a long sojourn, and produced a great number of works, many of which are highly creditable to the pupil of Hayden. From Paris, Neukomm returned to Vienna, just in time to close the eyes of his master and friend; and in that city the allied sovereigns were present at the performance of a mass of his composition, in which more than two hundred and fifty musicians were employed. Since which period the chevalier came over to England in the suite of Prince Talleyrand; and first created a popularity here by his composition of "The Sea," written by Barry Cornwall, a song, which, although it cannot boast of much originality, yet is peculiarly adapted to the expression of the poetry.

In 1831, Neukomm composed an oratorio called "Mount Sinai;" in 1832, he conducted a performance, given in commemoration of the centenary of the birth of Hayden, at which about one hundred and fifty of the most celebrated professors of music were present, and performed a number of Hayden's compositions. In 1834 he composed an oratorio called "David," for the Birmingham grand music meeting; for which occasion the largest room, and the most stupendous organ in Europe, were erected; but it seems that the chevalier did not add many laurels to his brow by this composition, or by his extemporaneous performance on the organ, if credence is to be given to newspaper reports. However, there is no question but that Neukomm has musical talents, and those of a very high order, which his compositions sufficiently testify; but we think his genius has been a little over-rated, when it has been put in competition with Hayden and Mozart; his greatest strength appears to us rather to lie in instrumentation, than in original composition. He is sadly deficient in melody, which, after all, is the great test of genius.—*London Musical Magazine.*

### MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE.

Mr. Astley, of horsemanship notoriety, was anything but a faithful disciple of Lindley Murray, nor was he the most profound musical theorist in the world, as the following anecdotes will testify. When the band at his amphitheatre was playing the overture to some new piece, Astley, who was standing in the ring, observed the horn-players were not blowing; he went up to them in a great rage, and cried out, "Why in the deuce do n't you play as well as the rest of those here chaps?" One of the performers said, "We have twenty bars' rest, sir." "Twenty d—'s rest!" cried he of the whip and spur; "I do n't pay you for resting; play away, or I'll lay this here whip across your lazy shoulders." On another occasion, one of the singers complained

that a song she had to sing was too high for her, on which "Great A," as he used to be called, bounced to the leader of the band, and said, "I say, you sir, play that 'ere tune a bar lower for this here woman ven she squeaks it at night." I could match this with a report which appeared in a London paper after Handel's *Messiah* had been performed with Mozart's accompaniments, and which stated that "the oratorio was always long and tedious, (the *Messiah* long and tedious!) and to make it still longer they had added Mozart's accompaniments to it;" as if that would make a difference of a demi-semi-quaver in the length.—*Cheltenham Look-on.*

**TO OUR READERS.**—Pressing engagements for a few weeks past have prevented us from bestowing our customary attention to the Gazette. In a week or two more we shall get soberly about our usual business, when we will promise to enter upon our editorial duties with renewed zeal and great diligence.

**CONCERTS.**—Dempster is giving concerts in Boston. Herz and Sivori are in Boston, having just returned from a tour through Charleston, S. C., to New Orleans, St. Louis, Buffalo, and Saratoga. They expect soon to give concerts in Boston and New York. Madame Anna Bishop has been performing at the opera in New York and Boston with great success. She gave a concert in the Tremont Temple, Boston, on Thursday evening last, assisted by Bochsa, the celebrated harpist.

The Teachers' class of Messrs. Baker and Woodbury closed in Boston, on Friday, Sept. 3. They gave two glee concerts, and performed the Oratorio of the Creation twice, the last time on Friday afternoon with a professional orchestra.

A musical convention was held at Claremont, N. H., commencing September 8. Messrs. Thomas Hastings, of New York, and I. B. Woodbury, of Boston, were to be present and take part in the proceedings.

**MUSICAL EAR OF THE CAMEL.**—According to the testimony of naturalists, the camel is fond of music, and has a very correct idea of it. One writer says that when the conductor wishes them to perform extraordinary journeys, instead of chastising, he encourages them with a song, and that, although they had stopped, and refused to proceed any further, they then went cheerfully on, and much quicker than the horse when pushed by the spur. It is also stated by Tavernier and Bhardin, that they proceed quicker or slower, according to the cadences of the song, and that in the same manner, when the conductors want an extraordinary journey to be performed, they know the tunes which the camels love best to hear, and relieve each other by singing alternately.

**A CATCH.**—The following description of a catch by Dr. Calcott, is given in the Musical World; the words run thus:

"Ah! how, Sophia, can you leave  
Your lover, and of hope bereave!  
Go, fetch the Indian's borrowed plume,  
Yet, richer far than that, your bloom;  
I'm but a lodger in your heart,  
And more than one, I fear, have part."

Now, in reading the above, there is nothing particular to be seen; but when the words are sung as Dr. Calcott intended they should be, there is much to hear;

for one singer seems to render the first three words, thus, "A house a-fire," repeating "phia, phia," with a little admixture of cockneyism, "fire! fire!" Another voice calls out lustily, "Go fetch the engines, fetch the engines;" while the third coolly says, "I'm but a lodger, I'm but a lodger," &c.; consequently he does not care whether the house be burned down or not. This elucidation will give a pretty good idea of the real meaning and character of a musical catch.

From the Musical Magazine.

## IS A CAPACITY FOR MUSIC AN UNIVERSAL TALENT?

As to the question, whether nature furnishes every one with a voice, we might as well inquire whether all have by nature the faculty of learning to speak. Even the deaf mute has in many instances been taught to articulate words intelligibly; a circumstance which proves that such afflicted persons, for the most part, need only the power of hearing to make them acquire the command of language. So the man who has a musical ear, always shows that he has a voice of one kind or other, though perchance a rough one, and one that is not remarkable for flexibility. The quality of a person's voice depends much on habit and cultivation. Some persons possess a remarkably fine tone, while yet they are unable to confine themselves to any portion of the musical scale. Others, again, have a disagreeable tone, while they manifest a good degree of accuracy in their intonation. The qualities of voice may differ in song as they do in speech. Early discipline, in either case, will lead to improvement. Thus much will not be disputed; and if the question here be put, whether every voice is really tuneable, the proper answer to it will turn upon the question of the existence or non-existence of a musical ear. If nature denies to no one the gift of acquiring a musical ear, then every one may learn by practice the art of managing his voice. Whether nature has been thus bountiful in her gifts, is the only question now before us.

But what is meant by the gift in question? If it be blind instinct, which develops itself without any aid from instruction or example, then it is clear that no one ever possesses it. An instance of this sort has never yet been recorded. Even the feathered tribes are taught to sing by the parent bird. The finest ear of the human race was at some time destitute of the faculty of discrimination. On the other hand, the duller ear that can be met with, is found to be perceptible of improvement at almost any time in life, but particularly in infancy and childhood. Nor have we ever been able to discover any limits to this improvement, beyond which, an individual could not be made to pass by appropriate instructions and exercises. The faculty in question, then, is not properly an instinct, because instinct has always its limits, which are impassable.

But is not the task of cultivation so very difficult in some cases, as to forbid all hope of success? Let facts be allowed to answer this inquiry.

1. Among infants, no such cases can be found, as the question supposes. With fair opportunities for hearing, and suitable inducements for imitation, the infant uniformly acquires the language of song with as much facility as that of common speech. Short, simple clauses of melody, like easy words of language, he will soon be found to imitate, if all the surrounding associations are suited to his taste; and though in either

case his first efforts will be rude, he will increase in skill till his object is fully attained. In song, as in speech, the actual progress of the infant will of course be affected by ten thousand little circumstances which are liable to be disregarded by the parent or nurse. The health, the disposition, the nervous temperament, the courage, the perseverance of the infant, as well as the various methods of training to which it is subjected, are things which ought to be taken into the account; and most of all, the influence of the very notion which we are now opposing. For the whole work, so far as concerns singing, seems to be left to chance; while in reference to speech alone, the opposite course is pursued. This being the fact, it is not wonderful that some infants manifest precocious talent, while others seem to take very little interest in the subject.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The following stanza of Old Hundred is printed as it is usually pronounced in singing:

"Be-he the-ow, he-o Gaw-hawd, her-halt-ed hi-high,  
A-a-and a-as thi-by glo-ho-ry si-hills the-e-eld-ly,  
So-ho-le-et hit be-he o-on ear-eth dis-pla-hade,  
Ti-hill thow-ow a-art he-ere a-as the-hair ho-hay-hade."

A music teacher was trying to impress upon the mind of a juvenile the importance of beating time, the other day, when the promising youth, who had a great respect for old age, with the most ludicrous gravity, asked him why it was necessary to beat time, as the old fellow went fast enough already.—*Salem Advertiser.*

## MESSIAH AND CREATION.

THESE Oratorios, published in numbers, for sale by GEORGE F. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston. Price, 12 1-4 cents per number.

## NEW GLEE BOOK.

THE NEW ENGLAND GLEE BOOK, by I. B. Woodbury, consisting of upwards of eighty new glee and four-part songs, for class singing, this day published by GEO. F. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston. Price, five dollars per dozen.

## VOLUME 2 OF THE BOSTON MELODEON.

CONTAINING a large collection of popular SONGS, GLEES, ROUNDS, &c., including many of the most popular pieces of the day, arranged and harmonized for four voices, among which may be found "Beautiful Venice," "Columbia the gem of the Ocean," "Come play me that sweet air again," "Fairy Ring," "A glass to thy memory dearest," "My Mother Dear," "My Mountain Home," "Near the lake where drooped the Willow," "Indian Hunter," "Spanish Guitar," "Lady of Beauty," "Fine Old English Gentleman," &c., &c., being an entire new collection, of the size of the first volume. Just published and for sale by ELIAS HOWE, No. 9 Cornhill.

## NEW MUSIC BOOK.

MARK H. NEWMAN & CO. have just published the New York Choralist, a new and copious collection of church music, containing psalm and hymn tunes, anthems, set pieces, and chants; by Thomas Hastings and Wm. B. Bradbury. The Choralist contains 56 tunes in long metre, 101 in common metre, 50 in short metre, 127 in various particular metres; and upwards of 30 set pieces, anthems, and chants. The music is for the most part entirely new, and the adaptation will be found to be superior to anything heretofore published. The Choralist contains a full alphabetical index, a complete metrical index, and an index of first lines of psalms and hymns made use of in the book. The attention of teachers and the friends of church music is invited to this collection.

The Choralist may be found in Boston at O. Dison's, Gould, Kendall & Lincoln's, and at the bookstores generally.

MARK H. NEWMAN & CO., 180 Broadway, New York.

For sale as above, "Flora's Festival," "The Young Melodist," "The School Singer," "The Young Choir," "The Crystal Fount," (a temperance song book), and The Psalmist.

## A MUSICAL CONVENTION AND TEACHERS' CLASS.

WILL meet at Cleveland, Ohio, on Monday, the 6th of September, and continue five days. The class will be considered as connected with the Boston Academy of Music, and Messrs. L. Mason and G. J. Webb, will be present and take the charge. A similar meeting will also be held at Rochester, N. Y., beginning on Wednesday, 12th September, and continue eight days.

## THE MUSICAL CLASS BOOK,

BY A. N. JOHNSON. This work is designed to supply teachers with material for the practice of their classes. It contains a great number of exercises, tunes, &c., arranged expressly for the practice of elementary classes, and will supersede the necessity of writing lessons on the black-board. Published by GEORGE F. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston.

## PLEASANT SPRING AGAIN IS HERE.

E. R. RUSSELL.  
Chorus.

**Solo.** **Chorus.**

Pleas - ing spring a - gain is here, Again is here; Trees and fields in bloom ap - pear, In bloom ap - pear;

Pleas - ing spring a - gain is here, Again is here; Trees and fields in bloom ap - pear, In bloom ap - pear;

**Solo.** **Duet, Treble and Tenor.** **Chorus.**

Hark! the birds, with artless lays, Warble their Cre - a - tor's praise, Warble their Creator's praise, Warble their Creator's

Hark! the birds, with artless lays, Warble their Cre - a - tor's praise, Warble their Creator's praise. Warble their Cre - Warble

## THE SPRING SUN.

A. MUEHLING.

Cre - a - tor's praise. praise, their Creator's praise.

1. How clear the sunshine glances Thro' heav'n's bright tent of blue, And on the wa - ter danc - es, And

2. It calls from earth's cold bosom A throng of plumed seeds, And strews with leaf and blos - som The

qui - vers on the dew. It clothes the wood and meadow in soft and vernal green, And wakes from night and

des - ert hills and meads; While in the sunshine standing, Where warmth and light a - bound, Oh, let our hearts ex -



## THE SPRING SUN. (CONTINUED.)

shad - ow Gay Flora's blooming train, Gay Flo - ra's bloom - ing train, Gay Flo - ra's bloom - ing train.

pand - ing, Im - part to those a - round, [Im - part, &c.] Im - part to those a - round, Im - part to those a - round.

## THE STAR OF MY HOPE.

Words by T. MOORE.

S. HUBBARD.

1. As down in the sunless re - treats of the ocean, Sweet flow - ers are springing, no mortal can see, So deep in my soul the still

2. As still to the star of its worship, though clouded, The needle points faith - ful - ly o'er the dim sea, So, dark as I roam in this

prayer of de - vo - tion, Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee, silent to thee. My God, silent to thee, Pure, warm, silent to thee.

wint'ry world shrouded, The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee, trembling to thee. My God, trembling to thee, True, fond, trembling to thee.

*Len. Fine. Repeat from § and end at "Fine."*

## KEYTON. C. M.

1. Thou blest Redeemer, dy - ing Lamb! 'Tis sweet to hear of thee; No music like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.

2. Oh may we ever hear thy voice! In mer - cy to us speak! In thee, O Lord, let us re - joice, And thy sal - va - tion seek.

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## EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL.—NO. XIII.

Soon after daylight on a Saturday morning, I embarked on board the steamer Ocean, bound from London to Rotterdam. We soon got under weigh, and proceeded down the Thames, a route full of interest to one at all fond of maritime sights. Hundreds and thousands of vessels, of all kinds, shapes, and nations, crowd that little river, as omnibuses and carriages crowd Broadway. It is about forty miles from London to the sea. At sunset, the coast of Holland was in sight; but a gale having sprung up, the captain did not dare to cross the bar at the mouth of the Rhine, and I had the pleasure of spending a wild night upon the North Sea, a part of which I remained upon the deck, and gave loose to fancies as wild as the gale, bringing to mind many tales I have read of doings on the self same waters and shores in ages long since past.

Although I did not expect to have been traveling on the sabbath, we did not enter the Rhine until daylight, nor arrive at the wharf in Rotterdam until 11 o'clock in the forenoon. I was obliged to undergo the usual scrutiny of the custom-house officers, after which I was allowed to pass over to the tender mercies of the porters, who were vociferating in all languages the praises of their respective hotels. I selected a hotel at hazard; and after dinner betook myself to church, in the "great church," or cathedral, hard by. How different from the cathedrals in England! It was an immense edifice, probably very old, but looking for all the world as if just from the hands of the builders. Every part glittering with white paint, and in the whole building not dust enough to soil a pen-knife blade. Who has not been to Holland knows not the meaning of the word "cleanliness."

Around the sides of the cathedral were pews sufficient to seat perhaps eight hundred people, while a space on the floor of the church, containing room sufficient for several thousands, was without seats of any kind. People have to pay cash down for their seats in Holland; the credit system is not in vogue, neither can loafers get their going to meeting for nothing, unless they stand up. And how do you think they manage to collect their pew rents? Why, the seats are common cane-bottomed chairs, several thousand of which are kept piled up in an inclosure on each side of the door. Every one who wishes a seat, goes to this inclosure, pays three cents for a chair, and then plants his seat in the part of the church he fancies best. I hired a chair and carried it as near the pulpit as possible. When I took my seat, I should think there were two thousand people in the church. Before service commenced, I was pretty near the middle of the congregation, although I placed my chair on the outside of the mass already assembled. I should say three thou-

sand was a moderate estimate of the number of the congregation.

During prayer, the men stood, but the women kept their seats. While engaged in prayer or in singing, an appearance of great solemnity pervaded the congregation. At the commencement of the sermon, the men all put on their hats! and sat with them on during the whole sermon. Several times during the discourse, at some word of the preacher, they all touched their hats in the politest manner imaginable. What the word was, I do not know. I was frequently told that whoever understood English and German, could understand Dutch, but I was certainly an exception to the rule, for although I listened very attentively to a sermon over an hour long, the only word I understood was the AMEN at the close.

In the middle of the sermon, the preacher suddenly sat down, the organ began to play, and a hymn was sung, after which he as suddenly resumed his discourse. After the clergyman had been preaching about ten minutes, four elderly gentlemen arose from before the pulpit, went to a recess and took therefrom each a thing which looked on this wise. It had a pole or handle, say ten feet long. To the end of this, in the shape of a scoop net, was attached a velvet bag, and to the end of each bag a silver bell. On two of the poles the bags were of black velvet, and on the other two of green velvet. Taking these machines in their hands, the elders simultaneously shouldered arms, walked to the back of the audience, (the bells doing their duty right merrily,) faced about, ordered arms, and assumed in a standing posture, an attitude of devout attention to the sermon. After remaining thus for perhaps five minutes, they of the black bags began to move among the audience, thrusting their bags in everybody's face; where any one was so engrossed with the sermon as not to see the bag, giving it a shake, which being communicated to the bell, soon aroused the attention of the listener. Every one dropped something into the bag; as they did so, the men respectfully touched their hats to the elder who held the bag, probably to thank him for his trouble in calling upon them for a contribution, and the women acknowledging the same favor by a polite bow. Having gone the rounds of the congregation, they returned to their seats, and immediately the green bag holders commenced their rounds, presenting their bags to the same persons who had given to the black bags, receiving the same bows from the ladies, and touching of hats from the gentlemen. In both contributions, I did not see a man, woman, or child, who did not drop some kind of coin into both bags. During all these operations, the sermon proceeded as steadily as if nothing was going on. What a difference, thought I, between the estimate put upon the different parts of the service here and in America. *There*, the sermon is all in all. *There*, the prayers may be shortened, the hymns may be abridged and turned into nonsense, but the sermon is sacred. *There*, men may stand or sit, gape, stretch, or do anything else, in prayer time, or pass round contribution boxes, or trans-

act any other business, during singing, but woe betide him if he dare to commit any breach of decorum during sermon time. *Here*, prayers and hymns are exercises of awful sacredness. Men may sit with their hats on, or pass round their charity boxes, while their fellow man is addressing them, but not when they are addressing their Maker.

The singing! Shade of St. Cecilia, such singing! It was congregational singing, poured forth from three thousand leathern Dutch lungs, "loud as mighty thunders roar," and louder too. I've been in a down east saw mill, in a Lowell cotton factory, and in the cave of the winds at Niagara, but their noise was harmony to this. The organ is three times as large as the largest organ in Boston; but, with every stop drawn, I could hardly hear it, in the chaos of sounds, of almost every conceivable pitch, which greeted my ear on every side. The roof of the church was more than a hundred feet from the floor, and the quantity of sound which echoed through its lofty arches was almost overwhelming. I did not like it. A large portion of the voices were of horrid tone, and another portion were disagreeably out of tune, while the organ had to tug the whole along, as it were, by main force. Always having been taught to believe that congregational singing was the true mode, I was much disappointed at the very disagreeable emotions awakened by these my first impressions. I never have heard an advocate of congregational singing since without a shudder.

From the Western Christian Advocate.

## IMPORTANCE OF MUSIC.

The following remarks, on the importance of music, are extracted from an address delivered by Mr. A. D. Fillmore, before a musical convention held on the 26th September last, in Clermont county, O. The author takes the ground that music is the only science that benefits man in a three-fold point of view—physically, morally, and intellectually. His remarks are well worthy a perusal. The publication of the address was ordered by the convention.

"We will first consider one of the principal reasons why vocal music should be regarded as absolutely indispensable in a system of common school education. The reason is based upon the extent of the influence of music, compared with that resulting from the pursuit of the other common branches, to which pupils are generally confined in our common schools of the west. In the study of mathematics, chemistry, &c., the intellectual powers are developed. In the study of others, the moral feelings are trained to some extent. But none of them, excepting music, seem to reach our physical nature, otherwise than to exert a deleterious influence. How many children and adults have we seen who, by close application to the course of study prescribed in our schools, have injured bodily health, and even gone down to a premature grave. But what is the tendency of the study and practice of vocal music? We answer, it is not confined to our moral or intellectual improvement; for while, in its extended range, it gives refinement to the moral feelings, and strength and capacity to the intellect, it promotes health of body.

Now, inasmuch as this cannot be said of any other branch of science as truly as of music, we are not anxious to urge other reasons, a number of which might be given, why it should be regarded as essential in a common school education.

In proof of the healthful influence of music, we need scarcely advance any reasoning whatever; for while we have the testimony of learned physicians, the matter is self-evident to every reflecting mind. Who does not know that the right arm is strengthened by being called into action more repeatedly than the left. And can we doubt that by exercise of the respiratory organs, the action of the pectorals of the thorax will be facilitated, and the organs themselves be endowed with greater strength and capacity for the performance of their various functions, which are so essential to our possessing long life, and enjoying good and glorious days.

Dr. Rush gives it as his opinion, that 'singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of salubrious exercise, should be cultivated not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health.' He says that 'the fact has suggested itself to him by his profession—that the exercise of the organs of the breast, by singing, contributes very much to defend them from the diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one instance of spitting of blood amongst them. This I believe is, in part, occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education.'

Gardiner, in the 'Music of Nature,' speaking of the manner of teaching in England, says, that 'in the new establishment of infant schools for children of three and four years of age, everything is taught by the aid of song. Their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chanted; and as they feel the importance of their own voices, when joined together, they emulate each other in the power of vociferating. This exercise is found to be very beneficial to the health. Many instances have occurred of weakly children, of two or three years of age, that could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by this constant exercise of the lungs.'

If the study of mathematics improves the intellect, so must music necessarily produce the same result; for the theory of music is strictly mathematical. The various kinds of measure, relative duration of tones, and the different movements in beating time, are calculated upon mathematical principles. The same is true, also, of the octave; and, although we find that in taking all the sounds in proper succession, they naturally occur at unequal distances from each other, yet they occupy relative positions in strict accordance with certain fixed laws, which govern in the relative frequency of sonorous vibrations necessary to a natural succession of sounds. A complete knowledge of these laws is only acquired by deep mathematical research; even logarithmic calculations are necessary. In transposition by flats and sharps, where the written scale is made to correspond with the natural, we find that every step of three intervals and a half ascending, requires the introduction of a sharp to agree with the seventh note, and in descending in the same manner, at every step a flat is necessarily introduced, to correspond with the fourth. Also, the rules for the construction and succession of chords, thorough base, &c., are alike susceptible of

mathematical demonstration. Thus we see that the same beneficial result as to mental improvement, which is produced in pursuing the study of arithmetic or algebra, is attained by a theoretical investigation of the principles of music.

We should not omit a consideration of its influence in enlivening and properly directing the soul's best affections; the due appreciation of which induced Martin Luther to say, 'If any man despise music, I am displeased with him. Next to theology, I give place to music; for thereby all anger is forgotten, the devil is driven away, and melancholy and many tribulations and evil thoughts are expelled.' A Roman catholic bishop denies that Luther triumphed by the mighty power of truth, but says, 'By his songs he has conquered us.' For before that time, when catholicism was in the ascendancy, this part of worship belonged exclusively to a select few. But Luther was aware of the moral power of the 'heavenly art.' He was aware, also, of the manner in which its power might be brought to bear; which was by having all properly instructed in the science, more especially the rising generation. He accordingly spent much of his time in preparing songs and plain pieces of music; such, for instance, as 'Old Hundred,' which they could learn to sing together, 'with the spirit and with the understanding also.' Zwingle, the illustrious Swiss reformer, who, with Luther and Melancthon, first successfully defied the ungodly power of Romish popes—Zwingle, whose name will stand for ever glorious, was so fond of music, and so accustomed to the practice of it himself, that he was nicknamed 'The Piper.' What a contrast between the characters of the christian reformers, and some professedly sanctimonious of the present day. I would not have to go far out of my way to cite to you instances of professing christians, who, by the interference of would-be Solomons, have been discountenanced in their efforts to teach the brethren how to perform this part of the worship of Jehovah 'decently and in order.' And worse still, have we not known pious ministers, zealous in this noble cause, driven from the sanctuary, and compelled to retire to some antiquated, uncomfortable building, as though they were guilty of sacrilege! And why? Simply because they undertook to have the sabbath school teachers and children learn to chant the praises of their heavenly Father, and, as true teachers of the gospel of Christ should do, recommended the same to all professors under their pastoral care.

But as to the moral power of music, and its adaptation to the constitution of man, let us hear Dr. Chalmers, a distinguished writer, deeply acquainted with man's nature, and to whom science, in general, is not a stranger. He says, 'The power and expressiveness of music may well be regarded as a most beautiful adaptation of external nature to the moral constitution of man; for what can be more adapted to his moral constitution than that which is helpful, as music eminently is, to his moral culture? Its sweetest sounds are those of kind affection; its sublimest sounds are those most expressive of moral heroism, or most fitted to solemnize the devotion of the heart, and prompt the aspirations and resolves of exalted piety.'

Aside from its importance as a part of christian duty, its claims upon mankind are as weighty, or more so, than those of the other common branches of science. In addition to the claims already established, the fact should be considered, that perhaps nothing that we

call science has been more generally practiced by all nations of the earth, and yet ignorance of its first principles prevails as extensively upon this as any other scientific subject. This ought not to be the case. There ought, there must be a reformation in this matter. The present state of society demands it. The public good requires of us that we make an effort to bring about some systematic action among the teachers. Let it be made the duty of every common school teacher to instruct his pupils in music."

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH CHOIR.—NO. II.

"ON THE CUSTOM OF GIVING CONCERTS IN CHURCHES.—In the first number of the Parish Choir, we said that we might sometimes have to find fault with prevalent customs; and expressed our hope that we should always do so in a spirit of charity. And here we may take the opportunity of deprecating that harsh, dictatorial tone which is exhibited by many persons who appear anxious to correct various evils. But what good cause ever can be advanced by persons who set at naught humility, modesty, and good temper? It is then in a temperate spirit, avoiding all personality, and imputation of unworthy motives, that we would invite our readers to consider the propriety of giving concerts, or musical performances, in churches. If we wish to arrive at a just conclusion, we must think whose house the church is, and for what purpose it has been set apart. When the church was consecrated, the bishop, kneeling at the altar, said: 'Vouchsafe, O Lord, to be now present with us, who are here gathered together to consecrate this place to the honor of Thy great name, separating it henceforth from all unhallowed, ordinary, and common uses, and dedicating it entirely to Thy service.' If, then, we would not be guilty of mocking Almighty God, we ought to take care that the uses to which a church is put are not *ordinary and common*; are not those of a concert-room or assembly-hall; of a place for the gratification of man, and not 'entirely for the service of God.'

But we may be asked, Do you object to the introduction of the very best and most magnificent music into the church, and is it a sin to be gratified with it? Surely not. As promoters of church music, we contend not only that the music used on ordinary occasions should be good, but that at certain solemn times, such as the great festivals, it should be of more than common excellence. That any one present at such solemnities should be gratified, is but reasonable and natural; but the gratification should be derived, not from the mere music, but from the fact that it is offered to Almighty God, and from the privilege of participating in such a sacrifice of praise. In fact, the rational test seems to be this: Is the performance intended for the glory of God? Is it such a celebration as befits the house 'dedicated entirely to the service of God?' Or is it intended for the entertainment of man? Is it such a performance as cannot, with the utmost stretch of charity, be considered as otherwise than fit for the concert room or theatre?

There is one kind of religious musical festival, which is not only unobjectionable, but in the highest degree laudable. And this is, when a large congregation is assembled to make offerings for some great church purpose, and to ask God's blessing on their labors; and when divine worship is duly celebrated in the church or cathedral, but with the addition of the largest possible number of the best voices—perhaps with other in-

struments besides the organ—so that the chants, the responses, and anthems, may be celebrated with all conceivable grandeur. Something like a dim shadow of what such a festival ought to be, is exhibited in St. Paul's Cathedral, when the corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, or the Society for Propagating the Gospel, meet for divine service. Festivals such as these ought to be more common. There can be no doubt but that such outward acts of praise do fan the flame of piety in those who attend them, and they would enable thousands, who now know the English ritual only as a most respectable and time-hallowed *form of prayer*, to appreciate its inestimable treasures of devotion, when the *form* is used with something of the right *spirit*.

It must be observed, however, that to make any musical festival complete, *the poor must be there*; there must be no merchandise in tickets, or trafficking in reserved seats; that is the *ordinary use* of the concert-room, not of the church. If the expenses cannot be defrayed by voluntary offerings or subscription, it were better to have no festival.

But there is another kind of musical festival, which we sometimes see noticed in the newspapers, and of which we cannot speak in terms of approbation. There is a semblance of divine service, it is true, but it is intermixed with a heterogeneous and unmeaning collection of musical pieces, which are evidently the main attraction. Let us take the following as a sample. A country newspaper says:

'On Thursday morning, a grand performance of sacred music took place in — church, in aid of the fund for the repairs. The performance was under the patronage of Lady — and the lady of our esteemed high sheriff; but we regret to say, that, although they brought a goodly assemblage of visitors, and the day was uncommonly fine, the number of persons who availed themselves of this high treat, was excessively small.'

The performance commenced, we are then told, with 'The heavens are telling,' which over, the 'respected vicar commenced reading our incomparable liturgy with his usual impressiveness.' 'The 'Gloria Patri' after the *reading psalms*, was sung to Jones's sublime chant, and was most effectively given by the full band and chorus.' After the psalms, and before the first lesson, an air and chorus were sung from the 'Messiah'; after the second lesson, 'Angels ever bright and fair'; the 'Old Hundredth Psalm,' and the 'Hailstone Chorus,' were got in somewhere; and the 'Hallelujah Chorus' was performed after the sermon. But we must not omit to notice the chorus, 'Fixed in his everlasting seat,' which (consisting as it does, of a dramatic contest between the Israelites and Philistines, in which the Philistine *soprano* loudly proclaim that 'Great Dagon is of gods the first and last,') formed a truly consistent part of this most strange medley of devotion and amusement in a christian church.

In entertainments such as these it will be readily observed that there is no consistency, no *keeping*. If it were meant to do honor to Almighty God, why not take the service as it stands in the prayer book, and celebrate that? In the chants and responses there is ample scope for pure vocal harmony, and if instrumental music is desired, the 'Te Deum,' and 'Jubilate,' and one or two appropriate anthems, might be sung to Handel's music, and accompanied by a full orchestra. But we fear the whole affair, if submitted to our test, would not bear examination.

But if we cannot speak favorably of this class of performances in which the retention of the liturgy preserves some vestige of propriety, and shows what *ought* to be the object of the assembly, what shall be said of those musical festivals from which every semblance of a religious service is banished; the daily prayer suspended; tickets sold of different prices; and in fact the church put to the 'ordinary and common uses' of a concert-room?

\* \* \* \* \*

"A PRAYER FOR ORGANISTS BEFORE DIVINE SERVICE.—O most merciful God, who hast encouraged thy servants to draw near to thee, I implore thee to grant me thy grace at all times, but more especially now that I am about to take an active part in the services of thy holy temple. Thou hast been graciously pleased to allow me the privilege of leading the choir of this thy church publicly to sing thy praises; let me never forget to be thankful for this great happiness. Grant me the ability, O God, to perform the duties of my responsible situation in a becoming manner, but never let my aim be to receive, or be satisfied with, the applause or approbation of men. Grant this for thy blessed son Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

O Lord, let thy blessing rest on those who are here appointed to lead the congregation in singing thy praises; assist their humble endeavors and keep far from them all vain and worldly thoughts. Give thy grace to our beloved minister to preach, and his hearers to receive, thy word, and may it be as seed sown in good ground, and bring forth fruit to the glory of thy name. Amen.

Finally, O Father, hear all our prayers this day, and graciously incline thine ear to our songs of praise. With the Psalmist would we join in praising thee with 'the sound of the trumpet and with stringed instruments and organs.' Make us to be very thankful for these joyful opportunities of addressing our psalms and hymns to thee; let them be a foretaste of that everlasting state of happiness prepared for those who love thee, when with the angels we shall be as one great choir evermore praising thee, and saying glory be to thee and to the Lamb that sitteth on the throne forever. Grant this, O merciful Father, through thy son our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God world without end. Amen."

\* \* \* \* \*

"FLUTE PERFORMANCES IN CHURCH.—To the editor of the *Parish Choir*—I have come down to spend the autumn at my cousin Hornbeam's, in this neighborhood, and, of course, attend the parish church. The school children sing very nicely, and I think the congregation would sing too, if a few simple tunes were always employed, which all would know and sing together, for I hear one and another joining in, now and then. Most of the psalm tunes used (for they sing nothing else here,) are of a plain and old character, yet, Mr. Editor, the children are led by a man with a flute, who, for some time before the service begins, plays various tunes on his flute, not those afterwards sung during the service, but very light ones, running up and down the scale, and containing all sorts of odd passages; some of them I remember to have heard our servant in London humming, who was brought up among the dissenters; she told me they were used for their hymns at meetinghouses. I have always been in the habit of remaining some while on my knees when

I enter church, not only to say my preparatory devotions, but also thinking that to be the fittest time and place to offer up petitions, both for myself and for those for whom I ought to pray; and when I sit down, I usually open my bible or prayer book, or at any rate endeavor to fix my thoughts on the services about to be performed; yet, sir, anything of the kind is quite impossible *here*, for the flute-player breaks in with such odd tunes. Why, Mr. Editor, a Sunday or two ago he played 'The heavens are telling,' as the overture, as I call it; and it was so disguised, and played so out of time, that it almost made me angry.

I do wish you would put in an article about it in the *Parish Choir*, or that you would do something which would induce the clergyman here to put a stop to these performances before service, and I really do think the children would sing much better without the flute-player, for I observe that he often plays very much out of tune, and then he throws the children out of tune too. I did not know who to speak to, or what to do, about this dreadful flute-playing; but I went with my cousins to call at a neighboring clergyman's the other day, and I took up the last number of the *Parish Choir* which was lying on his table, and it struck me directly that if I were to write to you on the subject, you might help me to put a stop to this dreadful flute-player's preliminary performances."

From the *Musical Library*.

## GENERAL DIRECTIONS TO SINGERS.—NO. VI.

### FORMATION OF THE VOICE, CONTINUED.

37. Previous to commencing the work of forming the voice, the teacher and students should make themselves acquainted with the general constitution of the particular voice to be cultivated. (See 23 to 32 in No. 17.)

The suggestions in relation to position, opening the mouth, taking and emitting the breath, &c., must also be present in the mind of the singer, and reduced to practice.

38. The manner during practice for the improvement of the voice should be energetic; sometimes dictatorial, dignified, magnificent, grand. Cheerfulness and gaiety of temperament, also, are almost as necessary for enabling the singer to receive the full benefit of practice, as a state of fusion is to wax, in order to its receiving a clear impression; and the pleasure for which they prepare the feelings, and the good effects which they produce upon the voice and countenance, are highly important. Mind, intense interest, and a habit of luxuriating upon our own tones in singing, are highly useful in forming the voice.

39. The singer should never continue the exercise of the voice so as to produce positive fatigue. Singing after the person or voice becomes tired, is unfriendly to the acquirement of a buoyancy and elasticity in delivery. Hence singers should not distress their vocal organs by any violent or painfully protracted exertion. They should not continue to sing after the throat and mouth become dry by exercise; but, by singing often, energetically, and not too long at a time, they should keep up a due command of their strength, and thus be able to commence and continue their practice firmly and cheerfully.

40. The vowel sounds of the Italian A (as in *far*), open E (as in *fare*), and O (as in *awe*), are the most favorable for the register di petto. The sounds of the Italian close E and O (as in *fiute* and *foe*), are the best

for the medium register; and the sounds of the Italian I and U, (the same as the English ee and oo,) are the best assistants for the register di testa.

41. The sound of the Italian A (ah) is the best to sing upon while the student is engaged in blending the registers, or otherwise modifying the tone or voice. In some voices, however, this vowel sound leads to a coarse and unpleasant tone.

42. The sounds upon which it is recommended to commence in the registers di petto and medium, should at first be practiced with the vowel sounds most favorable to their production, in the large style, and with strength; next decreasing the strength, but retaining the style; and afterwards with other vowel sounds. The register di testa should be practiced with the vowel sounds most favorable, softly and in a subdued style; the style and strength should be next increased, and the more difficult vowel sounds carefully introduced.

43. The sounds to be acquired in the higher part of the registers di petto and medium, should be practiced sometimes in the large style and with strength; and sometimes, commencing in a subdued style and strength, they should be increased by degrees in both respects. The sounds to be acquired in the lower part of the registers medium and di testa, should be commenced softly, and by degrees increased to the greatest magnificence of style and strength of which they are capable.

44. When, according to the particular voice, sufficient progress has been made in the perception, command, and extent of each of the registers, the singer should strive to modify the register di petto by the palate and the head; the medium register by the throat and the head; and the register di testa by the palate and the throat.\* By these means, the register di petto acquires brilliancy and sweetness; the medium register, warmth and sweetness; and the register di testa, brilliancy and warmth. This also enables the student to unite the several qualities of the different registers.

45. The sounds at, or near the middle of each of the registers, are, generally, the best, and the most easily modified. That general principle in manner which requires the lower sounds to be comparatively softer, and the higher sounds comparatively louder, is favorable to the attainment of the requisite modifications.

46. Some females whose medium register is husky, sing beautifully in the register di testa.

47. The greater part of male voices are the baritone; and a slightly lower treble is the range of voice most common to females.

48. The sound should affect the head, throat, and chest, so as to make them vibrate—this will add fullness to it. It is highly important to practice in very long or slow sounds.

49. The characteristics of every well-formed voice, are, richness, clearness, sweetness, fullness, a ringing quality, and a warmth, breadth, and strength of tone.

50. The flow of voice should be smooth, full, and rich. Base singers should take especial care that the sounds be not growled out.

51. The voice, both in piano and forte, should possess fullness, richness, and sweetness; as, on the one hand, a thinness and poverty of tone are disagreeable; and on the other, coarseness is shocking.

52. The compass of the voice should be increased by small degrees at a time—very gradually.

\* English singers often modify by the throat, or the palate; Italian singers, by the palate, or the head, near to, or at, the posterior nostrils.

GERMAN FESTIVALS.—The great musical festival of the German-belgie Singing Association was held in Ghent, (Belgium,) on the 27th and 28th of June. At the first concert, 628 Germans, 941 Belgian singers, and 104 instruments, took part. In several of the pieces it is customary in this association for the German and Belgian singers to sing separately the same pieces, competent judges being present to decide which sing best. This year, and also the last year, the Germans were declared victorious. At the second concert 1700 singers united their voices in some of the pieces. During this concert, Spohr (being on his journey home from England,) unexpectedly entered the hall, and was greeted with rapturous applause. Among the pieces sung at this concert, was "By the waters of Babylon," a composition by a Ghent composer, eighteen years of age. It is also customary at this festival to have a "strife" between the different societies composing the choruses. The "Bonn Concordia" and the "Cologne Men's Singing Association" obtained the palm this year. The authorities of Ghent had a medal struck, in honor of the festival, and one presented, at the city's expense, to each member of the festival.

We have received one of the first numbers of the *Mechanic's Advocate*, published in Albany, N. Y. The price is \$1.00 per annum, although it is as large as most \$2.00 newspapers. It has many illustrations, and must be an invaluable periodical for mechanics, and those interested in the mechanic arts.

On the 11th of July, an interesting festival was held in Neustadt-Eberswalde, in which twelve "journeyman-mechanics' singing societies," from different towns and cities, took part. 1500 singers composed the grand chorus. At the close, a contest for a prize took place between the twelve societies. It was finally awarded to the "Great Journeyman's Association" of Berlin.

FOREIGN.—Liszt has given several concerts in Constantinople, which were crowded, notwithstanding the price of tickets was equal to \$5, American money.—Spohr has conducted his oratorio, "The fall of Babylon," at several successive performances in London. It was received with great enthusiasm.—A wonderful flute player, aged nine years, is performing at Weimar.—Mendelssohn is on a tour for pleasure through Switzerland. In every town he is received with great enthusiasm.—The government of Hanover has granted \$250,000 to the town of Hanover, for the erection of an opera house in that place.—The lessee of the royal opera in Paris, recently sold his lease for 400,000 francs.—The composer, Engel, of Berlin, has received a gold medal from the king of Prussia, as a testimonial of the esteem in which his majesty holds his composition, "The 81st Psalm."—The young man, eighteen years of age, whose "By the waters of Babylon" was so well received at the Ghent festival, has received the prize of the Belgian society, for the best composition. His name is Gervert, and he is a native of Ghent. The prize is 2500 francs per year for four years, which the recipient is to spend in musical studies in Germany, France, and Italy.—The prize institute of the North German Music Association, has given notice that they have received nine compositions as candidates for a particular prize, but that neither of them were worth a prize, and they, therefore, request further

applications.—The house in Vienna in which Mozart wrote his best works, has been pulled down the present season, and a new one erected on its site. The owner has caused a bronze bust of Mozart to be built into the front of the house, in honor of its former tenant.

—Chromatic tuning forks, giving every note of the octave, in equal temperament, are for sale in London. With one of them, any person can tune a piano perfectly.

The following narrative will certainly interest those of our readers who suffer from the want of organs, or from bad organs, or from small ones. The German organist had a hard task to perform. Yet his simple-hearted endeavors were crowned with success. If he could succeed where people are not very much used to giving, or are poor, or value their cents more than we do our fourpences, certainly the same thing can be accomplished with less trouble here. Let those who would have an organ in their churches, go and do likewise. \*

"THE NEW ORGAN AT PRETSCH ON THE ELBE.—In September, 1841, I was appointed cantor, pro tem, to take the place of Cantor Hermann, who was sick. Having been favored with the friendship of an excellent player, I was glad of the opportunity to make a practical acquaintance with the organ, and consequently accepted the invitation extended to me, and immediately proceeded to Pretsch. The office of cantor not being to play, but to sing, in church, I made an exchange with the organist, he discharging my duties, and I playing for him. It was not, however, a great pleasure to sit before this homely little instrument, which had but thirteen stops, mostly un-useable. Its weak, lifeless tones, struck unpleasantly on my ear, and I wished myself again in the neighborhood of the majestic Wittenburg organ.

'Why was not this miserable thing out of the way, long ago?' inquired I. 'Why is not a new, fresh organ, in its place?' I found that an attempt had, two years before, been made, but was soon abandoned, and came to nothing. Thoughts ran round in my head, and I could not banish them. 'Oh,' thought I, 'it should not have gone so;' and straightway I fell into a reverie respecting what I would do (for we are always the heroes of our dreams,) if I were settled organist.

The dream soon came to be tested. In May, 1842, the Cantor Hermann died. I was appointed organist, and Watchtel, the former organist, cantor. My thoughts became more and more earnest with each screeching tone of my instrument. 'Yes,' said I, 'the affair belongs to the honor of God's house, and not merely to me; it must, it shall go!'

Well, I began to talk to my friends, and tell them my plans. They doubted, or said, 'No, it can't go.' What could I do? I did the best thing I could, and prayed earnestly and diligently to God for a blessing on the good work. Next, I wrote the heading of a subscription list, and addressed letters to the majistrates, to the head men of the town, to the head men of the church, begging them to give me their countenance and approval. They responded favorably, and signed their names as testimonials of approbation. Some persons even went so far as to offer to obtain subscriptions from their friends. I was obliged to take the will of these persons for the deed. They had no time, or were otherwise engaged, and at length left me, solus, in the field of subscription getting.



The subscribers were to pay the amount after their names, if I secured enough to insure the building of an organ, within one year. As a commencement, I bled my own purse to the amount of ten thalers. This was, and is, a large sum for me. My friend the cantor subscribed ten thalers, and a schoolmaster of our acquaintance five thalers. After school hours, I now made it a practice to take my list under my arm, pen and ink in my pocket, and to start on a cruise, selecting first the 'upper people' of our little town. They subscribed, some one thaler, some two, three, four, five, up to ten thalers, and one went as far as twenty. Quite soon I had one hundred thalers on my list. The cost of the organ, by estimation, would be 1359 thalers. I had made a beginning. I went from house to house, met sweet and sour faces, ready hands and slow hands, heard all kinds of opinions and speeches, many of them so much alike that they grew into a sort of litany, and I knew at the commencement what was coming. It would be hard to relate all my difficulties. I wanted to obtain a little from every one, so that when the list came to be submitted to those who were to make up the difference from church or government funds, it might appear that every one wished for the organ. Sometimes I had to talk for half an hour, and play out the old theme with all sorts of variations. They listened thoughtfully or impatiently, and when the *finale* came, and I had drawn out every stop in my powers of oratory, they would say, 'We will first see what the others do,' 'Come again when the neighbors have signed,' 'The old organ sounds very well, very prettily,' or something of the kind. Sometimes I left home with a heavy heart. But I could not stop. At length there were only two citizens of Pretsch who had not their names on my list.

Next I attacked the little villages, seven in number, which were suburbs or next-door neighbors to our town, caused meetings of the inhabitants to be summoned, laid the matter before them, showed my long list, and they all subscribed, except Patzschwig, whose name I now record, by way of punishment. In November, 1843, my toilsome task was ended, and three hundred and fifty-two thalers brought together. My list was now, with propositions from the two organ builders, Schulze and Baumgarten, submitted to the authorities, and by them sent to the ministry. After a long while, a favorable answer was received, and—my work accomplished.

No person, that I know of, has thanked me for my pains, but I am well rewarded. I had said 'There shall be a new, beautiful organ in our church.' The new organ is there, and since the 29th of November has not failed to exalt the praise of Him who gave the wish, and the means to fulfil."

### THE MISERERE AT ROME.

The night on which our Saviour is supposed to have died is selected for this service. The Sistine Chapel is dimly lighted, to correspond with the gloom of the scene shadowed forth. The ceremonies commence with the chanting of the Lamentations. Thirteen candles, in the form of an erect triangle, were lighted up in the beginning, representing the different moral lights of the ancient church of Israel. One after another was extinguished as the chant proceeded, until the last and brightest one at the top, representing Christ, was put out. As they one by one slowly disappeared in the deepening gloom, a blacker night seemed gathering over the hopes and fate of man, and the lamentations

grew wider and deeper. But as the Prophet of prophets, the Light, the Hope of the world, disappeared, the lament suddenly ceased. Not a sound was heard amid the deepening gloom. The catastrophe was too awful, and the shock was too great, to admit of speech. He who has been pouring his sorrowful notes over the departure of the good and great, seemed struck suddenly dumb at the greatest woe. Stunned and stupefied, he could not contemplate the mighty disaster. I never felt a heavier pressure on my heart than at this moment. The chapel was packed in every inch of it, even out of the door far back into the ample hall, and yet not a sound was heard. I could hear the breathing of the mighty multitude, and amid it the suppressed, half-drawn sigh. Like the chanter, each man seemed to say, "Christ is gone, we are orphans—all orphans!" The silence at length became too painful. I thought I should shriek out in agony; when suddenly a low wail, so desolate, and yet so sweet, so despairing, and yet so tender, like the last strain of a broken heart, stole slowly out from the distant darkness and swelled over the throng, that the tears rushed unbidden to my eyes, and I could have wept like a child in sympathy. It then died away, as if the grief was too great for the strain. Fainter and fainter, like the dying tone of a lute, it sunk away as if the last sigh of sorrow was ended, when suddenly there burst through the arches a cry so piercing and shrill, that it seemed not the voice of song, but the language of a wounded and dying heart in its last agonizing throbs. The multitude swayed to it like the forest to the blast. Again it ceased, and broken sobs of exhausted grief alone were heard. In a moment the whole choir joined their lament, and seemed to weep with the weeper. After a few notes they paused again, and that sweet, melancholy voice, still mourned on alone. Its note is still in my ear. I wanted to see the singer. It seemed as if such sounds could come from nothing but a broken heart. Oh! how unlike the joyful, the triumphant anthem, that swept through the same chapel on the morning that symbolized the resurrection.—T. J. HEADLEY.

From the Musical Magazine.

### IS A CAPACITY FOR MUSIC AN UNIVERSAL TALENT?

CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

Some parents are ready to say that while all their children had equal advantages, only a part of them succeeded in learning to sing. Here the premises are wrong. Those minuter circumstances which most affect the infantile mind, will not and of necessity cannot be very uniform in any family; and even if they could be so, the children, let it be remembered, would require some variety of treatment, as already hinted above. Let the same practical good sense be pursued by the parent, which he practices in teaching his child to talk, and the result will be as uniform in the one case as in the other. This experiment has been too often, and too extensively tried, to admit any longer of a rational doubt.

Such cases as the above objection supposes, have no real existence among juvenile subjects. All children, it is true, do not learn with equal facility. Those who have been allowed to pass the age of infancy, even in a musical family, without receiving appropriate instruction, are sometimes found to be dull pupils; and not unfrequently, they require a great deal of atten-

tion, as well as the exercise of no inconsiderable share of ingenuity and discrimination on the part of the teacher, who would be successful. Yet, after all, habit, and not physical nature, is in fault. The difficulties arise from early neglect; and in no instances that we have ever yet observed, have they been found insurmountable. Nor has the task for the most part been more laborious than would have been required to correct early provincialisms of dialect.

But these experiments, it may be said, have been made upon a limited scale. Be it so. Yet surely a solitary example might by these means have been discovered, if any such examples had been to be found.

Examples of indolence and discouragement, indeed, there have been, in sufficient abundance; but not of so much real difficulty as to forbid hope of success. Some of the hardest subjects have through perseverance made good progress in the art, and even become in their turn successful teachers of music. Such a fact alone, is sufficient to do away a host of objections.

But in the third place, the difficulties of which we speak, and which are so easily surmounted in infancy and early childhood, are found gradually to increase with advancing age. The habits of the adult are comparatively inflexible. Where music has been wholly neglected in early life, there will often be found an almost entire want of susceptibility to musical sounds. Such persons will insist on the reality of physical privations. Yet they are mistaken. The cases of greatest difficulty are found susceptible of gradual improvement. The progress is sometimes so slow, we admit, as to afford little expectation of final success, where there is such a general dearth of musical perseverance; and the teacher must not shut his eyes against this fact, if he would discharge all the responsibilities that devolve upon him. Still, we say the obstacles are not of a physical nature. They are like the traits of bad penmanship, or the confirmed vulgarities of a provincial dialect. They exist only, where there has been some defect in early education, or some subsequent bias of long continuance.

But our argument is not yet completed. On the supposition that nature has been so partial in the bestowment of musical susceptibilities, as to bestow them upon one person and withhold them altogether from another, we have a class of facts, which can in no way be accounted for; but which must forever remain inexplicable.

1. The most monotonous speakers to be met with have one or two tones of voice which they constantly repeat, with sufficient accuracy of *pitch*, for all the purposes of musical execution. Better speakers, though indifferent to music, have a less limited scale.

2. Of the adult persons among us who insist on the total absence of ear or voice, some will readily ascend, and others descend, some given portion of the scale, either toward the commencement, the middle, or the termination, while others will produce sounds in a seemingly fortuitous manner, without any reference to the regular intervals. Yet in the most difficult cases, some share of susceptibility is discoverable, which gives promise of improvement, both as to the ear and voice, to any extent within the limits of human perseverance.

3. Subjects the most apparently hopeless, have actually been found, by perseverance, to overcome every difficulty. This could not be, on the supposition now before us. It would be as impossible, as for a man to

acquire the faculty of seeing, who should from his birth have been destitute of eyes.

4. Those who maintain the supposition we are considering, uniformly judge of native talent, in reference to the existing musical scales. But let them remember that these very scales are to a great extent artificial. No one acquires them instinctively, but always by practice.

5. The ancient Greeks had every different scale in use, and one which would severely try the most skillful singers to be found at the present day. On this principle of procedure, therefore, the ancient Greeks might condemn us all at the present day, as unnatural singers, and we, too, notwithstanding all their refinement in the art, might be allowed to retort the charge. The ancient Highlanders, the modern Asiatics, and the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, have at best but six notes in their musical scales. All these nations, then, must, on the supposition before us, be condemned as unmusical; and this, notwithstanding the fact that they are found, like ourselves, to improve under cultivation.

6. In those countries where musical cultivation is embraced among the ordinary branches of education, all are taught to sing with nearly equal facility. Witness the schools in Germany and Switzerland, to which allusion is so frequently made. So, on the supposition before us, it should seem that nature has been the most bountiful just where cultivation has been the most universal, and the least bountiful where it has been most neglected.

But to enlarge: it must, upon the whole, appear perfectly obvious to every reflecting mind, that what we have all along been endeavoring to maintain is perfectly true. *Physical nature* throws no bar in the way of universal cultivation. Let the trial everywhere commence with the period of infancy, or even early childhood, and the talent in question will be found to be universal.

**THE PATENT ANTIPHONEL.**—We have had occasion, a short time since, to accord our testimonial in favor of the patent harmonium, an instrument that combines in itself the excellencies and powers of the piano forte and organ. We have just learned that the spirited patentee of the harmonium, Mr. George Luff, of the firm of Luff & Son, the well-known piano-forte makers, has gone to Paris to purchase the exclusive right of manufacture and sale of an instrument entitled the antiphonal, which is a simple and ingenious piece of mechanism, by which persons unacquainted with music will be enabled to play the works of the greatest masters. Our informant assures us that this curious instrument is well worthy of our notice and scrutiny; for which reason, we are determined, on the return of Mr. George Luff to England, to visit the establishment in Great Russell street, and report particulars.—*London Musical World.*

On the 27th and 28th of July, the second festival of the singing societies of the Saale was held in Naumburg. On the first day, a grand sacred concert was held in St. Wenzel's church. On the second day, a grand public concert (free) was held in the public garden. On the last evening, a great glee concert concluded the performance.

The Thüringer Singers' Association held its sixth festival in the romantic Maria vale, near Eisenach, Aug. 23 and 24. Twenty-six men's societies took part.

### ORGANS IN LONDON.—NO. III.

**Exeter Hall Organ.**—This organ, which is one of the largest in London, was built for the Sacred Harmonic Society in 1889, by J. Walker, of Francis street, Tottenham Court Road. The case was designed by Robert R. Banks, Esq., architect. The width of the instrument is thirty feet, and the height forty. It was opened by Mr. Thomas Adams, in two performances, on the 19th and 23d of December, 1889. The following is a list of the stops:

GREAT ORGAN, <i>FFF</i> TO <i>G</i> IN ALT.		3 Open diapason	
1 Open diapason, large, metal throughout		4 Dulciana	
2 Ditto, small, wood last 12 notes		5 Stopped Diapason	
3 Stopped diapason		6 Principal	
4 Principal		7 Twelfth	
5 Twelfth		8 Fifteenth	
6 Fifteenth		9 Sesquialtra	
7 Sesquialtra, 3 ranks (no tierce)		10 Corno	
8 Mixture, 2 ranks		11 Oboe	
9 Furniture, 2 ranks		12 Clarion	
10 Trumpet			
11 Clarion			

THREE COMPOSITION PEDALS		PEDALS.	
1 Wood open double diapason, 16 ft		CCC to EE, 8ve and its 3d	
2 Metal open do, 16 ft			
3 Principal, 16 ft			
4 Fifteenth, 4 ft			
5 Mixture, 3 ranks			
6 Posaune, 16 ft			
7 Trumpet, 4 ft			

CHOIR, <i>FFF</i> TO <i>G</i> IN ALT.		COPULAS.	
1 Open diapason, metal		Manual couplers	
2 Dulciana to <i>FF</i>		1 Swell to great	
3 Stopped diapason		2 Choir to great	
4 Principal		Manuals to pedals	
5 Flute		3 Great to pedals	
6 Fifteenth		4 Swell to pedals	
7 Cromorne to <i>G</i>		5 Choir to pedals	
8 Bassoon base			

SWELL, <i>FF</i> TO <i>G</i> IN ALT.		SWELL ORGAN.	
1 Bourdon, 1 octave		1 Stopped diapason	
2 Tenoroon dulciana		2 Open diapason	
		3 Cornet	
		4 Hautboy	
		5 Horn	
		6 Trumpet	

**Temple Church.**—The organ at this church was built by Schmidt and Byfield. A new bellows was afterwards added by Mr. Robson. It differs from other organs on account of there being the difference between *G* sharp and *A* flat and *D* sharp and *E* flat.

GREAT ORGAN.		SWELL ORGAN.	
1 Stopped diapason		1 Stopped diapason	
2 Open diapason		2 Open diapason	
3 Principal		3 Cornet	
4 Flute		4 Hautboy	
5 Twelfth		5 Horn	
6 Fifteenth		6 Trumpet	

CHOIR ORGAN.		SWELL ORGAN.	
1 Stopped diapason		1 Stopped diapason	
		2 Open diapason	
		3 Cornet	
		4 Hautboy	
		5 Horn	
		6 Trumpet	

**MUSIC.**—The more we have of good instruments, the better; for all my children, not excepting my little daughter, learn to play, and are preparing to fill my house with harmony, against all events; that if we have worse times, we may have better spirits.—**BISHOP BERKELEY.**

**NEW MUSIC.**  
FOR sale by GEO. P. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston:  
Ah! this love, 'tis a pleasing passion, Lennon  
We'll meet, but not to part again, guitar, Culver  
Franklin Dragon's March, Muller  
Desire Waltz, Muller  
De floating crew of old Virginia, Muller  
Solian, Piano, and Melodeon Instructor, I. B. Woodbury  
Adagio, Cramer  
She's on my heart, Garrie  
My bark is on the billow, guitar, Melgoun

When other friends have left thee, Schmitz  
Isabella Polka, Jallien  
L. Artemide Valse, Poteselle  
'Tis home where the heart is, Poteselle  
Emigrant's Daughter, glee, Crosby  
Good night, dear friends, glee, Crosby  
Cecilia's Home, glee, Crosby  
Washington National Blues, Quickstep, Crosby  
Fantasia Brilliant sur La Semembus, Hanten  
Fantasia Elegante I Lombardi, Rosellen  
Dying Robins, Huie  
On the banks of the Guadalquivir, Venu  
Jenny Lind Song—No 1, Dream, Muller; No 2, My home, my happy home, Hudson; No 3, I've left the snow-clad hills, Hudson; No 4, Stars of heaven are gleaming, Ahlstrom; No 5, See King's Bride, Ahlstrom; No 6, Farewell to my fatherland, Gantier  
Edenton Quickstep, Matthews  
Canadian Quadrille, Matthe  
Reflection Waltz, Matthews  
Naxos Waltz, Waterman  
Pirate's March, Southard  
No non e ver mentions, Donizetti  
No, 'tis not true, they slander thee, Donizetti  
Piousa Waltz, Chadwick  
Paulding Polka, Blackwell  
Young Volunteers, Hewitt  
Oriental Valse, Thayer  
Adieu d'une Fiancée Valse, Curtis  
One Gentle Heart, rondo finale, Wallace  
Rough and Ready, Wallace  
Belleiro Rondo, Beyer  
Green Mountain March, Lull  
Crescent City Waltz, Hoffman  
Good bye, four hands, Hoffman  
Mary's Last Words, duet, Baker  
There's music in a mother's voice, Woodbury  
Little Sailor Boy's Lament, Baker  
Opera Waltz, Richardson  
La Colonne Waltz, Glynn  
My Father's Song, Sponte  
Home, sweet home, four hands, Braguer  
I dance and sing the live-long day, Faneiron  
May thy lot in life be happy, Horn  
Paisces from Ernani, Southard  
Pie-nie Quickstep, Cummings  
Comet Valse Brilliant, Barnackay  
Focara Quickstep, Glynn  
Linda Grand March, Glynn  
Ernan Quickstep, Glynn  
Four Polkas, by Schubert—No 1, Royal Hymn; No 2, Royal Wink  
Follies; No 3, Highland Infantry; No 4, Red Regiment  
I love the still evening, Brown  
Ella Waltz, Cooper  
Irish Maiden's Lament, Paisley  
They who would still be happy, Wallace  
Songs Without Words, No 1, Mendelssohn  
Adam's Quickstep  
Jones's Coffee's March, Waterman  
Lodore Overture, Turner  
New York March, Undergar  
Irving Quickstep, Chadwick  
Major General Zachary Taylor Quartet, Jacob  
Yankee Maid, Jacob  
When the moon on the lake is beaming, quartet, King  
'Tis sweet at night, Massett  
Chinese Junk Glee, Brutus  
Emerald Polka, Chadwick  
Child's Waltz and Polka, Armaby  
First Gift, guitar, Chadwick  
Old house at home, guitar, Chadwick  
La Violette, four brilliant waltzes, Undergar  
Man goeth to his long home, Ranney  
Funeral Anthem, Haerich  
Let me go once again, guitar, Marche

**POPULAR SACRED MUSIC.**  
THE following collections of sacred music, which are held in the highest estimation throughout the United States, and are used more than any others, are published by WILKINS, CARTER & CO., 16 Water street, Boston, and may be had of the booksellers generally:  
1. THE BOSTON ACADEMY'S COLLECTION, edited by L. Mason. It is supposed that most choirs have this celebrated work, but editions are often wanted.  
2. CARMINA SACRA, or Choral Collection, by L. Mason. This work is universally admired, and schools and choirs which have not already got it, will forego a great treat in not possessing it.  
3. THE PSALTERY, by L. Mason and G. J. Webb. The Psalter is the latest work of these authors, and being worthy of all commendation, has received the sanction of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, and the Boston Academy of Music. It contains a large quantity of entirely new music, including a large number of fine tunes by Mr. Charles Zeller, and is recommended as a valuable addition to the best named works.  
4. BOOK OF CHANTS, adapted to psalms and hymns, for congregational use. By L. Mason.  
5. THE BOSTON ANTHEM BOOK, being a collection of the best anthems and choruses, for use in churches and halls. By L. Mason.  
6. THE BOSTON ACADEMY'S COLLECTION OF CHORUSES, selected from the works of the greatest composers, designed for the practice of advanced societies, for public concerts, &c. 213

**MESSIAH AND CREATION.**  
THESE Oratorios, published in numbers, for sale by GEORGE P. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston. Price, 12 1/2 cents per number. 217

**NEW GLEE BOOK.**  
THE NEW ENGLAND GLEE BOOK, by I. B. Woodbury, consisting of upwards of eighty new glees and four-part songs, for class singing, this day published by GEO. P. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston. Price, five dollars per dozen. 217

**VOLUME 2 of the BOSTON MELODEON.**  
CONTAINING a large collection of popular SONGS, GLEES, ROUNDS, &c., including many of the most popular pieces of the day, arranged and harmonized for four voices, among which may be found "Beautiful Venice," "Columbia the gem of the Ocean," "Come play me that sweet air again," "A Fairy Boy," "A place in thy memory dearest," "My Mother Dear," "My Mountain Home," "Near the lake where drooped the Willow," "Indian Hunter," "Spanish Guitar," "Lady of Beauty," "Fine Old English Gentleman," &c. &c., being an entire new collection, of the size of the first volume. Just published and for sale by ELIAS HOWE, No. 9 CORNHILL. 17

## DEPARTURE.

From the Social Glee Book, edited by Messrs. Mason &amp; Bancroft.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. O hills, O vales of pleasure, O woods with verdure drest, Where all the charms of leisure So oft have calm'd my breast, When far from ye I wander,

2. In shady glens re-clin-ing, I trace the wrong and right; The beam of reason shining, Shows virtue ever bright, The book I read is na-ture's;

3. And I must soon resign ye, For scenes of toil and strife; Ah, why does fate consign me To play the farce of life? Tho' called from ye by du-ty,

Lost in the worldly train, My heart will fondly ponder, And sigh for ye again, My heart will fondly ponder, And sigh for ye a-gain. sigh - - - for ye a-gain.

There, simple truths appear, And tho' she change her features, Her dictates still are clear, And tho' she change her features, Her dictates still are clear. Still, wheresoe'er I stray, The spirit of your beauty Will never fade a-way, The spirit of your beau-ty Will nev - - - er fade a-way.

pon - der, My heart will fondly pon - der, And sigh for ye again.

## MAHAN.

M. O., Malone, N. Y.

1. There is a house not made with hands, E-ter-nal, and on high; And here my spirit wait - - - ing stands Till God shall bid it fly.

2. Short-ly this prison of my clay Must be dissolved, and fall; Then, O my soul, with joy . . . o - bey Thy heav'nly Father's call.

## WASHBURN. C. M.

W. T., Troy, N. Y.

1. Thy presence Lord, the place shall fill, My heart shall be thy throne; Thy holy, just and per-fect will Shall in my flesh be done.

2. I thank thee for the pre-sent grace, And now in hope re-joice; In con-fi-dence to see thy face, And always hear thy v.

## LYRE.

M. C., Malone, N. Y.



1. Why, on the bend-ing wil-lows hang, Is-ra-el! still sleeps thy tane-fal string? Still mute remains thy sul-len tongue, And Zion's song de-nies to sing!

2. Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise; Let harp and voice u-nite their strains: Thy promis'd King his sceptre sways; Jesus, thine own Mes-si-ah, reigns!

## TITCOMB STREET CHURCH. L. M.

MOSES D. RANDALL, Newburyport, Mass.



'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro' de-serts dark as night; Till we ar-rive at heav'n our home; . . . . Faith is our guide, and faith our light; Till we . . . . ar-rive at heav'n our home, Faith is our guide, and faith . . . . our light.

'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro' de-serts dark as night; Till we ar-rive at heav'n our home; . . . . Faith is our guide, and faith our light; Till we, &c., Till we ar-rive at heav'n our home, Faith is our guide, and faith . . . . our light.

## REPOSE. L. M.

M. C., Malone, N. Y.



Let nature burst in - to a song; Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong; Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise, All vocal with your Ma-ker's praise!

Let nature burst in - to a song; Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong; Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise, All vocal with your Ma-ker's praise!

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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In the clerk's office of the district court of Massachusetts.

## MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.

The London Musical World has during a dozen successive numbers contained a continued review of this oratorio. From the last number, we copy entire the reviewer's concluding remarks:

"In acknowledging the receipt of a piano-forte score of this great work, with which we have been favored by Messrs. Ewer & Co., we take occasion to offer some few general remarks with which our present examination of 'Elijah' must conclude.

It may readily be gathered from the opinions we have advanced, that we regard the oratorio of 'Elijah' not only as the finest composition of Mendelssohn, but as the most masterly effort of art that has proceeded from the pen of any living musician. What at first strikes us is its entire originality of character. Dramatic form and dramatic color are here, for the first time, exclusively adopted in the composition of an oratorio. The dry formulæ of counterpoint, which have hitherto been regarded as indispensable in a grand sacred composition, are, for the first time, wholly disregarded in 'Elijah.' How far Mendelssohn has found success in this bold innovation upon the long-established forms, exhibited by Handel in their highest perfection, and adhered to, as well as in them lay, by all composers who have followed him, we have endeavored to show.

It is well to observe here that Hayden, in his 'Creation,' and Beethoven somewhat later, in his 'Mount of Olives,' laid, as it were, the first stones of this new art-monument. Both these great works are written in the dramatic style, and both eschew the formal severities of counterpoint. The poem of the 'Creation,' however, being didactic, the dramatic form is absent, though the dramatic color exists in the music. But in the 'Mount of Olives' the poem and the music are equally dramatic both as to form and color. Now, however sceptical we may be as to the contrapuntal accomplishments of Beethoven, there cannot be a shadow of doubt but that Hayden was one of the most learned as well as the most gifted of musicians. That he could write fugues, and employ the fugal style in his free compositions, he has proved in a hundred different instances. His sparing use of them in the 'Creation,' must, therefore, be regarded as the prophecy of a great change in the highest school of musical art; and the 'Creation' may be likened (not to speak it profanely,) to the baptist who foretold the coming of the Messiah ('Elijah.') Beethoven needs no apology for his adherence to the free school, in which all his writings are composed. His symphonies, quartetts, &c., although evidencing that facility in all the resources and contrivances of art which we cannot separate from our idea of a master, plainly demonstrate how little his inclination tend-

ed to the superfluous ingenuities of contrapuntal elaboration; his glorious impulses could no more submit to the fetters of the musical schoolmen, than the horses of the sun to the feeble guidance of Phaëton.

Besides these masters, Cherubini may be cited, as having, in his requiems and masses, given strong indications of a leaning toward the free school of writing in church music. There are very few instances of strict fugue to be found in any of his great works.

Now, while we admit in the fugues of Bach, Handel, and Mozart, a certain solemnity which is not out of keeping with the loftier phases of religious expression, yet their frequent use cannot be divested of a stiffness at utter variance with what we must needs regard as the object of allying music with sacred matters. Certainly this must be to endow them with an extra attraction that shall bring them closer to the human heart; to utter them in a language intenser and more fascinating; to glorify the divinity by showing that one of its greatest wonders is appreciated. The error has been to confound the end with the means. Fugue is a means, not an end; but it has been treated as an end and not a means. It is easy to cite the 'Messiah,' the 'Israel in Egypt,' the 'Clavier bien Tempere,' the 'Requiem,' and the last movement of the 'Jupiter Symphony;' it is easier to cite them than to imitate them. These prodigies of invention and art must be regarded as exemplifications of the mighty power of genius which enabled the happy possessors to triumph over the barriers of counterpoint, to trample on the restrictions of pedantry, and to speak like gods from the bars of a prison-house. And here be it understood, that while we defend the position which Mendelssohn has taken in his 'Elijah,' we are strictly of opinion that no composer should presume to essay the highest flights of art—the symphony, oratorio, and quartett—unless he be thoroughly a master of those very means which we object to when employed as an end. It is only perfect accomplishment in all the various exercises of art that can ever make a master in the true meaning of the term. There are many pleasing, and even admirable composers, to whom the distinction of master cannot be justly applied. To be a master, knowledge must be universal and genius original. Bach, Handel, Hayden, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Spohr, and Mendelssohn—these are the true masters of the art of music; no others have yet proved themselves worthy of the title. Weber and Rossini are men of splendid genius, but not masters; Cimarosa and Auber are men of lively fancy, but not masters; Mehul and Dussek are men of a passionate and poetical temperament, but not masters; and so we could make a list *ad infinitum*.

That Mendelssohn is one of the greatest of masters, is a fact beyond controversy. That he can write in the severe style, he has incontestibly proved in his first oratorio, 'Paulus,' which has many instances of fugue, and some of them developed with great elaboration. Moreover, there are his organ works, and several of his piano-forte compositions, (such as his 'Seven Characteristic Pieces,' 'Six Preludes and Fugues,' &c. &c.) which present unanswerable proofs of his thorough ac-

quaintance with the art of counterpoint, in all its profundity and minuteness. But, inasmuch as 'Paulus,' in the midst of its freshness of melody, and the original coloring of its harmony and orchestration, adheres principally to the old-established forms of the oratorio-school, it must be regarded as a less striking proof of the composer's genius than 'Elijah,' which, equally beautiful and still more elevated in style, is entirely new and unlike anything previously written. In no work of Mendelssohn is there a greater number of beautiful melodies than in 'Elijah;' it is as a ripe harvest of tune when the year is most favorable; the ear is replenished with it, as the air is loaded with the grateful odor of the abundant crop; and the sun of harmony bathes it in the golden splendor of its noon-day fire. As a work of art, 'Elijah' must take its station by the side of the 'Messiah,' and the 'Israel.' It is not for us to say whether it shall stand as No. 1, 2, or 3, in the great triad of masterpieces; rather would we regard it as inseparable from the Handelian inspirations, and helping to constitute a glorious art-trinity, inscrutable, indivisible, and imperishable.

If, however, we must be forced to comparisons in such mighty matters, we shall not fear to make them openly and honestly. The 'Elijah,' in our opinion, has the advantage over the 'Messiah' in symmetry of design and completeness of development. The 'Messiah' falls off in interest and musical beauty after the grand climax of the 'Hallelujah' chorus; but the 'Elijah' is sustained from first to last with a power that never sleeps, and a beauty of invention that never tires. The 'Elijah' has the advantage over the 'Israel,' also, in symmetry of design, and the relation of its concomitant parts to the whole. The second part of the 'Israel'—magnificent as it is, and evidencing a power even greater than that manifested by the 'Elijah'—is but a repetition of the first. There is no evident reason why Handel should have described the miracles of Exodus twice over. That he has done so needs only a reference to this work to prove, and that he has brought a genius nothing less than stupendous, a prodigality of invention that equally astonishes and delights, and a power of dramatic expression that towers above sublimity, is not the less true. Handel only would have dared, Handel only could have accomplished a feat so seemingly impossible of achievement. The first part of the 'Israel' is descriptive, the second part didactic; the first part is action, the second is exaltation; the wonders of Jehovah are exhibited in one, and his praises, in reference to those wonders, in the other. But 'Elijah' is a single effort, perfect in all its parts, and, as a whole, beautiful and majestic. It is, moreover, thoroughly human. It treats of the griefs and sufferings and undying faith and ultimate glorification of a very man—of a man full of belief in the good, strong in sincerity of intention, great in aspiration of soul, meek in goodness of heart, beautiful in purity of manners, and god-like in patient endurance. It is a drama as real and as full of interest as a play of Shakspeare. We believe that Mendelssohn himself supplied the materials from the Old Testament, for the German version,



which has become admirably accommodated to English by Mr. Bartholomew. We can readily believe it, and this is only another proof of what has ever been our full belief, that Mendelssohn's genius is essentially dramatic.

Perhaps there was never a composer so happily situated as Mendelssohn. While others have been equally endowed by natural gifts, and equally accomplished by study and experience, we cannot cite an example of one so placed by circumstances above the chances and changes of fortune as to justify him in setting all the caprices of fashion and popular taste at defiance, and in writing only as he felt moved to write, and in such a manner only as satisfied his own judgment. Mozart, it is well known, was obliged to compose all manner of trifles for subsistence, and even his symphonies, quartets, and operas, written to provide for the necessities of life, were finished in the utmost haste, which, though, undoubtedly, Mozart was the greatest genius that the art of music has possessed, left marks of carelessness and unripe consideration that are spots upon their beauty. Mendelssohn, luckily for himself and the art, has never been in this embarrassed position, and so has never been compelled to give his works to the world in an unfinished state. His earlier compositions exhibit all the ardor of youthful impulse and all the novelty of original genius; his later efforts display the good effects of thought and study, which, while they have curbed the impetuosity and restrained the exuberance inseparable from early labors, have supplied the form and beauty of consistency, which 'by chastening chasteness,' by paring down, perfects and maketh impregnable. In the overture to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' was exhibited the first spark of that genius which has since grown into a sun to light the whole world of art, round which subsidiary planets roll, in passive obedience to their destiny. 'Elijah' is the meridian of his glory; it is the happy result of genius matured by reflection during a life of calm serenity, which circumstances has allowed to be undividedly devoted to the consideration of a great and beloved art."

From Arthur's Ladies' Magazine.

#### LETTER OF MOZART TO A FRIEND.

We know not how many of our readers have met with the following remarkable letter, written by Mozart to a friend; not so large a number, we are sure, as to make the re-publication of it by us at all out of place. It bears no date, but is supposed to have been written at Prague in 1783. It is valuable, as an illustration of this principle, viz: that no one ever gains a high and permanent place as a man of genius, who does not love his art for itself alone, or rather the truth and beauty in his art. See how Mozart loved his art! see how pure and innocent was that love, like the love of a mother for her child! He thought not of fame, or emolument, as primary things, but sought only to bring down to the perceptions of sense, the noble harmonies that sounded in the upper, or deeply interior, regions of his mind. It also proves the truth of that oft repeated remark, that true genius is unconscious of its own excellence—for a man of true genius loves his art more than he loves himself. And, loving it, he is ever struggling to rise into higher and higher degrees of excellence; and, as he comes into these, he still sees beyond states of perfection to be attained that throw all former triumphs into the shade. He can never, therefore, sit

down in self-complacency, and congratulate himself upon what he has done; for all previous achievements are mean in his eyes, when compared with what he has not yet been able to accomplish.

The world is full of little great men. Men who fancy that they have performed wonders, because what they have been able to do, has cost them a great struggle—has been, as it were, *born from nothing*. These are the geniuses who make the most noise; whose trumpets are the most loudly blown; whose upward efforts are heralded by the sound of fame's chariot wheels, and whose progress is marked by the dusty incense of extorted praise. But in a few years they are judged by their real worth—are weighed in the balance and found wanting—are consigned to merited and perpetual oblivion.

But the truly great man, unobtrusive though he be, must be known, and his deeds become immortal. It may be after he has passed from the earth. But no matter. His legacy to the world will be valued beyond mines of gold:

"Herewith I return you, my good baron, your scores, and if you perceive that, in my hand, there are more *nota bene* than notes, you will find from the sequel of this letter, how that has happened. Your symphony has pleased me, on account of its ideas, more than the other pieces, and yet I think it will produce the least effect. It is much too crowded; and to hear it partially, or piecemeal, would be, with your permission, like beholding an ant-hill. I mean to say that it is as if Eppe the devil were in it. You must not snap your fingers at me, my dearest friend, for I would not for the world have spoken out so candidly, if I could have supposed it would give you offence. Nor need you wonder at this, for it is so with all composers, who without having, from their infancy, as it were, been trained by the whip, and the maledictions of the *maestro*, pretend to do everything with natural talent alone. Some compose fairly enough, but with other people's ideas, not possessing any themselves; others, who have ideas of their own, do not understand how to treat and master them. This last is your case. Only do not be angry, pray! for St. Cecilia's sake, that I break out so abruptly. But your song has a beautiful cantabile, and your dear Franz ought to sing it very often to you; and this I should like as much to see as to hear. The minuet in the quartet is also pleasing enough, particularly from the place I have marked. The coda, however, may clatter or tinkle, but it never will produce music. *Sapienti sat*, and also to the *nihil sapienti*, by whom I mean myself. I am not very expert in writing on such subjects; I rather show at once how it ought to be done.

You cannot imagine with what joy I read your letter. Only you ought not to have praised me so much. We may get accustomed to the hearing of such things; but to read them is not quite so well. You good people make too much of me; I do not deserve it, nor my compositions either. And what shall I say to your present, my dearest baron, that came like a star in a dark night, or like a flower in winter, or like the cordial in sickness? God knows how I am obliged at times to toil and labor to gain a wretched livelihood, and Staner, too, must get something. To him who has told you that I am growing idle, I request you sincerely (and a baron may well do such a thing) to give a good box on the ear. How gladly would I work, and work, if it were only left to me to write such music

as I please, and as I can write; such, I mean to say, as I myself set some value upon. Thus I composed three weeks ago an orchestral symphony, and by to-morrow's post I write again to Hofmeister, to offer him three piano-forte quartets, supposing that he is able to pay. O heavens! were I a wealthy man, I would say, 'Mozart, compose what you please, and as well as you can; but till you can offer me something finished, you shall not get a single kreutzer. I'll buy of you every manuscript, and you shall not be obliged to go about and offer it for sale like a hawker.' Good God! how sad all this makes me, and then again how angry and savage; and it is in such a state of mind that I do things which ought not to be done. You see, my dear good friend, so it is, and not as stupid or vile wretches may have told you. Let this, however, go a *cassa del diavolo*.

I now come to the most difficult part of your letter, which I would willingly pass over in silence, for here my pen denies me its service. Still I will try, even at the risk of being well laughed at. You say you should like to know my way of composing, and what method I follow, in writing works of some extent. I can really say no more upon this subject than the following: for I myself know no more about it, and cannot account for it. When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer—say traveling in a carriage, or walking after a good dinner, or during the night, when I cannot sleep; it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. *Whence and how* they come I know not, nor can I force them. Those ideas that please me I retain in memory, and am accustomed, as I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue in this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it, that is to say, agreeably to the rules of counterpoint, to the peculiarities of the various instruments, and so forth. All this fires my soul, and provided I am not disturbed, my subject enlarges itself, becomes methodized and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts *successively*, but I hear them, as it were, all at once. I cannot tell the delight of this. All this inventing, this producing, takes place, as it were, in a pleasing lively dream. Still the actual hearing of the *tout ensemble* is, after all, the best. What has been thus produced I do not easily forget, and this is, perhaps, the best gift I have my Divine Maker to thank for.

When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use that phrase, what has previously been collected into it in the way I have mentioned. For this reason the committing to paper is done quickly enough, for everything is, as I said before, already finished; and it rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination. At this occupation I can therefore suffer myself to be disturbed; for whatever may be going on around me, still I write, and even talk, but only of fowls and geese, or of *Gretel* and *Barbel*, or some such matters. But why my productions take from my hand that particular form and style which makes them *Mozartian*, and different from the works of other composers, is probably owing to the same cause which renders my nose so-or-so large, so aquiline, or, in short, makes it Mozart's, and different from those of other people. For I do really not

study nor aim at any originality; I should, in fact, not be able to describe in what mine consists, though I think it quite natural that persons who have really an individual appearance of their own, are also differently organized from others, both externally and internally. At least I know that I have constituted myself neither one way nor the other.

May this suffice, and never, my best friend, never trouble me again with such subjects. I also beg you will not believe that I break off from any other reason, but because I have nothing further to say on the point. To others I should not have answered, but have thought—*Mutchi, buschi, quille. Etche molape newing!*

In Dresden I have not been eminently successful. The Dresden people fancy themselves even yet in possession of everything that is good, merely because they had formerly to boast of a great deal. Two or three good souls excepted, the people here hardly knew anything further about me, than that I had been playing at concerts in Paris and London, in a child's cap. The Italian Opera I did not hear, the court being in the country for the summer season. Naumann treated me in the church with one of his masses, which was beautiful, well harmonized, and in good keeping, though too much spread, and, as your C—— would say, rather cold. It was somewhat like Hasse, but without his fire, and with a more modern *cantilena*. I played a great deal to these gentlemen, but I could not warm their hearts, and excepting *wishy, washy*, they said nothing at all to me. They asked me to play on the organ, and they have most magnificent instruments. I told them, what is the real truth, that I had but little practice on the organ; nevertheless, I went with them to the church. Here now it appeared, that they had *en petto* another foreign artist, a professed organ-player, who was to kill me, if I may say so, by his playing. I did not immediately know him, and he played very well, but without much originality or imagination. I, therefore, aimed directly at this stranger, and exerted myself well. I concluded with a double fugue in the perfectly strict style, and played it very slowly, both that I might conduct it properly to the end, and that the hearers might be able to follow me through all the parts. Now, all was over. No one would play after this. Hassler, however, (this was the stranger's name, who has written some good things in the style of the Hamburg Bach,) was the most good-natured and sincere of them all, though it was he whom I had endeavored to punish. He jumped about with joy, and did not know how to express his delight. Afterwards he went with me to the hotel, and enjoyed himself at my table; but the other gentlemen excused themselves when I gave them a friendly invitation; upon which my jolly companion, Hassler, said nothing but *Tausend sapperment!*

Here, my best friend and well-wisher, my paper is full, and the bottle of your wine, which has done the duty of this day, nearly empty. But since the letter which I wrote to my father-in-law, to request the hand of my present wife, I have hardly ever written such an enormously long one. Pray take nothing ill! In speaking, as in writing, I must show myself as I am, or I must hold my tongue, and throw the pen aside. My last words shall be, 'My dearest friend, keep me in kind remembrance!' Would to God I could, one day, be the cause of so much joy as you have been to me! Well! I drink to you in this glass: long live my good and faithful —. Amen. W. A. MOZART."

**MUSICAL BOMBAST.**—It is known to everybody within fifty miles of Boston, that a perfect musical tornado has swept over our city during the past season, stirring up a *fiore* among our sober citizens, unparalleled even by the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The Italian Opera Company have been here, and have fiddled their way into the affections of a class of musical exquisites, which we did not before suppose to exist so extensively among us. Some of our fancy newspapers have been thrown into spasms of rapture, anything but conducive to their health; and even the gravest dailies have suffered their enthusiasm to "go it with a perfect looseness," and confounded their readers six times a week with an avalanche of Italian jargon and musical cant, about as intelligible to a common-sense man, as a column from "De Anglo Sacan," or a page of Chinese. Tedesco, the chief of the Italian company, and the prime mover of all the hubbub, has by universal consent received the appellation "divine," and one noodle actually cast his hat, cane, and gloves, at the feet of her godship, in this city! All this might be endured, if our ecstatic friends would only vent their admiration through their mother tongue, instead of ransacking Italian dictionaries for words which neither they nor their astonished readers can understand. Southey says: "I can tolerate a Germanism for family sake; but he who uses a Latin or a French phrase where a pure old English word does as well, ought to be hung, drawn and quartered for high treason against his mother tongue." But Latin and French are quite good looking, compared with the villainous shreds and patches picked up by these crazy critics. If they are "full to bursting," why can't they uncork their rapture in some such way as the Philadelphia North American does, when it describes a great contra-basso performer as running up and down a catgut ladder, "letting off a forty-eight pounder below, with a discharge of infantry on the ground floor, and a sky-full of rockets from the house-top, all at the same instant, and all crashing, cracking, whirling and corruscating in the air at once." There would at least be something tangible in such a description as this.

As to the real character of the music smothered to death under this Italian lingo, we have nothing to say, at present. It may require some science to sing Yankee Doodle backwards, or torture melody from a bass-drum; but we shall claim the right to our own opinion of such works of supererogation.—*Boston Sat. Rambler.*

Organ concerts are getting into favor in London. The following description of one recently given in that city, we copy from a London paper:

"An admirable selection of music from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Spohr, Hesse, Bach, Beethoven, Rossini, and Mendelssohn, was performed on Wednesday last on the new organ, just perfected, in St. Michael's Church, Chester square. Mr. John Hopkins, organist to the above church, and Mr. Edward Hopkins, organist of the Temple Church, were the performers. The following is the programme of this admirable selection:

**PART I.**—1, Introduction, &c., (Creation,) Haydn; 2, Slow Movement in F, Beethoven; 3, Short Movement, Deus tibi, (motet,) Spohr and Mozart; 4, Slow Movement in G, Mozart; 5, air, varied, Hesse; 6, Prelude and fugue in D, S. Bach. **PART II.**—1, overture, (Samson,) Handel; 2, Jesu bona pastor, Mozart; 3, Cujus Animus, (Stabat Mater,) Rossini; 4, On thee

each living soul, and, Achieved is the glorious work, (Crucifixion,) Haydn; 5, air, varied, Haydn; 6, Conclusion, Mendelssohn. The church of St. Michael's was crowded on the occasion by a most fashionable auditory, who manifested great delight at the performance. To Mr. John Hopkins, especially, thanks is due for this inimitable selection of the compositions of the great masters, the interpretation of whose works could not have been entrusted to more efficient hands. It is by the introduction of such music into such a place, that the divine art, in its most legitimate stronghold, can hope to attain its main influence. The organists of every church in the kingdom should follow the example of Mr. John Hopkins."

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH CHOIR.—NO. III.

"A Dissenter need not be so angry at Lucy Love-quiet's letter. We have no wish to offend dissenters, but yet we do not see why we need at all mince matters when speaking of the most disastrous influence which they have exercised on church music, from the days of the Reformation to the present; first, by opposing the authorized church music; then, by substituting that mandlin style of hymn tune, the prevalence of which makes metrical psalmody almost hateful to persons of good taste. Vile as are the tunes heard in many churches, they are less vile than those used by many congregations of dissenters, *from whom in fact they were originally derived; and therefore we think it our duty, and not a lack of charity, if we caution churchmen against any tunes whatever that have been popular among dissenters during the last century.* In support of our remarks, let us refer to a publication, called 'The Hymn Tune Book, containing a selection of seventy popular Hymns and Psalm Tunes: fifth edition, 1848.' Here is a book, edited by a dissenter of the highest respectability, with whom, to his praise be it said, the present movement in favor of popular musical instruction originated; and what do we find in it? 1st, sterling old tunes, so debated that their authors would not own them; 2d, hymn tunes of modern date, decorated with such titles as Hophalah, Martin's Lane, Contemplation, Gabriel New, &c. &c., all of a whining, semi-licentious character, and as surely indicative of an unwholesome state of religious feeling, as are the operatic masses and Ave Marias of the Roman Catholics; and lastly, acknowledged secular tunes, some entire, some mutilated and garnished with new names. Thus we have 'Rousseau's Dream,' a jig from Corelli, under the new name of Lonsdale, Tom Moore's 'Hark the vesper,' Avison's 'Sound the loud timbrel,' 'Drink to me only' alias 'Prospect'—besides sundry adaptations of 'Blow, warder, blow,' 'All's well,' &c., under other names. Against such things as these we think it our duty to lift up our voice, since we know that unhappily in some quarters there is far too great a disposition to copy from the meeting-house, and we must not allow Tom Moore to be smuggled into the church, by any such means."

"ON DISSIDENTS' MUSIC.—At the request of a correspondent, who thinks we were rather too hard upon dissenters in regard to the music of their congregations, in our last number, we insert the following extract from an article in the Christian Remembrancer for September, 1841. After mentioning the cold and spiritless way in which the service is too often celebrated in our churches, the writer continues:

'Such being the case, can we wonder that dissenters find a greater charm in the lusty bawling of a congregation, no matter how untuneable it be, and their feelings more warmed and excited by its hearty earnestness, than in the coldly correct reading of the psalms with us? Is it any matter for surprise if they seek elsewhere that food for the flame of devotion which the church denies to them. We have heard some churchmen ridicule the psalm-singing propensities of dissenters, but we may depend upon it, their propensity is a catholic propensity; which, had the church been true to herself, they would never have sought to gratify beyond her pale. It has been said, and with great appearance of justice, that most of our modern sects have originated in some departure of the church from catholicity. Some catholic truth has fallen into oblivion; some practice declined; and the church, too securely resting on the stability of her foundation, and neglecting the cravings of her children, has been punished for her neglect by their desertion. She has denied them the food they sought, and they have forsaken her, and wandered in search of it beyond the fold of Christ. That very propensity to psalm singing, that habit of exciting devotion by hymns and sacred songs, now unhappily characteristic only of dissenters, was peculiarly characteristic of the earliest followers of Christ. It was so of the church in her best days; and had she continued in this respect catholic, her erring children would never have had the opportunity (the honor may we term it?) of maintaining that fragment of forgotten catholicity. It is related that in pagan times many infidels, who in the end became converts, were in the first instance attracted by the music of christian temples; and we do not see why in these days the same argument should not be employed; the church might become even more attractive in that respect to many who are at present kept aloof by her cold and lifeless formality. . . . The catholic system, fully carried out, makes provision for all the doctrines, the practices, the opinions, the tastes, the sentiments, in search of which men have become sectarians. If we held out to Wesleyans, independents, or presbyterians, an active, heartfelt, energetic, and stirring music of the church, we may rest satisfied that they would soon feel how superior the catholic hymnody or psalmody is to any of its counterfeits; they would find in it all the excitement they seek, without making the sacrifices its attainment now costs them.'

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"LETTER FROM A DISSENTER.—To the Editor of the Parish Choir—Sir—I do not know whether anything I may have to say may be deemed worthy a place in your publication, yet it will at least show to yourself that there are members of other communions besides your own, who are looking upon your labors, and endeavoring to mark your progress, with an earnest desire that, so far as congregational singing is concerned, your labors may be eminently blessed, and abundantly successful.

I am a member of a congregational church, and have been appointed conductor of the choir of that church, and in that capacity have labored and toiled to promote that important portion of our worship which seems to have had such marked attention paid to it in old testament times, and was once, at least, honored with the manifest approval of Almighty God; which our blessed Lord and his apostles used, and hence sanctioned with their approval, and the practice of which

they enjoined upon their followers. I have the happiness to know that I have had some success, perhaps as much as I ought to have expected, but certainly not that which I did once hope, and I think reasonably hope, I should have had. I have scarcely allowed any of my leisure hours from business, (I am only an amateur, and have to earn my livelihood by labors in the counting-house,) to be devoted to any other engagement than that of some labor which had for its object the improvement of our praise. Evening classes, lecturing, writing music, &c. &c., have occupied those hours which I could have spent, and with great pleasure, in study, and in other engagements which would have tended much to my own improvement; but there have been, and still are, obstacles in the way which it seems almost impossible to surmount, and which make me now begin to despair of ever being able to bring those with whom I am associated to feel the importance of striving to praise God in an acceptable manner for mercies received, as well as to pray to Him for a continuance of his bounties. I have certainly been enabled to discard some of the miserable trash which was used, and even loved, and have been allowed to introduce some music of a more sterling character; amongst which, I am proud to say, a few chants can be numbered. These have been sung, in some instances, to words from the scriptures, in others to metrical hymns known as short metres, and in both ways have been much approved by my friends and fellow worshipers.

But my object in writing to you is not to speak of these things, but to thank you sincerely for some judicious and excellent remarks on congregational singing, especially those which have reference to the want of proper arrangements in order to promote so desirable an object, and for the remarks made upon that unwise and obstructive proceeding of organists who attempt to harmonize the tunes for themselves, whilst professedly engaged in addressing our Creator, frequently committing the most egregious blunders, and still more frequently annoying those of the worshipers who know anything of music, with the same modulations in almost every tune, and crowding that which ought to be staid, stately, and magnificently simple, with appoggiaturas, passing notes, &c., until it can scarcely be recognized by the congregation, and in consequence almost entirely preventing them from taking a part in this delightful portion of our worship, were they ever so willing or desirous of doing so.

My opinion, sir, on this matter is, (and it is formed from some experience,) that it is totally impossible that any really good progress can be made in congregational singing, until every congregation shall have fixed upon some arrangement of their music which shall not be deviated from, and organists shall not be allowed to play any other during worship; and a request publicly made and permanently posted up in the place of worship, that all persons who cannot sing the harmonized parts used in that place, should without exception sing the melody. I have frequently heard those who have known something of music, when a tune has been singing, show their ability by singing a florid accompaniment, a practice which I am sure it is the duty of all who wish God to be honored in worship, to strive all they can to put a stop to; such displays are very unlike worship, and I cannot but think that musicians who are guilty of this practice, if they would only give the subject one moment's considera-

tion, whether they are amateurs or professors, would be induced to give it up; and for this reason, if there were no others, viz: everybody has as much right to do this as any one has, and if the whole congregation were to take this course, the effect would be most annoying; indeed, I am sure no one with the least feeling would be able to bear it. I will not longer trespass upon your time, and with best wishes for the success of your enterprise, so far as God's praise is concerned,  
I remain, sir, yours, &c., M."

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.—The Church of the Pilgrims, in Boston, under the pastoral charge of Rev. M. Hale Smith, have resolved to dispense with choir singing, since they entered into their new place of worship, and restore the puritanical mode of congregational singing. This "puritanical mode," as it is called, is about as desirable, under existing circumstances, and with the present general ignorance of the science of music, as would be the restoration of many other puritanical usages. We should advise the above-named society to dispense with the use of music or hymn books, and have the hymns "lined" off by some old deacon who can "go it" well through his nose. Would it not be well, also, to dispense with modern hymns and psalms, and restore the puritanical version of Sternhold and Hopkins, so that they might have the advantage of singing such a stanza as the following?

"Why doest withdraw thy hande abacke,  
and hide it in thy lap?  
O plucke it out and be not slacke  
to give thy foe a rap."

Or this:

"The race is not unto the man  
that can the fastest run,  
Nor the battel to those people  
who shoot with the longest gun."

This fancied imitation of the primitive necessities of the puritans, is an affectation which a little experience in the proposed change will undoubtedly cure; and the plan of congregational singing, as things are now-a-days, will soon lose the advantage of novelty, which is perhaps its only attractive feature.—*Lynn News.*

#### HULLAH'S NEW MUSIC HALL.

Mr. Hullah, as perhaps most of our readers know, is a gentleman, a music teacher by profession, who has devoted his time exclusively, and with great success, to teaching the common people music, in classes like the common singing schools of our country. The hall here described is designed for the exhibitions of his classes, as well as for a general concert room:

"On Monday afternoon, June 21st, the foundation-stone of a new music hall was laid by Viscount Morpeth, M. P., in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators, in the neighborhood of Long-acre. The hall, when completed, will contain between two and three thousand persons. Amongst those present, were the bishop of Norwich, Lord Lyttleton, Mr. Gladstone, the Rev. Dr. Jeph, (principal of King's College,) Mr. Justice Coleridge, &c. The proceedings were commenced by a suitable prayer by the Rev. Henry Duckenfield, vicar of St. Martins, who earnestly besought the divine blessing upon the undertaking. The 100th Psalm was sung by the company. The stone was then laid by the noble Viscount Morpeth in due masonic form. Viscount Morpeth, who was loudly cheered, came forward and addressed the assembly in a very eloquent harangue, in which he descanted on the vast utility of

music as an art, its legitimate influence on the social feelings, &c., and concluded by observing that the present building was now to be proceeded with in a venturesome confidence, and he trusted that in future it would become vocal to the merry roundelay or hallowed anthem, and at the same time subservient to the furtherance of social good will and moral harmony on all who came within the sound of its strains, or the sphere of its influence. Mr. Beevor then read an address from the singing classes to Mr. Hullah, conveying a warm tribute of thanks for his disinterested zeal on their behalf, and intimated that he was authorized to present, as the first instalment, a check for £500. (The check was here handed to Mr. Hullah amidst loud cheers.) He (Mr. Beevor) trusted it would be accepted in the same spirit in which it was given. They looked forward to the new hall as a bond of union to the lovers of music throughout the kingdom. Mr. Hullah returned thanks with deep feeling. He believed that the hall would not be erected without a good deal of toil and a good deal of expense; but he had counted the cost, and confidently relied upon their kindly aid. The bishop of Norwich expressed the thanks of the assembly to Lord Morpeth for his presence and countenance that day, and in doing so, took occasion to expatiate on the valuable influence of music upon our soldiers and sailors, in stimulating them to discharge their duty; and enlarged upon its humanizing effects upon society at large. But, besides promoting loyalty and courage, it had a still more valuable effect in aiding the diffusion of religious truth. He trusted that Mr. Hullah would receive that satisfaction in promoting a public cause which he so well deserved. He had embarked upon a speculation, and he trusted that his notes would be current throughout the metropolis—not one pound notes merely, but thousand and ten thousand pound notes; and he trusted that every year he would produce a greater influence upon society. The assembly joined in the national anthem, and then adjourned."

For the Musical Gazette.

Messrs. Editors—Having attended the Music Teachers' Class in Boston, and witnessed the performances of the several members from city and country, who took part in the concerts, it occurred to me that I had promised you a sketch, occasionally, of the observations I was enabled to make in regard to musical movements in our beloved New England. As it respects the operations in Boston, it may not be necessary for me to advert to them, as you have published a report, which, with the extensive circulation of the Gazette, will reach a great part of the musical community. I may be allowed, however, briefly to speak of the operations of the Philharmonic Institute, (formerly known as the National Musical Convention,) as you were not present at their late session, and may not have been furnished with a record of their doings.

The only principal distinguishing feature of this body is the combination of an instrumental department with the vocal. This I believe to be a good feature, particularly when I call to mind the progress which the gentlemen connected with that department were enabled to make under the able and persevering management of Messrs. Keller and Bond. This opinion is founded, in the main, on the merits of their execution of the brilliant accompaniments to the songs and choruses from the "Creation," which, by the way, are specimens of musical composition well calculated to

draw forth a man's soul, or his genius, if he possesses any. In other respects, the "classes" and "conventions" are similar; both are well attended, and much useful instruction is imparted to the members, who, in turn, impart the same to the thousands of pupils under their care—thus creating an uniformity of purpose, manner, and feeling, which could hardly exist without some general plan of this kind. This "Philharmonic Institute," if I may be allowed to judge, certainly did themselves much credit in their performance of the "Creation," though it could not be expected they would equal those of the Handel and Hayden Society. Still, I think many of the songs, particularly the "Bird Song," and "With verdure clad," sung by Miss Frost, and the duet, "Adam and Eve," by Mrs. Lemon and Mr. Baker—would not suffer at all by a comparison. The greatest fault was observable in the choruses, which were given in such a manner as to betray a lack of confidence on the part of the singers, or a fear that they should "be in before their time." And in some instances the first measure was hardly honored with vocality; and in the grand chorus, "The heavens are telling," where the arrangement of the composition is such as to resemble a complete chaos, the singers, by some unaccountable mistake, continued the chaos quite through the piece. All this, however, would be remedied by proper rehearsal, which could not be given by this class, for want of time. It is my opinion, that one more trial, under the efficient lead of Mr. Baker, will produce this great work in its true and legitimate form.

The secular concerts were well attended, and the several glees, songs, &c., sung by the members, told of thorough musical training. Mr. Marshall's "I love the sea," sung by himself, was happily executed. Mrs. Lemon, of Salem, took the house by surprise, in the "Song of Wm. Tell," and many faces were turned toward the ventilators, to see if she had gone out of sight. She checked herself, however, when she had ascended through several octaves to G, and came down in safety without breaking her voice. I cannot say that the tone produced was very musical, but it was as clear as ever issued from the throat of the dying swan. She was called out the second time. So also was Mrs. Franklin, in the song from "Norma," "Ah, were my love requited;" and the comic A B C duet, by a lady and gentleman of the class, was repeated. Mr. Bond's trombone solo was a capital thing, and generously applauded. But I must hasten to sing of my journey homeward. One word only in reference to the subjects discussed in convention.

The question of congregational singing was on the tapis for several days; in the discussion of which, some fifteen or twenty joined. It was finally decided by vote of the convention, that it was not expedient to introduce it into our churches—or that was the substance of the matter in dispute, although the word expediency may not have been used in the question. This decision, although it amounts to but little, suits your individual taste, if I remember aright, as well as my own. So mote it be.

Having given my Lynn friends a hasty call, and snuffed the sea breeze while traversing the beach, visited the sanctum of the "News" gentlemen; feasted on the choice viands, from the bountiful table of friend Kimball, which his "better half" had so richly prepared—(this may be considered too highly painted, concerning, as it does, the table of an editor, but it is all sober fact)—softly—(that'll bring me another dinner,

if I am ever in Lynn),—having done all this, and joined in the devotional exercises upon the sabbath with the choir whose song it has heretofore been my pleasure to direct, I accepted an invitation to go home by way of Claremont, N. H., and attend a musical convention at that place. You must fill your pockets with sufficient of the good things of life, Messrs. Editors, to keep you from starvation, when you travel this route, as you can obtain nothing to eat between Concord and Claremont, a journey of nine or ten hours. In my case, however, this defect was amply supplied after I reached the latter place, for more hospitable entertainment I have never received. Indeed, the kindly manner in which I was treated while there, and the earnest devotedness to the cause of music, observable at every step, will ever shine brightly on the tablet of my memory.

The convention was under the direction of Mr. I. B. Woodbury, of Boston, and had been in session one day when I arrived. It was well attended; and amongst the members I noticed teachers and amateurs from Windham, Chester, and several other towns in Vermont, who all seemed to take a deep interest in the exercises. This is called the "New Hampshire and Vermont Musical Convention." Mr. W.'s lectures were in part on sacred music, and partly on secular—songs, glees, &c. One half day was occupied in lecturing upon the oratorio of the "Creation," which to the refined musical student was very interesting. A public performance was given of sacred music in the afternoon, and of secular music in the evening, of Friday, the last day. Claremont has heretofore stood high as a musical town, and efforts are being made to sustain that character, and extend the same through adjoining towns. As you will probably receive a copy of the doings of this body, I forbear to say more at present. Yours, honestly, truly, and musically,

AMATEUR.

Orford, N. H., Sept 13, 1847.

P. S.—I take pleasure in assuring you that I find your "Musical Class Book for Adult Singing Classes" a very useful book, and would recommend it to teachers of music throughout the country.

### LISZT AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Liszt arrived here on the 8th of June, by the Galatz packet-boat. The sultan, informed of his approaching visit, gave particular orders that he should be conducted to the palace Teheragan immediately he had put foot on Constantinopolitan ground. These orders were punctually obeyed. Hardly had he stepped from the steamboat, when he found himself on his way to the sultan's seraglio, accompanied by his majesty's chief interpreter, M. Le Baron H. Resta. Liszt was received by the sultan with great honor and favor. A grand *fete* was prepared. The sultan, doubtless anxious to give him a savor of his musical taste, and to show him his band of instrumentalists and his singers, treated the pianist to a symphony and several choruses, for which he seemed deeply grateful and bowed acknowledgments even until it pained him as to the back of his neck. Meanwhile, preparation of another kind were going forward, more honorable still to the great pianist. A grand piano forte of Erard's was being got ready; and when the symphony had passed away, and the chorus had ceased roaring, Liszt was requested to oblige his majesty with a sample of his finger-powers.

Thereupon sat down Liszt, no whit put out of coun-

tenance by the suddenness of attack, and not at all frightened by having to essay his huge merits before the great musical autocrat of all the Turkeys. What he played was assuredly these three—no more—and very well. He played the andante from his fantasia on airs from Lucia di Lammermoor; he played the overture to William Tell, by himself; and he played his own Norma. The sultan, after the first morceau, called out lustily, "Hookah"—not "Hookey," be it known—meaning thereby his pipe, and puffed away like a puerile *Etta* during the remaining performances. Liszt, conceiving his majesty was about to smoke him, became somewhat nervous, and played a flat instead of a natural in a rapid chromatic descending passage, which so delighted the sultan, that he was observed to close one eye with great significance, and puff away with more vehemence than ever. Liszt, not being used to the atmosphere of puffs, was highly pleased when his majesty told him he had heard quite enough for once, and invited him to pay him a second visit, and departed no less pleased with the condescension of the mighty potentate, than he was inspired at his musical information—that is, for a Turcoman. On his second visit to the *serail*, his majesty presented the pianist with a splendid snuff-box, surrounded with magnificent brilliants. Everybody in Constantinople considers this a compliment.—*London Musical World*.

TO OUR READERS.—It may be well for us to say, that the *Gazette* is printed some ten miles from the editor's sanctum. This arrangement, although economical, and possessed of some other advantages, sometimes gives us a little trouble. For the present paper, we selected a beautiful anthem, but on its way to the office it got lost, and we did not learn the fact in season to make the selection; we could have wished. We intend taking more pains with our music in future, and endeavor to present our readers with a choice quality, if not a great quantity.

Our correspondent "Amateur" describes, in his communication, some of the exercises of Messrs. Baker and Woodbury's teachers' class, which meets in Boston at the same time with the class whose exercises we have reported. We have not received a copy of the plans of the convention at Claremont, but shall be happy to do so. Our friends cannot confer a greater favor, than by sending us reports of interesting musical meetings.

A subscriber in Michigan asks if communications from that region will be acceptable. They will, indeed. We desire nothing more ardently, than to receive communications from all parts of the country.

Notwithstanding our terms are strictly in advance, we have a few names upon our books who have not paid this year's subscription. To such we shall send bills. We beg beforehand, that if we accidentally send a bill to any one who has already paid, he will not get in a passion about it, but just take the trouble to drop us a line to the effect that they have already paid. It is quite impossible to guard against an occasional mistake, among so many small accounts.

TEACHERS' CLASS AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The exercises of this class were unusually interesting this year. About four hundred attended the meetings, which commenced on Wednesday morning, and closed the next Wednesday night. The exercises were the same as in Boston. A public performance of choruses and church

music was given in the third presbyterian church on Tuesday evening, and a glee concert in Minerva Hall on Wednesday evening. The teachers and choristers who attend the Rochester meetings are an unusually intelligent class of men, and the interest which they manifest in their profession, does one's heart good to behold.

Messrs. Mason and Webb attended a convention in Cleveland, Ohio, the week before the meeting at Rochester, and a meeting of the Maine State Musical Association, on the week following. We must ask the pardon of our Maine friends for not inserting their notice. We did not receive it until too late for the paper before their meeting; and although we sent it down for the paper which appears on the day their sessions commenced, our compositor thought it a mistake, and did not insert it.

CONCERTS.—During the past two weeks, several concerts have been given in New York, by Herz and Sivori, and also by Madame Bishop.—The Italian Opera Company, whose performances last spring were received with so much favor, have been performing at the Howard Athenaeum (opera house) for the two weeks previous to the last. Last week they sang operas (Norma, Cinderella, &c.) in the Tremont Temple, for the benefit of those whose consciences will not allow them to attend the opera. They also performed "Moses in Egypt" on Sunday evening, in the Handel and Hayden Society's hall.—Dempster has given a series of six concerts in Boston, the last during the past week, with what success we do not know.

#### ORGANS IN LONDON.—NO. IV.

*Christ Church, Spitalfields*.—This organ was originally built by Messrs. Bridge, Byfield & Jordan, in 1730, for the sum of £600. In 1822 it was repaired by Mr. Bishop. It suffered materially from the fire which happened some years since in the steeple, and subsequently underwent a thorough repair, and was enlarged, in 1837, by Mr. Lincoln.

##### GREAT ORGAN.

- 1 Stopped diapason
- 2 Open diapason, No 1
- 3 Open diapason, No 2
- 4 Principal, No 1
- 5 Principal, No 2
- 6 Twelfth
- 7 Fifteenth
- 8 Larigot
- 9 Tierce
- 10 Claribella
- 11 Sesquialtra
- 12 Mixture
- 13 Trumpet, No 1
- 14 Trumpet, No 2
- 15 Clarion
- 16 Bassoon

##### CHOIR ORGAN.

- 1 Stopped diapason
- 11 Double diapason

PEDAL ORGAN.—From G (24 feet) to G (6 feet.) Compass of pedal-board, two octaves and six notes, from GG to E. Five composition pedals, three to the great organ and two to the swell. Two clavier copulas, joining swell and choir to great organ; and three pedal copulas—1, great to pedal; 2, choir to pedal; 3, canto-firmo copula; and swell to pedal an octave above.

*St. Saviour's, Southwark*.—The organ at this church, which is a very good one, was originally built by Swarbrook. Davis afterwards added two double dia-

pasons, one of wood to GGG, and another of metal to CCC—the former on the pedals, the latter on the keys.

##### GREAT ORGAN.

- 1 Stopped Diapason
- 2 Open diapason
- 3 Open diapason
- 4 Principal
- 5 Flute
- 6 Twelfth
- 7 Fifteenth
- 8 Sesquialtra, 4 ranks
- 9 Mixture, 3 ranks
- 10 Trumpet
- 11 Clarion
- 12 Claribella to C
- 13 Double diapason from CC to CCC
- 14 Pedal pipes from GG to GGG

##### CHOIR ORGAN.

- 1 Stopped diapason
- 2 Open diapason
- 3 Principal
- 4 Flute
- 5 Fifteenth
- 6 Mixture, 3 ranks
- 7 Cromorne

##### SWELL ORGAN.

- 1 Stopped diapason
- 2 Open diapason
- 3 Principal
- 4 Cornet, 3 ranks
- 5 Trumpet
- 6 Hautboy
- 7 Clarion

#### POPULAR SINGING BOOK.

THE PSALTERY: a collection of church music, consisting of psalm and hymn tunes, chants, and anthems; being one of the most complete music books for church choirs, congregations, and societies, ever published. By Lowell Mason and Geo. J. Webb. Published under the sanction and approbation of the Boston Handel and Hayden Society, and Boston Academy of Music.

The music is principally new, either entirely original or arranged from writings of celebrated composers; the whole exhibiting a great variety of style and expression. The variety of metres is very large, being expressly suited to the new hymns in modern books of psalmody. The harmony will be found to be natural and easy, yet dignified and devotional. The anthems (which are almost entirely new) are mostly suitable for the various occasions of public worship, as ordinations, dedications, thanksgivings, &c.

The work has besides several new features, which will commend it especially to the singing master, the leader of the choir, and the congregational singer. The approval of the work by the Boston Academy of Music, and the Handel and Hayden Society, is considered an important circumstance, and will not fail to create additional confidence in the merits of the work, and give it a general introduction into schools and churches.

Though this work has been comparatively but a short time before the public, it has become the most popular work of its kind, and is already in very general use in the New England, middle, and western states.

Teachers, and all others interested in music, are requested to examine the work. Published by WILKINS, CARTER & CO., No. 16 Water street, Boston.

The very popular works, the Boston Academy's Collection, and Carolina Secra, are published and for sale as above. 19

#### TO PLAY CHURCH MUSIC

ON the melodeon, cembaline, piano forte, organ, or any other keyed instrument. The work entitled "Instructions in Thorough Bass," by A. N. JOHNSON, is expressly designed to teach the method by which four or more parts can be played upon the above named instruments. Published by GEO. F. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston, and for sale by book and music dealers generally. 19

#### POPULAR SACRED MUSIC.

THE following collections of sacred music, which are held in the highest estimation throughout the United States, and are used more than any others, are published by WILKINS, CARTER & CO., 16 Water street, Boston, and may be had of the booksellers generally:

1. THE BOSTON ACADEMY'S COLLECTION, edited by L. Mason. It is supposed that most choirs have this celebrated work, but additions are often wanted.

2. CARMINA SACRA, or Boston Collection, by L. Mason. This work is universally admired, and schools and choirs which have not already got it, will reap a great benefit in possessing it.

3. THE PSALTERY, by L. Mason and G. J. Webb. The Psalter is the latest work of these authors, and being worthy of all commendation, has received the sanction of the Boston Handel and Hayden Society, and the Boston Academy of Music. It contains a large quantity of entirely new music, including a large number of fine tunes by Mr. Charles Zornes, and is recommended as a valuable addition to the first named works.

4. BOOK OF CHANTS, adapted to psalms and hymns, for congregational use. By L. Mason. This is a collection of the best psalms and other set pieces, for societies and choirs. By L. Mason.

5. THE BOSTON ANTHEM BOOK, being a collection of the best anthems and other set pieces, for societies and choirs. By L. Mason.

6. THE BOSTON ACADEMY'S COLLECTION OF CHORUSES, selected from the works of the greatest composers, designed for the practice of advanced societies, for public concerts, &c. 218

#### MESSIAH AND CREATION.

THESE Oratorios, published in numbers, for sale by GEORGE F. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston. Price, 12 1/2 cents per number. 317

#### NEW GLEE BOOK.

THE NEW ENGLAND GLEE BOOK, by I. B. Woodbury, consisting of upwards of eighty new glees and four-part songs, for class singing, this day published by GEO. F. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston. Price, five dollars per dozen. 327

#### VOLUME 2 OF THE BOSTON MELODEON.

CONTAINING a large collection of popular SONGS, GLEES, ROUNDES, &c. including many of the most popular pieces of the day, arranged and harmonized for four voices, among which may be found "Beautiful Venice," "Columbia the gem of the Ocean," "Come play me that sweet air again," "Fairy Boy," "A place in thy memory dearest," "My Mother Dear," "My Mountain Home," "Near the lake where drooped the Willow," "Indian Hunter," "Spanish Guitar," "Lady of Beauty," "Fine Old English Gentleman," &c. &c. being an entire new collection, of the size of the first volume. Just published and for sale by ELIAS HOWE, No. 9 Cornhill. 11



To the editors of the Boston Musical Gazette—Please accept the inclosed tune, (called "Multiflora,") and publish it in the Gazette, if it meets your approbation. The tie (—) placed under a syllable signifies that two notes belong to that syllable. The slit (·) under a syllable denotes that one syllable is to be sung to one note. Ten metres may be appropriately sung to Multiflora; at least, I think so. If every thought in the tune be not strictly original with the present writer, they all must have been original at some time; and if good, we will not condemn them now. Respectfully yours, UTILITARIAN.

## MULTIFLORA.



L. M. Oh ren - der thanks to God a - bove, The foun - tain of e - ter - nal love, Whose  
 C. M. Give thanks to God; in - voke his name, And tell the world his grace; Sound  
 S. M. My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great, Whose  
 S. P. M. How pleased and blest was I To hear the peo - ple cry, { Come,  
 { Yes,  
 C. P. M. Be - gin, my soul, th' ex - alt - ed lay; { Let each en - rap - tured thought o - bey, { Lo!  
 L. P. M. I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath, { And when my voice is lost in death, { In  
 H. M. Fix'd on the sa - cred hills, My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While  
 The Lord his tem - ple fills, With all his glo - ry blest; { He  
 8s & 7s. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God;  
 7s. Praise, O praise the name di - vine; Praise him at the hal - lowed shrine;  
 8s, 7s, & 4s. Songs a - new of hon - or fram - ing. Sing ye to the Lord a - lone,  
 All his won - drous works pro - claim, ing, Je - sus won - drous works hath done.



mer - cy firm through a - ges past Has stood, and shall for - ev - er last.  
 through the earth his deeds of fame, That all may seek his face.  
 an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.  
 let us seek our God to day; } And there our vows and hon - ors pay.  
 with a cheer - ful zeal, We'll haste to Zi - on's hill; }  
 heaven and earth nit - ed seas and cer - skies }  
 one and a - nit - ed can - and cert }  
 shall em - ploy my no - bler powers; }  
 life and thought and be - ing last; } Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.  
 waits wher - e'er his saints a - dore, But loves the gates of Zi - on more.  
 He whose word can ne'er be brok - en, Chose thee for his own a - bode.  
 Let the fir - ma - ment on high To its Mak - er's praise re - ply.  
 Glo - rious vic - tory, Glo - rious vic - tory, His right hand and arm have won.

## CODMAN. 7s.

S. NOLEN, JR.

Softly now the light of day Fades upon my sight a - way; Free from care, from labor free, Lord, I would com-mune with thee.

## SOPHIA. C. M.

S. NOLEN, JR.

Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart; In - spire each lifeless tongue; And let the joys of heaven im - part Their influence to our song.

## SUNDOWN. S. M.

M. C., Malone, N. Y.

1. Je - sus, my truth, my way, My sure, un - err - ing light, On thee my fee - ble soul I stay, Which thou wilt lead a - right.  
2. My wisdom, and my guide, My counsellor thou art; Oh never let me leave thy side, Or from thy paths de - part.

## BUTLER. 8 s. AND 7s.

W. WILLIAMS, New London, Conn.

Saviour, source of every blessing, Tune my heart to grateful lays; Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious measure, Sung by raptured saints above: Fill my soul with sa - cred pleasure, While I sing redeeming love.

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

Vol. 2.

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## EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL.—NO. XIV.

At daylight on Monday morning I left the hotel in Rotterdam, under the guidance of a clumsy Dutch boy in wooden shoes, in search of a diligence for Harlem, whither I proposed going for the purpose of seeing and hearing the famous Harlem organ. After clattering over the pavements for a half hour, he of the wooden shoes brought me to a place where two ponderous diligences were standing, to which he pointed, and bidding me *guten morgen*, abruptly wheeled to the right about, leaving me to find the way to Harlem as best I could.

It may not be amiss to explain, that the diligence, or stage-coach of continental Europe, is a vehicle resembling an omnibus, but quite as clumsy as a New England baggage wagon. Two of these coaches seemed about ready to start, but as both of them had "Harlem and Antwerp" painted on them, I was amazingly puzzled to know which was going to Harlem. Antwerp is about seventy miles west of Rotterdam, while Harlem is about fifty miles east. It seemed the diligences ran through from Harlem to Antwerp, and I guessed one of these was going one way and one the other, which supposition was probably correct. How to ascertain which was which, was the problem which now occupied my mind. I first endeavored to find some one who could talk English, but was unsuccessful, and so I touched the driver, and, pointing to his coach, with a piteous expression of countenance I said, Harlem? Harlem? but he could not comprehend my meaning. Soon a man came, who said, "I understand von little English." "Does this coach go to Harlem?" said I. "Mine mynbeer, zay be herring," was his answer. I soon saw that in endeavoring to point at the word "Harlem," which was painted on the diligence, I had pointed at a dozen small casks on top of the coach, and that he, supposing I wished to know their contents, had kindly informed me they contained herrings. While I was in a sort of stupor, wondering what his answer could mean, he had walked off, and I was as much in the dark as ever.

The two diligences now started at a brisk trot, and I saw an end to my anticipated visit to Harlem, when a man emerged from the stage office, and, addressing me in very good English, asked where I wished to go. I told him, and, seizing me by the hand, he gave chase to one of the rapidly departing coaches, running at a rate which I had previously supposed utterly beyond a Dutchman's ability to run. We at length overtook the diligence, and, opening a door in the side, between the wheels, he handed me in, at the imminent risk of his own neck and mine. The driver saw us coming, and saw me get in, but, although he occasionally looked around to see how I progressed, he never slackened

his horses' speed, either to allow me to catch up or get in. There was but one other passenger, and he, to my joy, could speak English as well as I could.

I did not see any such weighty Dutchmen as Washington Irving describes as having once swayed the destinies of the Empire State; but all I met, looked precisely like the citizens of London, Paris, New York, and Boston. As far as the outward appearance of those I met by the way was concerned, I should not have supposed myself out of Massachusetts.

I pass over my long ride to Harlem. It was made very pleasant, by the descriptions of my fellow passenger, who was a native of Amsterdam, and knew every house on the road. Arrived at Harlem, the driver motioned to me to get out, and I found he had stopped before a hotel, where I suppose he thought I should be well taken care of. As I alighted from the coach, he astonished me, by articulating with surprising correctness, the pure English words, "Remember the coachman, sir!" For this specimen of my native language, I paid a suitable reward.

I went into the hotel, and inquired for the great organ, but no one understood my meaning, and, after patiently listening to me, they coolly walked away, without deigning an answer. I found no one here whom I could make understand me, and I visited two or three other hotels with no better success. There was a great fair in Harlem at this time, and the streets were full of stalls and people; indeed, there was as much bustle in the town as in the streets of London. I concluded that as a matter of course the largest organ in the world was in the largest church in Harlem, and so I bent my steps toward a great cathedral, fully convinced that in it was the object of my search. I could find no way to get into the church, and I should think I accosted fifty people, to inform me how I could see the great organ, but could make no one understand me, although I spoke in all the languages I knew, and in several I didn't know. I felt sure the organ was in that church, and I thought it outrageous, that I should have come to its very doors, and after all, not be able to enter, because I could make no one understand what I wanted. I walked up and down the sidewalk in no pleasant humor, for some fifteen minutes, when I espied in the distance a military officer, apparently of high rank, coming toward me, and I resolved to make one more desperate attempt, and if not successful, to give it up. I brushed the dust off my clothes, adjusted my hat, fixed my gold watch and chain in the most advantageous position, and, thus prepared, stepped up to the gentleman, and accosted him with, "Do you speak English, sir?" "Sprechen Sie Deutsch, mine Herr?" "Parlez vous Francais, monsieur?" "I speak English one very little," was his polite answer, and "one very little" I found it, too, for scarcely one word in ten could I understand. I asked him for the great organ, in every conceivable manner, but he seemed to form no idea of what I wanted, until at length I happened to say "music," when the truth seemed to flash upon him at once. "Oh! ah! yaw! yaw!" he exclaimed, "dee groote moosiek! Oh! ah! yaw! yaw!"

and taking my arm he hurried me through the streets for full half a mile, talking all the time like a chattering Frenchman. On the very outskirts of the town we entered a house, where, after waiting a short time, a handsome young gentleman joined us, and he taking one of my arms, and the officer the other, we walked back to the church again. We entered the church through a house, which seemed to be inhabited by an old lady and two plump, rosy young ladies. One of the young ladies accompanied us into the church, and the three, viz: the young lady, the officer, and the organist, (for such the handsome young man was,) managed to inform me that I must pay an English sovereign. As soon as I fully understood this great truth, I paid over the required sum, and the organist and officer disappeared, while the young lady took me by the hand, and leading me to the opposite part of the church, installed me into a seat, after which, she also disappeared.

I remained in the seat just one hour, during all of which time the organist played to me, and I had his music all to myself. It would be vain for me to attempt a description of the tones of the organ. They were the finest I had ever heard; but the tremendous power of the organ was what most astonished me. The organ case is over a hundred feet high, and the power of the instrument is as much beyond that of ordinary organs, as its size is superior. The organist played many fancy pieces, among them a battle piece and a thunder storm. I expected the thunder storm, for I had read descriptions by travelers who had visited this organ in times past. I had frequently before heard thunder imitated on organs, but it always required the aid of a strong imagination, to realize that it was meant for thunder. But here I was completely taken by surprise. The first was a representation of distant thunder, and it was so perfect, that I did not once think of the organ, but supposed a shower was really coming up, and I began to think what I should do for an umbrella. The thunder grew nearer and nearer, until at last a crash, which almost shook the massive pillars of the church, reverberated through the lofty arches, with tremendous power. Immediately after this peal, a perfect imitation of the sound produced by a violent shower upon the roof of a house, was heard, and then the thunder grew fainter and fainter, and the imitation storm changed to the imitation of the music of birds. The battle piece was also very fine, the imitation of horns, bugles, trumpets, cymbals, and drums, being produced in a manner which I cannot comprehend. The playing, however, was not of a character adapted to the organ. If I could have made him understand that I was an organist, perhaps he would have played a fugue or something of that kind; but as it was, he played altogether for popular ears.

After the hour had passed, the young lady appeared again, and led me into the organ loft. I found the organist in a most profuse perspiration, the reason of which I soon ascertained, for after I had examined the stops, &c., they placed me on the organ bench, as an intimation that I might play. So hard was the touch,

that I required all the muscular power I could command, to push down at once three keys with the right hand and two with the left. To play as he did, the organist must have had a giant's strength in his fingers. The black keys of this organ are made of the finest tortoise shell. The stops move sideways, instead of pulling out, as in common organs.

After I had finished my examination, the young lady brought me a copperplate engraving of the organ, which I purchased. She then handed me a card, which was in English, and stated that Mr. Somebody had a splendid collection of tulips, which he would be happy to show to Englishmen. (Harlem is a great place for tulips, and is somewhat famous in history, on account of them.) I protested that I did not want any tulips, but in spite of all my protestations, she took me by my coat collar, and beckoning to her sister to do likewise, they led me, (notwithstanding my vigorous resistance,) across the street, to—a hotel, the landlord of which spoke English. It is needless to say that I should not have resisted, had I known whither they wished to lead me. At the hotel, I got a first-rate dinner, and the landlord saw me safe on board the right diligence for Rotterdam, at which city I arrived after nightfall, after having resolved a thousand times, never to travel in another country without an interpreter. A more doleful day I never passed. When near Rotterdam, we passed a small garden, in which were some fifty people, enjoying themselves in various ways; not a very remarkable sight, for we had passed a multitude of these pleasure gardens in the course of the day; but on the flag-staff in this floated the stars and stripes of America. I make no pretension to romance, but the sight of that star-spangled banner sent a thrill of joy to every part of my body, and it seemed to me that all Holland together could not equal in beauty that small piece of bunting.

Jenny Lind has performed during the last season with a success wholly unprecedented. For the last six months, the London papers have overflowed with the most extravagant praises of her performances. Her engagement has now ended, and she has returned, probably, to her native land. Now the press has modified its tone with regard to her; and among our last papers we find the following, by the editor of a London paper:

"THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE.—The credulous mob, like a courser unaware of its own power, has been whipped and spurred by its rider, the press, into considering the 'Swedish Nightingale' the greatest among living actresses and singers. Meanwhile, Grisi, the gorgeous bird of song, and Rachel, the black-browed queen of night, neglected and forlorn, look on, amazed at the fatuity of their old admirers. And, in sober truth, can any one, in the candor of his heart, refrain from condemning the thoughtless madness of the crowd?"

A voice of middling quality, clear and brilliant in the medium, tolerably resonant, but by no means sure in the higher range, feeble in the lower range, and veiled throughout; an execution generally correct, sometimes surprising, but mostly attracting by purity of intonation; a style that, in the *adagio*, occasionally soars into the highest regions of expression, but in the *cabaletta*, rarely overleaps the bounds of correct mediocrity—that frequently, both in the *adagio* and in the *cabaletta*, travesties sentiment by excess, and offends

the polite ear by an obtrusion of lengthened trills and *sons-filles*; a method of acting that, in tragedy, never rises above common-place, in comedy is cold and ungenial, and in melo-drama is a dead flat of irreproachable insipidity; a deportment which smacks of the *lutiére*; a gesture that is awkward, monotonous, and angular; a bye-play that is chiefly enforced by unmeaning *acillades*, and nervous convulsions of the frame, signifying nothing; a face of little expression, and a person of no salient womanly charms; in short, a talent and a *physique*, that must be calmly judged as ordinary, and that chiefly pleases because it is new and youthful:—these units make up the sum of that inexplicable whole, which has enchanted the ear, taken captive the heart, and stultified the intelligence of two mighty nations—which has carved out a niche in the temple of history, where 'Allemayne and Britayne' shall stand, decked in the garb of Momus, with the super-adornments of Midas's ears and the cap and bells of modern ages!

Let our physiologists set their brains to work and explain this mystery. Albert Smith and Angus Reach—ye who compile the natural histories of snobs and bores, omitting to historify the most admirable specimens of either class—lay not down your quills until you have achieved the natural history of Swedish nightingales, and the physiology of mob credulity. Week after week, as we mend our pens and proceed to our hebdomadal task, our eyes are regaled with myriads of paragraphs, in which the doings, and undoings, and not-doings, and going-to-doings, of the 'nightingale,' are set forth with as much minuteness of detail and display of type, as though they were part and parcel of the Court Circular, and were of regal and reginal import. First we find that when she goes to Norwich, to extract a large sum of money from the pockets of the Norfolk choughs, the 'nightingale' will be housed at the residence of the bishop. Next we are informed, that, in company with the candid and magnificent Lablache, at the 'repeated solicitations' of her majesty, she pays a visit to the most august personage of this realm, at Osborne House, and comes back to London in time to play Amalia, in 'I Masnadieri,' the judiciously-damned opera of Verdi. Then we stumble upon Felix Farley, who affords us one more of his 'tit-bits' in the Bristol Journal, to this effect: "It is stated that Jenny Lind was offered £400 to sing at Sheffield, but she declined under £1000, as she has only one night disengaged during her stay in England, which expires at the latter end of September." Now, if this be true, is it not monstrous? and if it be untrue, what must be the indignation of Mr. Farley's *abonnes*—thus unblushingly gulled by a system of puffing which should be opposed by every man of judgment and candor?"

After giving two columns more of similar extracts, the editor continues:

"But we are tired of the subject. No one will accuse us of having received with coldness the claims of Madlle. Jenny Lind on her first appearance here. We were even studious to be kind, wishing rather to foster a youthful talent by encouragement, than to blight it by disdain. But when, after her striking failure in 'Norma,' a part she attempted at the most unwise suggestion of her friends, we find her admirers not only lauding her for greatness where they should have censured her for mediocrity, but instituting comparisons in her favor at the expense of Grisi, and even of Rachel, our patience is utterly exhausted, and we can but lift

up our hands in amazement and our voice in remonstrance. It remains to be seen how long this madness will endure. We give it until next season, between when and now the eyes of the provincials will be opened, and the fever of the metropolitans abated. Madlle. Jenny Lind will then fall into the position for which nature and art have qualified her—that of a clever and promising, but not of a great, much less of an extraordinary dramatic singer."

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH CHQIR.—NO. IV.

THE SPIRIT OF DIVINE WORSHIP.—The first idea which ought to be in our minds when we enter the house of God, is this, that God himself is present. If this simple notion were really in the mind, we should not see so much irreverence and carelessness in our churches as we do. When we go even to a cathedral, such as St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, what shocking scenes await our eyes, what profane sounds greet our ears. Men are continually walking up and down the nave and aisles, as if they were in a street, with their hats on, laughing and jesting, criticising the monuments, talking about their own private affairs, or the news of the day, and the like; and even in country churches, even in the commonest village church, we see the same spirit. Even on Sunday, the Lord's holy day, you may see men's hats and boy's caps placed upon the altar, and sticks and great-coats hung upon the railings of the most holy place; while the altar itself is left bare and uncovered, or, perhaps, worse than that, covered with rags and dirt. All this shows a lamentable ignorance of the great idea of God's presence in his holy temple, quite contrary to that of all the religious men of whom we ever read in ancient times.

But much more should this idea prevail in the mind—I mean the idea of God's presence—when men meet together for public worship, for in this case we have a merciful promise from our Lord himself, that where two or three are met together in his name, there is he in the midst of them. Now, I would stop to ask you, reader, Do you really think this? Very often it happens that men go to church late on purpose, or they go late by idleness, or if they do not go late, still, when they are there, they seem to behave with no more notion that God is present, than a horse or mule would, which have no understanding. How often you see the idle worshiper sauntering along, as though it were a good thing to have some of the service over before he gets into the church; how often, if he even gets there in time, you see him lingering at the door, and talking with any one whom he sees, rather than enter. And even if he should be in good time, yet how often he begins the service with a nod to this neighbor, or a smile to that neighbor, and if he can obtain an opportunity, he makes a remark on the weather, or on the crops, or on the last news from London; then, having got into his comfortable square pew, he looks about him, to see who is at church, or examines his cushions, to see that all is right, or draws his curtains, or arranges his books—but no prayer.

But let us go on. Service begins, and we come to the confession—the confession of our sins. Still he stands up, or perhaps he sits down, which is worse. Now, look at the priest; he kneels down, he asks of God forgiveness for his many errors and sins, his great unworthiness, and, at the same time, the sins and unworthiness of the congregation. But he says we—

'We have erred and strayed from thy ways,' and so on. Surely, then, the worshiper, when he says *this* to God, would kneel down too. He *would* do so, if he realized God's presence. But he does not; and so his mind goes wandering about to all sorts of things, and perhaps he is thinking about his appearance and his dress, or what he shall say about this matter to Mr. A. to-morrow, or Mr. B. about that matter next week. He does not think of God, who is before him, about him, and watching him; he has no notion of such a great truth as this—that God is present when men pray.

But let us go on. The psalms begin; we should say, surely the psalms will stir up this man's sluggish heart. But no; he hardly perceives whether it is a psalm or not. There seems no difference to him. A psalm is, in the right meaning of the word, *a thing sung*, from a Greek word, which signifies to *sing*. But in most churches, there is no apparent difference in the priest or minister when he is saying the prayers, when he is reading the lessons, or when he is singing the psalms. All are read in the same tone of voice—a sort of preaching throughout; and so, when he finds that a thing that is meant to be sung, is *read*, of course we must not wonder that a worshiper, such as the one we describe, perceives no difference, and so behaves no differently. But, suppose the psalms are sung; what then? Does he take part? Perhaps he does not know how. Perhaps he thinks it a nuisance, as keeping him a few minutes longer in church; and so he grows impatient, and wishes to have it all over. He takes no delight in it. He does not condescend even to open his lips. So that whether the psalms are sung, or whether they are not sung, we come to pretty nearly the same conclusion, and find the man whom we describe, careless all along as to what is going on in church. But, would it be so, if he realized the notion of God's presence? If he thought that God was waiting to hear his praises; that God would be pleased with his offering of glory, made with the best member that he had; if he thought that angels and archangels, in the heavenly choir, were desirous to join him in his voice of praise: would he *then* be mute, and cold, and dead? No! It comes, then, to the same point again. He has no notion of God's presence in His house of prayer.

And so we might go on, through the litany, the service for holy communion, and all the rest. Impatience, irreverence, coldness, slovenliness, inattention, improper postures of body, drowsiness, even laughing and jesting, rise up in a man's heart and defile it, just from the want of this idea—God's presence. Choirs in cathedrals, as well as choirs in village churches; men in surplices, with all the ceremony of our church in its highest sense, as well as farmers' laborers, meeting together as a choir, without any ceremony whatever—they all err equally on this simple ground. Would the choirs of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's rush out of the church, and leave it bare, immediately after the Nicene Creed, just because their singing part was over—if they thought they were leaving the *presence of God*? Would farmers and their laborers, and village boys, with clamping shoes, move about from one part of the church to another, and sometimes go out when the psalm was sung, if they had any idea that they were doing something irreverent in the *presence of God*? As it is now, there is hardly any church in our country, from one end of it to the other, where there seems any degree of command and self-restraint in the

character of the devotions performed. All seem to do just what they please; say what they like; sing what they like; kneel or sit; speak aloud or be silent; come in late or early; laugh or look grave—without any rule, and without any principle. Now, what should be done? The church's command should be obeyed—there is the rule; and the idea of the *great and everlasting God, as present in his temples* for divine worship, should be realized—there is the principle."

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"ORGANISTS AND CHURCH MUSIC.—Not very long ago, we read in the newspapers an account of a trial of skill between the candidates for the appointment of organist to a London church. We were informed that the mode adopted to test the abilities of the performers, was one of a more rigorous character than usual. They were required to play a fantasia from Bach, a chorus of Handel, an andante symphony of Hayden, and Luther's Hymn."

Now all this is very well in its way, and we are not going to question either the abilities of the candidates or the decision of the judges; it is quite right to see that a candidate understands the *organ*, and is not a mere piano-forte player. But as humble worshipers in the sanctuary of God, we may lament that many of the most essential qualifications for the office of organist seem to have been entirely lost sight of.

This remark applies, not to this election in particular, but to most of a similar kind; for, provided the candidate be what is called a *brilliant performer*, no other qualification seems to be thought needful; and this is one cause among many, why, in spite of the musical talent of very many organists, and the great advancement which the nation has lately made in the art of singing, we yet have to deplore the meagre, barbarous, flippant, and unchurchlike character of the music and singing in very many churches.

We cannot help thinking, that the candidates ought to have been called upon to show what they knew of English ecclesiastical music; and that Tallis, Farrant, and Orlando Gibbons, might have claimed to be heard in an English choir, as well as Handel, Hayden, or Bach. It will, perhaps, be said, that the man who could play the above-mentioned pieces, could play anything that need ever be introduced into divine worship, and so he could, *somehow*; but then the question comes, ought we not to demand yet something more of one who is to take an important part in the celebration of public worship? Is he a frequenter of the church, and a communicant at the holy table? Does he seek the office merely for the sake of the salary, and as a way of earning something upon Sundays? Has he ever studied church music, and does he seek the situation because it gives opportunities of cultivating it? Will he come to the performance of his duties with a devout spirit, seeking to set forth the glory of God, rather than to be admired for brilliant execution on the instrument? In fact, common sense shows that a man never excels in anything which he has not love and zeal for; and that whoever would hope to employ music as a worthy means of praising God, must add love and zeal for God's service to the mere knowledge of music.

One thing evidently needed for the advancement of church music, is, some provision for the proper *training and education of organists*; another is, a regular and efficient *system of examination* before a properly constituted tribunal; and a third is, the rendering the office *more honorable and more lucrative*, so that young men

who are inclined to devote themselves to church music, may not be obliged to get their bread by teaching school-girls the polka; and so that the organist of a metropolitan cathedral need not shuffle out of church before the sermon, to go and play at a parish church two miles off."

PUBLIC SCHOOL CELEBRATION.—The children in our public schools had a jubilee yesterday. The weather was delightful. There has not been a pleasanter day in a twelve-month, and all who participated in this very agreeable celebration enjoyed it to the full. Kane's Walk—a pleasant grove—was selected for the exercises; and at 3 o'clock it was thronged with the boys and girls from our nine public schools. They came on to the ground with flying banners, escorted by Capt. Cooke's band. They were dressed in their holiday garb, and made a very fine appearance.

After all were comfortably seated, they delighted the spectators with some fine music, under the direction of Messrs. Cone and Packard. We should like to have had all heard them who question the propriety of teaching music in our public schools. Their doubts would have flown away before the enchanting harmony which filled the grove.

Some interesting little essays, out of a great number handed in, were read by Mr. Cole, much to the delight and entertainment of the audience; and several pieces were recited by the pupils, in a manner which showed their own good taste and their teacher's diligence. We were particularly struck with the delivery of a piece on "national faith," by a boy belonging to school No. 8. The little fellow threw his whole soul into the eloquent composition, and in voice, emphasis, and gesture, so completely identified himself with the noble sentiments, that all idea of acting was forgotten. It was not acting, but reality; and we could not help feeling that such exercises were very appropriate training for an orator in this our free country. To save time, several of the schools waived their right to exhibit on the platform.

The children were appropriately addressed by the Hon. Mr. Burchard, of the assembly, and by Messrs. Haswell and Cole. The several speeches were listened to with marked attention and pleasure. The arrangements were perfected by the commissioners, who deserve the thanks of every friend of common schools for the interest which they have shown in the proper performance of the duties which their fellow citizens have imposed upon them. We were pleased to observe Gov. Young present.—*Albany Journal*, Oct. 6.

MOZART AND HIS STARLING.—In the very interesting "Life of Mozart," by Edward Holmes, mention is made of the purchase by the great musician of a starling, whose peculiar song so delighted Mozart, that he transcribed the notes into his journal, with the remark, "How pretty!" The anecdote derives additional interest, from a circumstance which the author does not mention, viz: the adoption by Mozart of the very notes of the bird's song in the first four measures of the last movement of his piano-forte concerto in G, with the single alteration of G flat, instead of G sharp. The concerto was written, according to Mozart's own list given by Mr. Holmes, in April, 1784—the purchase of the starling occurred in the following month. The mention of this trifling circumstance in the life of Mozart must be interesting.—*London Musical World*.



## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1847.

We suppose most teachers are now fully engaged with singing schools, and we suppose many are forced to complain of the little interest felt on the subject of music. If it were possible to make the community realize the advantages to be derived from a general cultivation of this art, there would not be such cause of complaint; but as it is, the teacher has not only to instruct, but he must also create the desire for instruction. It does not take much argument to convince persons of the desirableness of learning to read, because an ignorance of this art would subject a man to daily inconvenience and loss. No such inconvenience arises from ignorance of the art of singing; and until the community can be made to understand the advantages of a universal knowledge of music, the teacher will be obliged to endure the discouragement, which he can but feel when all around him manifest no interest in his work. Still the music teacher is engaged in a good work. The power of song was bestowed upon man for a noble end, and he who devotes his time to teaching this power, does the community good service.

We commend to the notice of our readers, to-day's extracts from the Parish Choir. There is a great lack of this respect for the house of God, on the part of choirs. If they could only realize that it is the house of God, and that God is indeed in his holy temple, the levity which is sometimes apparent in choir members would soon disappear. We would also call attention to the remarks on choir and congregational singing, from the *Zanesville Observer*. It seems to us it comes nearer the true idea, than any article we have yet seen.

Many of our subscribers, who are teachers, are necessarily absent from their places of residence at this season of the year. In some two or three instances we have received the notice from postmasters, required by law, that such an one's papers are not taken from the office, when it has seemed to us that there was no intention on the part of the subscriber to stop his paper. It would be well for those who are absent from home any length of time, to notify the postmaster to allow the papers to remain until called for.

We can furnish any number of back numbers of volume 2, having made provision to that effect at the commencement of the year.

**CONCERTS.**—Herz and Sivori have given several more concerts in New York, it is said, with great success. Among the rest, an operatic concert, at which the music of Mozart's opera, "Don Giovanni," was performed by New York artists, Herz and Sivori playing solos between the acts. Messrs. H. and S. were soon to visit New Haven, Hartford, and Boston.

The Havana Italian Opera Company, whose performances created so much enthusiasm in Boston last spring, having concluded their engagement at the opera house, gave concerts on five evenings of week before last, in the Tremont Temple. On Monday evening they performed the opera of "Norma;" on Tuesday evening, the opera of "La Sonnambula;" on Wednesday evening, the opera "Hernani;" on Thursday evening, "Linda de Chamonix;" on Friday evening, "Romeo and Juliet." They simply sang the music, without acting. This company consists of about a dozen solo singers, twenty chorus singers, and an or-

chestra of twenty-five or thirty members. The company was organized some three or four years ago, in Italy, by Signor Villarno, who pays to each a salary, and all the expenses, pocketing the profits or standing the loss himself. We understand he pays the solo singers \$4000 per annum, and the chorus \$1000 per annum, and that after deducting these enormous expenses, he clears more than \$100,000 per annum for himself. The object of the company was solely to perform in Havana; but the past season they made this tour to New York and Boston. The present week they sail for Havana. Last week they gave their farewell concert in New York, in the Tabernacle, having been unable to obtain a theatre for the purpose. The concert consisted of selections from all their most popular operas. We attended several of the concerts given in the Tremont Temple, being the first of their performances that we have heard. We were truly surprised at the excellence of their singing. It seems to us, we never heard better, even in Europe. We wish the teachers' class could have heard the chorus. It consisted of only six tenor, seven base, four treble, and three alto, but so powerful and melodious were the voices, and so perfectly were the tones delivered, that one could scarcely believe less than a hundred were singing. It shows what cultivation can do. In a common church, these twenty voices would fill the house better than the largest congregation we ever heard sing. The singing of the solo singers was almost beyond criticism. Truly the Italians do understand the management of the voice, if they understand nothing else.

Mr. Erben, of New York, has just finished a large three-banked organ, with thirty-seven stops. Week before last, Mr. King gave an organ concert at Mr. Erben's manufactory, the performances consisting almost exclusively of pieces played upon this organ. Among the rest, we noticed upon the programme, a concerto for the clarinet stop of the organ, consisting of three movements, adagio, andante, and allegro, played by Mr. King, and a duet, played by Messrs. King and Timm.

The New York Musical Institute are rehearsing Mendelssohn's new oratorio, "Elijah."

Oct. 13, a floral concert was given in the Tremont Temple, under Mr. J. C. Johnson. It is with much pleasure that we notice the favor with which such concerts are received in various parts of the country. We (the senior editor) hav' n't gumption enough to get up such a performance; but what we lack, in our humble opinion, our copartner makes up. We experience inexpressible emotions of pleasure and satisfaction in listening to the symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn, and feel our soul lifted to the very heavens by the almost superhuman compositions of Handel and Bach, and we verily believe we possess musical knowledge sufficient in some degree to appreciate such performances, but we never attended in our life, any performances, at which we could receive more unalloyed enjoyment, than at these floral concerts. The beautiful decorations, not the daubs of a scene painter, but nature's own handiwork, the beautiful and happy children, and the sweet though simple melodies, make sights and sounds, which to our eyes and ears cannot be surpassed or equalled by grown up children. The performance in question was called "The Indian Summer." The words were written and selected by Mr. J. expressly for the occasion, as was also the music.

The decorations consisted of young trees, upon which was the gorgeous foliage of autumn, dried grass of every variety, sheaves of wheat, rye, &c.; autumnal flowers, such as dahlias, &c., without number, arranged in bouquets, festoons, and wreaths; baskets of fruit, corn, &c.; stuffed birds and squirrels were perched upon the trees and flowers; and last, but not least, seven or eight beautiful and beautifully-dressed little girls were perched upon a moss-covered platform, half way up to the top of the organ, leaving one in serious doubt whether they were made of flesh and blood, or of wax. Altogether, it was a most lovely sight, to say nothing of sounds. A good deal of marching and counter-marching took place in the course of the performance. All the pieces followed each other in the most natural manner possible, without any direction, visible or invisible, being given to the children, Mr. J. keeping his place at the organ or piano the whole time. Toward the close of the performance, a fairy scene was introduced, in which much of the singing was by children stationed in the organ, (which happens to be admirably arranged for such performances,) sounding for all the world as if the voices were indeed fairies in mid air. A trumpeter also was stationed under the organ, from whence he occasionally sent forth spirit-stirring blasts. This concert was repeated on the 15th. Both performances were attended by full audiences.

Dempster gave his last concert in Boston Oct. 16.

For the Musical Gazette.

**Messrs. Editors.**—The abominable habit of making turns and passing notes in music at every convenient place, is one which seems to be acquired by imitation early in life, and which it takes a long time to eradicate. Some who claim to be good singers, are in the habit of marring every melody they attempt to sing, by continually putting in passing notes, appoggiaturas, and turns. To cultivated ears, nothing is more execrable. Especially when singing in chorus should all such faults be avoided, for every deviation from the written note produces a jar or discord. But in no instance is the habit displayed so palpably as with amateur flute players. The flute affords the widest range for such embellishments. When a *cracked flute player* is introduced into a choir, he takes particular pains to show off, by making all the runs and turns he can put in. The following specimen of the kind of performance of which I speak, will be recognized by some of your readers as no caricature:



**TEACHING.**—Teaching is an exceedingly difficult art. It is not enough that the director of a seminary is a full man—as Bacon uses the phrase; he must have the tact, otherwise his accomplishments, be they the richest, will comparatively go for nothing—so far as regards the communication of what he knows. Every teacher will have some excellent pupils, for there are children, and not a few, who like to learn, and, consequently, learn of their own accord—pupils who would make progress anywhere, and under any circumstances. Here it is that numbers who have done great things at school, have made no great figure afterward, while many who have been dunces there, have turned out shining men. Capacity is one thing, inclination another.



must be a high sense of religious responsibility felt by those who have the oversight of the flock. One of the many happy effects of a thorough reform, which might be named, would be the gathering around the church, and binding to it, the warm affections of the rising generation. An invaluable consideration, which would amply reward the labors and pains of the church officers. Shall it be done?

### "O COME, LET US SING UNTO THE LORD."

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord! let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation." This voice from heaven is heard every returning sabbath in thousands of congregations throughout our land. Wherever, amidst our smoky towns or quiet valleys, a spire is seen rising to heaven, this message is sent to the worshipers in God's house of prayer. But how little do thousands feel the power, the grandeur, and the beauty of this exhortation of love.

O come! but whence and whither? From the workshop of toil and the chamber of sickness, from the haunts of folly, the crowded street, or the solitary cottage in rural glens and valleys; from every nook and corner of this peopled and busy land, come into the presence of the King of kings! Come, from your homes of care to the house of mercy, from the dwelling of human pride to the footstool of the Most High. Children of a day, come into the presence of the everlasting God. Triflers of earth! come and adore your Maker, whose love upholds the infant that slumbers in its cradle, and whose power sustains the countless worlds of the starry sky. Come before Him, whom the angels worship with veiled faces, and fall low on your knees at His holy footstool. Come to the presence of the Saviour, who has bought you with His blood, and there sit, like Mary, at the feet of Jesus, and hearken to his words. Come from a world of sin, and your homes of sorrow, to meet with the God of Bethel; and learn with the holy patriarch, while you worship—This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

Oh come, let us sing unto the Lord. But who are they that should come? Every sabbath morning the angels might seem to be scattering the invitation far and wide, like the fresh dews of heaven, over our guilty land. Every rank, every age, and every character, sinners of every name, and they that fear the Lord, both small and great, are invited to holy worship. Children, from ten thousand happy homes, come, like Samuel, before the presence of God, and sing praise to Him who receives your hosannas, welcomes you to His arms, and blesses you with His tender love. Laborers and peasants, wearied with the toils of the week, come, and while your bodies enjoy the rest of the sabbath, refresh your souls with the hope of that better rest, which remaineth for the people of God. Artizans, leave your crowded workshops and smoky alleys, and come, with your hearts sprinkled from all worldly care, and your bodies washed with pure water, into the presence of Him who prepares for His people a better city for their eternal habitation. Poor slaves of pleasure, who are wearying yourselves for sinful vanities, come worship before Him who is the true and only source of life and happiness, and at whose right hand there are pleasures forevermore. Children of woe and sorrow, weary and heavy laden, come to Him who is waiting to be gracious, and willing and ready to refresh your souls with mercy and love. Servants

of God, both young and old, you that are setting out in the narrow way, and you that have long been traveling in the road to heaven, come with one consent; and while you remember the countless mercies of your God, let your songs arise, in your ten thousand assemblies, like sweet music before his throne. Captious disputers, weak in faith while you fancy yourselves to be strong, lay aside for a time your doubtful disputations; and while the songs of ten thousand congregations, worshipping with one voice, are rising before the throne, yield it the sweet attractions of christian fellowship, and mingle your songs with those of your brethren in one full tide of holy adoration. O come, and worship with us the God of heaven, the Father of mercies, the King of nations! He loves to inhabit the praises of Israel; while from north to south, and from east to west, throughout this favored land, one voice of holy and united thanksgiving is heard from His earthly temples, and mingles, in the very words of cherubim and seraphim, with their anthems above.

And why are we to come? That we may sing to the Lord, and heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation. Sing of his power who spake and the worlds were made, and all the host of heaven sprang at once into being. Think of that hour when the earth, with its hills and valleys, and the ocean, with its seas and islands, had their bounds appointed, and learn to share its holy gladness, "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Sing of His wisdom who gave their laws to the sun and moon, and the stars of night, who ordained the varying seasons, the flowers of spring, the fruits of autumn, and all the countless variety of creatures, through earth and sea; "who stretcheth forth the heavens, and layeth the foundations of the earth, and formeth the spirits of man within him." Sing of His bounty, who satisfies the desire of every living thing, and "giveth food to all flesh, because His mercies endure forever."

Leopold De Meyer arrived in London, Aug. 1, from America. He did not give concerts during his stay in England, but proceeded in the steamer of Aug. 13 for Hamburg, on his way to Vienna.—Thalberg, the pianist, spent several weeks in London during the summer, but refused all overtures to play in public.—The London Musical World says that Liszt is still at Constantinople, and has become quite the rage among the Turcomans. The sultan continues to load him with presents, and he is feted by all the great guns of the city of the crescent.—The Musical World says that Verdi's opera, "I Masnadieri" was a complete failure.

### POPULAR SACRED MUSIC.

THE following collections of sacred music, which are held in the highest estimation throughout the United States, and are used more than any others, are published by WILKINS, CARTER & CO., 11 Water street, Boston, and may be had of the booksellers generally.

1. THE BOSTON ACADEMY'S COLLECTION, edited by L. Mason. It is supposed that most choirs have this celebrated work, but additions are often wanted.
2. CARMINA SACRA, or Boston Collection; by L. Mason. This work is universally admired, and schools and choirs which have not already got it, will forego a great treat in not possessing it.
3. THE PSALTERY: by L. Mason and G. J. Webb. The Psalter is the latest work of these authors, and being worthy of all commendation, has received the sanction of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, and the Boston Academy of Music. It contains a large quantity of entirely new music, including a large number of fine tunes by Mr. Charles Zeller, and is recommended as a valuable addition to the first named work.
4. BOOK OF CHANTS, adapted to psalms and hymns, for congregational use. By L. Mason.
5. THE BOSTON ANTHEM BOOK, being a collection of the best anthems and other set pieces, for societies and choirs. By L. Mason.
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### THE SOCIAL GLEE BOOK.

THIS day published, The Social Glee Book, a selection of glee and part-songs, by distinguished German composers, never before published in this country, together with original pieces by WILLIAM MASON and SILAS A. BARCROFT. The music in this collection is of a rare and select character, the selections being chiefly the compositions of Mendelssohn, Kreutzer, F. Kueker, Weber, &c. Published by WILKINS, CARTER & CO., 16 Water street, Boston, and for sale by the booksellers generally.

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RECEIVED and for sale at the music warehouse of GEO. P. REED, 17 Tremont Row, Boston. Orders by post promptly attended to. Cincinnati Polka, Messemmer.  
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Les Petites Savans, Pond  
Assembly Quadrilles, No 1 and 2, Bud  
Blow, gentle gales, Quet, Boder  
Bird Waltzes, 4 hands, Chavilea  
Camp of Glory March, Peters  
Lucia di Lammermoor March, Flavio  
Wolf Sink Quickstep, C W S  
Brighton March, Simons  
Express Quickstep, Adams  
Lexington Artillery Quickstep, Ratal  
Fayette Waltz, Ratal  
Queen City Waltz, Messemmer  
Fortunia Waltz, Eckel  
Ravenna Waltz, Pond  
Gravill Waltz, Eckel  
Night, oh! the night for me, Peters  
Louisiana Belle, Murphy  
Little Wanderer, Tasso  
My last songs for the lassie, Jungman  
My father and my mother, my brother and sister, Pond  
May morning! the bird from its bough, Thomas  
Give me my early days again, Pond  
Good night, love, Thomas  
Auld Gray King, Glover  
Arouse thee, my lady love, Pond  
Apart from thee, Pond  
I have left my quiet home, Mrs. Norton  
Come to the woodlands, Pond  
You ask if I love you, Thomas  
Speak no ill, Pond  
Althea Waltz, Eckel  
Ten o'clock Waltz, Pond  
Georgetown Waltz, Peters  
Les Elementaires Variations, Pond  
Portulacae Waltz, Eckel  
La Gamine Etude, Pond  
Castnet Waltz, Cunningham  
Oilsade Waltz, Pond  
American Flag, guitar, Welland  
Coronetta Waltz, Pond  
Viola Melodie, Thalberg  
Lucia di Lammermoor Reminiscences, Liszt  
National Scotch Airs, No 4, Valentine  
Garland, No 1, Glover

### MUSIC BOOKS.

ALLING, SEYMOUR & CO., Nos. 10 and 12 Exchange street, Boston, N. Y., offer for sale the following musical works, viz: The Psalter, Carmina Sacra, The Modern Psalmist, The Boston Academy's Collection of Sacred Music, The Psalmist, The Choral, The Sacred Lyre, The Manhattan Collection, The Methodist Harmonist, Cantus Ecclesie, The Boston Anthem Book, The Handel and Haydn Collection, Taylor's Sacred Minstrel, The Vocalist, The Odessa, Kingley's Social Choir, The Boston Glee Book, The Boston Melodist, The Gentlemen's Glee Book, The American Glee Book, Twenty-one Madrigals, Glee, &c., The Lyrist, The Musical Class Book, The Primary School Song Book, The Boston School Song Book, The Juvenile Singing School, The Young Choir, The School Singer, Song Book of the Loudons, The American School Music Book, The Juvenile Choir, Edson's Vocal Guide, The Young Melodist, Flora's Festival, A Complete Method of Singing, Elements of Musical Articulation, Boston Academy's Manual of Vocal Music, Mason's Musical Exercises, Johnson's Instructions in Thorough Bass, The Vocal School, Turner's Vocal Guide, Calcott's Musical Grammar, Burrows's Thorough Bass Part, First Steps to Thorough Bass, A Dissertation on Musical Taste, Calk's Treatise on Harmony, Warner's Rudimental Lessons, Weber's Theory of Musical Composition.

### POPULAR SINGING BOOK.

THE PSALTERY: a collection of church music, consisting of psalms and hymn tunes, chants, and anthems; being one of the most complete music books for church choirs, congregations, and societies ever published. By Lowell Mason and Geo. J. Webb. Published under the sanction and approbation of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, and Boston Academy of Music.  
The music is principally new, either entirely original or arranged from writings of celebrated composers; the whole exhibiting a great diversity of style and expression. The variety of metres is very large, being expressly suited to the new hymns in modern books of psalm tunes. The harmony will be found to be natural and easy, yet dignified and devotional. The anthems (which are almost entirely new), are most suitable for the various occasions of public worship, as ordination, dedications, thanksgiving, &c.  
The work has besides, several new features, which will commend it especially to the singing master, the leader of the choir, and the congregational singer. The approval of the work by the Boston Academy of Music, and the Handel and Haydn Society, is considered an important circumstance, and cannot fail to create additional confidence in the merits of the work, and give it a general introduction into schools and churches.

Though this work has been comparatively but a short time before the public, it has become the most popular work of its kind, and is already in very general use in the New England, middle, and western states.

Teachers, and all others interested in music, are requested to examine the work.  
Published by WILKINS, CARTER & CO., No. 16 Water street, Boston.

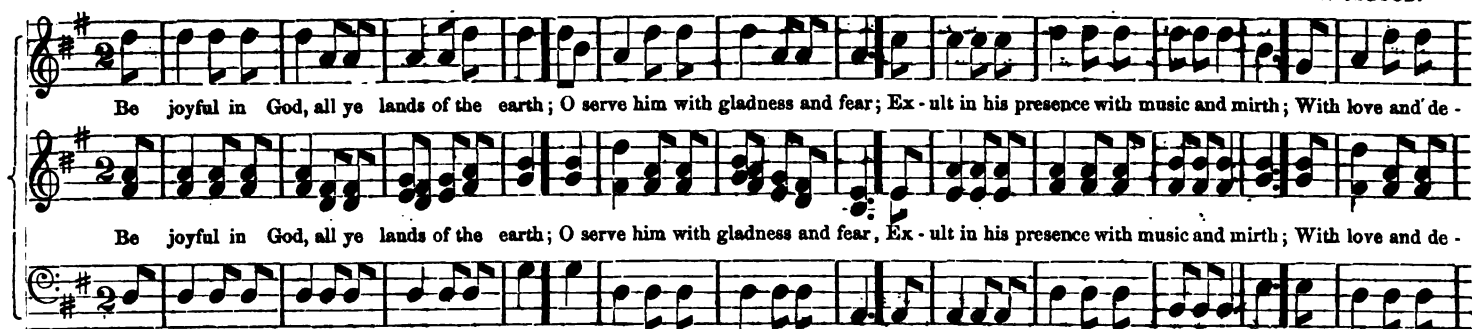
The very popular works, the Boston Academy's Collection, and Carmina Sacra, are published and for sale as above.

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ON the melodeon, seraphine, piano forte, organ, or any other key instrument. The work entitled "Instructions in Thorough Bass," by A. N. JOHNSON, is expressly designed to teach the method by which four or more parts can be played upon the above named instruments. Published by GEO. P. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston, and for sale by book and music dealers generally.

## THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.

J. OSGOOD.



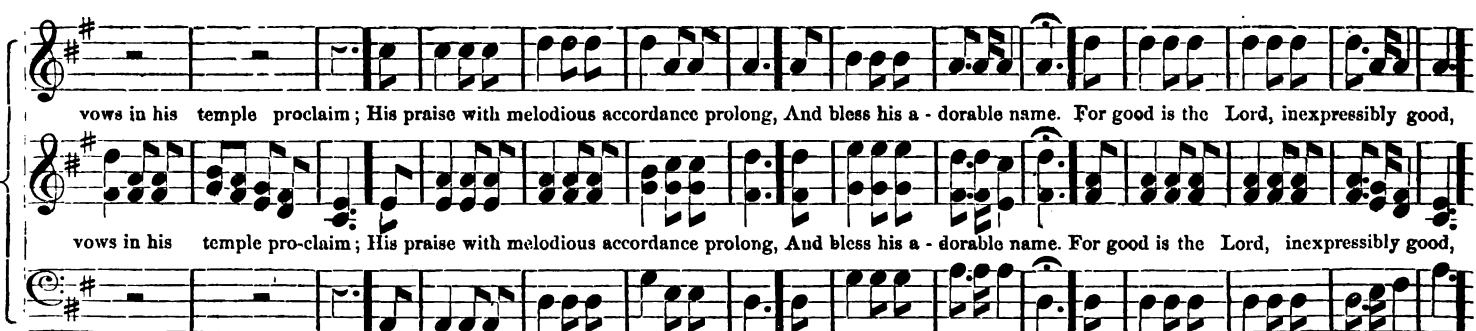
Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth; O serve him with gladness and fear; Ex - ult in his presence with music and mirth; With love and de -



votion draw near. The Lord, he is God, and Jehovah a - lone, Creator and Ruler o'er all; And we are his people, his sceptre we own; His sheep, and we



follow his call. O en - ter his gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in his temple proclaim, O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song, Your



vows in his temple proclaim; His praise with melodious accordance prolong, And bless his a - dorable name. For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,

## THANKSGIVING ANTHEM. (CONCLUDED.)

And we are the work of his hand; His mercy and truth from eternity stood, And shall to eternity stand. His mercy and truth from eternity stood, And

And we are the work of his hand; His mercy and truth from eternity stood, And shall to eternity stand. His mercy and truth from eternity stood, And

shall to e - ter-ni-ty stand. For good is the Lord, inex - pressibly good, And we are the work of his hand; His mercy and truth from eternity stood, His

shall to e - ter-ni-ty stand. For good is the Lord, inex - pressibly good, And we are the work of his hand; His mercy and truth from eternity stood, His

mercy and truth from eternity stood, And shall to e - ter-ni-ty stand; For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good, And we are the work of his hand;

mercy and truth from eternity stood, And shall to e - ter-ni-ty stand; For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good, And we are the work of his hand;

His mercy and truth, His mercy and truth, And shall to e - ter-ni-ty stand, To e - ter-ni-ty stand, To e - ter-ni-ty stand.

His mercy and truth, from eternity stood, And shall to e - ter-ni-ty, And shall to e - ter-ni-ty stand, To e - ter-ni-ty stand, To e - ter-ni-ty stand.

His mercy and truth from eternity stood,



# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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From the Phrenological Journal.

## THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

In nearly all the members of the family, a remarkable sameness, both of the phrenological and physiological organizations, characterize this family, which they inherit much more from their mother than father.

Their temperaments are exceedingly fine, and also excitable, being compounded of the vital and mental, the most active and fervid of any other. As great an extreme of these two conditions are rarely found. Hence that intensity of feeling and that pathos which they infuse into their music. Hence, also, that strength of lungs, and power of voice, which they put forth as occasion requires. Accordingly, all but two are round-faced and full-chested, as well as florid.

But the most interesting aspect in which this amiable and talented family can be viewed, is in the history of their ancestry, which will be found in the accompanying extract from "Hereditary Descent:"

"Judson, John, Asa, and Abby, are the four youngest out of the twelve now living, out of sixteen children of the Hutchinson family. Their maternal grandfather, by name Leavitt, lived in Mount Vernon, in New Hampshire, and was a builder by trade. He built many houses in Boston; but he most prided himself upon being the builder of many churches and meetinghouses in divers towns and villages in the state. He was a stout republican, zealous in the cause of his native land, and one of the firmest supporters of her liberty against the aggressions of the mother country. In character he was deeply religious, and, being possessed of great natural musical talent, was extremely fond of psalmody and church music. His two youngest daughters, Sarah and Mary, inherited from him this gift in a still more remarkable manner; and their singing in churches and meetinghouses was celebrated far and wide. Nothing could be more simple and primitive than the life they led; they spun and wove their own and the family clothes, practiced their songs over the wheel and loom, and on Sundays or meeting-days sang in the church or meetinghouse. Mary was very beautiful, and had many lovers; but Sarah had the finer voice, and her skill in church music was so great that she would take any part; and people came many miles to hear her sing. One day, when she was from home, she went to sing in a church at some distance, and being on a visit, was dressed somewhat differently to what she was when at home. Her father, however, happened to be at the same church, and was astonished by the beautiful voice of the singer, whom he saw, but did not recognize. 'Who is that,' he asked, turning to a neighbor, 'who sings so like an angel?' 'Do you not know your own daughter?' was the reply, which so much affected him that he could not help weeping.

Mary, also, when she was singing one day in a village choir, stole the heart of a young man from Mil-

ford, in the same state. This was Jesse Hutchinson, the son of a farmer, a very religious man, and a deacon of the presbyterian church. This youth, also, like her, had been from his boyhood remarkable for his musical talent.

She was then not sixteen; too young to be married, she said, and was hard to persuade. Her father, who thought very highly of the young man, who had borne a most excellent character, and who was come of so excellent a stock, pleaded for him; but she would not consent, and, leaving him in the parlor, she went to bed. He sat up alone all night in the room, and the next morning when she went in, there she found him. But she was still resolute; and he set off to Salem, thinking that time and absence might operate in his favor—and he was right. On his return, she was glad to see him, and, though still young, she consented to be married. These were the parents of the 'Hutchinson Family,' the 'good old-fashioned singers,' as the family song says, who still can 'make the air resound.'

On his son's marriage, old Deacon Hutchinson gave up his house and farm to the young couple, and retired to a small house near them; and Sarah, whose voice and character were like those of an angel, went with her sister to her new home. She was one of those gifted creatures who seem to be sent only to show how beautiful is youth, talent, and goodness, and who in departing leave a ray of glory behind them, ascending from earth to heaven. The children of the family who knew her, adored her; and those who were born after her death, from always having heard her spoken of, believed that they had known her.

Jesse Hutchinson and his young wife were among the first baptists in Milford, and were the introducers of their peculiar religious opinions into the neighborhood. They frequently opened a large barn as a meetinghouse, and endured no little persecution.

Sorrow, however, will enter, even in the most blessed of earthly houses. The angelic-minded Sarah died, and so did the eldest child, when only nine years old. This child, like all the rest of the family, had a wonderfully fine voice, and was remarkably beautiful.

Years went on; the elder children grew up to man's estate, and the place was too strait for them. The parents and younger children, therefore, removed to one of the valleys below, on the banks of the Souhegan river, to a place called Burnham Farm, and thenceforth the former family residence took the pleasant name of the Old Home Farm. At this new home, the two younger children, Asa and Abby, were born.

The father of the Hutchinsons has all his life been in principle a non-resistant, and has carried out his opinions so far into practice as never to sue a man for debt. He is an abolitionist, and a decided liberal in politics, and has, as might be expected, suffered greatly for the maintenance of his opinions. He is described, by those who know him, as a man of noble and independent character, full of kindness, and remarkable for hospitality, even in a country where hospitality is not so rare a virtue as with us. But the guests that he most warmly welcomes are the poor and friendless;

these he entertains bountifully, and then speeds on their way. From their mother, who likewise is a person of much boldness and decision of character, combined with great tenderness and affection, they learned singing as children; she had fine taste, as well as natural power; and afterwards the younger branches of the family were trained by two of the elder brothers, who devoted part of their time to this purpose."

Mark here, also, the confluence of musical genius in their parentage. Yet the British magazine does not, by any means, relate all those hereditary conditions which united to transmit to this gifted family their genius for music. Their maternal great-grandfather, William Hastings, was one of the first singers of his time. William Hastings had also an eminently musical wife, who, however, preferred psalm tunes, and was of a sad, melancholy cast of feeling, yet was at times all animation. This was the Hutchinsons' maternal great-grandmother. One of their daughters married into the Leavitt family, already cited for their musical genius. Here, then, was the union of the musical passion and talent of the Hastings and Leavitt families, in the production of the mother of this Hutchinson family.

## LOUISON AND HENRY;

A SHORT LOVE STORY, WITH SENSE IN IT.

Everybody has read ten thousand love stories, and found nine tenths of each perfectly similar to nine tenths of every other. Then I will give you the frame work, to be filled up with the usual soft speeches, kisses, and so forth.

In the eighth story of a tremendously high house, in the suburbs of Paris, sat a maiden, called Louison, twenty-four years old, busily writing. Her lamp and her fire were almost out, but she did not notice it. Having finished her writing, she mended the fire and the lamp, and soliloquized on the folly of many geniuses, in carrying out ideas which happen to strike them, without seeking advice, and comparing notes with old masters.

"But I wonder where he is," said she.

He was just coming up stairs. His name was Henri; thirty years old, pretty, and negligently dressed.

"What have I here!" cried he, holding up a massive manuscript. This was the text to some music he intended to compose. The words were first-rate, and the composition was to be something original and fine, which would certainly bring him in a handsome sum, and enable them to get married.

Louison doubted it, and wished to know his plan of composing.

He objected, on the ground that the thoughts of genius were too sacred to be meddled with.

She insisted.

He became angry.

She a little agitated.

At length he stormed out of the door with an eternal adieu. She sat down to writing very quietly, knowing that he would return the next day. Louison, however, heard nothing from him the next day, nor the next, and finally she received a letter, stating, that in order

to procure for himself uninterrupted study for six months, he had said something impudent to a minister, and been sentenced to the Bastille for that period.

Louison still doubted his success, in spite of his strenuous exertions, and in the meanwhile went on writing a book which she had prepared in the style the experience of many wise men had shown to be most successful and the best.

The day for performing Henri's music arrived, and he and Louison sat in an unnoticeable corner among the audience; he quite feverish, she with sad anticipations.

When the time to commence arrived, the orchestra entered without violins, and Henri explained that his music was something Ossianic, wherefore he had banished those cheerful instruments, giving tenor-violins and violoncellos all the principal parts. The audience were amazed and made curious by this strange arrangement of the orchestra, pleased with the first part, became tired of melancholy and monotony in the middle, and one voice soon exclaimed, "A Louis d'or for one E from a violin!" at which all laughed. The end was received in silence, and the hearers dispersed without noise.

Henri sat perfectly still, almost lifeless, until Louison inquired, "Shall we not go, my friend?" Starting, he declared his intention to go, not only out of the house, but out of the world. She, however, averred that she could not go home alone, and not only persuaded him to accompany her, but to walk in and partake of a frugal supper. That is, he did not eat, nor speak, for a while, until, in a number of remarks calculated for his consolation, she happened to say that this misfortune would do him good, and was in itself, on the whole, fortunate.

"How can such a thing have anything good about it?" cried Henri. "The work for which I separated myself from you for half a year, and stayed contentedly in the Bastille, has come to nothing! Fool that I was, to imagine I possessed talent!"

"You have talent, you have genius," mildly replied Louison. "I have new proofs of it, in many of the beautiful passages I have heard this evening. Only one fault has caused the failure, and of that I have already spoken. You gave yourself up to the workings of your own fantasies, without proving them. You were so interested, that you were aware of no monotony. Others had not this interest. If others had heard your piece beforehand, they would have told you of the deficiency. Avoid but that fault in future, and you are sure of success."

With a deep sigh—"Yes," said Henri, "the scales fall from my eyes at length. How could I overlook it? No violins all the way through—the same over and over for three quarters of an hour! I should have tired myself, had I been a mere auditor." Hope, that mighty magician, revived in his breast. The demons were laid; the storm was over; he began to eat.

A light knock, and, at Louison's summons, a friendly old man entered, inquiring for Henri. The latter dropped his fork, and struck himself on the forehead.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Louison, much alarmed.

"Oh, arrogant, thoughtless fool!" cried her lover; "can you forgive me? In the sure belief that my composition would yield me a handsome compensation, I sent to a church to have the priest ready, and

all things prepared for a marriage. The lamps are lighted, the priest at the altar, and I——"

Louison blushed and was silent for a moment; then rising, she took from a little drawer in her bureau a heavy roll of money, and, pointing at the same time to a newly-bound book on the table, said, with a gentle and very sweet voice, "The priest shall not wait in vain. Behold the recompense for a book I have written, of which the second edition has already appeared. It will secure us for a long time against want; and before it is spent, your next work will have been fortunate." Thus saying, she put on her shawl, and gave Henri her hand to depart.

"You have written a book, and it has been successful!" cried her wondering lover.

"Yes, my friend. You perceive how much one of small talents can accomplish, when those talents are strengthened by careful study of good masters, and those masters' maxims faithfully followed. What may you not accomplish, if you pursue the same course!"

"You are my guardian angel!" said the composer, deeply moved. "I will accept your present, for I know it can be repaid. From this time I shall work cheerfully, as a happy husband. I will play to you what I compose; and if you like it, I am sure the public will be satisfied. Let us go."

Wisdom is better than genius. Both united must succeed. One's own experience is a hard schoolmaster. Those who avail themselves of the experience of others, have the benefit of good instruction, unaccompanied by hard knocks.

E. G.

#### GENIUS WILL STUDY.

The favorite idea of a genius among us, is of one who never studies, or who studies nobody can tell when—at midnight, or at odd times and intervals—and now and then strikes out, at a heat, as the phrase is, some wonderful production. That is a character that has figured largely in the history of our literature, in the person of our Fieldings, our Savages, and our Steeles—"loose fellows about town," or loungers in the country, who slept in ale-houses and wrote in bar-rooms, who took up the pen as a magician's wand to supply their wants, and, when the pressure of necessity was relieved, resorted again to their carousals. Your real genius is an idle, irregular, vagabond sort of personage, who muses in the fields or dreams by the fireside, whose strong impulses—that is the cant of it—must needs hurry into wild irregularities, or foolish eccentricity; who abhors order, and can't bear restraint, and eschews all labor; such an one, for instance, as Newton, or Milton! What! they must have been irregular, else they were no geniuses.

"The young man," it is often said, "has genius enough, if he would only study." Now the truth is, as I shall take the liberty to state it, that genius will study; it is that in the mind which does study—that is the very nature of it. I care not to say that it will always use books. All study is not reading, any more than all reading is study. By study I mean—but let one of the noblest geniuses and hardest students of any age define it for me. "Study," says Cicero, "is the earnest and intense occupation of the mind applied to some subject, such as philosophy, poetry, geometry, or literature, with right good will." Such study, such intense mental action, and nothing else, is genius. And so far as there is any native predisposition about this

enviable character of mind, it is a predisposition to that action. That is the only test of original bias; and he who does not come to that point, though he may have shrewdness, and readiness, and parts, never had a genius. No need to waste regrets upon him, as that he never could be induced to give his attention to study, to anything; he never had that which he is supposed to have lost. For attention it is, though other qualities belong to this transcendent power—attention it is, that is the very soul of genius; not the fixed eye, not the poring over a book, but the fixed thought. It is, in fact, an action of the mind which is steadily concentrated upon one idea, or one series of ideas, which collects in one point the rays of the sun, till they search, penetrate, and fire the whole train of its thoughts. And while the fire burns within, the outward man may indeed be cold, indifferent, negligent—absent, in appearance; he may be an idler, or a wanderer, apparently without aim or intent—but still the fire burns within. And what though "it bursts forth," at length, as has been said, "like volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force?" It only shows the intenser action of the elements beneath. What though it breaks like lightning from a cloud? The electric fire that had been collecting in the firmament, through the might of genius, appears in one decisive blow, struck in some moment of high debate, or at the crisis of a nation's peril. That mighty energy, though it may have heaved in the breast of a Demosthenes, was once a feeble infant's thought. A mother's eye watched over its dawning. A father's guarded its early growth. It soon trod with youthful steps the halls of learning, and found other fathers to wake and watch for it. It went on; but silence was upon its path, and deep strugglings of the inward soul marked its progress, and the cherishing powers of nature silently ministered to it. The elements around breathed upon it, and "touched its fine issues." The golden ray of heaven fell upon it, and ripened its expanding faculties. The slow revolution of years slowly added to its collected treasures and energies; till, in its hour of glory, it stood forth embodied in the form of living, commanding, irresistible eloquence! The world wonders at the manifestation, and says, "Strange, strange that it should come thus unsought, unpremeditated, unprepared!" But the truth is, there is no more a miracle about it, than there is in the towering of the pre-eminent forest tree, or in the flowing of the mighty and irresistible river, or in the wealth and waving of the boundless harvest.

Youthful aspirants after intellectual eminence! forget, forget, I entreat you, banish forever the weak and senseless idea, that anything will serve your purpose, but study, intense, unwearied, absorbing study—Dewey.

PRETENSION.—Under ordinary circumstances, a person can show his good sense by taking the least possible notice of the pretensions of others. It is quite natural, but still unphilosophic, to take offence at pompous airs, an inflated abdomen, and a supercilious bow. The most genteel way is to laugh in one's sleeve at them, and to return haughty compliments with a deference too exaggerated to be respectful. Laughter is the prince of cures for human ills, especially when the malady is caused by the folly of others. Pretension, in general, is rather to be pitied than scolded about, and rather to be laughed at than either. Let it be dishonest, let your swollen nobody march through the streets a walking lie, a masked vulgarity, a gilded

meanness, a human effigy representing all that is false and contemptible—do not lose your temper. A cipher as big as a house is a plain zero after all.

But there are cases, in which pretension becomes a serious annoyance, where the *lie* is an injury to others as well as to its embodiment, and where it demands honest indignation and open contempt. A jackdaw, who borrows peacock's feathers, may be overlooked by birds more sensible than peacocks. An ass in a lion's skin will frighten nobody but sheep. But a crow, who uses the stolen talons of a hawk, is to be dealt with like a hawk by those who suffer from them. It is too late to plead a black plumage and a discordant caw, after the victim is struck.

But we drop the fable. A man, of any profession, who assumes titles, claims relationships, and professes achievements which have no reality, so that by such means he obtains an unfair advantage over other members of his profession, is an undoubted nuisance. Gulling the public by such means has almost ceased to be esteemed an offence against a good order. If the public chooses to be gulled, says everybody, let it be gulled. But as far as regards other struggling workers in the same field—be it music or medicine, law or gospel—it is to them a positive injury, a maleficent fraud, and as such deserves withering rebuke.—*Hartford Review*.

There are not wanting persons, who prefer their own experience to that of all others, however wise and great; and there are, we fear, many in this country who think we have ample materials for our own advancement, and that it is unnecessary to draw upon the old world for any of its stores of hoarded knowledge in our science. Such ones may wonder that we publish so many biographies, that we have respect for the opinions of European composers, and fill our pages, partly from the eastern hemisphere, partly from our own. The following "gems of advice" may interest, and serve as our defence: \*

"The very best way to instruct, is to bring examples to the support of precept. Thereby what is easily understood is also easily remembered; but if no example be given, the heart is not so much moved, neither is the thing remembered, and therefore an excellent thing is history. For whatever philosophy proclaims good and profitable to mankind, that history brings before the eyes, and makes evident and valuable. And if you think rightly of it, so from history and narratives have flown right acts, good advice, warning, threatening, fear, consolation, strength, instruction, wisdom, prudence, and so farther, as out of a living spring."—LUTHER.

"Among all portions of history, nothing is more instructive than biography. If anywhere we may find good advice, warning, &c., without pain to ourselves, it is in the lives of distinguished men. They were of the same stuff as we. We learn from their trials and successes, how varied fortunes are useful to man; what are the peculiar difficulties, what the facilities, of our age and generation; how much a man, by the diligent use of his faculties, can accomplish, even within a limited circle; how a strife with circumstances exercises the strength, and experience gives a right direction to its exertion; how honesty is always the best policy, and how well-meaning, well-doing men, although long unknown and unesteemed, are in the end most valued. These, and many other lessons, weighty and useful to us in our daily walk, are not imparted so readily

or copiously by philosophy or morals, as the honest and faithful histories of persons who have attained to distinction, especially when they are autobiographies. I, at least, never remember reading one without much benefit."—*J. G. Muller's Letters on the Study of the Sciences*.

"—and every one must choose a hero, With whom the toilsome way up high Olympus He sure may follow."—*Iphigenia II*.

"The noble dead live ever then, and near!  
The next-door neighbor, if thou never seest him,  
To thee's a spirit, and so must he rule thee.  
Then wouldst thou good advice, which at the hour  
No friend can give, incline thine ear  
To those immortal spirits, which e'en now  
Circle the world, and work, and for thy good  
Stand ever ready with their precious lore—  
Alone, and quiet listening, call to them:  
'What say you, Father Paul?' or, 'What advice  
Have you, Saint John?' and thou wilt hear  
The voices of the old world speak within thee,  
And Socrates may mingle in the speech,  
And many a wide-renowned and worthy sage;  
And in the sense in which their works were written,  
And with the wisdom which ruled wisdom spoken,  
They use thy tongue profoundest thoughts to utter,  
Or, in mild contest, in the hall of dreams,  
The truth goes stately forth from out the battle;  
Thou hearest, knowest, what thy wish had need.  
Then press their hands, those friendly ancient sages,  
And truly, if thou doest what they tell thee,  
Thy means are wisdom, and their end successful."

LEOPOLD SCHEFFER.

"Therefore, in study, as in other things, a strife for perfect originality, a marking out of an entirely new path, is entirely useless. It is not best that every one should go back to the beginning, but should avail himself of the aid offered by the experience of others; thus commencing his journey on advanced ground, at the end he will be much higher and farther than otherwise."—SCHEIDLER.

From the Albany Express.

#### PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTORY.

The manufacture of piano fortes is carried on more extensively in this city than half the people dream of, and the instruments made here are sent to all parts of the country, and enjoy a permanent popularity which keeps up a steady and increasing demand for them.

The establishment of Messrs. Boardman & Gray is a very large one, occupying, with their music ware rooms, Nos. 4 and 6 North Pearl street and 79 State street, three large three-story buildings, 125 feet front on Pearl, and 25 feet on State street. The establishment comprises ten rooms, eight of which are large ones; and yet there is no room to spare, the whole being needed for the accommodation of the workmen. The music ware rooms, two in number, are on the ground floor in Pearl street, and are very pleasant and commodious apartments, quite tastefully arranged. The rooms devoted to the manufacture are conveniently located in the two stories above.

Messrs. B. & G.'s facilities are such that they usually keep about thirty instruments in the course of construction, and turn out complete from three to five every week. They give constant employment to from twenty-eight to thirty hands, the majority of whom are skillful mechanics, bred to the trade, and all of whom

are temperate men. In addition to these, they run a steam engine, of three horse power, equal to ten more—making what is equivalent to forty hands. The engine—that invaluable servant of all work—and the machinery it drives, are located in a building erected by Messrs. B. & G., not included in the above-mentioned rooms.

This steam horse is a great worker. It drives one of Rogers's powerful planing machines, upright and cross-cut saws, drilling and boring machines, two lathes for action-work, and an ingeniously-contrived apparatus for winding the piano-forte strings. The steam is also employed, after it has performed its work below, in partially warming various rooms above, into which it is conveyed by pipes, and in heating and preparing the glue that is in constant requisition by the workmen.

The drying-room, in which all the stuff is thoroughly dried previous to being worked up in the instruments, is kept at a temperature of 190 degrees of heat. They have now on hand about 40,000 feet of various kinds of wood. The lumber used is seasoned two years before it is cut up and subjected to the fierce heat of the drying-room. These seasoning and drying processes enable Messrs. B. & G. to warrant their instruments to stand the extremes of every climate.

The grand action piano fortes manufactured at this establishment sustain a high reputation throughout the country, and are celebrated, wherever they are known and have been tried, for their superior tone and workmanship, high finish, fine action, durability, and, in short, for every good quality necessary to make perfect and valuable instruments. They are constructed with metallic frames, which render them durable, impart great power and brilliancy of tone, and materially lessen the labor and frequency of tuning. The instruments range from six to seven octaves, are made of various elegant patterns, some of which are beautifully moulded in the French style, and of black walnut, mahogany, and rosewood. They range in price from \$180 to \$250 without the metallic frame, and from \$250 to \$500 with it. They find their market in all parts of this state and the Union.

Yesterday they were packing up four of their best pianos for Galveston, Texas. The sale of their instruments is constantly on the increase, and the steady demand works them off as rapidly as they can manufacture them; a gratifying proof of their excellence and popularity. We are glad to find the workmanship and enterprise of any of our Albany manufacturers so well rewarded and judiciously appreciated, for it is the just due of industry, skill, and perseverance. Messrs. B. & G. have been constantly at work for eleven years in this city in their business; and this is the well-merited and well-deserved return the public are making, in the way of generous patronage.

On the 25th and 26th of July, a great musical festival was held in Ratisbon (Bavaria.) During the 24th, sixty music societies from different towns and cities, entered the town, with a great deal of ceremony. A great concert was given on the 25th. On the 26th, after a grand dinner, at which all the performers, and a multitude of others, sat down, a musical contest took place for prizes, which were awarded to the singing societies of Munich, Augsburg, and Landsbuter. The singers decided to hold the festival next year at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1847.

Messrs. Brainard & Mould are appointed agents for the Musical Gazette in Chicago, Ill.

The article on Ainsworth and his psalms, is from the pen of A. W. Thayer, Esq., librarian of Harvard University. Mr. T. possesses facilities for preparing articles of this kind, enjoyed by few others; and we are under particular obligations to him for the pains he has taken in preparing this and similar articles for our columns. It is well known that Harvard Library is the oldest and largest library in the country. It contains a large collection of old musical works, as well as copies of many modern works. Mr. Thayer is desirous of placing in the library a copy of every musical work that is published. Authors and publishers will confer a favor by sending to the library (at Cambridge) copies of their works.

The piece of music, entitled "Come if you dare," has words not exactly to our liking, but not having time to alter them, we give it just as it stands in the original.

The article, "Genius will study," should be read by all who consider themselves musical geniuses.

The article on "Pretension" is musically adapted to the meridian of every town and city with which we are acquainted.

We occasionally hear a complaint that papers are not regularly received. Nothing can exceed the promptness with which our worthy printers execute their task, or the carefulness with which the Gazette is directed and mailed. If it is not received, the fault lies with Uncle Samuel's post office.

We intended ere this to have forwarded bills to the few of our subscribers who have forgotten to pay this year's subscription, but have not had time to make them out. If those who are in arrears will take the trouble to forward the amount without waiting for a bill, they will confer upon us a very great favor.

We venture respectfully to suggest, that we cannot and will not stop papers at any other times than those named in our terms. Whoever neglects to stop their paper at those times, must suffer the infliction of receiving it another six months.

**NEW WORKS.**—*The Social Glee Book*, by William Mason and S. A. Bancroft.—The glees in this book are from the best sources, and they form a collection of a higher order than is usually found in glee books. Those who had a taste of their quality at the teachers' classes, will need no description of the kind of compositions with which the book is filled. See advertisement.

*The Literary Excelsior and Musical World*.—This is the title of a weekly paper, just started at Bellows Falls, Vermont, under the editorial charge of Mr. Moore, editor of the Bellows Falls Gazette, and, if we mistake not, former editor of the World of Music. The paper is devoted partly to articles on music, and partly to articles on literary subjects. The plan of the paper is excellent, and we wish it success with all our heart. The price is but \$1 per annum. To our mind there is nothing more to be desired for the benefit of the good cause of musical cultivation, than the circulation of such periodicals. The great fault of musicians is, that they do not read enough; indeed, do not read anything, comparatively, relating to their

art. Go into the study of a European professor of music, and you will find a large library of well-thumbed books, and a copy of every musical periodical published on the continent. In the studies of many of our music teachers, you'll not find books or periodicals enough relating to music, to fill a peck measure. Books, indeed, are not easily obtained in this country, but periodicals can in a measure supply the want. Let every one desirous of musical improvement add to the number of their musical periodicals the Literary Excelsior and Musical World.

We have received the first number of the Watchtower, a family newspaper, published at Newburyport, under the editorial charge of Rev. H. A. Woodman, former editor of a paper of the same name, published in Georgetown.

The Austrian society of the friends of music, in Vienna, possess a gallery of portraits of distinguished German musicians, all painted by the best masters. The gallery at present contains sixty-nine portraits and twelve busts of distinguished composers. The portraits are all four feet long, of the same form, and framed alike. Among the rest are the portraits of Mozart, Beethoven, Hayden, Gluck, Hummel, Martini, Schubert, &c.

**HARVEST IN GERMANY.**—Yesterday the first wagon load of this year's rye was brought into this city. Eighteen hundred school children received the wagon (which was beautifully decorated with flowers,) at the gate of the city, and accompanied it with music and loud songs of praise to God, amid the noise of all the bells in the town, to the square in front of the old palace. Here it was received by the assembled magistrates and ecclesiastical authorities, during which ceremony the children sung that magnificent choral, "*Nun danket alle Gott*," (Let all now thank God.) The day's festivities were concluded by services in all the churches, at which devout thanks were rendered to God, and rich contributions made for the poor. Thus has ended the long war against hunger and want, which has raged during the past year.—*Stutgard paper*.

**A HINT TO SINGERS.**—How mortifying the reflection to a composer of genius, that all his skill in imparting animation to his work is useless, unless the fire that glows there be transmitted to the soul of the artist by whom it is executed! The singer, who sees nothing but the notes of his part, can be but ill-prepared to catch the spirit of the composer, or impart a proper expression to what he sings, unless he is perfectly master of the sentiment and character of the piece he executes. We cannot convey to others the sense of what we read, unless we ourselves understand it; nor is it enough to hear a general conception of the force of the language in which we speak; our feeling in this respect must be comprehensive, intelligent, and active. The true singer will act in the same manner as if he were at one and the same time, poet, composer, and performer.—*ROUSSEAU*.

**"THOUGHTS ON MUSIC.**—Music is a language directed to the passions; but the rudest of these puts on a new nature, and becomes pleasing, in harmony; let me also add, that it awakens some passions which we do not perceive in ordinary life. The most elevated sensation of music arises from a confused perception of ideal or visionary beauty and rapture, which is sufficiently distinguishable to fire the imagination, but not

clear enough to become an object of knowledge. This shadowy beauty the mind attempts, with a languishing curiosity, to collect into a distinct object of view and comprehension, but it fades and escapes, like the dissolving ideas of a delightful dream, that are neither within the reach of memory, nor yet totally fled. The noblest charm of music, then, though real and affecting, seems too confused and fluid to be collected into a distinct idea."

## ORGANS IN LONDON.—NO. VI.

*St. Stephen, Coleman street.*—This organ was built by Avery, in 1775.

## CHOIR ORGAN.

- 1 Stop diapason
- 2 Flute
- 3 Principal
- 4 Fifteenth
- 5 Cromorne

- 6 Sesquialtra, 3 ranks
- 7 Mixture, 2 ranks
- 8 Trumpet
- 9 Clarion
- 10 Cornet, 5 ranks

## SWELL ORGAN.

## GREAT ORGAN.

- 1 Stop diapason
- 2 Open diapason
- 3 Principal
- 4 Twelfth
- 5 Fifteenth

- 1 Stop diapason
- 2 Open diapason
- 3 Principal
- 4 Hautboy
- 5 Trumpet
- 6 Cornet

*St. Margaret's, Westminster.*—This organ was built by Avery, in 1804, and since repaired by Bishop.

## CHOIR ORGAN.

- 1 Stop diapason
- 2 Dulciana
- 3 Flute
- 4 Principal
- 5 Fifteenth
- 6 Mixture
- 7 Cromorne

- 6 Fifteenth
- 7 Tierce
- 8 Sesquialtra
- 9 Mixture
- 10 Trumpet
- 11 Cornet, 2 ranks

## SWELL ORGAN.

## GREAT ORGAN.

- 1 Stop diapason
- 2 Open diapason
- 3 Principal
- 4 Nason or flute
- 5 Twelfth

- 1 Stop diapason
- 2 Open diapason
- 3 Principal
- 4 Hautboy
- 5 Trumpet
- 6 Cornet, 3 ranks

## AINSWORTH AND HIS PSALMS.

**MESSRS. EDITORS.**—In the small collection of works relating to, and illustrating, the history and progress of music, which is to be found in the library of Harvard College, are a few copies of the psalms by Henry Ainsworth. This being the collection of psalms and tunes, which was brought to this country by the puritans, and used by them until the introduction of printing and the publication of the "*Bay Psalm Book*," I cannot but think that an account of the author, and a description of his book, will prove acceptable to your readers.

Where and when Ainsworth was born, I have not been able to learn. As early as 1590, he was a distinguished leader among the Brownists, (as a portion of the puritans were called, who retired to Holland,) and about that period published a book against the established church of England, entitled "*Counter-Poyson*." He was a native of England, and probably retired to Holland in 1593—the period of the general banishment of the Brownists. It is certain that he was there in 1596, where he remained, with the exception of a visit or two to Ireland, till the time of his death. He lived at Amsterdam, where his external circumstances, like those of the puritan church in general, were very low. He is said to have been porter to a bookseller, who, having discovered his skill in the Hebrew language, made it known to his countrymen. Roger Williams

The subject of 'Congregational singing' versus 'Choir singing' engages at the present time much of the attention of our religious public: and we have parties ranged against each other upon this question.

Would it not be well to pause in this controversy and enquire whether both are not in the wrong?

One of the prominent <sup>arguments or</sup> objections urged against Choirs is that either the leader, or the choir members wholly or in part, are not professors of religion; and therefore the selection and the performance of their music is not under proper religious or devotional influence. But is not this objection pharisaical? By what right does a professing christian undertake to say he is holier than others; ~~so~~ that he cannot join with them in an act of praise, because he is not assured that their hearts are right before the Lord? "Let all the people praise thee" is the language of Scripture. By what right does any one of a worshipping assembly, wilfully divert his mind and thoughts ~~from the sentiment~~ from the sentiments of the Psalm or Hymn before him to cavil at the musical composition in which it may be expressed. At one moment the clergyman requests the congregation to "unite in prayer;" at another

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\* It is conceded that 'the Psalm' <sup>simply</sup> as recd from the ~~Puff-blower~~ ~~and wandering in their~~ ~~gossamer~~ do elevate the ~~the~~ feelings and awaken heavenly aspirations; and it is moreover acknowledged that there is a language in music which may be directed to the same end. If therefore these two sources of effort be combined, and a select company or choir of readers give out the psalm with the accompaniment of touching melody and thrilling harmony; and the tones of the noble organ <sup>purchase</sup> contribute ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ocean of sound, surely if a proper influence be not produced upon the mind of every hearer the fault lays with them; they cannot be in a proper frame of mind for ~~re~~ worshipers of the Most High. They do not appear to know that the soul is bound by the language of the psalmist to worship, whether it be in praise or prayer, or whether leading or being led by the voices of others.

to "unite in praise." If a congregation can unite in prayer without orally joining as in the Episcopal service, then does it not follow that it may unite in praise in the same manner? ~~But~~ If this argument be allowed to weigh so far as to exclude choirs, will it not, if carried to its full extent, confine the devotional services to church members only excluding all non-communicants? On the same principle upon which a professing Christian may refuse to unite in praise because the leader is a non-professor, ~~may he~~ <sup>may</sup> refuse if he doubts the piety of a professing precentor.

Another prominent objection to choirs is founded upon the introduction of new music. Give us <sup>only</sup> the good old tunes we learned in childhood, and which our fathers sang is the burden of requests on every side. Now this is a desire that cannot possibly be complied with: for the "good old tunes" of one generation are quite different from those considered old by another. The New England patriot of seventy years has no more right to consider his "good old tunes" as having more claim to consideration, than has the immigrant of the same <sup>or</sup> age to set up his remembered melodies as the only correct standard of church music. This desire to hear the good old tunes is a natural one, but one which will not bear very strict scrutiny in connection with the subject of church music: for our con-

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ggregations do not prefer to unite in the praise of God in the use of "Old <sup>Hindley</sup> ~~Plum~~ <sup>Plum</sup> or "Hickham," but in singing a psalm or hymn. One of the most strenuous advocates of Congregational singing, who is a professor of religion, and a music teacher of the highest reputation, wrote a few years since in a musical periodical, upon Organ Voluntaries as follows —

— "If music be understood and if it is felt to be something beyond mere science; if it be regarded as a language, or as a means of drawing out and reviving affections, and if during the performance of a voluntary we accustom ourselves to think not of the instrument or the performer, but of such things as ought under such circumstances to occupy our minds — if we can form the habit of abstracting ourselves from the mere music, and fixing our meditations on spiritual things we shall derive <sup>the</sup> advantage from it that it is designed to afford. But do not let the organist under such circumstances, interrupt our meditations or draw away our thoughts by playing an air or melody, old and familiar for the effect will most certainly be to cause us to listen to the tune and thus substitute the means for the end."

The majority of those in New England <sup>are louder in their</sup> who ~~work~~ <sup>are</sup> for the good old tunes are probably those who desire the Bellows and Holdorn style, which tunes are many

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> In the above quotation from the writings of one of the best authorities in this country we have the assertion that the introduction of a well known air into an organ voluntary will abstract the mind from its devotional purposes. This is undoubtedly correct, and if this be true in connection with some musical society, how much more ~~capably~~ <sup>and yet</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~theory~~ <sup>theory</sup> here assumed may be applied in the consideration of our vocal church music.



of them in imitation of the fugue style, and are  
 therefore difficult of execution except in connec-  
 tion with the texts with which the composer  
 associated them. This class of tunes <sup>as a general rule</sup> were <sup>used</sup>  
 in older times only with the words or hymns to  
 which they are set: and the name of <sup>such</sup> a tune would  
 not more certainly present <sup>the music</sup> it to the mind of a  
 singer than <sup>would</sup> a repetition of the first line of the  
 hymn set thereto. "The Lord descended from  
 above" brings "Majesty," to the mind of an old singer,  
 and "Majesty" whenever sung now, and to what-  
 ever hymn it may be applied by a choir, will  
 always suggest to such a person the old words  
 "The Lord descended from above." The old asso-  
 ciations will divert the mind from the psalm  
 or hymn which the choir may be singing to some  
 extent; just as the introduction of a well known  
 air or melody into a voluntary will interfere with  
 devotional feelings. It would be well for every  
 one to analyse the feelings which these old  
 tunes awaken, and ascertain whether it is not the  
 mere sound of the tune or melody which rides upon  
 the top wave of his emotions. It is true that  
 sometimes the emotions thus caused by the associations  
 of the old music may be in strict accordance with those  
 which the hymn being sung awakens; but this is  
 a happy coincidence which cannot be depended upon  
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says, (as quoted by Mr. Cotton, in his answer to Williams,) "Mr. Ainsworth himself (though a worthy instrument of God's praise,) live upon ninepence in the weeke with roots boyled, &c.," on which Cotton remarks, "Mr. Aynsworth's name is of best esteeme (without all exception) in that way, who refused communion with hearing in England. And if his people suffered him to live upon ninepence a weeke, with roots boyled, (as the examiner [Williams] told us,) surely either the people were growne to a very extreme, low estate, or else the growth of their godlinesse was growne to a very low ebb."

During the sad season of poverty, neglect, contempt, and reproach, which followed the removal of the Brownists to Holland—when the Dutch clergy looked upon them with jealousy, and their insignificance was their only protection—Ainsworth was by no means idle, since most of his works, abounding in proofs of extensive reading, deep research, great learning, and close application, were then written.

Soon after the removal to Amsterdam, the Brownists formed a church after the model of the New Testament, as they understood it, electing Mr. Francis Johnson pastor, and Mr. Ainsworth doctor or teacher. The church did not live long in peace, but fell into various dissensions and divisions; in the first of which, Ainsworth took the part of Johnson, but was so much grieved with the unnatural heats excited by the controversy, as to speak of laying down his office of teacher. Upon the third division which occurred, a second congregation was raised at Amsterdam, under the superintendence of Ainsworth. In all these controversies, though his enemies represent him as having been contentious, rigid, and severe, it is clear, from his writings and the testimony of those who best knew him, that the reverse was the fact.

The manner of his death, as related by Neal, was sudden and singular, and not without suspicion of violence. It is said, that, having found a diamond of great value in the streets of Amsterdam, he advertised it in print; and when the owner, who was a Jew, came to demand it, he offered him any acknowledgment he desired. Mr. Ainsworth, however, though poor, would accept nothing for giving up what he had no right to keep, and so requested only that the Jew would procure him a conference with some of the rabbins, upon the prophecies of the Old Testament relating to the Messiah, which was promised. The Jew, not having sufficient interest to obtain the interview, is thought to have caused him to be poisoned. Some writers doubt the truth of this account, and say that the parties met, when Ainsworth so confounded the Jews, that from spite and malice, they in this manner put him to death. This account is also doubted, because it is not mentioned by any of the editors of his posthumous writings. His death, however caused, happened about the close of 1622 or the beginning of 1623.

The editor of Ainsworth's annotations upon the Song of Solomon, who speaks of himself as one of "Ainsworth's charge," says of him: "Hee was of nature kinde, courteous, and affable; of disposition humble, meeke, loving, and peaceable; in judgment sound, modest, and judicious; in knowledge excellling most; as an able minister of the New Testament continuing a lightsome starre in God's right hand, where the Lord placed him; in speech, profitable and familiar; patient in bearing injuries, not opening his mouth to disgrace in the least, even in him that notoriously and untruly

slandered him; but clearing himselfe, commended his case to him that judgeth justly. Briefly, for personall qualification hee was a man of a thousand; yea, worthy the ranke of them that are preferred before ten thousand. In his ministry painfull and faithfull, as a workman that needeth not to bee ashamed," &c.

The famous Bishop Hall, who wrote against the Brownists, always speaks of him as the greatest man of their party, and refers to him as their doctor, their chief, their rabbi. He was unquestionably a man of profound learning, exquisitely versed in a knowledge of the scriptures, and deeply read in the Jewish rabbins. His works number some fourteen or fifteen distinct publications, replete with learning, and of a style which, though now antiquated, still is strong and indeed even elegant. Dr. Doddridge, speaking of his annotations on the five books of Moses and the Psalms, says: "Ainsworth on the Pentateuch, Psalms, and Solomon's Song, is a good book, full of very valuable Jewish learning, and his translation is, in many places, to be preferred to our own, especially on the Psalms."

It is very pleasant to imagine a man of such profound genius and learning, turning from the controversy and strife into which he was of necessity plunged, and spending a portion of his time in the preparation of a manual of psalmody for the use of the poor, persecuted and despised exiles with whom he was associated. His version of the Psalms seems to have been prepared and published about the year 1612, though the oldest copy I have met with is dated 1618. Of the three copies in the College library, one, a quarto volume of about one hundred pages, is dated 1618; another, a 12mo., 1644; and the other, a quarto also, is without date, but is bound with a volume of annotations printed, apparently, in 1622. The two quarto copies appear to be, however, fac similes, and are without title pages. The 12mo. copy is a volume of one hundred and seventy pages of psalms and music, six pages of preface, five pages of "David's Life and Acts," one hundred and seventy-five pages of annotations, and five pages of index. The title runs thus: "The Booke of Psalmes Englished both in prose and metre. With annotations, opening the words and sentences, by conference with other scriptures. By Henry Ainsworth. Ephes. 5: 18, 19—Be yee filled with the spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spirituall songs; singing and making melodie in your hearts to the Lord. Amsterdam: printed by Thomas Stafford, and are to be sold at his house at the signe of the flight of Brabant, upon the milk-market, over against the Deventer Wood-Market.—CICIOCXLIIV." [1644.]

In this copy the page is divided into two columns, the first containing the psalms in prose, and the other the metrical psalms and the tunes.\*

It will be seen by this specimen, that the tunes consist only of a melody, and that of a character not remarkably agreeable to modern ears; though, doubtless, to our forefathers they afforded high gratification. The tunes being but forty-eight or forty-nine in number, each psalm, printed without music, has such a distinction as the following: "Psalm II, sing this as the 18. Psalm;" "Psalm IV., sing this as the 1. Psalm," &c. The fifteenth is set to the familiar minor, Windsor, evidently taken from "The Whole Book of Psalmes," by Ravenscroft; thus: †

\* See A, on page 166.  
† See B, on page 168.

To the 100th Psalm, we have the ever-enduring Old Hundred, precisely as it is given in Sternhold and Hopkins. Most of the tunes are the same as those which John Playford published long after, arranged, or, as he says, "Compos'd in Three Parts, Cantus Medius and Bassus: in a more plain and Useful Method than hath been formerly published." My edition of Playford is the fifteenth, "corrected and amended," London, 1721. By which it appears that Ainsworth drew from a stock of tunes common in England, Holland, Germany, and, perhaps, France. The following\* is much like the tunes in the old collections of German psalms, many of them by the great Luther, and indeed it strikes me as being one of them:

Here are the 113th and 114th stanzas of the 119th Psalm:

113. Vayn cogitations them hate doe I:  
but thy law doe  
I love delightfully.  
114. Thou art my secret place and my bucklor:  
thy word I hope-  
fully have wayted for.

Ps. 146.—1. Halleluiah:

- My soul with praise do thou  
Jehovah ce-  
lebrate. I with praising  
will celebrate  
Jehovah my life th'row  
I whiles I am,  
Psalm to my God wil sing.  
3 In princes-bountifull trust doe not yee:  
in man's son, with  
whom no salvation is, &c.

Such poetry needs no remark, and yet by the puritan churches of New England it was used universally for many years after the settlement at Plymouth. And these tunes were used for a whole century; until no two churches could sing them alike, and the jargon became so overpowering that Mr. Walter, of Roxbury, prepared, in 1720, the first American singing book. By a somewhat careful comparison of Ainsworth, Sternhold and Hopkins, and certain Dutch, German, and French psalm books of ancient dates, with the Gregorian music in the old missals, I am inclined to the opinion that we must look to the Roman service as the source of our ancient psalmody. It seems the most natural thing in the world, that the Hussites, and others of the continental dissenters to the catholic church, should have carried with them into the wilds and mountain fastnesses to which they were driven, strains and *reminiscences* of the cathedral music which had been familiar to them from their earliest youth. The abundance of minors, the uncouth cadences, the odd and peculiar changes in the scales, written and sung without accidentals as they were—these, and other peculiarities, seem common to both; and arrangements of Ainsworth's melodies, it seems to me, would have much the same effect as do the arrangements of the Gregorian chant, when these latter have the old forms preserved. I do not, however, pretend to be competent to decide. The origin of our psalmody is obscure; the suggestion made above, may, however, be worth something. Yours, A. W. T.

\* See C, "Psalm 136," on page 168.



**PORTABLE MELODEON.**—We don't know when we have seen anything that has given us more pleasure than the instrument above named. It is a melodeon, standing on four legs, with a bellows blown by the foot, and is in all respects like a seraphine, except that the legs and pedals can be unshipped with perfect ease, and packed in a box, which box can be carried under the arm as easily as a violin case. Such an instrument has long been a desideratum for singing school teachers, and we predict for it a more extensive sale than ever musical instrument had yet. They are made in Buffalo, N. Y. The one we saw was a beautiful instrument, costing \$45, from the music store of Mr. Geo. A. Prince, in Buffalo. They are for sale in Boston by Mr. Geo. P. Reed, to whose music warehouse we cordially recommend our country friends wishing music or musical instruments of any kind.

Three sisters, named Bernard, from Sweden, have been giving concerts in Berlin with great success. The pieces which pleased most, were Swedish national airs.

For the Musical Gazette.

**MESSESS. EDITORS.**—"Modesty is a quality which highly adorns a woman;" so we used to read, when boys, at school. Suppose "musician" be inserted, instead of "woman," will the affirmation lose any of its truthfulness? The following authenticated anecdote well illustrates the meaning of "modesty:"

A man, well known in the literary and scientific world, and who had received some half a dozen titles from as many different colleges in this country and in Europe, sailed to South America for the recovery of his health. Applying for a passport, he gave his mere name, without *handle or spout*. A friend said to him, "Your name ought not to appear there so." "Well," he replied, "if ——— (pronouncing his own name,) will not carry me there, I'll stay here!"

**MESSESS. EDITORS,** it has become quite fashionable of late for musical men to hitch their names to the title "professor." (A man must have a little vanity to allow others to do it for him.) Will you please tell us what constitutes a "professor?" T.

**THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.**—This is the title of a neat quarto, published and edited by Messrs. A. N. & J. C. Johnson, of Boston, which has for its object the advancement of musical science among the people, and the proper education of teachers and choristers, through whom the masses must be reached. There is a sort of musical taste natural to all communities; but none can realize the full powers of the human voice in the production of pure, heart-stirring, soul-moving music, until it has been correctly and scientifically trained by competent teachers. Now we know one half of our choristers are the merest humbugs in the world, ignorant, almost, of the first principles of music; who have, however, the happy faculty of *braying* louder, and *reading* easier than those who enjoy the high privileges of being taught by them the "art of singing." Until a higher standard of musical knowledge is aimed at and attained by *teachers*, we need not expect the people to appreciate the high gift that God has bestowed upon them. That the Musical Gazette may be instrumental in working the musical reform, is, and ought to be, the wish of every lover of the noble science. We recommend this publication to the patronage of our readers and the musical community generally.—*Albany Advocate*.

**PATENT SUCTION BELLOW.**—The Buffalo Express announces a newly-invented kind of bellows, to be applied to a seraphine, melodeon, or other similar reed instrument. The peculiarity of the invention is said to consist in a bellows which *draws* in the air; being the reverse of an ordinary *blowing* bellows; and the tones thus obtained from the reeds are considered much superior to the tones where the wind is driven on the reeds from a forcing bellows.

**MUSICAL PUNNING.**—The New York Island City says of the editors of the Lynn News, that their *signature* is *two flats*. The News replies, that the *signature* of the editor of the Island City is that of a *natural*; and that if he succeeds when he tries to be *sharp*, it is *accidental*.

#### BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

**KIMBALL & BUTTERFIELD** are prepared to execute all kinds of Book, Job, Music, and Card Printing, at short notice, in a neat and desirable style, and at prices as low as good work can be done at. Orders addressed to A. N. Johnson, No. 71 Alston Place, Boston, will meet with prompt attention.

#### KINGSLEY'S NEW MUSIC BOOKS.

Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

THE attention of all interested in sacred and secular music, is invited to the musical works recently prepared by Prof. Kingsley, author of Social Choir, &c. Teachers can be furnished with single copies for examination at wholesale prices.

**KINGSLEY'S HARP OF DAVID**, a selection of sacred music, from the most distinguished composers, together with original pieces by the editor.

**KINGSLEY'S JUVENILE CHOIR**, a selection of juvenile music, intended for schools, academies, and families.

**KINGSLEY'S YOUNG LADIES' HARP**. This work is intended expressly for female voices, in one, two, and three parts, with piano accompaniment.

The above works are sold by booksellers generally throughout the United States.

#### TO TEACHERS.

TEACHERS of singing classes are undoubtedly often troubled to obtain suitable exercises and practical lessons for their schools, especially where the instruction is given in rooms where it is difficult to see a black-board. The "Musical Class Book," by A. N. JOHNSON, is expressly designed to meet this want. Two editions are published, one for adult, and one for juvenile schools. Published by GEO. P. REED, 17 Tremont Row, Boston, and for sale by book and music dealers generally.

#### CHURCH ORGAN FOR SALE.

A NEW and excellent-toned Church Organ will be sold on very advantageous terms, if applied for soon. It is on exhibition in a hall in this city. Price, six hundred dollars. Persons in want of an organ, would do well to examine this, as it is a very desirable instrument. Apply to M. O. NICHOLS, 388 Washington street. Boston, October 25, 1867.

#### REED ORGANS.

THE experiment of using Reed Organs for an accompaniment to church choir singing, has been fairly tried, by a good many churches in New England and elsewhere; and the subscribers feel the fullest confidence in recommending the article as a durable and efficient instrument. When he first introduced the principle of placing the reeds in the interior of the chest, many people expressed the opinion that the power of the tones produced by that arrangement was so great that the reeds would not prove durable. But experiment affords the proof, that in regard to keeping in tune they are *surpassing* even than almost any other instrument. For the changes in the temperature of the weather affect the reeds alike. Studious application to the matter of affording a pleasing variety of tone, and good dynamic effect, in his organs, has enabled him to succeed in producing such a combination of distinctive qualities of tones, as render them as desirable, to say the least, as any instruments to be found in the market which are afforded at prices corresponding. He invites the attention of such as desire to purchase or examine.

M. O. NICHOLS,  
388 Washington street, Boston.

#### PIANO FORTES.

**BOARDMAN & GRAY'S PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTORY AND MUSIC WAREHOUSES**, Nos. 4 and 6 North Pearl and 79 State street, Albany, under the "Old Elm Tree." The grand action piano fortes manufactured at this establishment have continued to sustain their former reputation, and have obtained a celebrity for their superiority in fullness of tone, elasticity of action, lightness of touch, and durability unsurpassed.

For the past eleven years, B. & G. have by their untiring efforts and constant perseverance, endeavored to manufacture such instruments, and such only, as were deserving public patronage, and thus, by securing for them the entire confidence of the community, were assured ultimately of success, in which they have not been disappointed. The rapid increase of our business and the constant demand for our piano fortes, warranted us in extending our premises by erecting an additional building, in which we have a steam engine, planing and other necessary machinery for manufacturing piano fortes, surpassing any other establishment in this city, which enables us to turn out from three to five instruments weekly.

Our metallic-frame piano fortes are decidedly a superior instrument, requiring much less tuning than those with the small plate. The demand for this class of instruments has increased some one hundred percent during the past two years. B. & G. continue as usual to manufacture a class of piano fortes without the metallic frame, which they sell at prices varying from 180 to 250 dollars; the metallic frame from 250 to 300 dollars, six and seven octaves, rosewood, black walnut, and mahogany, with or without the adding dash of the newest patterns. All of which are warranted equal to any in the Union; should they prove otherwise, they can be returned, and the purchase money, with expenses of transportation, &c., will be promptly refunded.

#### NEW MUSIC.

JUST published and for sale by GEO. P. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston.

My heart will be broken for Erin, Crouch  
O rest in the Lord—From Elijah  
Is not his word like fire—From Elijah  
For the mountain shall depart—From Elijah  
Lift thine eyes—From Elijah  
Heaven benignant, duet, from Il Bravo, Mercadante  
Yeager Quickstep, four hands, Lumbry  
Sleeping I dreamed, love, quartet, Wallace  
Old Ball, quartet, Russell  
State Fencibles' Quickstep, Dodworth  
Lancaster Quickstep, Cogle  
Grand Triumphal March, La Hache  
Grand March D, Danneberg  
Contrabass Quickstep, Schuyler  
Churubus Grand March, Beckel  
California Quickstep  
Rough and Ready Quickstep  
La Serenade Variations, Huxton  
Gen Scott's Victory Quickstep, Brother  
You and I, Peters  
I cannot forget thee, Peters  
Do you remember, Biene  
Come, join the song, Till  
Oh thou for whom my bosom burns—Ernst—Verdi  
Oh, dost thou remember, Peters  
Ernst, rescue me, Verdi  
From her mother once went a maiden  
Dream, guitar, Meiguen  
My home, my happy home, guitar, Meiguen  
Farewell to my fatherland, guitar, Meiguen  
Playmate Butler  
Oh, lullaby Fanny, let me in  
Come, twine fresh roses in my hair, Buck  
To the queen of my heart, Fry  
Unfurl our glorious banner, Heaves  
Union Folks F, Buck  
Mexicans' Lancers' Quickstep  
President's Waltz, Newland  
Valse de L'Esperance, Brieter  
Benedictin Capill Waltz, Mayer  
Perla Waltz, Brieter  
Philadelphia Redowa Waltz, Danneberg  
Pascagnola Waltz, Unger  
El Indiana, Raffalla  
El Habanero, Raffalla  
Astoria Waltz, Smith  
Chorus Street Promenade Waltz, Walsh  
Ridotto Waltz, Brockett  
Farmer sat in his easy chair, Lull  
Ah, with rapture my heart is beating, Doucress  
School Queen, Gunter  
Flowers of Tyrol, Falme  
Gendola, Peters  
Lament of the Blind Orphan Girl, Bradbury  
Lilla Love, Peters  
Verbano Caro Trio, Bellini  
Oh, in che calma adora, Verdi  
Senti il core amato bene, Donizetti  
Per sua madre ando una figlia, Donizetti  
La Morte in tutto questo, Donizetti  
Cielo di Grazia Duetto, Mercadante  
Air from Sonnambulist, Lemoine  
Jovial Dance Galop  
Valentine Polka, Rudolph  
Summit Polka  
Souspirer de Paris Polka, Strauss  
Ma Bursches Polka, Burgmuller  
Mary Ann Polka, Cramer  
A Set of Quadrilles, guitar, Caspary  
Mary's Dream Waltz, Viereck  
Premier Amour Waltz, Jarvis  
Palo Alto Quickstep, Danneberg

#### THE SOCIAL GLEE BOOK.

THIS day published, The Social Glee Book, a selection of glee and part-songs, by distinguished German composers, never before published in this country, together with original pieces by WILLIAM MASON and SILAS A. WILKINS. The music in this collection is of a rare and select character, the selections being chiefly the compositions of Mendelssohn, Kreutzer, F. Kueker, Weber, &c. Published by WILKINS, CARTER & CO., 16 Water street, Boston, and for sale by the booksellers generally.

#### POPULAR SINGING BOOK.

THE PSALTERY; a collection of church music, consisting of psalms and hymns, and anthems; being one of the most complete music books for church choirs, congregations, and societies, ever published. By Lowell Mason and Geo. J. Webb. Published under the sanction and approbation of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, and Boston Academy of Music.

The music is principally new, either entirely original or arranged from the remains of celebrated composers; the whole exhibiting a great diversity of style and expression. The variety of metres is very large, being expressly suited to the new hymns in modern books of psalmody. The harmony will be found to be natural and easy, yet dignified and devotional. The anthems (which are almost entirely new,) are mostly suitable for the various occasions of public worship, as ordinations, dedications, thanksgiving, &c.

The work has besides several new features, which will commend it especially to the singing master, the leader of the choir, and the congregational singer. The approval of the work by the Boston Academy of Music, and the Handel and Haydn Society, is considered an important circumstance, and cannot fail to create additional confidence in the merits of the work, and give it a general introduction into schools and churches.

Though this work has been comparatively but a short time before the public, it has become the most popular work of its kind, and is already in very general use in the New England, middle, and western states.

Teachers, and all others interested in music, are requested to examine the work.

Published by WILKINS, CARTER & CO., No. 16 Water street, Boston.

The very popular works, the Boston Academy's Collection, and Carmina Sacra, are published and for sale as above.

#### TO PLAY CHURCH MUSIC

ON the melodeon, seraphine, piano forte, organ, or any other keyed instrument. The work entitled "Instructions in Thorough Bass," by A. N. JOHNSON, is expressly designed to teach the method by which four or more parts can be played upon the above named instruments. Published by GEO. P. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston, and for sale by book and music dealers generally.

## COME IF YOU DARE.

PURCELL.

*From the opera of "King Arthur."*

Come, if you dare, our trum - pets sound; Come, if you dare, the foes re - bound. We come, we come, we come, we come, says the

double, double, double, beat of the thun - d'ring drum. Now they charge on a - main; Now they rally a - gain; The Gods from a -

bove the mad la - bor be - hold, And pity mankind that will per - ish for gold, And pity mankind that will per - ish for

gold. The faint - ing Sax - ons quit their ground; Their trum - pets languish in the sound; They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly, Vic -



## COME IF YOU DARE. (CONCLUDED.)

to - ria, Vic - to - ria, the bold Britons cry. Now the vic - to - ry's won, To the plunder we run; Then re - turn to our

to - ria, Vic - to - ria, the bold Britons cry. Now the vic - to - ry's won, To the plunder we run; Then re - turn to our

lasses like for - tu - nate traders, Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd invaders, Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd in - vad-ers.

lasses like for - tu - nate traders, Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd invaders, Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd in - vad-ers.

## PSALM I.\*

A

## PSALM 1.

O blessed is the man  
that doeth not walk in  
the counsel of the wick-  
ed; nor stand in the way  
of sinners; nor sit in the  
seat of the scornful.

O blessed man, that doth not in the wicked's counsel walk: nor stand in sinners way; nor sit in seat of scornful folk.

2. But hath his de-  
light in the law of Je-  
hovah: and in his law  
doeth meditate day and  
night.

2. But setteth in Jehovah's law, his pleasurefull delight: and in his law doth meditate, by day and eke by night.

B

Je - ho - vah, who shall so - jour - ner in thy pa - vil - ion bee: who shall a dweller be, within thy mount of sanctitie?

C

## PSALM 136.

[Key of F, first note do.]

Confess Jehovah thankfully, for he is good: for his mercy con - tin - u - eth for - ev - er. 2. To God of Gods confess doe

ye: because his bountifull mercee con - tin - u - eth for - ev - er. 3. Unto the Lord of Lords confess, because his merciful - kind -

nes con - tin - u - eth for - ev - er. 4. To him that doth himself only things wondrous great: for his mercy con - tin - u - eth for - ev - er.

\* See article headed "Ainsworth and his Psalms," on page 164.

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

Vol. 2.

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No. 22.

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A. M. & J. C. JOHNSON, editors and proprietors, No. 7 Allston Place.

Kimball & Butterfield, Printers.

## JENNY LIND, THE SWEDISH SINGER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.

Jenny Lind made her first appearance at Copenhagen, as Alice in "Robert le diable;" it was like a new revelation in the realms of art—the youthfully fresh voice forced itself into every heart; here reigned truth and nature; everything was full of meaning and intelligence. At one concert, Jenny Lind sang her Swedish songs. There was something so peculiar in this, so bewitching, people thought nothing about the concert room; the popular melodies uttered by a being so purely feminine, and bearing the universal stamp of genius, exercised their omnipotent sway—the whole of Copenhagen was in raptures. Jenny Lind was the first singer to whom the Danish students gave a serenade; torches blazed around the hospitable villa where the serenade was given; she expressed her thanks by again singing some Swedish songs, and I then saw her hasten into the darkest corner and weep for emotion.

"Yes, yes," said she, "I will exert myself; I will endeavor, I will be better qualified than I am when I again come to Copenhagen."

On the stage, she was the great artiste, who rose above all around her; at home, in her own chamber, a sensitive young girl, with all the humility and piety of a child.

Her appearance in Copenhagen made an epoch in the history of our opera; it showed me art in its sanctity—I had beheld one of its vestals. She journeyed back to Stockholm, and from there Frederika Bremer wrote to me, "With regard to Jenny Lind as a singer, we are both of us perfectly agreed; she stands as high as any artist of our time can stand; but as yet you do not know her in her full greatness. Speak to her about her art, and you will wonder at the expansion of her mind, and will see her countenance beaming with inspiration. Converse then with her of God, and of the holiness of religion, and you will see tears in those innocent eyes; she is great as an artist, but she is still greater in her pure human existence!"

In the following year I was in Berlin; the conversation with Meyerbeer turned upon Jenny Lind; he had heard her sing the Swedish songs, and was transported by them.

"But how does she act?" asked he.

I spoke in raptures of her acting, and gave him at the same time some idea of her representation of "Alice." He said to me that perhaps it might be possible for him to determine her to come to Berlin.

It is sufficiently well known that she made her appearance there, threw every one into astonishment and delight, and won for herself in Germany a European name. Last autumn she came again to Copenhagen, and the enthusiasm was incredible; the glory of renowned genius perceptible to every one. People bivouacked regularly before the theatre, to obtain a

ticket. Jenny Lind appeared still greater than ever in her art, because they had an opportunity of seeing her in many and such extremely different parts.—Her "Norma" is plastic; every attitude might serve as the most beautiful model to a sculptor, and yet people felt that these were the inspiration of the moment, and had not been studied before the glass; "Norma" is no raving Italian; she is the suffering, sorrowing woman—the woman possessed of a heart to sacrifice herself for an unfortunate rival—the woman to whom, in the violence of the moment, the thought may suggest itself of murdering the children of a faithless lover, but who is immediately disarmed when she gazes into the eyes of the innocent ones.

"Norma, thou holy priestess," sings the chorus, and Jenny Lind has comprehended and shows to us this holy priestess in the aria, "Casta diva." In Copenhagen she sang all her parts in Swedish, and the other singers sang theirs in Danish, and the two kindred languages mingled very beautifully together; there was no jarring; even in the "Daughter of the Regiment," where there is a deal of dialogue, the Swedish had something agreeable—and what acting! nay, the word itself is a contradiction—it was nature; anything as true never before appeared on the stage. She shows us perfectly the true child of nature grown up in the camp, but an inborn nobility pervades every movement. The "Daughter of the Regiment" and the "Somnambule" are certainly Jenny Lind's most unsurpassable parts; no second can take their places in these beside her. People laugh—they cry; it does them as much good as going to church; they become better for it. People feel that God is in art; and where God stands before us face to face, there is a holy church.

"There will not in a whole century," said Mendelssohn, speaking to me of Jenny Lind, "be born another being so gifted as she;" and his words expressed my full conviction; one feels, as she makes her appearance on the stage, that she is a pure vessel, from which a holy draught will be presented to us.

There is not anything which can lessen the impression which Jenny Lind's greatness on the stage makes, except her own personal character at home. An intelligent and child-like disposition exercises here its astonishing power; she is happy; belonging, as it were, no longer to the world, a peaceful, quiet home is the object of her thoughts—and yet she loves art with her whole soul, and feels her vocation in it. A noble, pious disposition like hers cannot be spoiled by homage. On one occasion only did I hear her express her joy in her talent and her self consciousness. It was during her last residence in Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared either at the opera or at concerts; every hour was in requisition. She heard of a society, the object of which was to assist unfortunate children, and to take them out of the hands of their parents, by whom they were misused, and compelled either to beg or steal, and to place them in other and better circumstances. Benevolent people subscribed annually a small sum each for their support; nevertheless, the means for this excellent purpose were small.

"But have I not still a disengaged evening?" said she; "let me have a night's performance for the benefit of these poor children; but we will have double prices!"

Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds; when she was informed of this, and that by this means a number of poor children would be benefited for several years, her countenance beamed, and the tears filled her eyes.

"It is however beautiful," said she, "that I can sing so!"

I value her with the whole feeling of a brother, and I regard myself as happy that I know and understand such a spirit. God gives to her that peace, that quiet happiness, which she wishes for herself! Through Jenny Lind I first became sensible of the holiness there is in art; through her I learned that one must forget one's self in the service of the Supreme. No books, no men have had a better or a more ennobling influence on me as the poet, than Jenny Lind, and I therefore have spoken of her so long and so warmly here.

## THE INDUCTIVE SYSTEM.

Much has been said, speechified, and written, about this system, and yet it seems to be but very imperfectly understood. No way, however, seems to remain for its better comprehension, but to continue to write, talk, and lecture, until, by one way or another, the truth finds entrance into every mind. It has been said it is very difficult to give a definition of the system. We should judge so, by the numerous curious attempts which have been made to exemplify its doctrines and principles. The truth seems to be, that no short definition has compass enough to contain a full description. In the course of a page or two, one might succeed in giving readers a pretty good idea of it, and in a somewhat extended treatise might make it perfectly evident. We do not "callate" to do this, but merely to give several illustrations, which may be some aid in understanding or explaining the subject.

The inductive, or Pestalozzian system, can be applied to all sciences, and is now gradually usurping the place of older methods, much to the relief of the skin and bones of innocents, but whilom suffering, childhood. We well remember its first application in our own instance. After several years spent in acquiring learning by "cutaneous absorption," we were one day sweating over a parsing lesson, and came to a sentence which we could not grammaticise, "no how." A larger boy, who officiated as monitor, gave some simple maxim, by which the difficulty was at once cleared away. The idea of a teacher "helping a fellow" out of such a dilemma, was so astounding, that his rule was remembered through all our school years, and was of material assistance to us.

Let us suppose three persons, equally kind and equally disposed to teach rapidly and thoroughly, to have the task of imparting knowledge respecting some simple subject. Suppose they wish to make the use and structure of an orange familiar to their pupils.

The first teacher belongs to what we will call the "pulsive" school.

"Class in natural history, come and recite."

Six girls and boys unstiffen their pent-up limbs, and march forward on tiptoe to the reciting bench, giving tired nature a little relief on the way by means of various hair pullings, elbow jostlings, and knee kickings, perpetrated while the master is looking another way. They range themselves in wooden row.

"Shut your books. James, what is the lesson for to-day?"

"An orange, sir."

"The orange it is, in the book. The next, what is the first subject of contemplation with respect to an orange?"

"The—the skin."

"No; the next."

"The color."

"Next."

"Its beautiful form and structure."

"Right. The others report one credit less."

The others have a diarelish for orange-peel for two months after.

"What is the external appearance of an orange?"

"Globular," says Lydia.

"Globular, and what else?"

"Indented."

"If you should divide an orange with a knife, what would you perceive?"

"Seeds and juice," says one of the unlucky "others."

"The next."

"Pulp," says the other other.

"The next."

"Several equal divisions."

"Right."

The last question in the printed series may be, "What does the wonderful and useful structure of an orange show?" The two delinquents before mentioned, have not much idea that such a thing has any use, or that it can show anything of importance. Their classmates have the right answer—"The wisdom and goodness of the Creator." Most of them, however, recognise this as a stated fact, which has nothing in particular to do with them. None are affected by the idea.

The class march to their seats, the two erring ones accompanied by an admonition which they only half deserve. Their answers evinced that they took hold of the subject in the most natural, and, therefore, the best manner.

A second teacher pursues what we may call the *semi-inductive method*. He is in the habit of illustrating his lessons by anecdotes, comparisons, &c. He attends to the physical education of those under his care, provides for them a pure atmosphere, and gives time for recreation sufficient to keep the mind in good working order. He feels interest in their amusements. They love and respect him. When he calls them up for their lesson, they are willing to receive even dry instruction from his lips, but are pretty sure to be interested by his pleasant manners and "good stories."

"The subject for our lesson to-day is quite an interesting one. In contemplating it, I have been pleased and instructed, and I think you will be. Perhaps you have never heard a story which I have related once or twice, about the adventures of a friend of mine in the orange districts of Florida." Here he relates a chapter of adventures, taking care to introduce descriptions

of the orange tree, of its mode of culture, and of the fruit; ending, perhaps, by remarking upon the goodness of God, in placing so many juicy and cooling fruits within reach of the inhabitants of torrid climes. His young friends, in the meanwhile, take in all his words, and have successively before their eyes the tree and its beautiful fruit. At the end, when he alludes to the goodness of the Creator, many hearts willingly echo, "He is good."

He now asks a number of questions respecting the orange and its uses. They are most of them correctly answered. Perhaps, before questioning, he requests a perusal of the lesson in the text book. Having obeyed him, they will most likely have a perfect idea of the subject, and will retain that idea for some time. At any rate, they will always remember that "Mr. — was very kind in explaining to us about the orange." They may forget what Mr. — said.

It will be noticed, that in this method the pupils are merely recipients of knowledge, and do not make any exertions to obtain it. Their thoughts, indeed, outstripping the words of the master, will ever be guessing and wondering what comes next; when he is describing a tree, they will be engaged in speculations as to the structure and use of its fruits. Thus his explanation, when it comes, satisfies doubts before created, or confirms suspicions of the truth. The master says, "This is —" and before he can add another word, half a dozen minds have supplied the rest of the sentence.

A third teacher uses the strictly inductive system. His class, with minds fresh and "lively," are around him, and his work, not exactly before him, but buried among the odd papers in a corner of his desk.

"The subject of our lesson to-day is in here," pointing to the desk, and he straightway rummages for it, while a dozen young heads are stretched forward, wondering what strange animal or curiosity is about to emerge. A half-suppressed "Why!" proclaims a slight feeling of disappointment at the sight of a common orange, coupled with a wonder what he can make out of it. Thus the mind is considerably exercised, before a word is said about the fruit or its properties.

"Now, girls and boys, let us see how much we can learn from this lemon"—(hands up)—"You said lemon, sir, instead of orange," corrects John.

"You must never say anything that you cannot prove. Suppose I say it is a lemon; who can show that I am wrong?"

All hands up.

"Mary, you may speak."

"Why, sir, a lemon is oblong, and this round."

"Any other difference?"

"A lemon is bright yellow, and this is—orange color."

"Any other difference?"

"One is sweet and the other is sour."

"You are not sure of that. Can you see any other difference?"

No answer.

"I suppose I must give up; it is an orange. But I will imagine, for a few moments that it is some other kind of fruit, and you may tell me the difference between that and an orange. Let us see who can give me the greatest number of points of difference. This is—an apple."

Hands up. "William, you may speak."

"There's hardly anything alike in them, sir. One

has a thick skin, the other a thin one. One is red, or green, or light yellow, the other "orange color." One is hard, and the other is soft. One has a core, and the other has none. One tastes hearty, the other juicy. One is all in one part, and the other divided into several parts."

"Can you tell me where orange trees, or bushes, grow?"

Various answers. "In Spain." "In the West Indies." "In Florida."

"John, bring me that large book from the book-case. You will probably find a description of the orange tree somewhere near the middle; also, several plates of it. Read the description aloud."

John reads.

"Did you ever see a wild orange tree?"

"No, sir; they do not grow where it is so cold as here."

"What is the reason that orange trees are placed in warm climates?"

"I suppose it is because they are so juicy and cooling. I like apples in winter, but an orange refreshes me twice as much in summer."

It will be noticed, that in this method the teacher has not told his pupils a single thing. By proper questions, he has drawn them on to the discovery of everything. Their minds are much exercised, and kept wide awake, while they attain at the same time knowledge and the capacity to acquire knowledge, in a greater degree than in any other way.

Which of these three methods is the best? It is evident that the last causes pretty hard labor to the teacher; the second also. It is time the first was laid on the shelf. Some instructors teach well by the second method; more, we believe, by mingling the second and third. The last is the most thorough. In giving an idea of this subject, we have used the second, because a written article cannot ask questions and receive answers. This attempt at illustration, therefore, is not thorough and complete, and will need, at some other time, several additional examples. \*

## ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LONDON SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHURCH MUSIC.

Before presenting to the members of the society an account of its operations during the first year of its existence, the committee must recall the attention of the members to the manner in which the society originated. A few members of the church, desirous to make an effort toward the general improvement of a much neglected, and much misunderstood part of public worship, agreed to form themselves into a society, and to issue a monthly periodical as a means of spreading their opinions. But considering that the success of the experiment was doubtful, and that any efforts, to be successful, must be gentle and long continued, it was determined that the operations of the society should be conducted with as little ostentation as possible. Few advertisements, or other means of notoriety, were therefore resorted to, to call attention to its existence. There has been no canvassing for supporters or subscriptions; no inducements have been held out for joining it, except the opportunity of doing good; it has been left to make its own way, according to the independent opinion of the public.

It is no matter of surprise, therefore, that the number of members is not very large—seventy persons

only having joined the society. But, considering that these have come forward spontaneously and unasked, it is not too much to believe that there would be a large accession to the ranks of the society, if more active measures were taken for that purpose.

The committee, however, are gratified in being able to speak in the most satisfactory terms of the success which the society's publication, the Parish Choir, has met with. They have reason to believe that it has often proved serviceable in conveying information, in dissipating prejudices, in showing the deeply religious character of what is too commonly regarded as a mere matter of taste or pleasure; and in inducing a stricter observance of the edifying forms of the ritual; and they feel that the wide circulation it has so readily obtained, is a most gratifying proof that there is a large class in the community who feel a deep interest in the improvement of church music, and who would be found willing to act upon their convictions, and carry their theories into practice if they had the opportunity.

The committee further feel gratification in noticing the great mass of correspondence which has poured in upon the editors from all parts of the country, and from persons in all ranks of society, expressing their sympathy with the objects of the society, or communicating useful information, or asking for hints toward the solution of difficulties.

The literary portion of the Parish Choir has, as yet, formed only an opening and introduction to the important subjects treated of. It has chiefly consisted of remarks on popular prejudices against church music; an easy course of lessons in singing, for the use of clergymen and country schoolmasters; remarks on congregational psalmody; plain rules for singing the responses; rules for the formation of choral societies; observations on the qualifications of organists; on the custom of using churches as concert rooms, &c.; and it has been the constant care of the editors to show with how much reverence and care every part of the worship of God ought to be conducted, but more particularly the offering of praise to Him in his own house of prayer.

It was originally intended that a large portion of its pages should be devoted to the illustration of the common prayer book. This, however, was prevented for a time by accidental circumstances; but now the committee are glad to say that this department has been undertaken by a clergyman, who proposes to give, monthly, an article treating of the spirit and meaning of the prayer book in a popular form.

The music which has appeared in the Parish Choir, during the past year, consists principally of that which is used in the celebration of the daily morning and evening prayer, viz: psalm chants, canticles, litany, and responses, with a few anthems. It will be followed, as speedily as possible, by that which is used in the office of the holy communion, and in the marriage and burial, and the other occasional offices contained in the prayer book. The litany, with the harmonies that are usually sung in cathedrals, has also been printed, and is now ready for delivery to the members; but it has not been judged expedient to insert it in the pages of the Parish Choir, in addition to the unison litany, which is already published.

The committee have much satisfaction in having thus widely circulated the music for many most important congregational parts of the public service; music which they fear has been previously almost un-

known or inaccessible to a large class of the community.

The committee believe that much good may be done by continued and increased efforts, if made in the right spirit; they therefore propose to take measures for bringing the society more prominently under the notice of the wealthy and influential part of the community, and for procuring larger funds for carrying on the operations of the society with increased vigor.

As an additional means of diffusing information, and stirring up the religious zeal of members of the church, the committee have long been of opinion that lectures of a popular kind would be of the greatest service. And they have to report that the Rev. Mr. Cope has kindly promised to deliver such lectures, in which he purposes to show the possibility and comparative easiness of performing, in the ancient congregational manner with music, many very important parts of the church services which are now commonly neglected, or left to be said by a parish clerk, or choir.

In order to facilitate the study of ecclesiastical music, the committee have made arrangements for issuing in a cheap and popular form, re-prints of various works, or of parts of works, relating to that subject. The object being to put into the student's hands such works, or parts of works, as are generally quoted as authorities. The series will embrace various publications expressing the opinions of eminent English divines on the lawfulness and right use of church music; documents relating to the changes which church music, in common with the liturgy, underwent at the Reformation, and works relating to the older systems of music, a knowledge of which is indispensable to the due appreciation of the great masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

One member of the society is preparing for publication, at the request of the committee, a small manual of instructions on the use of the organ. This is intended for the benefit of persons who already are familiar with the piano forte; and it is hoped that it will be found useful in country districts, where no regular organist can be procured or paid.

The committee believe that much good would be effected by the formation of district or auxiliary associations in various parts of the country. One auxiliary association has been formed at Aberdeen, under the patronage of the bishop of the diocese, and it comprises among its members many of the clergy and laity of that diocese and neighborhood. The plan of this association is, that each subscriber of five shillings and upward, is entitled to a copy of the Parish Choir gratis, and to any number he chooses at member's price. The Rev. William Bruce, and Mr. Charles Walker, are the Hon. secretaries, and Mr. G. Auldjo Jamieson the secretary and treasurer of the association. Mr. Jamieson has been very active in circulating the society's publications amongst the clergy in the different dioceses of Scotland, and promises for the Parish Choir a report of the actual state of church music in different dioceses in that country.

One member or officer of every such district association, is expected to be a member of the parent society.

The committee may allude to the circumstance that it is a standing rule of the society, that a copy of all the society's publications be sent to each of the bishops in Scotland and the colonies. They think it a matter of great consequence, that members of the English church, wherever they may be scattered over the globe,

should have the privilege of joining in their common prayer, celebrated with the accompaniment of music and all the other decent ornaments which distinguish her worship from that of protestant dissenters. By this means they believe that though circumstances might efface the emigrant's love for his mother country, yet that his church and her truly apostolic ritual and doctrines would keep an inalienable hold upon his affections. Communications have been received from Canada, and from Australia, expressing great gratification at the receipt of the Parish Choir, and speaking strongly of its utility.

The committee think it important that the doctrine should be reiterated and impressed on the public mind, in every conceivable shape, that it is the duty of every member of the church to take his share openly and audibly in these parts of the prayers, confessions, suffrages, and psalmody, which are allotted to the people; and that it is the duty of every one, who can possibly do so, to learn at least the elements of singing, in order that he may join in the prayers and praises of the church with as much propriety and decency as possible. They would urge the latter point most respectfully upon the attention of the clergy, and especially of the younger part of that sacred body, and of all persons who are preparing for holy orders. It is impossible that the genuine music of the church can be properly performed, till the clergy are qualified, according to ancient custom, to lead the people in their praises; as they lead them in their prayers. It is well known that in the old music of the reformed English church, the first half verse of the *Venite, Te Deum, Gloria in Excelsis*, and other hymns, was allotted to the clergyman to sing by himself alone, in order that he might lead the choir and people, and, as it were, stimulate them to the proper performance of their duties. The committee forbear from dwelling on the too obvious consequences of the present lack of musical knowledge amongst the clergy, but would repeat their conviction, that a better acquaintance with church music, on their parts, must be a preliminary to any general improvement on the part of the laity.

It may be remarked, in passing, that a very slight degree of musical knowledge is sufficient to enable any clergyman to take his full share in the service. A very few lessons in the management of the voice, from a competent teacher, and the study of the lessons in singing and chanting, which have appeared in the Parish Choir, would enable him to sing *plain song*, (which includes the music for every part of the service intended for congregational use; not anthems, or music composed anthem-wise,) which is all that is absolutely required for common parochial churches.

The important subject of *congregational singing* is deservedly receiving great attention at present, and the best modes of inciting congregations to join in this duty, together with the kind of music best calculated for the purpose and the choir arrangements most conducive to that end, will receive ample discussion in the pages of the Parish Choir. It seems well worth while to ascertain what kind of music was used in the early christian and the reformed English church, when congregational singing was undoubtedly prevalent.

The committee would now beg the attention of the wealthier part of the community to a plan which they most earnestly desire to accomplish, but which evidently cannot be commenced without the possession of considerable pecuniary resources. That object is, the es-

establishment of a school or college of church music, for the instruction of young men, specially in ecclesiastical music, in order to qualify them for becoming organists and choir-masters. At present, church music, instead of being cultivated as the highest branch of the art, is too often regarded as a mere incident and appendage to secular music. The musical student learns to be intimately acquainted with the best specimens of modern secular music, but hardly recognizes in church music anything distinct from the heterogeneous mass of compositions which are called by the common name of sacred music. The gentleman who pursues the teaching of secular music as his ordinary avocation, accepts the appointment of organist to a church as an honorable means of improving his income. His salary is not large enough to be any stimulus for exertion. He does his duty, but he does no more. Any time devoted to the study of old church music must be abstracted from more profitable avocations. He has seldom been imbued with that kind of feeling and taste which would dispose him to resist secular innovations, on the ground of ecclesiastical propriety. Moreover, the genuine church style is often (for want of a higher kind of mental and musical education,) most unpopular with congregations, the most important members of which are the patrons and pupils of the organist—by whom, in fact, he lives. Hence he is often compelled, very much against his own better taste, to introduce into the church, compositions which, the more unecclesiastical and undevotional they are, are so much the more popular amongst the congregation. This the committee know to be a fair statement of some of the causes which impede the reformation of church music, and especially in large provincial towns.

The committee would desire to see this state of things reversed. Instead of a person devoted to secular pursuits, who gives some of his spare time merely to the church, they would desire to see the organist a minister (deacon?) of the church, to whom the teaching of secular music should be a mere secondary object, if he engaged in it at all, (though they think it highly beneficial that he should give instruction to the public in the higher branches of musical science.) Instead of a miserable pittance, he ought to have from the church a respectable maintenance, enough to relieve him from the drudgery of teaching school children, and to make him independent of undue influence on the part of the congregation. And church music, instead of being (as it is now often obliged to be) the occasional amusement of a leisure hour, ought to be the occupation of his life, as teacher, choir-director, and composer. But in order that such a change may be wrought, it is necessary to supply the course of musical study, and more particularly the course of general education and religious discipline, by which musical students may be trained to occupy a more respected position as directors of the music of churches, to deserve and command higher emolument, and to hasten and guide that salutary improvement which is now taking place in the opinions of churchmen respecting ecclesiastical music, as well as respecting many other things in which the honor of God and the "reverence due to holy places" are concerned. When churchmen have learned to appreciate church music, they will not begrudge a fair remuneration to the organist.

The committee, therefore, would earnestly appeal to the liberality of churchmen in furtherance of this object. They know of the men proper to carry on the

work of instruction, had they but the means of employing them. By such an institution the committee believe that there might be raised up a class of musicians profoundly versed in the theory of their art, in its history and successive developments, and equally imbued with religious feeling, and with a love for the doctrines and ritual of the English church, who might combine modern refinements with the truly devotional spirit that glows in the old church music; who might consecrate every modern scientific improvement to the glory of God and the service of the church, and might supply fresh stores of music for the use of her clergy and people; in fact, might revive the race of church composers, which has been almost extinct for a century.

The committee may here refer to the cordial reception which their labors have met with at the hands of many of the young men who have been educated as schoolmasters at the National Society's College, at Stanley Grove, and in various diocesan training schools. They would refer also to the important observations which have appeared in the Parish Choir, on the advantage of uniting the offices of organist and schoolmaster. This arrangement they believe might very beneficially be made in rural parishes, both because of the daily opportunities which the master would have for training his choir of children, and because the salary of both offices would give an increased means of remuneration to the well-educated and exemplary class of young men in question. But they by no means advocate this union of the offices in large towns, where means exist for providing liberally for each; because either office would afford sufficient occupation in itself, where the funds can be obtained for remunerating the holder of it according to his merits.

The committee believe that such a school of church music as they wish to establish, would be found of the greatest benefit by country clergymen, whose schoolmasters already know something of music, and are inclined to qualify themselves for the office of organist or choir-master. Such young men—amateurs likewise who have similar aspirations, and who now happily are not unfrequently to be met with, desiring to give their leisure time to the service of the church—might pay occasional visits to the school, and there receive lessons in ecclesiastical music, and the art of accompanying with the organ, which might guide them in their studies at home.

Such an institution might also serve as a training school for choristers, both boys and adults. It is well known that a few professors of music in London are in the habit of receiving boys as apprentices, whom they instruct in music, and then hire out to serve as choristers in various churches. The committee think it an infinitely better plan that such boys should be placed under the guidance of a clergyman, who would combine with their musical education a thorough course of instruction in the religion and discipline of the church. For, after all, nothing but a deeply devotional spirit, guided by the doctrines and discipline of the church, can produce an effectual revival of church music. The committee would guard most sedulously against the idea that their object is merely to please the ear, or to turn the church into a concert room. They hold church music to be the vehicle for expressing praise to God, in the forms, and according to the ideas sanctioned by the church. No degree of polish or refinement in the mode of outwardly expressing praise can make amends for the want of religious and ecclesiastical feeling. The

rudest *plainsong* of a village congregation may be more perfect as church music, than the most finished performances of a professional choir.

Therefore the committee would conclude their report with the sentiment expressed in the earliest publication of the society; their desire, namely, that "all improvement in church music should be based on sound religious principles;" that it should be pursued as a work due to the glory of God, and not for the gratification of man; and that it should conform to the spirit of the truly scriptural and catholic formularies of the church of England.

**ABSTRACT OF THE TREASURER'S REPORT.**—The entire sum received by the treasurer during the first year, to Feb. 1, 1847, is £68 15s. 6d. The entire sum expended, £56 6s., leaving a balance in the treasurer's hands of £12 8s. 6. The expenditure has chiefly consisted of the sums disbursed in settling the Parish Choir, and circulating it in every diocese of the Anglican church throughout the world. Besides a very small sum for advertisements and other incidental expenses.

The first annual general meeting of the society was held at the residence of W. F. Low, Esq., in Wimpole street, on Monday evening, Feb. 15, 1847; the Rev. W. H. Cope, M. A., in the chair. The foregoing report was read and ordered to be printed and circulated. The thanks of the society were voted unanimously to the editors of the Parish Choir; to R. Druitt, Esq., the Hon. secretary; to W. F. Low, Esq., the treasurer; to Mr. Ollivier, the publisher, for his great and successful attention to the society's publication; to the Rev. W. F. Hamilton, the auditor; and to the Rev. W. H. Cope, the chairman of the meeting. Some anthems, and the Ambrosian Te Deum, were then sung, and the meeting separated.

One of the best family papers in existence, is the Olive Branch, published weekly in this city, at \$2 per annum. The Olive Branch is near the commencement of a new volume. The proprietors offer a silver teaset, valued at \$250.00, to whoever will procure the greatest number of subscribers for the coming year.

We have received the first number of "The Northwestern Educator," published at Chicago, Ill., by J. L. Enos. It is devoted to "education, literature, and news," and is decidedly one of the best periodicals of the kind we have seen. Those who make a business of teaching music, make a great mistake if they do not regularly read one or more educational periodicals. The art of teaching is as necessary to a teacher of music as to a teacher of other branches; and from no source can one learn more upon the subject, than from an educational journal. The price of the Northwestern Educator is \$1 per annum.

A paper has just been commenced in New York, entitled the American Musical Times. We have received the first and second number of it. The price is \$3 per annum. The increase of musical periodicals is an indication that interest in the cause of music is on the increase.

**THE CHINESE FLUTE.**—This is made of bamboo, bound with silk between the apertures to prevent the wood from cracking, and helps, doubtless, to sweeten the sound.



## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1847.

With this number we forward bills to those of our subscribers who have not paid for this year's paper. As the second volume is drawing to a close, we are exceedingly desirous of closing up all accounts in relation to it at once; and we earnestly request every one who receives a bill to have the kindness to return us an immediate answer. If they have already paid, they will confer a favor by dropping a line to that effect; if they do not intend to pay at all, they will confer an equal favor by informing us of their intention not to pay; if they have not paid, and do intend to pay, they will confer the greatest favor of all, by forwarding the money immediately. For pity sake, gentlemen, enable us to close up our accounts immediately. We have not realized the first red cent of profit from the Gazette, and we never expect to make a profit from it. We manage to conduct it, by using up the few leisure moments which sometimes occur between our almost innumerable engagements, and we feel that we have a right to demand, that our time shall not unnecessarily be taken up in the adjustment of a thousand petty accounts. We have no sort of doubt, but that some will receive bills who have already paid. Last year some were sent, which gave great offence. If any choose to be offended, we cannot help it. There are some folks who never make mistakes, but do everything right. Unfortunately, neither we nor our clerks belong to this class, for we cannot help sometimes committing errors. If any have paid whom we have not credited, we will rectify the error as soon as notified of it. On the other hand, we shall no doubt neglect to send bills to some who have not paid. Such, we hope, will be equally forward to notify us of our error.

**CONCERTS.**—J. J. Kessler, pianist, from Vienna, gave a concert in New York, Nov. 12, assisted by Master T. Thomas, a violinist, aged nine years.

Burke, the violinist, gave a concert in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, assisted by Richard Hoffman, a pupil of Leopold De Meyer.

Dempster gave his fifth and last concert in New York, Nov. 11.

Herz and Sivori, assisted by Knoop, the celebrated violoncello player, gave a concert in New York, Nov. 4. The same artists gave a concert in the Melodeon, in Boston, Nov. 10, and on the evening of Nov. 13 performed in the Tremont Temple, in Boston, in connection with Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and several others of the opera troupe now performing in Boston. This latter concert, affording an opportunity of hearing at one performance, Herz, Sivori, Knoop, Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and the other distinguished singers, was, as may be supposed, numerously attended, the spacious hall being crammed to its utmost capacity.

The American Musical Institute, of New York, performed Mendelssohn's new oratorio, "Elijah," in the Broadway Tabernacle, in that city, Nov. 9. Solo parts by Mrs. Loder, Miss DeLuce, Messrs. Johnson, and Leach. Conductor, G. Loder; organist, H. C. Timm.

The New York Sacred Music Society performed "Elijah" in the Broadway Tabernacle, Nov. 8. Solo parts by Madame Pico, Miss Northall, Messrs. Paige, and Shephard. Conductor, Mr. Chubb; organist, H. C. Timm.

## EXTRACTS FROM OUR JOURNAL.—NO. XVI.

In my last extracts I forgot to mention, that in the church service which I attended at Rotterdam, the organist played an interlude after every two lines, instead of after each verse, as with us. I also forgot to give the contents of the Harlem organ. It is 108 feet high, about 40 feet in width and depth, and contains, in the *great manual*, 1, principal, or prestant, or open double diapason; 2, bourdon, sordun, or stopped double diapason; 3, principal, or prestant, or open diapason, unison; 4, viol-di-gamba, a unison open metal pipe, of a peculiar shape, producing a sound in imitation of the bowing of a stringed instrument; 5, flute a cheminee, flute de Roseau, or roliflote, a unison stopped pipe, with a kind of funnel at the top; 6, corne de chamois, an open pipe, large at the bottom, and narrow at the top; 7, l'octave du principal, or prestant, being the English principal; 8, quintade, or fifth; 9, twelfth, or octave of the fifth; 10, tierce, or decima, two ranks; 11, mixture, ten ranks; 12, flute travisiere, or stopped fifteenth; 13, posauone, trombone, or double trumpet; 14, trumpet unison; 15, clarion, or octave trumpet; 16, oboe;—in the *upper manual*, 1, principal, prestant, or open diapason; 2, quintadena, quintus, or quintade, afterwards breaking into a principal or prestant; 3, corne de chamois, unison; 4, flute villageoise, or bauerflote, wood; 5, octave du prestant, or English principal; 6, flute platte, or flach-flote, or stopped twelfth; 7, nassat, nazzard, or twelfth, (sometimes stopped,) in wood; 8, cors de nuit, or nacht-horn (night-horn,) but why so called, no reason can be given; 9, piccolo, flageolet, or fistula minima; 10, sesquialtree, two ranks of octave and twelfth; 11, cymballe, three ranks; 12, mixt., six ranks; 13, chalumeau (reed stop in metal); 14, fagotto, dulciana, or bassoon; 15, vox-humana;—in the *positif*, or *small organ*, 1, principal, or prestant; 2, flute creuse, or hohl-flute; 3, quintade; 4, octave; 5, octave-flute, or unison with the English flute; 6, la flute creuse de quint, spiel-flote, or stopped twelfth; 7, sesquialtree, four ranks; 8, super octave, or fifteenth; 9, mixture, three ranks; 10, cornet, four ranks; 11, cymballe, three ranks; 12, fagotto, or bassoon (double); 13, trumpet; 14, regal (this stop is entirely composed of reeds);—in the *pedal organ*, 1, sub-principal (metal); 2, principal, or prestant (metal); 3, sub-base, or bourdon (wood); 4, quintade, or fifth; 5, flute creuse; 6, l'octave du principal; 7, quint prestant, or twelfth; 8, super octave du principal; 9, larigot, or octave of quint prestant; 10, flute creuse, (octave,) stopped fifteenth; 11, posauone, trombone, or large double trumpet; 12, posauone (unison); 13, trumpet; 14, clarion; 15, zink or cink (octave clarion.)

The first thing (musical) which attracted my attention on entering Holland, was the "carillons." These are heard from every church steeple, and are going about all of the time. I believe the English term for carillon is, "a chime of bells;" but in Holland every steeple contains almost as many bells as a piano forte contains strings. One steeple which I ascended contained bells enough to make six octaves, semi-tones and all. These bells are played by machinery, on the barrel-organ principle, and, as I have already said, seem to be always ringing. I noticed many that played a long tune every fifteen minutes, day and night, besides sundry flourishes at various intervals between the quarter hours. In the church which contains the great organ in Harlem, the carillons, although played by machinery attached to the clock, as described, have

also a set of keys, like piano-forte keys, only much larger, and covered with leather. They are played by striking with the fist. Although each key requires a force equal to two pounds to push it down, the organist of the church could perform the most rapid music upon them, as rapid as most persons can play a piano.

The morning after my return from Harlem, I embarked in the steamer for Antwerp, where I arrived on the evening of the same day.

## ORGANS IN LONDON.—NO. VII.

**Foundling Hospital.**—The organ at this chapel was built by Parker, in 1759, and presented to them by Handel. It was lately repaired by Bishop, who added a fine set of pedal pipes to CCC. It possesses, like the Temple organ, the difference between G sharp and A flat, and D sharp and E flat.

## CHOIR ORGAN.

- |                 |                            |
|-----------------|----------------------------|
| 1 Stop diapason | 7 Tierce                   |
| 2 Dulciana      | 8 Sesquialtree, 3 ranks    |
| 3 Flute         | 9 Furniture, 2 ranks       |
| 4 Principal     | 10 Trumpet                 |
| 5 Fifteenth     | 11 Claribella              |
| 6 Cromorne      | 12 Double diapason, st'p'd |
|                 | 13 Pedal pipes             |

## GREAT ORGAN.

- |                 |                   |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1 Stop diapason | 1 Stop diapason   |
| 2 Open diapason | 2 Open diapason   |
| 3 Open diapason | 3 Principal       |
| 4 Principal     | 4 Cornet, 3 ranks |
| 5 Twelfth       | 5 Hautboy         |
| 6 Fifteenth     | 6 Trumpet         |
|                 | 7 Clarion         |

**St. Ann's, Limehouse.**—The organ at this church was built by Richard Bridge, in 1741.

## GREAT ORGAN.

- |                            |                    |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Stop diapason            | 2 Dulciana         |
| 2 Open diapason            | 3 Flute            |
| 3 Open diapason            | 4 Principal        |
| 4 Principal                | 5 Fifteenth        |
| 5 Twelfth                  | 6 Mixture, 2 ranks |
| 6 Fifteenth                | 7 Cromorne         |
| 7 Sesquialtree, 3 ranks    |                    |
| 8 Furniture, 2 and 3 ranks |                    |
| 9 Tierce                   |                    |
| 10 Trumpet                 |                    |
| 11 Cornet, 5 ranks         |                    |
| 12 Horn                    |                    |

## CHOIR ORGAN.

- |                 |                    |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 1 Stop diapason | 2 Dulciana         |
|                 | 3 Flute            |
|                 | 4 Principal        |
|                 | 5 Fifteenth        |
|                 | 6 Mixture, 2 ranks |
|                 | 7 Cromorne         |

**AN ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.**—We lately had related to us a story which has both the merit of being an actual occurrence and of never having been in print.

About the time the oratorios were first performed in Boston, a carriage party was formed in the neighboring town of Ipswich, to go up to the city for the purpose of attending one of them. Everything was successful, and our party started in high glee for the scene of performance, enlivened on their way by pleasant chat and still pleasanter thoughts of the gratification which awaited them. Just before arriving in Boston, "Coachee" was asked if he was sure of the whereabouts of the Melodeon, which question, as in duty bound, he answered in the affirmative. In due time they arrived at their place of destination, and "Coachee" drove off to remain until the close of the exercises. Upon entering the hall, they were much surprised to find no one in charge to furnish them with tickets of admission. After searching in vain for the suitable person to perform, as they thought, this necessary prelude to their evening's enjoyment, they came to the conclusion

to venture inside the concert-room—which they accomplished without delay or hindrance—chuckling, and nudging each other, with great glee, at the thought of outwitting the door-keeper, obtaining their entrance, and, above all, a grand seat, "free gratis for nothing." After having got comfortably settled in the best part of the room, they had not to wait long before it was crowded to overflowing; upon which there was, among our party, another expression of satisfaction at their comfortable position. As is usual at the performances of the oratorios, the organist began his voluntary, (a very fine one, by the way,) and the performers began to appear and take their seats. Our party were in raptures, and in a high state of excitement. The voluntary having ended, a mild-looking personage came slowly forward, and in a solemn voice exclaimed, "Let us pray." What was the consternation depicted upon their countenances, we will leave the reader to judge. Suffice it to say, "Coachee" had made a mistake—had stopped at the *Odeon*, instead of the *Melodeon*, and they were in the midst of a conference meeting, listening to a prayer by Deacon Grant.—*Salem Advertiser*.

### NEW ODE-SYMPHONY OF FELICIEN DAVID.

The Paris correspondent of the Journal of Commerce writes as follows: "Among the few musical productions of the season, that which has most interested me, both from its subject and the reputation of its author, is an ode-symphony by M. Felicien David, entitled, 'Columbus, or the Discovery of America.' Each of the four parts of this fine work is admirable. The orchestra, by the slow movement, and vague, uneasy sentiment of the introduction, opens the performance by inducing that kind of oppression which naturally attends the preparation of the bold navigator and his companions for their arduous voyage upon unknown seas. During the symphony, strophes, recited by a person who may be called the narrator, expose to the audience the situation of the various actors. A monologue by Columbus is followed by a passage in which the voices of the chorus mingle with that of the leader, and swear oaths of fidelity to him. Mothers then bid farewell to their sons, betrothed maidens to their lovers, and a charming duet is sung, in which Fernando and Elvira exchange vows of eternal constancy. The narrator now points to the ship moving slowly from its moorings, while the music gradually swells till it fills the listener with admiration at the first step of the sublime voyage. The prayer of the people on the shore, the chorus being caught up by the sailors, and sounding more and more faintly in the distance, and a last plaintive and tender adieu from the women, are the elements which form the conclusion of the first part. The second offers a musical picture of a tropical night, with its delicious calm and silence, during which, a mysterious choir of ocean-spirits surround the ship, and their marvelous sweet music creeps by upon the waters. But the blissful reveries of Fernando, who is yielding to the enchantment of the hour, are rudely disturbed by the sudden violence of a storm, which soon, however, subsides, and is followed by the bacchanalian songs of the mariners. The mutiny of the crew and the successful efforts of their commander to appease them, afford some vigorous passages in the third part. But the last is incomparably the best part, fitly inspired as it is by the main subject, the arrival, and colored by charms borrowed from those lavished by nature upon the lovely land which at length blessed

the eyes of the wearied voyagers. A song of greeting to the new world, a dancing air and a chorus of the savages, an elegy sung by an Indian mother, and a fine recitative of Columbus, are the principal beauties of the final portion of this excellent production."

### INTERESTING HISTORY.

It is known as a matter of history, that in the early part of 1775, great exertions were made by the British ministry, at the head of which was the illustrious earl of Chatham, for the reduction of the French power in the provinces of the Canadas. To carry the object into effect, General Amherst, referred to in the letters of Junius, was appointed to the command of the British army in northwestern America; and the British colonies in America were called upon for assistance, who contributed with alacrity their several quotas of men to effect the grand object of British enterprise. It is a fact still within the recollection of some of our oldest inhabitants, that the British army lay encamped, in the summer of 1765, on the eastern bank of the Hudson, a little south of the city of Albany, on the ground belonging to John I. Van Rensselaer, Esq. To this day, vestiges of their encampment remain; and after a lapse of sixty years, when a great portion of the actors of those days have passed away, like the shadows, from the earth, the inquisitive traveler can observe the remains of ashes, the place where they boiled their camp kettles. It was this army, that, under the command of Abercrombie, was foiled with a severe loss, in the attack on Ticonderoga, where the distinguished Howe fell at the head of his troops in an hour that history has consecrated to his fame.

In the early part of June, the eastern troops began to pour in, company after company; and such a motley assemblage never before thronged together on such an occasion, unless an example may be found in the ragged regiment of Sir John Falstaff, of right merry and facetious memory. It would, said my worthy ancestor who related to me the story, have relaxed the gravity of an anchorite, to have seen the descendants of the puritans marching through the streets of our ancient city, to take their station on the left side of the British army, some with long coats, some with small coats, and others with no coats at all, in colors as varied as the rainbow; some with their hair cropped like the army of Cromwell, and others with wigs whose curls flowed with grace around their shoulders. Their march, their accoutrements, and the whole arrangement of their troops, furnished matter of amusement to the wits of the British army. The music played the airs of two centuries ago, and the *tout ensemble* exhibited a sight to the wondering strangers that they had been unaccustomed to in their native land. Among the club of wits that belonged to the British army, there was a physician attached to the staff by the name of Doctor Shackburg, who combined with the science of the surgeon the skill and talents of the musician. To please Brother Jonathan, he composed a tune, and with much gravity recommended it to the officers as one of the most celebrated airs of martial music. The joke took, to the no small amusement of the British corps. Brother Jonathan exclaimed it was *nation fine*, and in a few days nothing was heard in the camp but the air of *Yankee Doodle*. Little did the author and his coadjutors then suppose that an air made for the purpose of levity and ridicule, should ever be marked for

such destinies; in twenty years from that time, our national march inspired the hearts of the heroes of Bunker Hill, and in less than thirty, Lord Cornwallis and his army marched into the American lines to the tune of *Yankee Doodle*.

### TO SINGING MASTERS.

MASON'S LARGE "MUSICAL EXERCISES," a work calculated to save the teacher much time in writing his elementary lessons on the black-board, the notes being large enough to be seen across the school room by the whole class. For sale at DITSON'S music store. 223

### BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

KIMBALL & BUTTERFIELD are prepared to execute all kinds of BOOK, JOB, MUSIC, and CARD PRINTING, at short notice, in a neat and desirable style, and at prices as low as good work can be done at. Orders addressed to A. N. JOHNSON, No. 7 Allison Place, Boston, will meet with prompt attention. 21

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The above works are sold by booksellers generally throughout the United States. 423

### TO TEACHERS.

TEACHERS of singing classes are undoubtedly often troubled to obtain suitable exercises and practical lessons for their schools, especially where the instruction is given in rooms where it is difficult to see a black-board. The "Musical Class Book," by A. N. JOHNSON, is expressly designed to meet this want. Two editions are published, one for adults, and one for juvenile schools. Published by GEO. F. REED, 17 Tremont Row, Boston, and for sale by book and music dealers generally. 21

### CHURCH ORGAN FOR SALE.

A NEW and excellent-toned Church Organ will be sold on very advantageous terms, if applied for soon. It is on exhibition in a hall in this city. Price six hundred dollars. Persons in want of an organ, would do well to examine this, as it is a very desirable instrument. Apply to M. O. NICHOLS, 363 Washington street. Boston, October 25, 1867. 21

### REED ORGANS.

THE experiment of using Reed Organs for an accompaniment to church choirs having now been fairly tried, by a good many churches in New England and elsewhere, the subscriber feels the fullest confidence in recommending the article as a durable and efficient instrument. When he first introduced the principle of placing the reeds in the interior of the chest, many people expressed the opinion that the power of the tones produced by that arrangement was so great that the reeds would not prove durable. But experiment affords the proof, that in regard to keeping in tune they are BETTER even than almost any other instrument. For the changes in the temperature of the air affect the reeds alike. Stedious application to the matter of affording a pleasing variety of tone, and good dynamic effect, in his organs, has enabled him to succeed in producing such a combination of distinctive qualities of tones, as render them as desirable, to say the least, as any instruments to be found in the market which are afforded at prices corresponding. He invites the attention of such as desire to purchase or examine. M. O. NICHOLS, 363 Washington street, Boston. 21

### PIANO FORTES.

BOARDMAN & GRAY'S PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTORY AND MUSIC WAREHOUSES, Nos. 4 and 6 North Pearl and 79 State street, Albany, under the "Old Elm Tree." The grand action piano fortes manufactured at this establishment have continued to sustain their former reputation, and have obtained a celebrity for their superiority in fullness of tone, elasticity of action, lightness of touch, and durability unsurpassed.

For the past eleven years, B. & G. have by their untiring efforts and constant perseverance, endeavored to manufacture such instruments, and such only, as were deserving public patronage, and thus, by securing for them the entire confidence of the community, were assured ultimately of success, in which they have not been disappointed. The rapid increase of our business and the constant demand for our piano fortes, warranted us in extending our premises by erecting an additional building, in which we have a steam engine, planing and other necessary machinery for manufacturing piano fortes, surpassing any other establishment in this city, which enables us to turn out from three to five instruments weekly.

Our metallic-frame piano fortes are decidedly a superior instrument, requiring much less tuning than those with the small plate. The demand for this class of instruments has increased some one hundred per cent. during the past two years. B. & G. continue as usual to manufacture a class of piano fortes without the metallic frame, which they sell at prices varying from 180 to 250 dollars; the metallic frame from 250 to 300 dollars, and seven octaves, rosewood, black walnut, and mahogany, with or without the sliding desk, of the newest patterns. All of which are warranted equal to any in the Union; should they prove otherwise, they can be returned, and the purchase money, with expenses of transportation, &c., will be promptly refunded. 223

### THE SOCIAL GLEE BOOK.

THIS day published, The Social Glee Book, a selection of glee and part-songs, by distinguished German composers, never before published in this country, together with original pieces by WILLIAM MASON and SILAS A. BANCROFT. The music in this collection is of a rare and select character, the selections being chiefly the compositions of Mendelssohn, Kreutzer, F. Kneker, Weber, &c. Published by WILKINS, CARTER & CO, 16 Water street, Boston, and for sale by the booksellers generally. 223

## JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY.

VINCENT NOVELLO.

*Solo. Treble.*

1. Jesus Christ is ris'n to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Our triumphant ho - ly day, Hal - le - lu - jah,

*Accomp.*

A - men, Who did once upon the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Suf - fer to re - deem our loss, Hal - le - lu - jah,

*Treble and Alto. Chorus.* *Trio. Treble.*

A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. Unto Christ, our

*Tenor.* *Alto.*

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. Unto Christ, our

*Bass.* *Tenor.*

heav'nly King, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. Who endured the cross and grave, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

heav'nly King, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. Who endured the cross and grave, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

## JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY. (CONCLUDED.)

Chorus. Treble and Alto.  
 Sin - ners to re - deem and save, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.  
 Tenor.  
 Sin ners to re - deem and save, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.  
 Bass.

Quartet.  
 3. But the pain which he en - dured, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Our salvation has pro - cured, Hal - le - lu - jah,  
 3. But the pain which he en - dured, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Our salvation has pro - cured, Hal - le - lu - jah,

A - men, Now above the skies he's King, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Where the an - gels ev - er sing,  
 A - men, Now above the skies he's King, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Where the an - gels ev - er sing,

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

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## ANECDOTES OF JOHN SMITH.

Not the John Smith, known the world over for being almost everywhere, and in every kind of business, but John Christopher Smith, the pupil, friend, and heir of Handel. His father carried on a considerable traffic in the woolen trade, but abandoned it, with his hopes of fortune, to accompany Handel to England. Thus strong was his passion for music. After remaining in the great metropolis four years, he sent for his wife and children. Among them was the subject of the present sketch, as great a lover of melody and harmony as his father. In 1725, when thirteen years of age, Handel took in charge his musical education. He made so rapid progress, that when eighteen years old, he set up for a teacher, and immediately obtained enough business for his support.

From this time, he was never in debt but once, and then was not easy until he had returned the money he borrowed. He was not parsimonious. When worth but one guinea in the world, he gave half of it to a poor family of his acquaintance. A gentleman, who heard of the act, presented him with five guineas, which he also divided with the sufferers.

During a season of impaired health, he experienced much aid from the disinterested advice and assistance of the celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot. This distinguished physician was well worthy Pope's eulogium—

"He knows his art, but not his trade."

While residing for a season with the doctor, he frequently met Swift, Pope, Gray, and Congreve, and was much edified by their conversation. Knowing that Pope had no taste for music, he one day asked him what led to the praise which he bestowed so unqualifiedly on Handel. Pope replied that he thought merit should be rewarded and sustained, in whatever department of science it might be manifested; and that he was stimulated in this instance, by the illiberal spirit of various persons, who seemed determined to ruin Handel.

Handel could not stoop to the drudgery of teaching composition, and Smith was obliged to take lessons of Dr. Pepusch, (said to have been one of the greatest theorists of modern times,) and of Roseingrave, from the latter of whom, in particular, he derived great advantage. Roseingrave was a guest at his table, which was the only recompense the master would receive.

Behold, then, John Smith a composer at the age of twenty. His two operas, "Teranunita" and "Ulysses," were performed in one year, that in which they were finished. At the age of twenty-four, Mr. S. married a young lady, who was, as he thought, entitled to a fortune of \$15,000, but he never received anything of it. She and several children died before six years were out.

About the age of thirty-four, he taught the grandson of old Peter Waters, spoken of by Pope. This young

man offered to settle on him an annuity of three hundred pounds, if he would relinquish teaching, and accompany him to the south of France, whither he was going for the recovery of his health. Smith accepted the proposal, but during his absence never omitted study, and composed quite extensively. While passing some time at Geneva, he became acquainted with a number of gentlemen of learning and talents.

About 1750, Handel became blind, and was unable to play the organ at his oratorios. In this dilemma, he bethought himself of his former pupil, and sent for him. Smith could not well refuse, and Mr. Waters accompanied him to London. One evening, when "Samson" was performed, Mr. Smith played the organ, and Handel was near him. During the performance of—

"Total eclipse—no sun, no moon,"

the audience were much affected at the sight of the blind composer. Some persons shed tears.

Mr. Waters, with whom Mr. Smith had traveled, died soon after his return, but without leaving him anything, as he had promised. Being thus deprived of the prospect of an independent maintenance, he resumed the duties of his profession, and soon rose to distinction. From 1750 to 1754, he composed several oratorios and operas, and became quite intimate with Garrick, the celebrated actor.

Mr. Smith, senior, continued to be a warm friend of Handel, until about four years before the death of the latter. A quarrel about some trivial circumstance dissolved the long intimacy. Handel, in a rage, declared he would never see him again. Soon after, he took Smith junior by the hand, and announced his intention of substituting the name of the son for that of the father, in his will. Smith declared that if he did so, he would instantly quit him, and never again assist at his oratorios. Handel yielded to his remonstrances. Before the death of Handel, he and his friend were reconciled, and the legacy was increased, instead of being taken away. To Smith junior he left all his manuscript music, in score, his harpsichord, on which most of his music had been composed, his portrait, painted by Denner, and his bust, by Roubillac. Smith put aside great pecuniary advantage, to retain his legacy. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, offered him two thousand pounds for the manuscripts; and even Handel, changing his mind before death, offered to leave him three thousand pounds, if he would suffer them to be deposited in the library of the university of Oxford.

After Handel's death, Mr. Smith carried on the oratorios for fourteen years, in connection with Mr. Stanley, whose professional abilities and estimable character, rendered him a desirable associate.

It was his disposition not to associate much with musicians; which, perhaps, saved him from many quarrels. He preferred the society of persons in other professions, of rank, ability, or high education.

Having been introduced to the royal family, the king became so much interested in the oratorios, as to attend most of their performances.

The princess dowager of Wales having chosen the

pupil of Handel for a teacher, he was placed in her household, and received from her a salary of two hundred pounds. In 1772 he lost his benefactress, but the salary was continued out of the privy purse of his majesty. In gratitude for this favor, he presented the king with all Handel's manuscripts, only reserving, of his precious legacy, the bust and portrait. The oratorios were well attended for some time, but at length being gradually deserted, he withdrew from them, and retired to a house which he had bought, in Bath. In 1785 his wife died, which much shook his mind, although he recovered his health. In old age he was beloved and respected for his benevolence and kindness. He took great pleasure in improving the young, at the age of eighty-one instructing some young ladies who wished to learn music.

In September, 1795, he was seized with a disorder which terminated his existence in eight days. In his last moments he displayed the brightest example of a true christian, and a benevolent mind.

His genius was by no means confined to music; he was fond of reading, and had a taste for all the liberal arts. In his private character he was sincere, benevolent, and humane, scrupulously just in all moral obligations, and had a devout sense of religion, untinctured by superstition. In society he was cheerful, and his conversation was enlivened by pleasant sallies and quick repartee. He was affectionate and kind in his domestic relations, even in his last moments desirous of sparing his attendants all unnecessary trouble.

Thus lived and died a good musician and a good man. May many such be raised up, to ornament and give dignity to their profession.

## CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

Two or three articles have recently appeared in the N. Y. Evangelist, from the pen of Mr. Lowell Mason. The following is the last of the series. Mr. Mason says:

"In addition to the sentiments on the subject of congregational singing, which I re-produced last week, I beg leave to add a few remarks.

1. *Choir Singing.* If the exercise of singing be confined to the choir, then the choir should be so trained as to be able to produce the appropriate religious effect of church music. They should sing, not so as to call attention to themselves, their beautiful tune, or their admirable performance of it, but so as to present to the hearers the subject of their song, impressing it upon the heart, and drawing out the feelings in view of it. They should sing, not to the mere gratification of the musical ear, but to the *spiritual and religious edification* of the people; or so that the devout and pious mind may find the feelings drawn out, and the spirit of prayer and praise quickened by the exercise. Unless this is done, something is wrong, for this is the very end and design of music in worship. To be able to do this, requires a degree of cultivation much higher than is generally supposed to be necessary in choir members. What is the singing by which such effects can be produced, but a high species of musical elocution? And can this be acquired with less attention and effort



than a public speaker finds it necessary to bestow upon the art of speaking and reading? By no means. Not only is as much time and attention necessary, but the same general cultivation is as necessary to success in one case as in the other. Our choirs must aim high, then, very high, if they would be successful.

Again, as to the number of persons necessary to constitute a church choir. Choir singing supposes, of course, chorus effect, that is, a proper blending of the voices, so that no individual voice is heard, but all individuality is lost in the perfect union and combination of the whole. Now the least number of voices by which this effect can be produced, is *three on each part*, or twelve in the choir. But three voices on a part cannot produce this effect, unless they are about equal, and have been well trained. Chorus effect, therefore, cannot be reached with less than three voices on a part, and can but seldom be reached if there are not more than that number. If there be six voices on each part, it will be found comparatively easy to attain the proper blending of voices; but still, even with this number, there must be care and watchfulness, or single voices will stand out to mar the picture. A less number than about twenty-four cannot constitute a well-balanced church choir. If the number be increased to forty-eight, all the better, for in such case it will be much easier to produce the proper chorus effect than with a smaller number. It seems hardly proper, then, to call some six or eight voices a choir; the only effect they can produce is that of solo singing; chorus effect is beyond their reach. Every choir will of course have its solo singers, and will be able to present the strong and effective contrast of solo and chorus passages; but the effect of four or eight voices is not, cannot be church-like, but it rather belongs to the parlor, or the concert-room.

To sustain a proper church choir is no small task. The people must be willing to give more money, and the singers must be willing to devote more time, before any high degree of choir singing can be attained.

2. *Congregational Singing.* As this depends upon the simple element of power, as we look for scarcely anything like expression when all the people sing—the ability merely to open the mouth and speak out the words is almost the only musical qualification required. It is not to be supposed that in congregational singing the four parts will be sustained with anything like proper balance or proportion, but rather that the people generally, men, women, and children, will sing the principal melody (*canto fermo*) of the tune. The keeping of the melody, so difficult in choir singing, here becomes easy, since it consists in merely keeping together, and one cannot very easily get away from the current of sound produced by the union of a multitude of voices. It is not supposed that true congregational effect can be generally reached for some generations to come, since old habits have got to be broken up and new ones formed. To our children's children we can only look for that magnificent effect of a great congregational chorus. But it does not depend so much on musical cultivation, as upon the will, or an inclination to engage in the exercise according to one's best ability.

3. *Tunes.* The tunes used for congregational purposes should be very simple, that all may be expected to join. Even 'The Old Hundredth' can be but with difficulty reached by all voices when sung, as it usually is, in the key of A or G. The key of F (its old key) seems to be as high as it can be sung by the multitude.

When sung in this key, it may be regarded as one of the best specimens of congregational tunes. Canterbury, in the key of F, (as it appears in the Psalter), is still better, requiring less compass of voice, and being quite within the reach of all. Congregational singing must always fail, and be really frightful, if difficult, or even comparatively easy *choir tunes*, are attempted. St. Martin's, for example, is too difficult for a congregational tune, because of the compass of voice required, and because three or more notes are often required to be sung to a single syllable of the poetry. Modern singing books contain but few tunes sufficiently simple and easy for successful congregational performance. In general, the rhythmic form of such tunes should be confined to equal length, or all except the first and last notes of each line should be of equal length. The rhythmic form of Boylston, or Hebron, may perhaps be admitted, provided the tunes be not sung too fast, and especially if the *first two notes in each measure* be made as long as the time will permit. But we must not expect an exact division of the time in congregational singers, but only that *all may keep together*.

4. *Organ Accompaniment.* This is highly desirable in congregational singing. An organ accompaniment, sufficiently loud, steady, and firm, to control the whole body of sound, is, if possible, more needed in congregational than in choir singing. The organ should be played with so much fullness, steadiness, and firmness, as to produce an ocean of sound on which each individual may feel it quite safe to launch the little barque of his own voice. Nor should the organist, by putting in his registers and changing his stops, lead the people into water so shallow as to disturb their confidence or cause fear of grounding.

5. *Psalms and Hymns.* Such psalms and hymns as imply a direct act of worship, as prayer or praise, may be considered as, in general, best adapted to congregational singing; and such as do not imply an act of worship, or such as are descriptive, hortatory, didactic, &c., may be best adapted to choir singing. This rule, however, is liable to frequent exceptions.

6. In some congregations the plan has been adopted, of singing the first, or the first and second hymn, by the choir, and the last by the whole people; in which case the last tune must always be of the easiest kind, and one that is generally known. Some such regulation seems to be important where there is a desire to introduce, in part, congregational singing.

7. Although it is fully implied in what has been already said, I beg leave to say again, that unless congregations are fully prepared to give up all *musical excellence in itself considered*, unless they are willing to give up all mere musical pleasure or musical entertainment in public worship, they had better not adopt the congregational mode of singing; for they may be assured that ordinarily there will be nothing musically or artistically excellent in such performances.

8. Finally, to carry out these principles so as to realize the greatest benefit from church music, a much greater attention must be given to musical education. Music must be taught in common schools; this, indeed, seems to be the great means of improvement, so far as the art of music is concerned. Common singing schools, or adult singing schools, must be more thoroughly taught; the terms must be longer and more frequent; teachers must receive such a compensation as will enable them to qualify themselves for the work, and devote themselves to it. Such teachers

must be employed as are qualified to teach, who understand not only music and musical effects, but who enter into the spirit of church music, and who will train their pupils for it. Those who attend singing schools must go there for the purpose of learning music, and not from motives of mere playfulness, or social amusement. And, especially, the people composing our worshiping assemblies must be taught that music is introduced into the church for the purpose of quickening religious affections—that our psalms and hymns are formulas of worship—that in their use, each individual should adopt the language as his own, and seek for that spiritual intercourse with his Maker which they imply. Who shall teach the people these things?

POWER OF MUSIC.—A little incident, showing the power of music on the human soul, occurred in the street, on Tuesday last, while the funeral procession was passing. A man some forty years of age, whose tottering and bloated frame gave evident tokens of a long course of wretched inebriety, stood leaning against a post and gazing upon the sad and melancholy spectacle before him. The solemn procession, the crape trimmed banner, the beating of the muffled drum, and the funeral dirge, played with touching effect by the band, was too much for the hardened man; his soul melted within him, and as he thought of the approach of his own miserable end, the tears fell in streams almost from his eyes. That funeral scene reached that poor man's heart, and God grant the impression made on his feelings may wean him from his cups and restore him once more to society and his friends.—*Manchester Messenger*.

## THE STEAM SHIP—A DREAM.

### CHAPTER ONE.

I had visited the United States steam frigate Princeton, as she lay at the navy yard, and been shown by the polite engineer all the peculiarities of her construction. In appearance she looked like a sailing vessel, having no wheel visible, her propeller being inside the rudder, and entirely below water. She was ship-rigged, carrying the same sails as a sloop of war, and, I was told, would make equal progress with sails alone, or with steam alone. Her machinery very much interested me, and I examined it with a curious eye, lending an attentive ear to the explanations of the engineer. Among other things, he took a lamp and led me down into the dark after-hold, and showed me the shaft connecting below the water line, with the propelling wheel. I noticed that it was curiously constructed with sliding cogs, which enabled the engineer to disconnect the wheel from the engine, so that when the vessel was propelled by her sails alone, the wheel would revolve, and thus be no impediment to her progress. The shaft did not seem to be visible in the engine room, and, one examining the engine would not suppose that it had any connection, whatever, with anything on the outside of the vessel. It was only in this dark room, not high enough to allow one to stand erect in it, and entered with no little difficulty, through a trap door, that the connection between the engine and the propelling wheel could be seen. As the propeller itself was far below the service of the water, a casual observer would not readily have noticed the object for which the steam engine was placed in the vessel.

Returning home, I happened, just before retiring to

rest, to peruse a few pages of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, which, when I fell asleep, caused me to have a dream, which I will venture to relate, somewhat after the style of that illustrious dreamer.

I thought I was on board a steam ship, on a lake, which to my eye had no shore; at least, on every side my vision was bounded by the place where sky and water met.

The vessel in which I found myself was a goodly craft, well built, well furnished, and well manned. Her accommodations

for the comfort and convenience of her crew and passengers, were as good as those of any vessel that ever floated, and her sails and rigging were as strong and good as sails and rigging could be. She was full ship-rigged, carrying royals, and even sky-sails, on her fore and main masts, with stay-sail, jib, flying-jib, cross-jack,

and, in short, every sail which first-rate ships are wont to carry. Her captain was a thorough bred sailor, who, in the estimation of all on board, well understood his duty, and had the confidence and love of the entire ship's company. He was also considered a good pilot, and generally stood at the wheel himself.

There were also three mates, who assisted and counselled the captain; and, indeed, a full compliment of all the officers usual on board well-appointed ships. I saw, in

my dream, that the crew had the right to decide upon all matters connected with the welfare of the ship's company; particularly, that to them appertained the choice of all the officers who had ought to do with the sailing of the ship, and whatsoever else appertained to her progress towards her

destined port. The passengers had a voice in whatever related to the financial concerns of the ship, but had no control over her management, or sailing, these being exclusively under the direction of the crew and their officers.

Now in my dream I could not tell how I came on board this ship. I had no recollection of ever having seen the shore of the lake, and, strange to tell, every one else on board was in the same condition. No one on board had ever beheld the bounds of the lake, nor had any one ever seen aught but the same waste of waters. There were many other ships in sight, and some of our ship's company had formerly sailed in other ships before coming on board ours; but still no one, either in our own, or in any other vessel, had ever seen shore or coast to the lake. Still it was currently believed on board that the lake had a shore, and that, sooner or later, it would be seen. I saw, also, that the different ships held many different views upon this subject.

There was a book on board each ship, which described the lake, and how it was to be navigated; but all did not agree exactly as to what the book taught. The crew of the ship on board which I was, held to the following belief: (the crew of the other ships I saw, differed in greater or less points.) Our captain and crew believed that a ship could sail from the lake at either end, but that there

was no port upon the sides of the lake, into which a vessel could put, under any circumstances; indeed, that there was no shore which mortal eyes could behold. They held that at one end there was a narrow strait, through which a ship could sail into a

broad and beautiful harbor, a haven of eternal rest. That on this harbor bordered a land of pure delight, where were joys that eye hath not seen nor ear heard, which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. That there was situated a city which had foundations, whose maker and builder was God. That into that peaceful haven flowed a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. That in the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and that the leaves of the trees were from the healing of the nations. That there was no curse in that land, but that the throne of God and the Lamb were in it. That there was no night there, and that those who should reach its blissful shores would need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. They also believed that from the other end of the lake flowed a broad and deep river, whose waters, after a turbulent course of a few miles, fell over a tremendous cataract, into a fathomless abyss. I have several times stood upon the shore of lake Erie, at the mouth of the Niagara river, and looked upon the mighty and resistless current, rushing rapidly down to the great water-fall, and I have also several times sat and watched the fearful war of waters at the rapids above Niagara falls. I suppose these remembrances crossed my mind at this time, and became incorporated into my dream. I also noticed that our ship's company believed that a mighty current existed in the lake, ever flowing towards the cataract; that a ship could not remain stationary, but must eventually leave the lake, either by the strait into the beautiful haven, or through the river over the fearful cataract; and that, if the crew of a ship did not exercise vigilance in sailing her, she would make no head-way towards the glorious land, but certainly be carried by the current towards the fathomless abyss—for the lake had no bottom, and no ship could ever anchor in any part of it. I saw in my dream that the crew were, or professed to be, intensely anxious to reach the blissful shore, and that the shipping articles required that every one should agree to devote his whole energies towards bringing the ship to the desired haven.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

### MINOR MORALS IN NEW ENGLAND.

MESSRS. EDITORS—In my goings up and down in New England, these last few months, I have been confounded with what I have seen in the churches of almost all denominations, in relation to the important part of the public worship of God, which consists in singing. Would you believe it, in scarcely one church which I have been in during the last six months, have I heard any one sing, (save perhaps in the doxology, or in some extraordinary case,) except the choir. This does amaze me. If there be any part of divine worship in which all the people should take part, it is that of the praises of God. And of all portions of our country where I expected to find the whole congregation take part in this delightful act of religious service, New England is the very first. But I found that even the all-souled methodists are sinking down into that most wretched of all practices—of having the choir, often consisting in part or whole of hired singers, do all the singing, and the congregation sitting or standing in perfect silence. And this, too, emphatically in the land

of singing schools! Shade of Ichabod Crane! How in the world has this come about? What, in a land where everybody has gone to singing school and learned more or less of the elements of vocal music, has it come to this, that it is impossible to train a congregation to sing fifty or a hundred good tunes, in which all who can sing at all, may unite? What is the matter? Must the edification of the people, must the praise of God by the people—even by *all* the people—be sacrificed to exact harmony, to refined and elegant music, uttered indeed very often by a "thoughtless tongue."

For my part, I am not astonished to find religion in a very low state in the churches of New England, so long as a most important part of divine worship—the most popular—is so conducted that the congregation has little more interest in it than in listening with feelings very similar to those of the spectators in a theatre. This is all wrong. I would rather, infinitely rather, have the whole-hearted singing, even if not scientific and accurate, of a good congregation of blacks in the south, than this lifeless, soulless, Godless manner of conducting this portion of divine worship. The fact that it exists is proof enough that there is but little spiritual life in the churches in these parts.

I am no enemy to choirs, if they be of the right sort; but I do protest with all my might against their monopolizing the singing of the house of God. And I protest, too, against the foolish practice of allowing choirs to be eternally introducing new tunes—on purpose to prevent the congregation, in consequence of not knowing them, from taking part in the music. Very few of the new tunes, now-a-days, can be compared with many of the old ones known to almost everybody. I do not hesitate to declare that if I were pastor of a church where such a state of things exists as I have seen in very many of the best churches in New England, during the last six months, I would instantly demand a dismission, and go to the heathen rather than take another such charge. I say this in sober verity. I believe that there is a vast deal of downright wickedness in all this matter. I speak my honest opinion on the subject, without knowing, or caring to know, the opinions of others. I feel quite sure the great God whom we worship does not approve of this manner of publicly conducting his praise. I am inclined to think that David understood what was the divine mind on this subject. And when he exclaims so often in the very psalms which he composed for the public service of Jehovah, "Let the people praise thee, O God, yea, let *all* the people praise thee," he did not mean to say, Let the choir praise thee, O God, yea, let *all* the choir praise thee. No, no, he meant no such thing. Nor did the Divine Being intend that he should mean so.

I hope, Messrs. Editors, that you will lift up your voice like a trumpet against this dreadful departure from the divine pattern, as well as from what the exigencies of human nature itself demand. What can be more natural, or conduce more to edification, than for a whole congregation to join in this delightful, this heavenly portion of public worship?

Donizetti was born in Bergamo, September 27, 1799. Between the years 1819 and 1844, he wrote sixty-eight operas—more than two a year. Since 1844 he has been until recently in the insane hospital near Paris. He is now in Italy, under the charge of his nephew and an experienced physician, but will probably never recover his health.

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1847.

As the second volume of the Gazette is drawing to a close, we venture to solicit the kind offices of our friends in enabling us to commence another volume with an increased subscription list. Except in some large towns, it will not "pay" for us to send around agents, and we are therefore entirely dependent upon the voluntary assistance of our friends, in extending our circulation. Persons subscribing to volume 3, previous to the time of its commencement, can receive the remaining numbers of this volume gratis.

We can supply any number of the back numbers of this volume.

We have omitted, in several back numbers, our descriptions of "Churches in Boston," because in several of the churches coming next in order, changes are being made in the musical arrangements, which are not yet concluded. We design to continue these descriptions, until we have given all the churches in the city.

Some time since, we commenced a series of articles on church music, designed to give our own opinion of the manner in which it should be performed. We discontinued these articles, because from other sources we find so much upon the subject which we wish to lay before our readers.

Improving the privilege bestowed by nature upon all native-born yankees, we venture to "guess" that the author of "Minor Morals in New England," is pretty considerably wise in his own conceit.

In our last, we gave the report of the London Society for the Improvement of Church Music, the society under whose auspices the periodical called the "Parish Choir" is published. Many valuable ideas have been suggested to our own mind, by the perusal of this periodical, and we shall continue our extracts therefrom. It must be borne in mind that the "Parish Choir" is edited by members of the high church of England, and that its pages can but smack of the peculiar notions of that church.

We have been often told that we ought to have a leading article on some particular subject, in every paper. We hardly know why we do not; it certainly is not because we can't write one, for we are great at lecturing on almost any given subject, as members of our classes and choir can testify. We would like, to-day, to deliver a very short lecture on "independent musical opinion." So here goes. Everybody should have an opinion of his own, formed by the exercise of his own common sense and reasoning faculties. Never believe that any musical thing is so, because somebody says it is so. Does "everybody" say such an one is the best player in the world? Don't believe it on "everybody's" testimony, for "everybody" lies like Satan. Do the newspapers say such a book, or composition, or method of instruction, is super-excellent, far before anything of the kind ever before published? Don't believe it on that account. Newspapers say so about every book, whose publishers are willing to pay for a puff. Does a musical critic (i. e., one of those "things" who write musical criticisms for daily papers), run down a musical performance or a musical work? Do n't believe what he says, simply because he says it. There never was a professed musical critic who was much overstocked with brains, and there probably never will be; so don't form your opinion

from what they say, but, to end with the "theme" with which we commenced, form your opinion on every musical subject by the exercise of your own common sense, and the use of your own reasoning powers.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH CHOIR.—NO. V.

"CHURCH MUSIC IN CANADA.—The following extract from that very instructive and interesting little work, the *Memoirs of a Missionary in Canada*, may not be without its practical application at home. We are fully convinced that much better singing would be now heard in our churches, if chants, and not hymn tunes, had been cared for. But, as things stand, the clergy seem often to have regarded church music merely as an *interesting appendage* to, and not, as it is in reality, an *important inherent part* of the English liturgy. And thus *selections of nine hundred and ninety-nine popular hymn tunes* are to be found in some churches, where the psalms appointed to be sung are coldly read over from one year's end to another, without even an attempt at chanting.

'Before I and the dissenting preacher, or, as he was more commonly designated, the opposition minister, came to the settlement, there were no divisions among the people; and if they were not in reality all of one heart and of one mind, they certainly were so to all outward seeming. They all attended the ordinary services of the church; they even had their children baptized by my predecessor. Now, however, there was naturally a great change. A separation immediately took place, and we felt the effect of it, in one particular at least, very sensibly. All who were in the habit of singing in the congregation went out from us in a body, and left us totally destitute of that interesting appendage to our service, the psalmody. To that alone I am now referring, and not to any portion of the service itself. The singers were, in fact, all dissenters, with the exception of two or three, who might have been at a loss themselves to say exactly what they were; and dissenters in general are much more attentive to their singing than we are. It may be given as a reason for this, that it is actually a part, and a very important part, too, of their services. But when we take into consideration the chants and anthems, may not the same, and even more, be said of it in reference to our services? Also, thousands have joined the ranks of the dissenters, who at first attended their meetinghouses only to hear their beautiful singing; whereas, if the sacred music, so naturally belonging to our services as to form an inherent part of them, had not been so lamentably neglected, these same persons would have heard much more beautiful singing in their own church. Passionately fond of music as I am, and especially of church music, it will easily be imagined how severely I felt the loss, and how anxious I was to repair it. I spared neither labor, nor pains, nor expense. I got teachers from a distance, for I could find none on the spot. I succeeded, two or three times, in getting up quite a little band of singers; but, somehow or other, when the teacher went away, they either fell off one by one, or the leader was absent, or they broke down, or something else happened, and the singing was given up. Again and again I attempted to accomplish this object, but always failed.

My exertions had hitherto been confined to psalmody alone. After my repeated failures, the thought occurred to me that I might perhaps be more successful with the chants. I made another effort, and succeeded

completely. We first got up the 'Venite,' and then the 'Jubilata,' and afterwards the 'Te Deum,' &c. I discovered the cause of all my former difficulties. These chants being the same every Sunday, every Sunday added to our choir. Many naturally chimed in, as the simple music became familiar to them, till nearly all the congregation united; whereas, before, while the singing was confined to the psalmody, the singers were under the impression that we must have a great variety of tunes—the metres, indeed, require this to a certain extent—and in attempting to keep up this variety they committed blunders occasionally, became abashed and frightened, and at last broke down altogether. But now they were strengthened by constant accessions to their number; their confidence was restored, and they sang well, if not tastefully; so well, indeed, that on the bishop's holding a confirmation at my church, about the time they were at their best, his lordship declared that he had never in his life heard better singing in a country church."

For the Musical Gazette.

MESSRS. EDITORS—In the Gazette of Nov. 8 is an item, headed, "Musical Panning." I am reminded by it, of a perpetration of that kind by the editor of a Troy paper. The Rensselaer County Agricultural Society recently presented Mr. J. C. Andrews with a silver snuff-box, in token of their appreciation of musical services rendered by him, at their late fair. The editor alluded to says: "The society, in presenting Mr. A. with silver for his notes, have shown that they consider them a sound currency;" and then invites the professor, "if he can make a worse pun, to call at the office for our '*chapeau*,'" which, I suppose, means "our" old hat.

For the Musical Gazette.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Skill in music is thought by many persons to be a sure passport to good society. Propriety of deportment, however, is necessary to enable one to maintain a position there. The want of this is by no means an uncommon drawback upon the influence of professed teachers of music, and some, too, of otherwise unquestionable musical talent. Whatever the cause of this deficiency, ignorance of the ways of the world, or contempt of them, the effect remains the same. We will give a few incidents in the history of an "eastern" teacher, performing "out west," (it is not material how far west,) by way of illustration; incidents which some of his friends very charitably excused, as being *eccentricities of character*.

On a certain day he was invited by Judge — to dine at his house. The lady of the judge being detained by some domestic arrangements, sent Miss —, a visitor at her house, with an apology, and to entertain the professor in the parlor till dinner should be announced. She commenced apologizing, when he interrupted her with—"I want no apologies; her room is better than her company;" delivered in no jesting air. The lady retired, and left him to entertain himself.

On being seated at the table, while the judge is doing the honors, our professor takes up his fork and finds it a little loose at the handle. Twisting it in his fingers, and examining it very closely, he says, "I should think anybody would know better than to put such a thing as this on the table for folks to eat with!"

Some lady visitors once came into the singing-school

room. The scholars turned their heads to see who they were. All seated, he turned to the visitors, and said, "I hope you will excuse my singers for looking at ye; they are rather green yet; I'm trying to learn 'em something—pretty hard case!" To the same school, on another occasion, he said, "You think because you live here in the great village of —, that you are somebody; but I tell you, your *parlor politeness*, here, do n't compare at all with what may be found in any kitchen east of the Hudson river!" And this in a school composed of the "tops of the town." Another school he tried to have *sing louder*, by lecturing thus: "Why—do n't—you—open—your throats and sing? Whoever comes in here of a Sunday and looks up there and sees two rows of stout, hale, healthy men and women, expects to hear a NOISE when they get up. Instead of that," (closing his eyes, contracting his nose, and running his voice up to a diminutive falsetto,) "it's so *soft* ye can't hardly hear it!" (Suddenly staring his eyes wide open,) "I should as soon think of making it thunder by pinching the ears of a MILLION OF MICES, as to produce effect with such singers!"

Singing teachers in the country commonly "board round," like the schoolmaster, or wherever they may be invited. Passing a night with a certain family in this way for the first time, and upon an acquaintance of a few weeks, our Chesterfield addressed one of its members (whom he saw in the morning with her household dress on, and which to his observant eye showed some slight discrepancy in the stitches, somewhere), on this wise: "*Sal, you old pot-wrestler you, why do n't you mend your dress?*"

Is it asked why such conduct was tolerated in a civilized community? *This family* did not tolerate it, nor him either, afterward; and the reason why a man of such social habits as is represented in the foregoing incidents, was tolerated as a teacher, must be sought in the fact, that in some smart country villages, one or other of the churches, for popularity's sake, wish to have it understood that *their preacher* is the greatest, and *their chorister* the best of all. And when such a society or its members say that their pastor "has not his equal for fifty miles around," and their chorister can't be beat this side of New York or Boston, and "is as much better than Mr. so-and-so, as Mr. so-and-so is better than common teachers"—it is quite certain they have a charity that will [selfishly] cover a multitude of sins.

I might moralize to a wide extent upon the matters above stated; but each reader will make his own reflections. The subject is too personal for my pen. Indeed, I would not have touched upon it, but for the unlucky promise you *extorted* from me, when last I sat at your hospitable board.

**MUSICAL SPIT.**—The most singular spit in the world is that of Castel Maria, one of the most opulent lords of Treviso. This spit turns one hundred and thirty roasts at once, and plays twenty-four tunes; and whatever it plays corresponds to a certain degree of cooking, which is perfectly understood by the cook. Thus a leg of mutton, *a la Anglaise*, will be excellent at the twelfth air; a fowl, *a la Flamande*, will be full of gravy at the eighteenth, and so on. It would be difficult, perhaps, to carry further the love of music and gormandizing.

**PAGANINI AND SIVORI.**—In a New York journal, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, there was published, from a foreign work, a sketch of Nicola Paganini, in which is an extract from one of that artist's letters, giving a brief account of "a child named Camillo Sivori, the son of a Genoese merchant"—of whom Paganini thus speaks:

"The youth had barely attained his seventh year, when I instructed him in the elements of music. At the expiration of three days he played several pieces with such facility that everybody exclaimed, 'Paganini has wrought a miracle.' After the lapse of fifteen days he performed at a public concert. It is but justice to add, that his progress was greatly facilitated by the perfect accuracy of his ear. My secret once known, artists will devote more serious attention to the study of the violin—an instrument with far greater resources than they are apt to imagine; my system will one day be adopted. The method at present pursued, and which rather embarrasses than assists the learner, will be abandoned for mine, which requires nothing more than the regular practice of five or six hours each day. It is, however, a gross mistake to imagine that any secret may be discovered by mode of tuning a violin, or by my style of performance. He that would reap the benefit of my secret must be possessed of intellect."

#### BERLIN.

A correspondent of the Providence Journal thus discourses of his sojourn in Berlin:

"But of all the strictly fine arts, music is the most passionately and successfully cultivated in Berlin. There is not in Berlin, as in Leipzig, a musical conservatorium, but here is the great and shining stage for musical talent to display itself and win its laurels. The various and magnificent concert rooms, the 'Sing Akademie,' the opera house, are opened nightly, and thronged with brilliant and critical assemblies. The standard of musical taste in Berlin is proverbially severe, much more so than in Frankfort or Vienna, and no audiences are so difficult to please as those of the Prussian capital. The judgment is usually suspended until after several trials, and at the moment perhaps when the performer is most discouraged, then comes the hard-earned applause which establishes his fame and fortune. The 'Sing Akademie' is composed of lady and gentlemen amateurs, assisted by professional singers, and by the first orchestral music which the city affords. A fine building, and a spacious and beautiful saloon, are appropriated to their meetings. I had the pleasure not long since of listening to the performance, by the members of this society, of the oratorio of the 'Creation,' by Haydn. This is generally acknowledged to be the greatest musical composition in the world. Although the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston have made us acquainted with it in America, I considered myself fortunate in thus hearing it in the land of its author, and under circumstances so favorable to its most perfect execution. The orchestra was so heavy, and the choir so immense, that the grandest effect was given to its simultaneous parts and choruses. To those who have never heard it, perhaps a word of description would not be uninteresting. It commences with a majestic and slow-moving overture, full of deep and strong tones, with now and then the full, startling blast of a horn or trumpet, as if to announce and prepare for something transcendently grand and important. The single voices in the oratorio are those of

Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael, Adam, and Eve. Raphael commences the recitative, in the words of scripture—'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' Every full sentence of recitative is followed by a strain of instrumental music, catching the spirit, and as it were swelling with the fiery wind of harmony, the idea of the enunciated phrase. Thus, after the words 'And the earth was without form and void,' a very chaos of floating, uncertain, tempestuous sounds, rush in, and confuse the ear with their vague and stormy contentions. Succeeding the text, 'And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters,' the music takes a soft, low, shimmering movement, as if some subtle, ethereal presence, hung tremulously suspended over the bosom of chaos. But the first extraordinary and almost inspired passage in the oratorio, is the world-renowned illustration of the sentence, 'Let there be light, and there was light.' The orchestra is silent until the last 'light' is pronounced—then it bursts into one magnificent crash of harmony, louder and louder, swifter and swifter, higher and higher, so that the light seems actually to stream up into a very blaze of universal and glorious effulgence. In the aria which succeeds this passage, occur the words,

'Confusion yields,  
And order rises o'er.'

Here for the first time the music seems to flow in an even and regular melody, denoting the new principle of order which had been introduced into the chaotic universe. The following chorus,

'And a new world springs from God's word.'

is one of the most enchanting strains in the whole composition. The beautiful manner in which the German words,

'Und eine neue Welt etc.'

are dwelt upon and repeated, now loud, now soft, now by one voice, now by the whole choir, now melting into the fainting tones of a single flute, now thundered inspiringly forth by the united power of the entire orchestra, all the varied threads of harmony weaving themselves together, and evolving a perfect and entrancing whole—this cannot be adequately described. A singularly sweet, soothing, and tranquil strain, occurs at the close of the aria following the recitative descriptive of the formation of the ocean, and the ordaining of rivers and brooks, accompanying the words,

'Lightly murmuring, the clear stream  
Gilds forth in the still valley.'

In the creation of the flowers, the music takes a wild and simple melody, laying aside its terrors and its sublimity, and rejoicing and singing, like a child who has found a violet in the woods. The rising of the moon is illustrated by the soft and ravishing tones of flutes, while the sun goes forth like an oriental bridegroom, with the bray of trumpets, the clangor of cymbals, and the beat of drums.

The second part of the oratorio commences with the formation of animated nature. First, the birds are created; the eagle soars majestically 'in the open firmament of heaven;' the lark trills its delighted morning carol; the doves murmur their love-notes; the nightingale pours forth her mellifluous strains, as yet untinged by a melancholy spirit. In the creation of fishes, the deep, ground tones of the viol and bassoon, roll growlingly in, to describe the mighty bulk of the whale, as he goes floundering and weltering down to the profound abysses of the sea. When animals are formed,

the lion roars with joy, the rapid, bounding movement of the music denotes the swift springs of the tiger, and a free, wild, inspiring melody, succeeds the apparition of the horse, who with flying mane leaps into life, and neighs in the fullness of his courage and strength. In the creation of Adam and Eve, the music rises to its sweetest and noblest style, to something more elevated and more feeling than anything which has preceded. As he illustrates the perfect beauty and the god-like dignity of our first father the king of nature, made in the image of God, the composer appears to catch that higher conception of an intellectual and a moral grandeur, and to enter and sweep through a more regal chamber of harmony. This lofty measure melts into tenderness, and flows in delicate and captivating strains, when our gentle mother is introduced, leaning upon the breast of her lord, for him and from him formed, smiling in her first innocence, the ineffable picture of spring, of love, of happiness, of delight. This second part of the oratorio is terminated by the whole choir chanting a hymn to the glory of the great Maker of earth and heaven.

The third part of the 'Creation' is mostly composed of a duet, sung by Adam and Eve, with the occasional accompaniment of other voices and of the whole choir, upon the beauty of the freshly-created universe, and the happiness of their new existence. The oratorio closes with a grand and universal psalm of praise.

It is wonderful how great a unity of parts is discernible in this composition. First, is the creation of the inanimate universe, then the formation of animated nature, then the speech, the mental expression of the noblest portion of the animated creation—first matter, then life, then mind. There is indeed a wholeness, a body, to this composition, which, when one hears it, like reading an epic poem, or seeing a great picture, other productions of the same art appear light, unfinished, unsubstantial, in the comparison. It is related that toward the close of Hayden's life, the 'Creation' was performed in Vienna, in honor of his birth-day. He himself was present; and when the passage illustrating the creation of light was performed, the richness and magnificence of his own music completely overwhelmed him. With streaming eyes, lifting his hands to heaven, he exclaimed, 'Not from me—it came from above!'

To listen to music like this, makes one better and nobler. If one has aught good or high in him, he becomes more sensible of it; if he has aught low or base in him, he forgets it. If he has ever formed a worthy resolution for the future, then he feels that he has both the will and the power to accomplish it. He seems at times even to grow great and heroic, and thoughts pure, ideal, sublime, float into the mind like helmed angels, filling it with light, and perfume, and ecstasy. This connection of music with the heroic, is not a visionary idea; every one must have experienced it.—Whatever excites the generous emotions, increases the aptitude for heroic resolution. That is not heroism, which is not connected with, or forms the result of, generous feeling. Great actions are the offspring of high feeling and fixed purpose; they must partake of the sincerity, the sacrifice, the devotion, the enthusiasm of the heart, else the mere determination of the will loses its admirable and heroic quality. Music lifts the mind into that state of feeling, which is not only in itself suggestive of high thoughts, but into which, if the thoughts enter, they immediately assume the character

of the heroic. Thus Achilles kept his idle mind from losing its lofty tension, by sweeping his lyre to the murmur of the 'many-voiced ocean.' The long-haired Spartans marched forth to battle and death.

'To the sound  
Of flutes and soft recorders.'

The chivalry of the middle ages was the foster-child of song. Luther and Zuingli were the most ardent lovers and cultivators of music which their age afforded. It is told of Frederic the Great, that he was in the habit of shutting himself for hours in his room, and 'phantasying,' as he called it, upon his flute, declaring that the boldest and most brilliant resolutions he ever conceived, whose execution, even now, after Napoleon has lived and died, hold us in astonishment, came to him in these moments. It is not always the boldest music which has this high result. Soft and melancholy music, to many, is more suggestive of elevated ideas, than the most pealing and arousing harmony, than the sound of trumpet or of drum. Melancholy itself, when it does not arise from irresolution or weakness, may arise from the sensation of great thoughts, stirring to fulfil and to utter themselves. Themistocles was melancholy; and when asked the reason, he said, 'That monument raised to Miltiades on the field of Marathon will not let me sleep.' Soft music, when pure, purges the imagination of gross and earth-leveled ideas, drives out by its sweet and strong magic the demoniacal presence which possessed it, and makes it the fit and clear home of lofty and heroic aspiration.

O play me soft music to make me heroic,  
The heart must first melt, ere 'tis firmly the staid,  
And the purer the feeling where clear resolve freezes,  
The purer, the grander, the aim that it seizes.

Great thoughts float in music, and o'er the soul lighten,  
Like banners of fire, which a northern night brighten;  
We are rich, we are brave, we are strong, we are holy,  
As music breathes through us its high melancholy.

Some spirit of those who were banished from heaven,  
Least sinning of all and yet not all forgiven,  
Was doomed to the earth on the gentle commission  
To win by soft sounds to celestial ambition."

**LISZT THE PIANIST.**—Sometime since, Liszt was traveling in Germany and giving concerts there. He was traveling as a prince preceded by a courier, who prepared his relays, and accompanied by his secretary. He arrived at a little city, whose inhabitants, it was said, had a great desire to see and hear him. The concert was duly announced; the name of Liszt is worshiped in Germany; the only fear of the pianist was lest the hall should be too small to contain the crowd of his admirers. Judge, then, of his astonishment, when he saw only forty or fifty auditors, in very bad humor, and apparently ashamed of their small numbers. He waited, walked up and down the little stage; had his pianos tuned once or twice, sought every pretence to delay the hour of concert, hoping always an addition to the numbers of the spectators; but he was compelled at last to begin. Suddenly, as he was playing his fantasia on Don Juan, a luminous idea crossed his mind. He rose in the middle of the piece, advanced toward the barrier, and politely saluting his audience—"Gentlemen," said he, "you have had music enough; I have, I am sure. Will you do me the honor to come and sup with me?" This singular invitation was received by an enthusiastic hurrah. Liszt did the thing very well. He conducted his public to the first hotel of the city, where he had stopped in the morning,

and ordered a magnificent supper. The Ampythyron and his guests separated late that night, mutually enchanted with each other. But the next day the pianist announced a second concert. This time the hall was crowded; there were more than two thousand spectators. They had been undoubtedly attracted by the talent of the artist; but had they not counted a little upon the supper?—*Courier des Etats Unis.*

Rossini has joined the National Guard in Boulogne, and has been elected a captain.

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## HEALTH TO ALL THAT'S GREAT AND NOBLE.

*Arranged for the Gazette, by  
J. O. JOHNSON.*

1. Health to all that's great and noble, Praise to all that's fair and good; Spring and autumn, fruit and flower, Spring and autumn,  
 2. Health to all that's great and noble, Praise to all that's good and fair; Friendship, love, and ev - 'ry blessing, Friendship, love, and  
 3. Health to all that's great and noble, Joy to all we call our own; Home and kindred, al - tars burning, Home and kindred,

fruit and flower, Win - ter breeze and sum - mer shower, Purling stream and verdant wood, Purling stream and ver - dant wood.  
 ev - 'ry blessing, Joy resounding, nev - er ceasing, Hearts as free as mountain air, Hearts as free as mountain air.  
 al - tars burning, Love as pure and fresh as morning, Joy to all we call our own, Joy to all we call our own.

## COIT. C. M.

W. WILLIAMS.

As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase, So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.  
 As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase, So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.

## JORDAN. L. M.

S. NOLEN, JR.

As when the weary traveler gains The height of some commanding hill, His heart revives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, though distant still.  
 As when the weary traveler gains The height of some commanding hill, His heart revives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, though distant still.

## ANGELUS. C. M.

Subject partly from O. SHAW.  
Semi-Choir. Con spirito.

Full Choir.

B. F. EDMANDS, Boston, Mass.

Come let us join our cheerful songs, With an - gels round the throne;

Ten thou - sand thou - sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

## MONTAGUE. 7s.

GEO. W. PRATT, Middletown, Ct.

Gracious Spirit, love divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine; All my guilty fears remove; Fill me with thy heav'nly love.

## TAPPAN. L. M.

S. NOLEN, JR.

Weep not, when sad distress is nigh, When bliss and transient pleasures fly; When earthly blessings droop and fade, When all is wrapt in sorrow's shade.

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## THE MAESTRO AND THE MANAGER.

Rossini arrived at Naples preceded by a great reputation. The first person he encountered descending from the coach was the *impresario* of San Carlo. Barbaja advanced to the composer, stretched out his hand, and, giving him neither time to move a step nor speak a word, addressed him thus:

"I come to make you three offers, and I expect you will refuse none."

"Let us hear," said Rossini.

"I offer you my house for yourself and people."

"I accept it."

"I offer my table to you and all your friends."

"I accept."

"I offer you to write an opera for our theatre."

"I do not accept it."

"How! do you refuse to write for me?"

"Neither for you nor anybody else. I do not intend to compose any more."

"You are mad."

"'T is as I told you."

"And why come to Naples?"

"To eat macaroni and ices; they are my passion."

"My confectioner shall prepare your ices, and I myself will look after your macaroni."

"That will be excellent!"

"But you will write me an opera?"

"We shall see."

"Take one month, two months, six months—as long as you please."

"Let it be six months."

"Agreed. Come to supper."

From that day Barbaja's house was put entirely at Rossini's disposal. All his friends and acquaintance were remorselessly invited to his table, without in the least consulting the poor manager; and Rossini did the honors with the most perfect ease. As for Barbaja, true to the character of *cuisinier* he had imposed on himself, he daily invented new dishes, brought forth the oldest bottles from his cellar, and feasted everybody, known and unknown, whom Rossini pleased to invite, as though they were the best friends of his father. Only towards the end of the repast, with a *degage* air, with infinite address, and smiling all the time, he would introduce, while sipping his wine or eating an olive, a few words concerning the opera, and the immense success which would arise from it. Rossini took no notice of this, till, after repeated hints and suggestions of the same kind, the *maestro* politely ordered poor Barbaja to absent himself from the dessert in future. Meanwhile, the months rolled on, the *libretto* was finished a long time, and nothing occurred to show that the composer was likely to set himself to work. To the dinners succeeded promenades; to promenades, parties in the country. The chase, fishing, horsemanship, occupied the leisure hours of the noble master, but not a word of music. Barbaja ex-

perienced twenty times a day a fit of frenzy, and felt a strong inclination to raise a storm. He restrained himself, nevertheless, for no one had greater faith in the incomparable genius of Rossini.

Barbaja preserved his temper, and kept silent during five months with the most exemplary patience. But, the morning of the first day of the sixth month, seeing he had no time to lose, he broke forth,

"Ha! my friend, do you know there are but nine-and-twenty days remaining to the appointed time?"

"What time?"

"The 30th of May."

"Ah! the 30th of May. Well, what of that?"

"Have you not promised me a new opera against that day?"

"I promise you?"

"There's no need to show or pretend astonishment," said the *impresario*, whose patience was well nigh exhausted. "I have waited with the greatest patience, reckoning upon your great genius and the facility God has given you. Now it is impossible to wait any longer. I must have my opera."

"Could we not arrange some old opera and change the title?"

"Do you think it? And the *artistes* expressly engaged to perform in a new opera?"

"You can fine them."

"And the public?"

"You will close the theatre."

"And the king?"

"Send in your resignation."

"All that may be practicable, to a certain extent; but if neither the *artistes*, nor the public, nor the king himself, can force me to hold my promise, I have given my word, signor, and Domenico Barbaja has never failed in his word of honor."

"Oh! that's another affair."

"Then you promise to commence to-morrow."

"To-morrow! It is impossible; I am going to fish."

"Very well," said the manager; "I find I must take some other mode;" and he departed.

The same evening, Rossini went through the honors of the table, seeming perfectly forgetful of the morning's discussion. Upon going to bed, he ordered his servant to call him at break of day—and was soon asleep.

The mid-day hour sounded from five hundred clocks of Naples, and Rossini's servant had not yet entered his room. The noon-sun darted his rays through the blinds. Rossini, starting from his sleep, rose upon the bed, rubbed his eyes, and rang the bell. The cord of the bell remained in his hand. He called from the window which overlooked the court. The mansion was as silent as a seraglio. He tried the door of his chamber; it resisted all his efforts; he was inclosed within. Returning to the window, he began to call loudly for assistance, and alarmed the whole neighborhood with vehement vociferations. The only answer he received was the echo from the court beneath. There remained but one resource—that was, to jump

from the fourth story. But we must do Rossini the justice to acknowledge this method never entered into his head.

At the end of a full hour, Barbaja showed his night-cap from a window on the third floor. Rossini, who had not quitted the window, had a great mind to hurl a tile at him, but contented himself, as he had no tile, with hurling the most dreadful imprecations at his head.

"Do you want anything?" demanded the *impresario*, in a quiet tone.

"I must go out this instant."

"You shall go where you please when the opera is finished."

"This is arbitrary imprisonment."

"Just so; but I must have my opera."

"I shall complain to all the *artistes*, and we shall see."

"I shall fine them."

"I shall inform the public."

"I shall close the theatre."

"I shall go to the king."

"I shall send in my resignation."

Rossini perceived he was taken in his own toils, and, changing his tone on a sudden, he replied, in a calm voice, "I accept your pleasantry, and I am not angry; but when shall I obtain my liberty?"

"When the last scene of the opera is finished," exclaimed the manager, taking off his cap.

"Good! send this evening for the overture."

Barbaja received punctually that evening a paper of music, on which was inscribed, in large letters, "The Overture to Otello." The saloon of Barbaja was filled with celebrated musicians at the moment he received his first transmission from his prisoner. It was tried, and pronounced a new *chef d'œuvre*, and Rossini was declared a deity rather than a man, who created, without effort, by the sole act of his will alone. Barbaja, whose joy rendered him nearly mad, snatched the manuscript from the hands of his admirers, and dispatched it to the copyist. The next day he received a new manuscript, on which he read, "The First Act of Otello." This new copy was sent also to the copyists, who performed their task with that mute and passive obedience to which the manager had accustomed them. At the end of three days the partition of "Otello" had been delivered and copied. The *impresario* could scarcely contain himself for delight. He threw himself on Rossini's neck, and made a thousand apologies for the stratagem he was forced to employ, and begged of him to complete his work by assisting at the rehearsals.

"I shall inspect the *artistes*," replied Rossini, with an easy tone of voice, "and I shall make them repeat their parts. As for the gentlemen of the orchestra, I shall have the honor of receiving them in my own rooms."

"Very good, my friend; you shall look over the whole work with them. My presence will not be necessary, and I shall admire thy *chef d'œuvre* at the general rehearsal. Once more I pray you forgive me that little stratagem."

"Not one word about that, or I shall be angry."

"Well, then, at the general rehearsal?"

"At the general rehearsal."

The day of the general rehearsal at last arrived. It was the eve of that famous 30th of May which cost the poor *impresario* so many pangs. The singers were at their post; the musicians took their places in the orchestra; Rossini seated himself at the piano. A number of elegant ladies and privileged gentlemen occupied the stage-boxes. Barbaja, radiant and triumphant, promenaded the stage, rubbing his hands, and whistling with the highest degree of satisfaction. They executed the overture first. The most uproarious applause shook the walls of San Carlo. Rossini rose and saluted the audience.

"Bravo!" shouted Barbaja. "Let us pass to the tenor's cavatina."

Rossini re-seated himself at the piano. A deathlike silence ensued. The first violin lifted his bow, and they commenced playing the overture again. The same enthusiastic applause followed the repetition. Rossini rose and bowed again.

"Bravo! *encore*, bravo!" repeated Barbaja. "Let us pass to the cavatina."

Barbaja was out of all patience. "It is very charming," said he, "but we cannot remain playing it over and over till to-morrow. Come to the cavatina."

But, spite of the injunction of the manager, the orchestra did not the less continue executing the overture. Barbaja made a jump toward the first violin, and, seizing him by the collar, cried in his ear, "Why do you continue playing the same piece for one hour?"

"Same!" said the violin, with a coolness that would have done honor to a German; "we play what is set before us."

"Turn over the leaves, fool!"

"We have turned them; there's nothing but the overture."

"How! nothing but the overture?" cried the poor *impresario*, turning pale as a sheet. "Is it, indeed, an atrocious conspiracy?"

Rossini rose and bowed. Barbaja fell on a sofa, and lay without motion. The singers gathered round him. For an instant they feared he was stricken with apoplexy. Rossini, distracted to have brought his pleasantry to so serious an issue, approached him with real anxiety.

At sight of him, Barbaja, bounding like a lion from his seat, began to cry aloud, "Away, wretch, or you'll drive me to some extremity."

"Let us see," said Rossini, smiling; "is there no remedy?"

"What remedy, perfidious? To-morrow is the day announced for the first representation."

"The prima donna might be very much indisposed," whispered Rossini in the manager's ear.

"Impossible!" replied Barbaja, in a like tone of voice; "she would never risk the public vengeance by falling ill."

"If you allow me to try——"

"That is useless. You do not know the Colbron."

"Will you permit me to try?"

"Do as you please; but I tell you, you are losing time."

"Perhaps."

The following day the bills of San Carlos announced that the first representation of "Otello" was postponed in consequence of the indisposition of the prima donna.

Eight days afterward, "Otello" was produced. After the fall of the curtain, Barbaja, weeping with emotion, sought everywhere for the *maestro*, to press him to his heart; but Rossini, doubtless yielding to that modesty which conjoins so well with true genius, had withdrawn himself from the tumultuous throng.

The next day, Domenico Barbaja rang the bell for his prompter, who also filled the situation of *valet de chambre*, impatient to present to his guest his felicitations on the triumphant success of the opera.

The prompter entered.

"Tell Signor Rossini to come down; I would speak with him."

"Rossini has departed."

"How departed?"

"Set off for Bologna at the break of day."

"Departed without a word?"

"No, sir; he left you his address."

"Go and inform Madame Colbron I must see her immediately."

"Madame Colbron, sir?"

"Yes, Colbron; are you deaf to-day?"

"Excuse me, sir; but Madame Colbron has departed also."

"Impossible!"

"They have departed in the same coach."

"Unfortunate woman! she leaves me to become the mistress of Rossini."

"Pardon, sir; she is his wife."

"I am revenged," said Barbaja.

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH CHOIR.—NO. VI.

"ON UNITING THE OFFICES OF SCHOOLMASTER AND ORGANIST.—To the editor of the Parish Choir—

SIR—Under the above heading, some letters have appeared in your periodical, by giving insertion to which, you, of course, intimate that you concur in the asserted 'advantage' of such a scheme. Now, sir, I thought the organist and his office had already been sufficiently degraded, but it seems I was mistaken; and that until the appearance of your work a final stroke was required, (to complete the degradation of those who are entitled to far different treatment,) which you have been the means of suggesting to those in whose hands the appointments of organists and schoolmasters are vested; and this, too, notwithstanding your professed desire to advance the cause of church music.

If 'advantage' there be in uniting the offices named above, it must be entirely on the side of schoolmasters, who will perhaps gain a few pounds a year by such a scheme. Certain it is, that neither the organist will be benefited, nor will church music be advanced; for, one who has been trained for a schoolmaster cannot be supposed to possess the knowledge of an organist by profession. Yet, that some degree of ability will be expected of him, may be gathered from the following advertisement, which has lately appeared in your work:

"ORGANIST.—Wanted, for a parish in Somersetshire, a person who will undertake the duties of organist and second master in the school. Salary according to testimonials of ability, &c., but cannot exceed £40!"

Hear this, Messrs. Thomas Adams, S. S. Wesley, Pitman, &c. &c.! Hear this, ye who have spent your time and money in the acquirement of a knowledge of music and an ability to perform, in a worthy manner, on an instrument almost exclusively devoted to the service of the church!

If the offices before mentioned are to be united, it would surely be as well to carry out so excellent a plan for reformation, by uniting also those of the curate and sexton. Nor is such a proposal by any means to be deemed *Quixotic*; for I maintain that *very great advantages* would result from such a union; thus, we should no longer be disgusted at the levity (not to say profanity,) which is now by no means uncommon among those whose duty it is to prepare an earthly resting-place for the departed; and, again, by accustoming those, who have for so long a period treated organists with indifference, or even contempt, to prepare a pit into which earth may be consigned to earth, we might at length charitably hope that they would acquire such a knowledge of themselves, as to cause them to live in love with such as assist in the promotion of God's honor and glory. These are, at least, some of the advantages to be derived from the union I have proposed; and the form of application for persons to fill the combined offices might be as follows, or similar:

"CURATE.—Wanted, for a parish in —, a person who will undertake the usual duties and the office of sexton. [Here particulars as to the number of services, &c., might be named.] Salary according to the testimonials of ability in handling the shovel, but cannot exceed — (say £40, as being a liberal sum.)"

Yours, obediently,

JUSTITIA.

We thought every reader of a periodical understood that the editor was not responsible for the sentiments of his correspondents. We would refer 'Justitia' to the report of the society just issued. His letter will be both instructive and amusing to many clergymen.—*Editor Parish Choir.*

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"ORGANISTS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.—We have received a host of communications on the subject of the union of the offices of organist and schoolmaster, which was recommended by our able correspondent who dates from Northwich. So many communications, indeed, are before us, that we are compelled in self-defence to close the controversy for the present. Organists write in ridicule of the musical pretensions of village schoolmasters, contend that a proper knowledge of the organ is infinitely above their capacities, and profess to look forward with dismay to the day when the organist of Westminster Abbey will be displaced for the mistress of a dame school, and when horn books and primers will be the private solace of musicians, instead of Sebastian Bach or Beethoven. On the other hand, complaints are made of the secularity of organists, of the occasional profanity of their conduct in their closely-curtained gallery, and of the painful unconsciousness they often exhibit of the importance of their duties in a religious point of view.

Now, what are the duties of the organist? First, and most essentially, to accompany the plain chant to the psalms, and (in places where they cannot sing anthems,) the plain tune for the metrical hymn, which is the usual substitute for the anthem. Now, since in most village churches they are tiring of the ancient band of fiddlers and clarinetists, and since it is not in every village that a stipend can be raised for a professional musician, we do say that it is very desirable that the schoolmaster should be able to accompany the chant on a small organ, so that that horrible makeshift, the grinding organ, need not be thought of. It is desirable also that he should play on an instrument, in

order that he may keep the children in good tune in their singing lessons. The schoolmaster, too, from his daily intercourse with the clergymen on the one hand, and with the children on the other, would be far more likely to throw a proper ecclesiastical spirit into the services, and to train a choir of children effectively, than an organist who merely came once a week from a neighboring market town. On the other hand, where there is a large choir of practiced singers, who can sing anthems, and where the organ is a very large one and used daily—in fact—in large towns it may be readily conceived, that the services of a professional musician would be essential.

We may hint to our organist correspondents, by the by, that they need not indulge in so many sneers at schoolmasters. The new race who are springing up under the fostering care of the National Society, includes very many individuals who need not fear comparison with musical professors, either in gentlemanly manners or in general acquirements, nor yet in religious demeanor, or in knowledge of the highest style of church music."

From the Chelsea (Mass.) Pioneer.

### MUSIC.

The Chelsea Musical Association has commenced its annual course of vocal and instrumental practice under favorable auspices. The ladies and gentlemen composing that society, are, (to use the language of one of their number,) "enjoying themselves much this season," in rehearsing the music of Handel, Hayden, Mozart, and of other eminent composers. Quite an accession, as respects numbers and quality of voices, has been made to the choir; so that we may confidently hope to have good musical entertainments in our own village this winter, presented, too, by musicians found chiefly, though not exclusively, among the citizens of Chelsea.

We learn, with pleasure, that Prof. Keller, of Boston, a gentleman well known as one of the most accomplished musicians in this country—an admirable instructor and performer of the violin, piano forte, and many other musical instruments—has been engaged to lead the orchestra. We are also informed that Mr. Keller has classes of boys under his tuition, who meet at his rooms in the city, to learn the art of playing the violin, violoncello, flute, horn, piano forte, &c., which facts we were glad to learn, and do most heartily approve of such a plan, for the regular and thorough training of boys, native Americans, *our boys*, in the delightful art of music. We approve of the plan, not simply for the reason that we love to hear good music, instrumental as well as vocal, but from a strong belief that our children, our boys, may derive from a systematic and judicious course of musical practice, most essential benefit.

'T is true, there will be an additional zest in our enjoyment of a musical concert, either vocal or instrumental, when we know that our citizens, and especially our own children, are among the best performers in that concert.

We have, as a people, given our hundreds of thousands of dollars to hear the music of foreigners, and I do not say that the money has been ill spent, but if the maxim be true, that "charity begins at home," and that "he who neglects his own, especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel," is it not a duty to encourage our own children in the art and sci-

ence of music, since the few, the very few, in our country, who have been thoroughly trained in the art, have succeeded so well? We have supposed our youth capable of excelling in any art or profession to which they might devote their attention; there seems to be no useful art or science within the reach of human powers that American minds will not undertake to learn. Yes, says the yankee father, practically, our children are equal to anything human, except to become first-rate musicians.

We have said to ourselves, Those Germans, Italians, &c., can use their vocal organs, and play their instruments, far better than we. This has been true, for the reason that until within a very short period, we could not find one well-educated musician among us, who was also a real native. But the spell is being broken; we have learned that the foreigner has become so skillful a performer, not by virtue of an inherent or exclusive organization, superior to all Americans. The fact has come to light, that practice, and careful training, from early childhood, have made musicians of Germans and Italians, and that without these they are as soulless as any other people. God has given to the foreigner, so far as we know, no higher capacity for music, (independent of training,) than he has given to us. The grand secret of the foreigner's success in the musical art is found in their *early* education. We can be as skillful as they, if we will be as studious and persevering. Indeed, where is the science to which American mind has applied itself, for the purpose of thoroughly grasping, that has not been *improved* from the state in which it was received from foreign hands? What piece of mechanism, what valuable machine of foreign invention, has not been rendered more perfect, after having been practically scrutinized by some one or more of the sons of "Jonathan." In foreign countries, the boy of four years is found practicing his little violin or some other instrument, with reference to his becoming a proficient; he receives at that early age regular instruction, in many instances, and delights in the practice.

We are aware, that, in former days, many of our so-called musicians were intemperate persons; but every reflecting mind will see that vice of any kind is no necessary attendant of the practice of music. On the contrary, music is in itself rather a direct repellant of vice—certainly an enemy of bad passion in some of its worst phases. Music is Heaven's gift to man. A musical capacity comes surely from the same divine source. There is in the practice of music no tendency to evil; it presents no temptation to lure from the path of virtue. We believe God has distributed the musical capacity, though in different degrees, *universally*—that all possess a capacity for musical sounds to a greater or less extent. Such a talent we ought to *cherish*. It is given us to refine the affections, to delight the soul, to cheer and comfort, to make happy in this world not only, but to be a source of joy in the world to come. To abuse such a gift, by neglect or otherwise, must be a very great sin. We wish our boys could have an opportunity to join a class of instrumental performers, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, if they could not meet oftener. We believe that a large majority of our boys would be delighted with the practice, and would gladly leave their out-of-door play, to spend a while in the well-regulated classes of the kind spoken of. Such practice would amuse them, and at the same time refine. There is something in the nature of musical

sounds which appeals directly to the heart—soothing, softening, harmonizing. It allays the boisterous passions, and, for the time being, holds the whole social nature in its most desirable position. Place that boy who is angry with his fellow within the hearing of sweet sounds; you will see the unhappy flush recede from his cheek, that scowl which forbodes evil flee as music enters his ear; the lowering brow, portentous of storm, is no longer there, but quickly the whole visage, just now so dark and gloomy, assumes the appearance of sunshine and joy. You may not have spoken a word to him, but music has touched his heart, and the discordant agitation of the current of life has ceased; nature, harmonized nature, is restored, the life-current flows on with animation, but smoothly, harmoniously—war is no longer there. I cannot but think that such classes would be very valuable to our boys, would keep them from rude and destructive habits, which our children are so ready to acquire, exposed as they are to abounding temptations, in these very days particularly; and, I am sorry to say, our own village is not an exception to this remark. The very bad conduct of some of our boys; the low, miserable habits they are forming, which we witness and hear of with pain—should alarm us. We are bound, as good citizens, to remove, as far as in us lies, the evil temptations which beset the young at every step almost, and to provide for them, our boys especially, some additional recreation, which shall be permanently useful as well as amusing. If they have been taught to play a musical instrument well, they have in their possession a source of pure enjoyment for themselves, and a fund from which they may at any proper time draw, for the comfort and happiness of others, either at their own fire-sides, in the social gathering, and in more public assemblies, as occasion may suggest. We wonder that the Boston Academy of Music has not done more to educate boys and young men as suggested above. This, we believe, was one of the original plans, a specific design, of that institution—perhaps we might more aptly say, we wonder why *parents* have not co-operated with the Academy in carrying out that most laudable design, by offering their sons as pupils.

We have no doubt the time is coming, when American people will perceive the advantages to be derived from early musical training; and *honor* to the men who shall most contribute to forward the noble work.

**NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.**—On Saturday last, a gentleman residing near Parricroft heard some music near his house, but was at a loss to account for it. At first he attributed it to the distant sound of Flixton bells, but this proved erroneous. After some time, when walking near the railway, the sound seemed more like a loud æolian harp. The sounds, which he describes as being very sweet, appear to have been caused by the wind acting on the electric telegraph wires. At the spot whence the music proceeded, there is a high embankment, which would probably cause a double current of wind upon the wires. It appeared also that the sounds varied at the different posts. The music was so loud as to be clearly heard at a distance of eighty or ninety yards.

Samuel Richardson, Esq., formerly president of the Boston Handel and Hayden Society, died in this city, November 11.



## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1847.

Subscribers will please notice, that we stop no papers unless we receive a request from the subscriber to that effect, and also that we do not under any circumstances stop subscriptions except at the close or middle of the volume. All present subscribers who do not wish to continue their subscriptions, will please be particular and notify us to that effect before the close of this volume. Postmasters are authorized to send notices of discontinuance free from postage.

Have not our hearts been rejoiced at the one dollar bills which have flowed in upon us for the past two or three weeks from those of our subscribers whose bills had previously been unpaid? They have been rejoiced. Shall we not be grateful if every red cent due for the present volume is paid before the commencement of the new year? We shall be grateful. Shouldn't we be gratified to receive the names of ever so many new subscribers to our third volume? We should be gratified.

We are pleased to serve our subscribers in the purchase of any musical article or work they may wish, be it a church organ or a sheet of music; but they must excuse us from becoming responsible for the payment of any large amount, for we have our hands full to pay our own debts.

The Saturday Rambler, a weekly family paper of the very best class, is about commencing a new volume. We take great pleasure in heartily recommending it to all in want of a first-rate city weekly paper; price, \$1.50. A list of valuable premiums is offered to those who procure the most new subscribers.

The Christian Alliance and Family Visitor is also on the eve of commencing a new volume. As its name indicates, it advocates the principles of the christian alliance, besides containing a large amount of miscellaneous and religious intelligence, and articles well calculated to make it a highly interesting and acceptable "Family Visitor." Price, \$2.00; to clergymen, \$1.00.

We have received, either from the editor or some one else, the first number of the second volume of the Musician and General Intelligencer, published in Cincinnati. How it could exist for a whole year and we not hear of it, we can't understand. It seems, in some measure at least, to be devoted to the advocacy of a system of notation invented by Mr. Harrison, of Cincinnati, but, separate from that, the number before us is an exceedingly interesting and useful paper, and we hope it has a wide circulation, and will speedily have a wider one. We shall be right pleased to exchange with it.

Mr. Wm. B. Bradbury, of New York, now in Europe, is writing a series of communications to the New York Evangelist. The following is the conclusion of his first letter:

"Arrived at London, my first inquiry was, of course, Where can I hear the best church music? In answer to this inquiry, I was invariably directed either to the Episcopal or Roman Catholic church. I found none so good as at Westminster Abbey. This choir is composed of about thirty members, all, I believe, musical professors or students. And what would have puzzled some of our yankee choristers, there were no ladies,

the soprano parts being sung entirely by boys, trained and educated to the service. I do not believe I could ever become reconciled to dispense with the charming voices of our beautiful sopranos, but must say, here was an instance such as I had never before met with, of choir-singing without female voices. You can more easily imagine than I can describe, the effect of a choir of thirty professional singers, select voices, thoroughly educated and disciplined, and set apart to this office. The whole episcopal service was *chanted*, instead of being merely said, or repeated, as in America. This is unquestionably the ancient method, and I suppose no one doubts that the psalms were originally chanted. The minister, whose office is to lead this part of the service, and who I think is termed 'the chorister,' in a sweet, melodious voice, recites to a certain tone the verse, the congregation responding in a sweet, simple cadence. This, to me, was exceedingly interesting throughout. It seemed as if such sweet music must affect the heart, and inspire devotion. But when the anthem burst forth, I was lost in rapture. It seemed unearthly; the parts were so equally and beautifully balanced; the base so rich; the tenor so pure; while the melody, chaste and subdued, from these young warblers, seemed to flow so spontaneously, and with such perfect blending of the various parts, and yet each part entirely distinct—that I listened with a vividness of emotion and enthusiasm that I never was conscious of before. I have heard, I believe, the best music in our country—and we have much that is excellent—but, alas! I was compelled to leave Westminster Abbey acknowledging that I had never before heard, in the sanctuary, the perfection of harmony."

## THE STEAM SHIP—A DREAM.

## CHAPTER TWO.

I saw in my dream that the ship was built and owned by the king of the glorious land, and I was greatly interested, in examining its appointments, and its adaptedness for conveying its crew and passengers to the haven of eternal rest. The rigging was of the most

approved construction, every sail was rigged in the best possible manner; and only watchfulness and diligence on the part of the officers and crew seemed necessary to insure a happy termination of the voyage. I saw in my dream, that in addition to the best-arranged sails and rigging, greatly to aid the ship in stemming the tremendous current, which, deep and strong, ever set toward the fearful cataract, the all-wise builder had placed in it a powerful steam engine, and, connected with it, a submerged propeller.

Having a natural taste for machinery, I was greatly interested in this engine, particularly so, as it was of peculiar construction, and was evidently the workmanship of no mortal hand. Although greatly interested in everything connected with the ship, so great is my curiosity to understand every curiously constructed machine,

that I took great pains to understand the engine, and by means of books and inquiries, think I discovered something of its nature, and the object for which it was placed in the ship. It had two horizontal cylinders, and two piston rods, and, in fact, although contained in one frame, formed really two engines, but connected with one shaft, one piston rod turning the

shaft half around, and the other completing the revolution. The valves to admit the steam into the two cylinders were at some distance from each other, so that one engineer could not work the engine alone, but it required a person at each valve. It was a splendid machine, perfectly finished, and without defect or blemish in any part. Time would fail me to speak of its every beauty; so I will only attempt a description of the manner in which I discovered it was designed to drive the propelling wheel. The two piston rods were each attached to a crank, which in its turn was attached to a large iron shaft, as before remarked, one piston rod being so arranged that it would turn the shaft half around, and the other so it would complete the revolution. I saw in my dream that this shaft was between the two cylinders, and that it reached into the after-hold of the ship, but that it was so concealed by the cylinders, that a casual observer would not notice that the engine had a shaft at all, and only a close examination would reveal that the shaft extended back of the engine. Having, in my dream, long examined the engine and deeply pondered upon the object of the shaft, my curiosity was so greatly excited, that I could not help procuring a lantern and crawling into the dark after-hold, to learn why the shaft extended into it.

On entering the after-hold, my attention was first attracted by a set of cog-wheels, by which the shaft could be connected with another shaft, which seemed to project through the stern of the ship into the water. I was struck with the fact that the cog-wheels were placed in such a position, that of themselves they would not stay connected, but if left to themselves would certainly slide apart.

I meditated long upon the arrangements in the after-hold, and could not resist the conclusion that the shaft was connected with something outside of the ship. Filled with this idea, I managed to climb out of the cabin windows, and there discovered a powerful propelling wheel, the upper paddles of which could plainly be seen through the clear water. The object of the builder of the ship in placing the engine in it I now plainly understood, and I could not but greatly admire the wisdom which had arranged and adapted it to the end for which I now discovered it was intended. Rapid, thought I, will be the progress of this ship, if its crew manage its sails and engine aright. With every sail drawing, and a full head of steam, she might stem the very rapids above the cataract.

J. Q. WETHERBEE.—We find the following notice of our countryman, Mr. J. Quincy Wetherbee, in the Liverpool Times of August 12. Mr. W. is a native of this state, studied music several years under the direction of Mr. Webb, in this city, and will be remembered by many concert-goers as an occasional solo singer at the Handel and Hayden performances, and other musical entertainments in this city, several years ago. He is still a young man; and it affords us pleasure to notice the very respectable standing which he seems to have attained in England.—*Boston Traveller*.

"Lectures at the Collegiate Institution.—These lectures were resumed on Tuesday evening, the first lecture of the course being delivered by J. Q. Wetherbee, Esq., of the Royal Academy of Music. This lecture was the first of a series of six, on the Italian and German schools of vocal melody, the vocal illustrations being given by the lecturer, accompanied by Mr. E. F. Smith

Common observers do not know the design of church music.

Without watchfulness, music will not conduce to spiritual progress.

The church ordained by God.

Means of grace.

Church music.

Examines into the nature and design of church music.

on the piano forte. The lecture of last evening was on the vocal melody of the oratorio, and the illustrations were selected from the works of Handel, Haydn, Rossini, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other eminent composers of oratorios. Handel's recitative and aria, 'Behold, I tell you a mystery,' was admirably sung; so also was the illustration, 'And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature,' from Haydn. This bore out a remark of the lecturer, that the music of Haydn expressed the story. The 'Stabat Mater' of Rossini was delivered with much pathos, and seemed to produce a sensible effect on the audience. The lecturer concluded his illustrations by a recitative air from Mendelssohn's oratorio of 'Elijah.' The recitative is supposed to be sung by the prophet in his deepest grief, and the words, 'O that thou wouldst rend the heavens,' are expressive of sorrow. The air, 'O rest in the Lord,' is sung by the angel sent to comfort the prophet, and is expressive of heavenly peace. The illustration should have been sung by a contralto voice, but it was selected by the lecturer as the gem of the oratorio, and for the great beauties it contained. If our judgment be correct, these lectures will take a deep hold on the public, and will increase in interest the more they are known. The lecturer is not only a finished musician with a good voice, but his lectures are infinitely superior to anything of the kind heard in the institution before, being as much remarkable for their refinement and purity of language, as for the comprehensiveness of view with which the lecturer treats his subjects."

For the Musical Gazette.

Troy, N. Y., Nov. 24, 1847.

Messrs. Editors—Last evening I attended a complimentary concert in Lansingburgh, which was given to Mr. G. R. Poulton, by Messrs. Hitchcock, Jones, and Kinnicut, and Forester's Brass Band, who were assisted by his sister, Miss Mary Anna Poulton. It was a brilliant affair. The first piece was a cavatina from "Sonnambula," by Forester's Band, and was played finely. The next I shall mention was Artot's "Kinka Variations," a capriccio for violin, executed by Mr. Poulton in a masterly manner. This was followed by a song, sung by Miss "Mary Anna" very prettily; also, "Wind of the Winter Night," by Mr. Poulton. But the gem of the evening, was the "Carnival of Venice," for the violin. This most difficult and delicate piece was performed by Mr. Poulton, in as pure a style, and with as great facility of execution, as we ever heard. The audience testified their appreciation of it by the most enthusiastic applause, in which the orchestra heartily joined. Mr. Poulton is quite young, being but nineteen, yet he has acquired a very enviable reputation. As a violinist and pianist, he will soon surpass our best artists; added to which, he is a perfect gentleman. We wish him success. Yours, W.

The Leipzig Allgemeine Zeitung says it has become quite fashionable on the continent of Europe, for large orchestras to travel about for the purpose of giving concerts. It mentions a large orchestra under Music-director Bilse, another under Joseph Gungl, and another under the celebrated Strauss, as having recently passed through Leipzig. One of these German orchestras, numbering nineteen persons, has recently arrived in Boston, and have given something like a dozen concerts, with great success.

For the Musical Gazette.

Sunrise, December, 1847.

Messrs. Editors—Sunrise has no Memnon. Here, as elsewhere, neglect of practice shows itself in slovenly execution, inefficiency of effort, and those trifling defects, which, though each is small, yet, perceived in a choir, spoil the pleasure that ought to be derived from its performances, and utterly disable it from elevating the spirit and purifying the heart.

The choir of the church where your correspondent worships, was formerly celebrated for the excellence of its music; which music, it was said, had much influence in filling the house, sabbath after sabbath. You will recollect how unwearied our beloved pastor was in saying good things about it. But,

"Doing nothing is set down  
Among our darkest deeds."

The members of the choir became careless, till, at length, they neither felt nor attended to the duty of preparing themselves to perform the part assigned them in the public services of religion. At my return, after an absence of some years, the choir was in a condition into which every choir will inevitably fall, that does not religiously feel the necessity of preparing for its sabbath services, the public worship of God. Recent attention to practice, has rendered its labors much more acceptable to the congregation.

Our minister being called away last summer, one morning, I attended a church in which the music was managed by a teacher of much experience, who has lately acquired local notoriety by adopting the figure system. I confess I was induced to attend, solely on account of the music, anticipating something chaste and agreeable. But, when organ, double-base, and a pair of violins, accompanied, with continued roar, some twenty-five voices, each striving to rise above all the other noise, you can judge if my expectations were realized. Confounding music with noise, the chorister seemed to estimate the quality of the former by the amount of the latter—no difficult task.

Recollecting your remark, that the best performers and teachers of music are to be found connected with the — church, I next directed my steps toward the house occupied by the one in this place. The organist treated us to a voluntary of trifling variations on a few tones of the scale, in a sort of waltz movement. The choir was accompanied with mediocre skill. Another church I attended for the sole purpose of ascertaining what was there the standard of musical excellence. But, no more details of abuses.

There seems, at Sunrise, an utter misconception of the use of instruments of music in churches. When one hears religious service introduced by a voluntary consisting of the accompaniment to a fashionable song, with occasional measures from a dance or a popular quickstep, the whole interspersed with gallops up and down the scale, set off with profuse trills and turns, or, when the organist, between the stanzas of a solemn hymn sung to a grand choral, gives a frivolous interlude of ornamental flourishes, and chords directly opposite in character to the music, he is forced to exclaim, O music! how misapprehended!

Sunrise has one church in which the music of the choir receives due attention. The church pays the organist and the singers, I am told; the choir practice carefully and regularly, and their public performances are correct and efficient. When listening to the music

given there, my heart was so affected, that I found it impossible to repress tears of emotion.

Often, when enduring the continued frivolities which the organ is doomed to discharge in the sanctuary, has the heart yearned for the return of those hallowed moments when the feelings were elevated and worldliness dissipated, by the voluntaries given in Park Street Church. Their solemn, majestic simplicity, or rich modulations, converted the organ into a reservoir of emotion, which, at the sympathetic touch of the performer's fingers, escaped to pervade the hearts of the people, to subdue and sanctify them. I say this merely because it is the simple truth.

Let me not weary you. Yours, DOWN EAST.

### ORGANS IN LONDON.—NO. VIII.

St. Katharine's Hospital, Regent's Park.—This organ was built by Greene, in 1778. It is considered as one of Greene's best specimens. It has been repaired by Gray.

CHOIR ORGAN.		6 Fifteenth
1 Stop diapason		7 Sesquialtra, 3 ranks
2 Flute		8 Mixture
3 Principal		9 Trumpet
4 Fifteenth		10 Cornet
5 Bassoon		

#### SWELL ORGAN.

GREAT ORGAN.		1 Stop diapason
1 Stop diapason		2 Open diapason
2 Open diapason		3 Principal
3 Open diapason		4 Hautboy
4 Principal		5 Trumpet
5 Twelfth		6 Cornet, 3 ranks

St. Leonard's, Shoreditch.—There is a fine organ, built by Bridge in 1757, at this church.

CHOIR ORGAN.		7 Tierce
1 Stop diapason		8 Sesquialtra, 4 ranks
2 Open diapason		9 Farniture, 3 ranks
3 Flute		10 Trumpet
4 Principal		11 Trumpet
5 Fifteenth		12 Clarion
6 Vox-humana		13 Cornet

#### GREAT ORGAN.

GREAT ORGAN.		1 Stop diapason
1 Stop diapason		2 Open diapason
2 Open diapason		3 Principal
3 Open diapason		4 Cornet, 3 ranks
4 Principal		5 Hautboy
5 Twelfth		6 Trumpet
6 Fifteenth		

### RUBINI.

The most eminent tenor of our age, was born on the 7th of April, 1795, in Romano, a village in the province of Bergamasco. His father was a professor of music, and the young Rubini was initiated at so early an age in the national art, that we find him as a child of eight years, performing publicly on the violin, and singing as a church chorister. At twelve, he made his histrionic debut in a female role. The exceeding sweetness of his voice soon gained him a certain reputation; and on one occasion, after having sung with enthusiastic applause an air introduced into a comic opera, the manager munificently presented him with four shillings! The progress of this triumph was somewhat arrested by the director of the Milanese Theatre refusing his voice in their chorus, on account of its weakness. Thus compelled to join a strolling company, he starved through Piedmont, hardly gaining enough to purchase food. These misfortunes drove him back to Milan, where he thought himself most happy in obtain-

ing an engagement to sing at Pavia, at a salary of £2 per month, during the autumn. His brilliant success in this place may be conceived, when we find him in an engagement at Brescia, during the carnival of 1815, for £40, for three months. This sum was doubled the following spring, when he engaged to sing at the theatre of San Mose. At last, Barbaja, the famous *impresario*, engaged him for the Theatre dei Fiorentini, at Naples, at the rate of eighty ducats (£14) per month. After a year, Barbaja wished to get rid of Rubini, in spite of his increasing popularity, only consenting to retain his services on condition of reducing his salary to seventy ducats per month. The singer received higher offers, but he preferred remaining in Naples, where he was taking lessons of the celebrated Nozzari. Nevertheless, he informed Barbaja, although he agreed to his proposals, he was perfectly aware of the advantage he took of his situation. When he returned to Naples, after having produced in Rome a very deep impression, his salary was raised to a proper amount.

In 1825 he appeared for the first time in Paris, in the character of "Ramiro," in the opera, "La Cenerentola," in which he insured his complete success, by that sweetness and flexibility of execution so peculiarly his own. The title of "King of Tenors," was unanimously accorded to him by the press and the dilettanti, on his appearance in "La Donna del Lago," "La Gazza Ladra," and "Otello." But Barbaja, who had consented to lend to the managers of the Theatre Royal Italien, in Paris, his primo tenore, demanded restitution at the end of six months. From Naples, where he returned in 1826, the artist was sent to Milan, and afterward to Vienna. During this period, Bellini, with "Il Pirata" and "La Somnambula," and Donizetti with "Anna Bolena," had measured the power and character of his voice with more success than Rossini. Until 1831, Rubini had been paid direct by Barbaja, who had been compelled to raise his salary to £2,400. On the recovery of his liberty, he made 125,000 francs (£5,000) in one year, in Paris and London, where he played alternately every six months. His reputation stood unrivaled, and his riches far surpassed those acquired by any of the singers at that time, favored by fortune. There was no Jenny Lind of the day to compete with his success. In some time his annual income amounted to more than £10,000, and the property he gained may be valued at £100,000. He married, in 1819, Mdle. Chomel, a singer, whom he met at Naples, under the name of La Comelli. She was born at Paris, in May, 1794; she accompanied her husband to London in 1831, where she sang at her majesty's theatre in "Il Pirata," for the last time.

When Rubini bade adieu to England, he departed with the most solid testimonials of admiration. He went afterward to the south of France, and thence to his native Bergamo, which he subsequently left, on an invitation from the emperor of Russia. There he contrived to organize for the czar, at St. Petersburg, an efficient operatic company, to the enthusiastic delight of the Russian noblemen, who continued to greet with hospitality, in their chilly clime, the sweet warbler of the more genial south. After two seasons, he quitted Russia and the stage, for ever.

**BEETHOVEN.**—As is well known, the great musician was very deaf, and much more so at some moments than others. When the visitor entered, Beethoven was playing one of his finest compositions, which had not

at that time been given to the world; and, his back being turned toward the door, he did not perceive that some one came in. As he went on, all the various appearances of intense delight and emotion passed over his countenance; and at length the tears rolled down his cheeks, as he concluded. The visitor then laid his hand upon his arm, and made him aware of how great was his admiration of all that he had just heard. "Alas! my friend," replied the great harmonist, "I have not heard a single note—I can only imagine!" —JAMES.

### ROSSINI AND THE OFFICER.

Alas! for the author of "Guillaume Tell!" The muse has forsaken him, and Mars has taken him under his wing. Instead of inditing sinfonias for operas, he now makes overtures to peace; instead of shaking the wide world with his immortal strains, his genius dissipates itself in military mandates, crying out, like the centurion to the soldier, "Go," and he goeth, "Come," and he cometh; instead of ruling with magic sway his band of musicians till the hearts of mighty multitudes throbbled as with one deep pulsation, he holds mastery over the bristled battalia, and moves no greater audience than *lazaroni* and ragged urchins; instead of being a *composer*, he is a *captain*. "O quantum mutatus ab illo maestro!" Yes, Rossini is captain of the Civic Guards of Bologna, and dresses like a bantam, wearing clothes of many colors, and plumes, and trappings, and gildings, and instruments of fright. He has donned a moustache, and threatens an *imperial*—not the Austrian—he attends parade, reviews his troops, inspects the canteen, exercises recruits, and quarrels with the paymaster. In fine, he has established a barracks, joined the other officers, and got himself into a *regular mess*. Melpomene and Thalia have fled for ever their favored god-child, and the flame of his genius is quenched by the brazen casque of the god of war. Poor impotent bridegroom of Bellona! See how the muse weeps your fall from such transcendent height to such pernicious depth! How heaven itself laments her treasures wasted, her gifts of glory spurned!

Apropos of this subject, we recall to mind an anecdote we heard some time ago, of the authenticity of which we have no reason to doubt. Many years since, when Rossini was in Naples, in the heyday of his reputation, he became acquainted with a colonel in the Neapolitan service, who had an absolute mania for singing. Rossini said to him one day, in his usual jocular tone, "My friend, you will certainly die a singer—a tenor of the Grand Opera." "And you, my dear maestro," replied the colonel, "will, with much greater probability, die a soldier." The last, at least, has turned out a veritable prophecy.—*London Mus. World*.

"There is no truth in man," said a lady; "they are like musical instruments, which sound a variety of tones."

"In other words, madam," said a wit who chanced to be present, "you believe that all men are lyres?"

**DEATH OF MENDELSSOHN.**—London papers received by the last steamer report the death of this distinguished composer. He died at Leipsic, Nov. 4. His age is not given, but we should think he could not have been more than forty-two. He was undoubtedly the greatest of living composers, and his name will doubtless always be found in the same catalogue with Bach,

Handel, Hayden, Mozart, and Beethoven. Like Mozart, he has died when his race seemed but just begun.

### NEW CHURCH MUSIC BOOK.

**TAYLOR'S SACRED MINSTREL, OR AMERICAN CHURCH MUSIC BOOK;** by V. C. Taylor; published by J. H. Mather & Co., Hartford, and H. H. Hawley & Co., Utica.

#### RECOMMENDATIONS.

I have carefully examined "Taylor's Sacred Minstrel," and highly approve of the arrangement of the music; each part is a melody in itself; and the combined effect of the whole is excellent. There is also a greater variety in the pieces than is usually found in such collections; and I would commend it to all who wish to obtain good church music.

WILLIAM J. BABCOCK,  
Organist of Christ Church, Hartford, Ct.

It gives us pleasure to speak of this invaluable work. In our opinion, it is decidedly the choicest collection of sacred music that has been published for many years. We bid it a hearty welcome; and believe it will receive, as it richly deserves, the full approbation of all who take pleasure in introducing appropriate music into the evangelical church in our land. Lovers of harmony cannot fail to admire it. Efficient critics commend and adopt it. In our opinion, the devotional character of the music is not surpassed or equalled by any other author. We earnestly desire its general adoption.

E. W. REED,  
Conductor of the choir in Dr. Beman's Church, (1st Presbyterian), Troy, N. Y.

### NEW MUSIC.

**FOR sale by GEO. P. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston:**

Ruby Waltz, Donizetti.  
On the banks of the Guadalquivir, guitar, Meignen.  
Gemma di Vergy, Variations, Daniell.  
Major and Minor Scales, Bertini.  
Oakland Waltzes, No. 1, Schmidt.  
Magnolia Waltz, George.  
Laurel Waltz, George.  
Rose Geranium Waltz, W. J. A.  
Virginia Waltz, Whitaker.  
Melodies for four hands, Bertini.  
Thorn's Quickstep, Nimmij.  
Oh, carry me back to old Virginia, quickstep, Keller.  
Excelsior Quickstep, Haraden.  
Wild May Flowers, Horncastle.  
Jamie's on the stormy sea, Lovewell.  
Bluebird March, Comer.  
Memory of the past, Lovell.  
She is fooling thee, A. H. N. B.  
Arise, sons of Erin.  
Oh carry me back to old Virginia, variations.  
Lucy Neal, variations, Cooper.  
Jenny Lind Waltz and Quickstep.  
Swedish Nightingale Waltzes.  
La Belle Savoyarde, four hands, Blossner.  
Palmetto Waltz, Holland.  
Rubie Waltz, Preot.  
Faintly flow, thou falling river.  
O lightly, lightly tread.  
Rival, Keller.  
Dying Child, Dempster.  
Her heart is the prize I will gain, Florinel.  
Hearts may warm the winter, Lee.  
Farewell to Glasgow, quickstep, Blisman.  
Padresco Mazurka, four hands, Lumbye.  
Horn of the Alps, violin and piano, Keller.  
Cape May Diamond Polka, Rudolph.  
Prince Albert Gallop, Labitzky.  
Bridal Wreath Waltz, Cummings.  
De floating scow of old Virginia, guitar, Weiland.  
Chiming of the vesper bell, guitar, Meignen.  
Gentle Words, guitar, Opl.  
Peace, thou art of heavenly birth, guitar, Meignen.  
Holiest Breath, an Evening Blessing, four voices, Hewett.  
Of all the strains that gently flow, Bruno.  
Ole King Crow, Winnemone.  
Submit, my heart, thy lot is cast, Keller.  
Song of the Sea Shell, Linley.  
I have loved, but the dream is now o'er, Cunningham.  
I may not meet thee, Peters.  
Come, dream me another dream of bliss, Martin.  
There's something on thy lips, love, Peters.  
Tact Language, Fuert.  
He forsook me, Paccini.  
Light on the wave, Lee.  
Ah no, you'll not forget me, Lover.  
Born in the soul of a smile, Wallace.  
Bell of the Atlantic, Nottingham.  
Remember the hour, Anderson.  
Warrior Bird, Lindpainter.  
Moonlight Waltz, Buck.  
Lelia Waltz, Cudworth.  
Princess Waltz, Abbot.  
Highland Waltz, Oliver.  
Flora's Gift Quickstep, Hoadley.  
Alda Waltz, March.  
Orpheus Harp Polka, Bruhna.  
Souvenir de New York Polka, Bruhna.  
Linda de Chamouni, Brunner.  
Polichinello, Wolfand.  
Poland is not yet lost, variations, Grobe.  
Buena Vista Quickstep, four hands, Lumbye.  
William Tell, Variations, four hands, Herr.  
Old North State Quickstep, Buck.

### KINGSLEY'S NEW MUSIC BOOKS.

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The above works are sold by booksellers generally throughout the United States.

## SINNER, O WHY SO THOUGHTLESS GROWN.

G. BREILLAT.

*Marcato.*

1. Sinner, O why so thought - less grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die? Daring to leap to worlds un - known, Heedless a -

1. Sinner, O why so thought - less grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die? Daring to leap to worlds un - known, Heedless a -

gainst thy God to fly! Wilt thou despise e - ter - nal fate, Urged on by sin's de - lu - sive dreams, Madly at -

gainst thy God to fly! Wilt thou despise e - ter - nal fate, Urged on by sin's de - lu - sive dreams, Madly at -

tempt th'in - fer - nal gate, And force thy pas - sage to the flames? Stay! Stay! Stay, sinner, stay! Stay, sinner, on the

tempt th'in - fer - nal gate, And force thy pas - sage to the flames? Stay! Stay! Stay, sinner, stay! Stay, sinner, on the

gospel plains, Behold! Behold the God of love un - fold The glories of his dying pains, For - ev - er telling, yet un - told, For -

gospel plains, Behold! Behold the God of love un - fold The glories of his dying pains, For - ev - er telling, yet un - told, For -

## SINNER, O WHY SO THOUGHTLESS GROWN. (CONTINUED.)

ever, for - ev - er, for - ev - er telling, ever telling, yet untold, for - ev - er telling, ever telling, yet un - told.

## SPRING. S. M.

From the Musical Class Book.

A. N. JOHNEON.

1. How balmy is the air! How warm the sun's bright beams! While to refresh the ground, the rains Descend in gentle streams.  
2. With grateful praise we own Thy prov - i - den - tial hand, While grass, and herbs, and waving corn, A - dorn and bless the land.

## HALLELUJAH CHANT.

B. F. EDMANDS, Boston, Ms.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord God Om - nipo - tent reigneth. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord God Om - nipo - tent reigneth. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord God Om - nipo - tent reigneth. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
4. Hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord God Om - nipo - tent reigneth. Hal - le - lu - jah!

Unisons and octaves.

Inst.

For the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord and .. of his Christ: || And he shall reign .. for ever .. and ever.  
We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty,—King of Kings,—and | Lord .. of | Lords, || We give thee thanks, which art, and | wert .. and | art .. to | come.  
Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and | honor .. and | power; || For thou hast created all things,—and for thy pleasure they | are .. and | were .. cre - | ated.  
Worthy is the Lamb that was slain,—to receive riches,—and wisdom,—and | power .. and | strength; || Blessing,—and glory,—and thanksgiving,—and might,—be unto our God,—and to the | Lamb .. for | ever .. and | ever. || Hallelujah! Amen! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - men, A - men.

Inst.



# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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A. N. & J. C. JOHNSON, editors and proprietors, No. 7 Allston Place.

Kimball & Butterfield, Printers.

From the London Musical World.

## DEATH OF DR. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

The greatest musical genius in the world has left us. Yes! Mendelssohn is dead—vanished suddenly before our eyes, like some mighty star, but newly quenched, towards which all gaze was turned. In the pride of life, in the zenith of his fame, has he departed from us. While the echoes of his *Elijah* were yet ringing silverly in the ears of universal England; while the fame of that immortal work was spreading its author's name on the four winds of heaven, exacting its commemoration before the living world, the spirit of the composer fled forever. Yes! Mendelssohn is dead! We linger on the words as though there might haply be some error of the brain in our giving credence to all we have heard; and that some dream, some hideous nightmare, had brought us the terrible news. For, can we believe that he who so lately shook our hands in sweet fellowship, the music of whose voice is yet audible to our hearing, the intellectual beaming of whose countenance still plays before our eyes, is now but an earthly clod, a lightless, pulseless, motionless thing of clay—corruption's crop, the worms' proper harvest? Alas! it is no error of the brain, nor dream, nor hideous nightmare! Mendelssohn is dead! From mouth to mouth fly the fatal words. The streets are rife with sad accounts of this universal calamity. It needs no bills in mighty type to chronicle the report. His death is music's eclipse, and all eyes are sensible to the "dunest cloak" that ever misfortune threw athwart the bright day of art.

It is impossible to estimate the loss of Mendelssohn to the musical world. Had he died full of years like Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven, his great countrymen, our regrets would have been qualified by the consideration that he had outlived his time and fulfilled his mission. But he died in the prime of manhood, at the age of 38, and in the fullest powers of his genius. His last great work, *Elijah*, has been universally pronounced his masterpiece, and when we call to mind how lately his oratorio was written, we must concede to him, at the moment of his death, the most perfect possession of his lofty abilities. If we consider the amount of intellect and variety of capacity, the powers of imagination and reflection, the acuteness of perception and observation, and, above all, the knowledge, and experience, that are demanded to make up the sum of a great musical composer, we shall not hesitate to place Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy side by side with the greatest musical geniuses the world has produced. Yes, Mendelssohn was a genius in the truest sense of the word. Possessed of a mind singularly clear and luminous, he, from his very childhood, grappled with the science of music, and mastered its knowledge with as much ease as other boys would acquire their alpha-

bet. Music may be said to have been cradled with him. From his earliest years he not only displayed the most surpassing capacity to appreciate the mysteries of his art, but he also gave proof of that enthusiasm, without which there can be no real genius, no more than there can be fire without heat. Fortunately this enthusiasm, which so often renders genius like an unbitted steed, was, with Felix Mendelssohn, under the governance of the most admirable judgment. Never was musician more conscientious, and never did composer allow himself to be less influenced by momentary flights of fancy, or unweighed impulses—those rocks upon which so many bright intelligences have been shattered. Though possessed of the utmost facility in composition, Mendelssohn never allowed his first impressions to go before the public before he had submitted them to subsequent repeated inspections. He owed this, he thought, to his own fame as an artist, and to the world, who, in purchasing his works, expected from him something better than the sweepings of his studio. In this respect Mendelssohn's conduct might form an admirable example to all future writers, the following of which would teach them not only to prize art the more, but to know themselves better. Modesty, we are sorry to say, is not one of the peculiarities of the musical class in general. Mendelssohn's intellect was deep and searching rather than vast and comprehensive. His mind loved rather to cling round the true and beautiful, and to pore into their recesses for hidden joys, than to roam at large, in quest of unknown worlds, and not finding them, draw upon his imagination only. Originality, in the strictest term, may be applied to Mendelssohn as a composer. In the face of the great masters of all times he founded a new school; a school, which, having truth for its basis, and knowledge for its superstructure, will live while music lives. But we do not wish, in this place, to enter into an analysis of the composer's works; nor is it our intention to give more than a cursory glance at his life. In an early number, when the materials in our possession are arranged, we shall enter into a critical review of all his works, and endeavor to estimate, satisfactorily to our readers, the effect his music has produced on the present age. Meanwhile, we trust our subscribers will rest satisfied with the following succinct notice of his life and works.

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy was born at Hamburg on the third of February, 1809. Before he was six years old, he gave extraordinary indications of a genius for music. His parents, especially his mother, herself a musician of no common order, immediately decided on having the young Felix instructed in music, and accordingly placed him under Zelter, who taught him composition. His piano forte instructors were Ludwig Berger, Klein, Hummel, and Moschelles. He subsequently studied counterpoint under Cherubini, who augured the greatest things of his young pupil. Before was nine years old, his performance on the piano forte was so astonishing, that his friends advised him to play in public; and in consequence, he made his *debut* at Berlin, in 1818. His success was most triumphant; and all the journals teemed with eulogiums

on the boy-pianist, and prognostications of his future. In 1824, when but fifteen years of age, he first published his compositions. These consisted of four quartets and a sonata. In 1827, his opera, *Die Hochzeit de Camacho*, was performed at Berlin. From this period up to the moment of his death he was giving compositions to the world, embracing all sorts of works, from the "Lieder ohne worte," or ballads without words, to the oratorio. His piano forte works are perhaps more important than those of any other writer. But music was not alone Mendelssohn's study. He was a proficient in almost all modern languages. With the English he was intimately acquainted. It was after poring over the magic pages of Shakspeare he wrote the overture and supplemental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, of which it is not saying too much, that it is worthy to be wedded to such immortal verse. We do not remember the first year of his coming to England, all that shall appear anon; but it was subsequent to his journey to the Hebrides that he composed the overture to *The Isles of Fingal*, one of his most brilliant and characteristic effusions. About the same period, we believe, or a year later, he wrote the *Melusina*. In 1833, Mendelssohn was appointed musical director of Dusseldorf, which he held for two years, and resigned for the post of director of the Gewandhouse Concerts, at Leipzig. At the Musical Festival at Dusseldorf, on the 22d of May, 1836, his first grand oratorio, *Paulus*, was produced. His last and greatest work, the oratorio, *Elijah*, was first produced in this country, being performed at Birmingham in August, 1846. It was subsequently performed at Exeter Hall in April last, and afterwards at the Gloucester Festival. Although the promise of the opera of *The Tempest* was an idle report, and utterly unfounded in fact, Mendelssohn had yet thoughts of writing for the stage. After leaving England this spring, and fulfilling some necessary duties on the continent, he betook himself, for the benefit of his health, to Interlachen in Switzerland, with a determination, as he expressed it, of abstaining from composition altogether. But—

"Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell."

Mendelssohn could no more rest, unfortunately, than could the sun stand still. All his friends and his medical adviser entreated him to give his brain repose. He had previously been afflicted with two strokes of cerebral paralysis, and the physician too well knew how likely the third was to prove fatal. But all remonstrance was fruitless—Mendelssohn could not exist and be idle. Accordingly he set to write an opera entitled *Larine*, the libretto of which had been furnished him in Paris, and applied himself to the task with so much assiduity that he had the first act completed before he left Switzerland. There is little doubt that the mental exertion applied to this composition had some participation in the cause of his death.

The published works of Mendelssohn amount to one opera, four overtures, two symphonies, three quartets, two quintets, two sonatas, concerto for piano forte, psalm "Non nobis," "Ave Maria," for eight voices, six books of "Lieder ohne worte," two fantasias, three

chorales, and numberless varied temas, rondos, lieder, capriccios, fantasias, &c., for the piano; and his two imperishable oratorios, *Paulus* and *Elijah*. Among his manuscripts may be found an overture and symphony, several chorales, the *Walpurgis Nacht*, cantatas, an operetta, entitled *Lelderspel*, some sacred pieces, and music adapted to *Antigone* and the *Edipus Colonus*. We have reserved the specification of these compositions to our promised notice on the life and works of Mendelssohn.

We quote an interesting extract from a letter of Mr. Moschelles to a friend, which appeared in the Morning Post of Thursday, concerning the last moments of Mendelssohn:

"Mendelssohn felt the first approach of the malady which ultimately terminated his life, on the 8th of October. It was an attack of an apoplectic nature. From that day until the 28th, he experienced moments of ease and relapses. During this period he felt sufficiently well to take several carriage airings. On the 28th, when in full convalescence, a second attack occurred, but this was of short duration. He promptly recovered, his senses and his strength returned. Notwithstanding this, he felt severe attacks of head-ache, and could not sleep for three or four days. During the nights of the 2d and 3d of November his sleep returned, and he slept seven hours consecutively. Upon his awaking on the morning of the 3d, he felt quite well, and his family had sanguine hopes of his recovery. He remained thus during the forenoon. But at two o'clock he had a relapse, and a third attack supervened more violent and more prolonged than the former ones. He recovered consciousness but slowly, after bleeding, application of leeches, and vigorous friction. He was attended by Dr. Clarus and Dr. Hammer of Leipzig. Messengers had been sent for Dr. Schonlein, of Berlin. His arrival was waited for with intense anxiety, but he did not come. The night passed in alternations of agitation and tranquility. Mendelssohn recognised all the persons present, but spoke little. On the morning of the 4th, his state caused the most vivid inquietude. The directors of the 'Gewandhause' decided to put off the concert which was to have taken place that evening. At the second hour the sufferer became insensible, and gave no other signs of life than strong and equal respiration. All the efforts of the medical men to restore sight and hearing were useless. From six till eight o'clock blisters and violent frictions were exhibited, but without success. In the meantime his features changed with frightful rapidity. At half past eight his respiration became feebler—it was evident that his end was near. At last, at nine o'clock, on the 4th, a lengthened sigh announced that Mendelssohn had rendered up his soul to his Maker. Near his bed were his wife, his brother, the two doctors, Mr. Schleinitz, Mr. David, and myself. All Leipzig is in mourning.

We have this moment received from a correspondent at Leipzig a further account of the death of Mendelssohn, which we insert in our journal, as every atom of news, at this moment, concerning the last moments of so great a man, must have an inestimable value. Our correspondent, who sends *via* Hamburgh, thus writes:

"Leipzig, Sunday, Nov. 7, 1847.

Before receiving this, you will have already heard the sad tidings of the deprivation with which the musical world especially has, within the last few days, been visited. Our great and beloved Mendelssohn is

dead! Anxious fears have been entertained respecting him for some time; and on Thursday night, (4th inst.) at half-past nine, he breathed his last. The commencement of his illness, I believe, was an attack of the nervous fever, (very prevalent at Leipzig,) and his sufferings were brought to a speedy close by two strokes of paralysis. This severe blow has fallen so suddenly upon all, that it seems like a dream. Would to God it was only a dream! But, alas! it is true. The brightest star of the musical hemisphere is now dimmed—no more to shine upon us with its sparkling lustre. You may easily imagine that the fatal news spread like wild-fire, and with it carried dismay to every heart. On Friday and Saturday, persons were admitted to view the body; great numbers went to pay their last tribute of affection, and many were the heartfelt tears that fell beside his couch, from those who long had known his inestimable qualities, and must now take their "long and last farewell!" Although his sufferings were extreme, the same heavenly smile he was wont to wear, seemed to play upon his features as he lay stretched upon the couch of death. How shall I attempt to describe my feelings as I stood by the side of him who was so blessed with happiness—transcendent genius—beloved, honored by all the world—the pride and glory of his art! As I placed my hand upon his fine forehead, and looked on his death-shut eye, how fearfully the blood thrilled through my veins 'tis impossible for me to relate! This afternoon the funeral ceremonies were performed in the St. Paul's Church, preparatory to the removal of his remains to Berlin, where they are to be interred. At three o'clock the cortege proceeded on its way, headed by the military band, playing Beethoven's march for the dead; next came the members of the concert orchestra, followed by the students of the Conservatorium of Music (founded by Mendelssohn;) then—THE COFFIN—supported on either side by Professors Moschelles, Davis, Hauptmann, and Gade, followed by the brother of the departed as chief mourner; the directors of the conservatorium; numerous professors, (among whom were Meyerbeer, Robert Schumann, Charles Mayer, &c.) and friends brought up the rear of this mournful procession. The streets through which the cortege passed were thronged with spectators, and the church was crowded to excess with persons all anxious to take their last look of this great man. The ceremonies in the church commenced with an organ præludium and a choral by Mendelssohn, interpreted by a large band and chorus, led by Professor David, and conducted by Professors Gade and Rietz. The heavenly choral from 'St Paul,' 'To thee, O Lord! I yield my spirit,' came next; after which, the minister made an impressive oration; then followed the chorus, 'Happy and blest are they who have endured,' from the same oratorio. The minister then pronounced the benediction, and the mournful ceremony concluded with a choral from Bach's 'Passion.'

This evening the body will be conveyed to Berlin, where it will be deposited in its last resting-place. Doubtless the feelings of the musical profession in England, and the public at large, will receive as great a shock at this melancholy and sudden bereavement, as those who have witnessed the close of this amiable and great man's career—cut off in the prime of life, and in the midst of his glory.

I understand he has left several important works in an unfinished state, among which are a new oratorio, 'Christus,' and an opera. Poor Joachim, as you may

imagine, is almost heart-broken; and every heart is struck with dismay. But let us hope that 'the great Ruler of all things' has been pleased to receive him into 'that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded.' This very day poor Mendelssohn was to have been in Vienna, to direct his 'Elijah!' but, alas! in what a different ceremony has he, unwittingly, and to the consternation of all, performed."

The following translation of the words adapted to the music performed at the funeral service of the illustrious composer, may not be unacceptable to our readers:

#### THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF MENDELSSOHN.

##### CHORALE.

Look down on me, my Saviour,  
My Shepherd, take me home;  
The Source whence every joy  
And earthly good must come.  
Oft to thy table called,  
I ate the bread of heaven,  
And by thy friendly voice  
Were joy and comfort given.

Behold, I stand before thee;  
Do not despise me now;  
The clammy damp of death  
Is on my whitening brow.  
And yet I will not leave thee—  
Upon thy love I rest,  
And spite of pang and pain  
Find refuge in thy breast.

Although I travel hence,  
Yet part not thou from me;  
If death be heavy here,  
Here let thy presence be.  
And as my trembling soul  
Draws nearer to the grave,  
The agony control,  
And bend thee down to save.

In mine extremest need,  
Be shield and buckler thou;  
Death loses all its fear  
In gazing on thy brow.  
My heart is full of faith,  
Oh, hold it firm and fast;  
For him who thus can die,  
Already death is past.

##### CHORALE FROM PAUL.

Lord, to thee myself I render,  
Thine, and thine alone, to be;  
Thou, only thou, my breath and life—  
My greatest gain is death in thee.  
Thine alone this yearning faith,  
Thine in life, and thine in death.

##### FUNERAL ORATION.

##### CHORUS FROM PAUL.

Behold! we hold him holy, who is meek of spirit, for when the body dies, yet lives the soul.

##### BENEDICTION.

##### CHORUS, FROM THE "PASSION" OF J. S. BACH.

We sit us down in tears,  
Calling on thee in thy tomb;  
Gentle slumber, calm and deep,  
On each weary limb shall sleep,

Calming the soul with its gentle kiss,  
Steeping it in a trance of bliss.  
Sleep—sleep, and soft be thy doom.  
We sit us down in tears,  
Calling on thee in thy tomb.

In England, next to the land of his birth, more than any other country, will the memory of Mendelssohn be endeared while genius is prized, and worth revered. In England, the intellect of the great composer was duly weighed, and duly appreciated. It was amongst us he found his fondest admirers, and it was our writers, who, laboring in his golden wake, first rendered his school a great model for composition. But not his genius alone; his goodness will perpetuate his name. In every relation of life, Felix Mendelssohn was loved and honored. As he had no real rival in the glory of his fame, so he had none who envied his popularity. His hand was ever ready to assist the needy artist, and his tongue was ever lavish of praise, even when praise, without suspicion of envy, were that possible, might be withheld. His death is a universal calamity, without remedy, without hope. Mendelssohn is dead! Peace to his manes.

For the Musical Gazette.  
Winchester Centre, Conn., Dec. 10, 1847.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Is not sacred music, in almost every place, at the present time, in a very low state? There are, if I mistake not, hundreds of choirs, that are satisfied with singing on the sabbath only; and even this many consider a task too great to be performed without remuneration. Is it, then, to be wondered at, that the singing in almost every choir in the country fails to produce the desired end? Is it strange, that music fails to impress and deepen the conviction of truth? Is it strange, either, that the audience generally are glad when the singing is done with, and that they think it an unimportant part of worship? And is it not surprising that the ministers of the gospel think, or seem to think, (many of them, at least) so lightly of this part of worship?

Not long since, I attended church, where a collection was to be taken up, and the minister directed the choir to sing a hymn while the stewards were gathering the "change"—which was accordingly done. This, for aught I know, is a common practice; but if it is, I think the propriety of it may be questioned. The question may be asked, "What is the particular evil complained of?" I would answer by asking if there are not many choirs that perform the "singing" in the following manner, viz. ?—when the hymn is given out and read by the minister, the chorister selects a tune, without looking at a single sentiment which the hymn contains, or knowing anything about the hymn, except the metre, and scarcely that; not unfrequently adapting such kind of words as "Show pity, Lord," &c., to such music as "Migdol," or something still more animated, and then "pitches" it in a tone, half way between a grunt and a scream—gets up and "blazes" away in right good earnest, singing the first line on the soprano, the second on the basso, the third on the tenor, and the last on a part of his own manufacturing—showing his ability to sing "all parts," as well as his skill in composing. The choir come on, one after another, so that by the time the first verse is sung, they are all ready to commence the second verse in chorus, singing the rest of the hymn with as many kinds of tone, and at as many different pitches, as there are

singers, each one "going it" on his own hook, and striving with all his might to make more noise than all the rest; consequently the sentiment of the hymn is entirely lost. After all, nine cases out of ten, the pastor and people may be heard to say, "We have most excellent singing." I believe that the truth of the above may be witnessed in three fourths, at least, of the churches throughout the Union. And I ask, should it not be remedied? How, then, can it be done? Some say, by introducing new and easier systems of music, to be taught to choirs only. Others, by doing away with choir singing; and many other ways are suggested. But my humble opinion is, that the only way to remedy the evil, is, to teach the elements of music, in a thorough manner, as a branch of education, in every common school throughout the country. And eventually, (if this should be adopted,) such singing as is now thought to be good, would in no case be tolerated.

Yours, truly,

L.

For the Musical Gazette.

Sunrise, November, 1847.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Having been, a long time ago, appointed your correspondent from this region, lest I forfeit my trust, allow me to give you some of the impressions I have received from the use and the abuse of music.

What immediately strikes me in listening to a choir in these parts, is the want of practice generally manifested in its performances; or, if practice is apparent, a merely mechanical execution, evincing no appreciation of the spirit of the music, or of the sentiment expressed in the psalms and hymns sung.

Some months since, staying in a town not twenty miles from Sunrise, I worshiped on the sabbath in two houses standing near each other, a few rods from my residence. On the first sabbath of my stay, I accepted an invitation to worship with the family that ministered to my temporal necessities. The choir arose, ostensibly to "sing to Jehovah;" and, subdued by the sacredness of the day, and the sanctity I had ever associated with a house dedicated to the public worship of God, I arose with the congregation to praise the Lord. But soon I was driven from this position. I had never supposed the air could be forced into missiles of such torture as were thrown by the choir before us, into our ears. I could not worship; so I looked up at the choir. In the centre sat a middle-aged man, with rigid face, with might and main belaboring and sawing the strings of a base-viol. His gestures announced to any chance strangers the fact of his being director-in-general. At his right, a little in advance, stood a girl of nineteen years, as a statue, faultless; but her airs at once showed that she was leader. And she led; and the rest followed, if they could. She sent up her voice; they reached it, if possible; if they failed, apparently it was not for lack of effort. Nature had given this leader an excellent voice; such a one trained by you for your choir, you would consider an acquisition of rare value. But it needed culture; and the girl's vanity, her desire to "show off," I thought, had produced an effect detrimental to her voice, had given it a tone of earthliness, a something which the spirit instinctively repels.

Oh! the tones with all possible angles, which this choir hurled all about the house! One was moved alternately to indignation and laughter. I doubt that your fortitude had been proof against this. Yet, after the services were over, one said, "Miss — sung even

better than common to-day; don't you think she sings finely?" appealing to me. Oh Truth! what could I reply?

Messrs. Editors, what is good singing and good playing? Do tell me; for I am often asked, as in the case here given, if I do not admire the singing, when it interferes sadly with my worship; and if I do not think Mr. Rattlebang or Miss Volatile *does* play that organ finely, when their performances so affect me, that, were I a giant unskilled in curbing desperate impulses, the organ pipes would be all knocked over in presence of the whole congregation. You are aware, that my ideas of positively good playing have been received from those teachers by whom my taste was rectified. Any performance below theirs seems to me not good. But, may not that playing innocently be called good, which satisfies the society that employs the performer? It has no knowledge of any better; and as nothing short of the conceptions of divinity and the execution of celestials, is perfect, may not the music which responds to the pre-conceived notions of excellence in the mind of the judge, be called good? I have nearly persuaded my conscience that it is so.

The next sabbath, I attended the other church. It was small, but well filled. It had been decorated for Christmas service, and the evergreens still remained fresh upon its walls, giving it a hallowed and cheerful aspect. Much noise was made by the men and children, while warming their feet at the stoves and seating themselves in the pews; but, as soon as the choir was heard, all else was forgotten. The soft, sweet tones, fell soothingly on the spirit. The choir seemed to worship, and the hearts of the people bowed with them. Occasionally, a want of promptness in delivering the tones, or a discrepancy in pronunciation, would betray neglect of weekly practice; but the tones had no jaggedness; they were round, full, and smooth. If not annoyed by little things, one could worship here; and all appeared to worship in gladness. Since leaving the town, I have had the pleasure of again listening to the music of this choir. It has improved much; the members now regularly practice together.

In another communication, I will tell you all about the music in the vicinity of Sunrise.

Respectfully, yours,

DOWN EAST.

Since the opening of the Italian opera house, our dandified *cognoscenti* carry their affected love of music so far, that creaking boots are considered necessary to a perfect opera dress, lest any of the *canaille* should reckon the man of silent shoes to belong to that class described by Shakespeare as they "who have no music in their soles."—*New York Island City.*

A CURIOSITY.—A *Singing Mouse*.—Mr. Jos. Pratt, jeweler, of Hanover street, has recently obtained possession of a somewhat rare curiosity. His family having heard for some days a noise in the ceilings of the house, like the singing of a bird, and suspecting the cause, set a common mouse-trap, and succeeded in catching the *varmint*. It proved to be a good-sized mouse, which, by some singular formation of its lungs, makes at every respiration a chirp about as loud as that of a young canary; this noise is incessant, not being interrupted when it eats, or at any other time. Mr. P. intends to save the creature from the tender mercies of the pussy, and endeavor to keep him for the sake of his vocal powers.—*Boston Bee.*

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 1848.

Will agents and others who have collected money for the Gazette, do us the favor to forward it before the close of this volume.

At the risk of tiring with the repetition, we venture to say again, that we place our sole reliance for an increased circulation of the Gazette on the good offices of our friends. Our readers understand that church music and general musical education are the main subjects to which the columns of the Gazette are devoted. Among all who are interested in these subjects, (everybody ought to be interested in them,) we desire to extend our circulation, and will feel particularly indebted to all who will give us a helping word.

From the commencement of the publication of the Gazette, there have been some among the musical community who have regarded our enterprise with suspicion, apparently believing we established the paper for the purpose of puffing somebody, or some class of bodies, and of opposing every one else. We think we can appeal to the readers of the Gazette for the past two years in proof of our sincerity, when we professed to have no other object in view than the advancement of the cause of music. Some of these would-be enemies (for they've had the fighting all to themselves,) have not been slack in opposing us as they have had opportunity, through the public press, and we have seen many articles which would have excited the indignation of almost any excitable musician, although they did not so much as hurt the feelings of the good-natured, laughter-loving editors of the Gazette. Nevertheless, as many of our friends have occasionally sent us papers containing such articles, and some have expressed their surprise that we never have taken any notice of them, we feel bound to give the reason why we have kept on the even tenor of our way, wholly unmindful of all that has been said against us. It is contained in the following

## ALLEGORY.

A traveller, setting out on a long journey, was assailed on the road by curs, mastiffs, and half-grown puppies, which came out from their kennels to bark at him as he passed along. He often dismounted from his horse to drive them back with stones and sticks into their hiding places. This operation was repeated every day, and sometimes as often as twenty times a day; the consequence was, that more than half the traveller's time was consumed in chasing those dogs and puppies. At last he was overtaken by a neighbor who was going the same road, but who had set out a long time after him. The latter traveller was very much surprised to find the other no farther on his journey, and on hearing the reason, "Alas!" said he, "is it possible you have lost your time and wasted your strength in this idle occupation? These same animals have beset me all along the road, but I have saved my time and labor in taking no notice of their barking; while you have lost yours in resenting insults which did you no harm, and in chastising dogs and puppies whose manners you can never mend."

"If you don't C#, you'll Bb," as the icy side-walk said to the musician.

## THE STEAM SHIP—A DREAM.

## CHAPTER THREE.

I saw in my dream that the ship's company well understood the use and management of the sails of the ship, and that they were perfectly agreed as to the design of the builder in furnishing the vessel with masts, spars, rigging, and sails. Every spar, every foot of standing and running rigging, and every yard of canvas, was understood to have been furnished to the ship for one single and grand end, namely, to enable the vessel to make progress towards the desired haven. With regard to the design and use of the steam engine, however, there was a great dissimilarity of opinions.

Indeed, strange, passing strange, as it may seem, there were scarcely two in the whole ship's company who held the same views respecting it. The captain and the officers of the ship frequently spoke of the engine as a means for assisting the onward progress of the ship;

but in my dream, even they seemed utterly ignorant of the existence of the submerged propeller, and although their language seemed to imply that they believed the great builder of the ship had placed the engine in it, to assist in propelling it forward yet, to my mind, they seemed to have not the slightest idea how the engine was designed to accomplish this end.

With regard to the passengers and crew, almost all of them believed the engine to have been placed in the ship as a means of recreation for the ship's company; and, as I shall endeavor to relate, for the greater part of the time that in my dream I was on board the ship, it was used only for the amusement of the crew and passengers. Several times each day, at hours when the crew were somewhat weary with attention to the other duties of the ship, the captain would say, "Let the steam engine be set in motion;" and immediately every one on board would leave his station and cluster about the machine, to see its curious motions. In my dream, I was much surprised at the various tastes of the ship's company, with regard to the working of the engine. Some liked to see it set in motion with a full head of steam on, so that when the valves were opened, the piston rods would fly with great rapidity. These professed to believe that the engine never should

be worked in any other way than very fast. It inspired and invigorated them, they said, to see the machinery flying at such a rate. Others wanted to see it worked slow. They thought it unsuited to such a ship to have such furious revolutions of the machinery. Others, still, always wished to have the engine worked with the safety valve wide open, so that the escaping steam might almost stun every one with its noise. Others preferred having the machinery worked with as little noise as possible. Time would fail me to describe a tithe of the various ideas and tastes of the ship's company with regard to the working of the beautiful machine. Suffice it to say, that no two had the same ideas, and, sad to relate, that not one ever so much as dreamed of the shaft, the sliding cogs, or the propelling wheel; all regarding the engine as having been built and placed in the ship for no other purpose than to amuse the passengers and crew, and relieve the tedium of their other duties. The sliding cogs, always of themselves inclined to slide apart and disconnect the propeller from the engine, of course were always disconnected,

and all the revolutions of the engine, while thus amusing the company, had not the slightest influence in propelling the vessel. Indeed, I noticed that whenever the engine was working, the sails flapped idly against the masts, showing every one's attention was drawn from the sails, and that while the engine was in operation, the ship was never kept to the wind, for helmsman and all deserted their posts, and allowed their thoughts to be entirely engrossed in the useless motion of the machinery.

Now I saw in my dream that this state of things was far from being satisfactory to all in the ship. However the engine was worked, it never pleased but three or four, and most of the others were by no means silent in their dissatisfaction. But the greatest trouble was occasioned by the fact, evident to many, that whenever the engine was in motion, the headway of the ship was stopped, and it was fully believed on board that there was no such thing as remaining stationary in such a current. If the cutwater showed that the ship was not making headway, it was proof positive that she was floating with the current toward the cataract. There were not a few on board who noticed these things, and the engine was regarded by them with anything but favor. Indeed, in my dream, I heard one declare it to be the workmanship of the arch enemy of the glorious builder. More than once, in my dream, did I hear the proposition to man the windlass and hoist the engine overboard; but there were so many evidences that it was placed in the ship by the builder and owner himself, that proposal was never acceded to. With such views did the ship's company regard the engine; and yet it was the handiwork of a perfect workman, it was placed in the ship by an all-wise hand, and though every sail was close furled, or every yard sent down, if its mighty power had been rightly applied, it would alone have propelled the ship rapidly toward its destined haven.

## CONCERTS.

The Boston Handel and Hayden Society have performed Handel's oratorio, "Judas Maccabeus," several times during the past few weeks. This society has engaged the services of Mr. Charles E. Horn as conductor, and the oratorios this winter will be given under his direction. The members of the orchestra in Boston have formed an association, called the Boston Musical Fund Society, for the purpose of giving instrumental concerts. They gave a concert a few weeks since, assisted by the Seguin troupe. On Saturday, Dec. 25, they gave their second public performance. Among the solo performers on this occasion, was Mr. Wm. Mason, "his last appearance before his departure for Europe." A German orchestra company, nineteen in number, have given a dozen or twenty concerts in Boston, with great success, as also several in neighboring cities, Lowell, Salem, &c. They made their first appearance in New York on the evening of Dec. 28. The Boston Traveller thus describes one of their performances:

"The Steyermarkische Company gave a concert last evening, and it seems to us, in some pieces, excelled even their former selves. The Grand March, pot-pouri, by Massack, was, without limitation or exception, the grandest and most perfect thing of its kind that we ever heard. In the divertissement for the trumpet, executed by La Croix, the audience had a fine

sample of this artist's capabilities, and most fully did they appreciate them, if one may judge by the repeated and hearty applause which greeted every successive display of the artist's skill on this difficult instrument. The most perfect keyed bugle could scarcely exceed the delicate and rapid variations given forth by the untractable trumpet in the hands of this expert performer.

It is amusing to notice how quickly this inimitable band win their way to the hearts of every new audience. At first, the Steyermarkers are received rather coolly and cautiously, as if their auditors were not quite sure that these new comers were exactly what they were 'cracked up' to be. This caution gradually breaks away before the successive strokes of the skillful artists, until doubt gives place to complete enthusiasm. The Steyermarkers are one great, perfectly-proportioned musical existence; possessed of diverse, but harmonious faculties, each perfect of its kind, and each in perfect harmony with all its fellows, and all animated by the same spirit of life, and controlled by the same all-governing will. Their music is not that of separate and independent instruments, but the work of different, yet co-operating and harmonious parts of one and the same musical existence, expressing itself by different faculties. And so perfect and harmonious are these parts, that the hearer is often at a loss to decide from whence any particular sound may come. The very drum so mingles in with the other instruments, that it seems rather to give a peculiar expression to the musical sounds which strike the ear, than to make an independent and peculiar sound of itself. And just so is it with every instrument in the orchestra.

You have no occasion to say, as is often said, That orchestra is not well balanced; the horns are too strong for the violins, or the stringed instruments for the wind instruments. There is no feeling of deficiency—not base enough—not tenor enough. There is no want of filling up; no unoccupied interstices in the music, to produce the slightest feeling of dissatisfaction. You have no occasion to say, it only lacked this or that. The music is loud enough to split the ears of the groundlings, when it is required, and soft enough for an accompaniment to a zephyr, when needed. It breaks like a crash of thunder on the startled ear, or it breathes on you like the south wind of a summer eve. It comes and goes; its swells and bursts, or falls and dies—not in obedience to the visible and often laughable gyrations of the leader's wand, but, as it were, from the secret impulses of an all-pervading and all-controlling will, which governs every energy of the vast musical existence which is represented by the beings before you."

A Tyrolcon company, who call themselves the Hauser Family, have given quite a number of concerts in New York. "Elijah" has been performed several times by the New York Sacred Music Society, and also by the Musical Institute. In the New York correspondence of a Boston paper, we find the following:

"ORATORIO OF 'ELIJAH' REPEATED.—This great production has been performed again this week, by the New York Sacred Music Society, with great success. The Tabernacle was full, though the evening was rainy. This society has been unfortunate in failing to secure the attendance of their leader for drilling choruses, previous to their first appearance with this piece. This time all parts were admirably sustained, and the whole performance has gained great credit to the soci-

ety. Nothing of the kind for a long time has acquired the popularity of this piece. The scenes are those represented by Elijah in I. Kings, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth chapters, and his ascension, in the second chapter of II. Kings. On account of the late intelligence of the death of the author, Mendelssohn, the president announced to the audience at the commencement, that the society had put on the usual badge of mourning."

#### ORGANS IN LONDON.—NO. IX.

*St. George's, Ratcliff Highway.*—This organ was built by Bridge.

CHOIR ORGAN.	
1 Stop diapason	6 Tierce
2 Open diapason (wood)	7 Sesquialtra, 4 ranks
3 Flute	8 Mixture, 3 ranks
4 Principal	9 Trumpet
5 Fifteenth	10 Clarion
6 Vox-humana	11 Horn
7 Bassoon	12 Cornet, 5 ranks

GREAT ORGAN.		SWELL ORGAN.	
1 Stop diapason		1 Stop diapason	
2 Open diapason		2 Open diapason	
3 Principal		3 Cornet, 4 ranks	
4 Twelfth		4 Trumpet	
5 Fifteenth		5 Hautboy	
		6 Cromorne	

*St. Clement's, Strand.*—This is a good organ, built by Schmidt, and altered by Hill.

CHOIR ORGAN.		SWELL ORGAN.	
1 Stop diapason		7 Fifteenth	
2 Principal		8 Sesquialtra, 4 ranks	
3 Flute		9 Mixture, 3 ranks	
4 Fifteenth		10 Trumpet	
5 Cromorne			
GREAT ORGAN.			
1 Open diapason		1 Open diapason	
2 Open diapason, gamut		2 Stop diapason	
3 Stop diapason		3 Principal	
4 Principal		4 Cornet, 4 ranks	
5 Flute		5 Trumpet	
6 Twelfth		6 Oboe	
		7 Clarion	
		1 1-2 octave pedal pipes, to GG (unisons)	

#### CHURCH MUSIC.—ITS MAIN END ATTAINED.

So much has been said of late in a way of criticism and disparagement of existing styles of church music, that there is danger of our undervaluing the influence of the institution as it is. Doubtless it is capable of great improvement, as an instrument and expression of devotional feeling, and every friend of Zion will look kindly upon all such improvements. But is there not an error in the general impression which seems to prevail, that the great and only design of church music is to excite devotional feeling?

If any mature christian will trace the influence of it upon his own mind, from his earliest childhood onward, and mark how much has been done by the songs of Zion to impress divine truth upon his mind, and make the impression permanent, he may see occasion to value them for other ends than the aids which they give to devotion. The conveyance of gospel truth to the mind consists of two essential parts, the presenting of the true ideas to the understanding, and securing its firm lodgment as an abiding and familiar truth. It requires something more than instruction to cause it to be thoroughly incorporated with the mind. And to this ulterior result, sacred songs are very effectual. When the truths of the gospel are bodied forth in poetic forms,

and uttered in music, and when these same truths with this double charm of utterance are repeated upon us from childhood upwards, they so enter into us and become so seated among the permanent sentiments of our minds, that they cannot be easily dislodged, nor fail of a practical influence.

Those who profess skill in tracing the origin of things, tell us that poetry was brought into use before writing, as a means of publishing laws and important maxims and principles; that the reason of its use was, that a principle or maxim thrown into a couplet or string of verses was easily treasured in memory, and communicated and preserved in the absence of a written language. Here then was a resort to susceptibilities of our nature, to which the songs of Zion appeal with double force—using the power of music as well as that of poetry to interweave with the texture of our minds the great themes of the gospel. This is an agency of our church music which has been less noticed in late discussions of the subject. But it is an agency producing incalculable results. It, in connection with the preaching of the gospel, exerts an influence scarcely inferior to that, so far as the arming of the mind against the seductions of error and rendering our impressions of truth practical and permanent, is an object of desire. But this object is even more important than the expression of devotional feeling. The two indeed are not to be separated; and for the best effect they must be united. And yet the impressing of divine truth deserves to be considered the first and greatest design of sacred song.

Now, whatever may be the defects of present styles of performance, whatever we may be losing for want of good congregational music—a thing not easily attained—this great end of the performance is in most of our congregations to a great degree attained. And defects which mar the music as an excitement to devotion, do not so materially hinder the other result. The singing utterance of poetry might be very bad reading, and yet serve as well when poetry is conned for the mere purpose of committing it to memory. So a very imperfect style of singing may serve to fasten upon the minds the thoughts that are sung. In this view, our music, as it is, should be valued as an instrument of incalculable good. And in all that is said of improvements, we should be careful to leave the public mind in possession of a true estimate of its present value.—*New England Puritan.*

#### THE MALIMBA.

We were shown yesterday a malimba, a curious musical instrument used by the Incas before the conquest of South America. It was procured of the natives of the valley of Susconusco, by Mr. Jenkins, an artist, who has recently arrived from a tour in Guatemala and Yucatan, whither he was attracted by a desire to visit the ruins of Palenque and Uxmal. The instrument is formed of slats of the balanca wood, a tree which grows near Paten, in Guatemala. These slats are from ten to fifteen inches in length, and vary in breadth and thickness. They are laid parallel, upon two bamboo canes wrapped with plantain leaves, to which they are fastened by cords run through double holes in the centre of the slats. There are twenty-one of these slats in the instrument before us, and the tones embrace three complete octaves. A ruder contrivance it is impossible to imagine. One would as soon think of getting music out of a row of bricks; but yet, when these



slats are struck by small ball of India rubber, attached to supple handles or rods, they emit the most beautiful and delicate sounds conceivable. The wood is as sonorous as glass, and more pleasing in sound. The tones are regulated by the length of the slats, the shorter ones yielding the sharper sounds. The instrument is kept in tune by sticking wax upon the ends of the slats, which sharpens the notes.

The history of the present instrument, as it was told to Mr. Jenkins by the Indians, is, that after the Spaniards conquered Guatemala, many of the natives went northward, and that a large tribe settled down in the valley of Susconusco, which lies between Guatemala and Mexico, on the Pacific, where their descendants lived and yet live, and preserve many of the ancient customs of their forefathers. They are less mixed with European blood than any other seaboard tribe, and are peculiarly fond of music. This malimba was brought to Susconusco by the fugitives. From appearances, it may be many centuries old. The slats are worn by friction, and age may have benefited its powers, as it does most kinds of musical instruments. The natives attain great proficiency upon the malimba. Two generally play upon it at once. They have a contrivance which swells the notes to great loudness. This is done by suspending hollow tubes of wood immediately under each key. These tubes are of the same length as the slats, varying as they do in size. They are closed at one end, and suspended with the other, or open end, next the slats. Near the bottom a hole is bored in the tube and a thin piece of gut is spread over it and made fast with wax. They have the same effect as a sounding-board; and Mr. Jenkins assures us that the malimba may be heard many miles, so powerful is the assistance of the tubes to the sound.

The inhabitants of the valley of Susconusco live by raising cocoa, of which they produce a very excellent and aromatic quality. They make also hammocks of grass, which they send away for sale. Mr. Jenkins has with him a beautiful specimen of their workmanship. Their manners and dress are singular—they yet preserving many of the social distinctions which prevailed with their ancestors in the days of their splendor.—*Exchange paper.*

### HYMNS.

We sometimes hear bitter complaints of the mutilation of old, standard hymns, by modern compilers of hymn books. We have not much sympathy with these complaints generally, because Dr. Watts and some of the other ancient sacred poets did not do their work in the best style in the first place. Nothing can exceed the crudeness and roughness of some of the interminable "spiritual songs" our fathers doled off in days of yore. A versification from the bible, whether from Exodus or Psalms, Chronicles or Epistles, was always considered worthy a place in public worship; and if the piece had twenty or thirty verses, long metre, that was no bar to its use. A thick wall of prejudice to the present day protects these relics of a barbarous literature, in some parts of our country. We have seen western hymn books which gloried in the same rough old psalms the puritans sang, unshorn of a single beauty; and even in this part of the country, some of the venerable fathers hold on to them with a death-grasp.

Perhaps there is nothing unnatural in this, but our lovers of the good old hymns should remember that the world is growing wiser as well as older. Great pro-

gress has been made in English literature within a century or two. When Dr. Watts wrote his hymns, he laid many of them aside, originally written for his book, as too elevated in diction for common use, and published them afterward as lyric poems. Those very compositions are now considered, many of them, at least, as too low for the use of our churches; and their style, in our new books, has been elevated. In those days, such verses as the following were not of uncommon occurrence in the popular hymn books:

"For whosoever wicked is,  
And enemies to the Lord,  
Shall quail, yea melt even as lamb's grease,  
Or smoke that flies abroad."

Or,

"Why dost withdraw thy hande abacke,  
And hide it in thy lap?  
O plucke it out, and be not slacke  
To give thy foes a rap."

The elevation of the standard of popular education, at the present day, must of course be felt in the literature of the people. When Dr. Doddridge's hymns were published, it was deemed necessary to append explanations of various words used in them, in foot notes to the pages; but who now ever feels a difficulty in ascertaining the sense of any term he employs? Who would look for a glossary in a psalm book?

While on this subject, however, we must say that there is one species of hymn mutilation for which we have little charity. We mean the habit to which some clergymen are addicted, of docking off two or three stanzas from nearly every hymn they give out. There can be no good excuse for their vicious propensity; but on the other hand, the music is often spoiled, and the hymn rendered meaningless and pointless, if not actually turned into nonsense, as we have sometimes noticed to be the case.—*Boston Saturday Rambler.*

### THE ARKANSAS MAN WHO NEVER SAW A PIANO.

One time an Arkansas man, a genuine character, who had been born and bred in the backwoods, happened to be in a river town on the banks of the "father of waters," when one of its largest and most magnificent steamboats was lying at the pier. Our hero was magnificently clad in a wolf-skin cap, and blue homespun trowsers, thrust into his enormous cowhide boots. His huge red hands were adorned with brass rings, and numerous warts as large as nutmegs, which gave note of his approach as he walked, like the rattle of the reptile. Attracted by the sound of music, the genius strolled on board the boat and accosted the captain—

"Mornin', stranger. Pretty peart music hereabouts. What mought n't it come out of?"

"A piano forte, sir."

"A what?"

"Piano forte!"

"Never hearn tell of them 'ere things before. Where mought it be, stranger?"

"In the lower cabin, sir."

"Mought I take a look at the thing?"

"Certainly, sir; walk down."

The Arkansas man needed no further information. He went "down stairs" into the cabin, where two tables were laid out for dinner. Walking up the narrow passage between them, he swept off knives and forks by the swing of his coat flaps, but so intent was he upon the music and the piano at the farther end of the cabin, that he heeded not the ruin he created. Approaching

the instrument, he literally devoured it with his eyes. The young lady who was seated at it continued playing, and the "stranger" was wrapped in silent wonder. At length, when the sounds ceased, he raised his cap respectfully, and addressed the audience,

"Ladies, I'm much obligated to you for the kindness you hev done me. I never heard one of them 'ere things afore, and never spects to agin."

"You appear to be very much pleased with it," observed a lady.

"Why, yes, madam, I am—somewhat—and perhaps I should like it better, if I had an ear for music—like my brother Dick. Yes—I like it well enough; but if my brother Dick could only hear that 'ere—that 'ere—thing—ladies, he'd tear his shirt and fall right thro' it!"

**SHARP SHOOTING.**—It is a dangerous thing to play with edge tools. The editor of the Alabama Flag fired the following squib at Prentice, of the Louisville Journal:

"Why is the editor of the Louisville Journal's career through life like a celebrated tune? Because it is the rogue's march."

Prentice, who is a "dead shot," loaded his piece, and taking good aim, let him of the Flag have it right in the teeth, after the following manner, to wit:

"Why will the editor of the Flag, at the close of his career through life, be like a tune of Paganini's? Because he will be 'executed on a single string.'"

A virtuoso organist once played a piece of music in so masterly a style that all the listeners stood in silent admiration. When it was finished, the bellows-blower jumped up, rubbed his hands, and exclaimed, "We did that capitally!" "Hush!" said the organist, "I must be the only performer here." A new piece was commenced; but in the midst of one of the finest passages the music ceased. The performer looked at his organ with astonishment. The bellows-boy put out his head from the node where he labored, and exclaimed, "If you are the only performer, why do n't you go on?"

We sometimes hear ministers direct a choir to "sing the two first verses," or the "two last verses." Wonder how many *first* or *last* verses a hymn usually has.—*Lynn News.*

### NEW MUSIC,

FOR sale by GEO. F. REED, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston:  
Saviour, from thy throne, sacred quartet, White.  
Maria Padilla Waltz, Viereck.  
Twelve melodies for flute or violin and guitar, by Kuffner—No. 1, La Fille du Regiment; No. 2, La Straniera and Lucia; No. 3, La Scambula; No. 4, La Norma.  
Fountain of Pearl Waltz, Burgmuller.  
Alsidoro Waltzes, Rocca.  
Angeline's Waltz.  
Heather Waltz, Piccolli.  
Emma's Consolation Waltz, Viereck.  
Jenny Lind Waltz.  
Etiquette Waltz.  
Masquerade Waltz.  
Piccolo Waltz.  
Dimon Polka, Canthal.  
Flutist's Gems, No. 3, Manuel.  
Crambambuli March, Thorbecke.  
Campbell's March, Petersilie.  
Bruck-eyed Susanna Quickstep, Ketter.  
Dearest Mae Quickstep, Keller.  
Mary Blane Quickstep, Keller.  
Favorite Air from Don Pasquale, Calceotti.  
Entrainant's Quadrille Variations, Herz.  
Sunrise Air Variations, Grobe.  
Return to the Cottage Variations, Hanten.  
Child at the Grave, Lull.  
Jenny Lind's Last Night in England.  
Mariner, Geyer.  
O that a little cot were mine, Barnea.  
Search through the wide world, Donizetti.  
Softly, peacefully, lay her to rest, Heath.  
Through the forest, Weber.

### BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

KIMBALL & BUTTERFIELD are prepared to execute all kinds of Book, Job, Music, and CARD PRINTING, at short notice, in a neat and desirable style, and at prices as low as good work can be done at. Orders addressed to A. N. Johnson, No. 7 Allston Place, Boston, will meet with prompt attention.

## THE SURF.

GEO. DAVIS, Chicago, Ill.

1. Oh bright are the waves, as they roll along, And  
 2. You've come afar from a southern sun, To a  
 3. The sun shall sink to his rest for aye, The

merrily roll they by; They sing to the list'ner's ear a song Of the sweetest mel-o-dy. They dash on the shore with a  
 cold-er, rougher clime; And the foam on your glittering crest you won From the hoary locks of Time. You have kissed, in your gen-tle  
 stars fade out from heaven, The scroll of the sky convulsively sway, By the last of the tempests driven; The flames shall flash with a

glee-some laugh, And back to the sea a-gain; A bumper full and red we'll quaff To the waves of the roaring main, A  
 mur-mur-ings, The cheek of the lovely dead; And a requiem wild your rippling sings, As you roll above their bed, And a  
 lu-rid glow, On the wreck of the earth and sky; But you'll roll on then, as you're rolling now, With a chant of mel-o-dy. But you'll

bumper full and red we'll quaff, To the waves of the roaring main.  
 requiem wild your rippling sings, As you roll above their bed.  
 roll on then, as you're rolling now, With a chant of mel-o-dy.

## WHERE DWELL THE NOBLE FREE.

1. Where dwell the no - ble free? Hark! now, in wild com - mo - tion, Re - sounds o'er land and o - cean, The  
 2. Where dwell the no - ble free? List to the trum - pets call - ing, And hosts and kingdoms fall - ing, And

3. Joy for the no - ble free! Soon, soon in splen - dor dawn - ing, A - rose a na - tion's morn - ing. And  
 4. Where dwell the no - ble free? O - ceans its shores are lav - ing, And ban - ners o'er it wav - ing, Our  
 5. Shout ye o'er land and sea! Light in the east is break - ing, And dis - tant climes are wak - ing To

cry of lib - er - ty. Where dwell the no - ble free? Where dwell the no - ble free?  
 monarchs bend the knee, There strive the no - ble free, There strive the no - ble free.

wild winds rang in glee— Joy for the no - ble free, Joy for the no - ble free.  
 land, the great, the free; There dwell the no - ble free, There dwell the no - ble free.  
 life and lib - er - ty. Shout ye o'er land and sea! Shout for the no - ble free.

## THE SAILOR'S CRY. 7s, DOUBLE.

S. HUBBARD.

1. Landsmen, list the sailor's cry! Borne across the restless deep; }  
 Quickly to his rescue fly; Stay the waves that o'er him sweep; } On each passing breeze it comes; All around the cry is borne:

2. For your happiness we toil; For your pleasure plow the deep; }  
 Rather would we plow the soil, And on 'terra firma' sleep. } Think of us on billows tost, Subject to the tempest's rage;

3. Raise for us the 'Bethel Flag;'  
 Build for us the 'Sailor's Home;'  
 Save us from the land-shark's drag,  
 When we to our port shall come.  
 Give us bibles; give us tracts;  
 Feed our souls with heavenly food;  
 We shall ne'er forget those acts,  
 Done in kindness for our good.

4. When we reach the port above,  
 When together there we meet,  
 Rescued by the hand of love,  
 We'll the story oft repeat,  
 What your kindness did for us;  
 How you reached the helping hand  
 Opened both your heart and purse,  
 That in heaven we might land."

"You who love your happy homes, Think of us from loved ones torn.  
 Think how much your dainties cost; In the sailor's cause engage.

# THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

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From the Cleveland (Ohio) Herald.

## DR. AIKEN'S LECTURE.

Notwithstanding the forbidding aspect of the night, there was a very respectable attendance at Empire Hall, last evening, to hear Rev. Dr. AIKEN'S lecture before the Young Men's Literary Association. The subject, "Music considered as a branch of Popular Education," was one, in our opinion, of especial interest to the community—indeed to our whole country; and we were glad to observe a decided tendency towards a just appreciation of the views of the able lecturer.

The music of the ancients was glanced at. Greece received a knowledge of music, as well as of statuary, from the Egyptians. There it was acknowledged as an important branch of the fine arts; it was cultivated with ardor and success, and protected and fostered by judicious legislative enactments. Like the modern Germans, the Greeks were a nation of musicians; and they used the art which they cultivated, the talent which they possessed, sometimes for the best, and at others for the worst purposes. Aristotle, that prodigy of intellectual power and mental acumen, was not ashamed to acknowledge the influences of music, but with admirable ability he advocated its claims, and with a power, beauty and perspicuity not excelled either in ancient or modern times, vindicated it as a branch of education.

The wonderful effects of music over the human mind, and the power with which it sways human actions is a matter of general knowledge. In war, the drum and the fife, as they pour forth their martial notes, incite to deeds of valor. In public and private worship, as an aid to devotion it is indispensable.

The idea that music is only a pleasing refinement, attainable only by an exclusive few, was remarked upon and exploded. In its benefits, the upper ten thousand, to be sure, have an interest, but by them it cannot be controlled nor monopolized, and in its practice, charms, and benign influences, the lower ten million have been made, by nature, with them, equal participants. A contrary supposition pre-supposes the inability of the largest portion of our race to advance—to join successfully in the great phalanx of progression.

The violin was acknowledged to be the most perfect of all musical instruments. As a branch of popular education, perhaps instrumental music is not expedient, although the violin, the flute, and the guitar have been very successfully introduced into the public schools of Germany. It is the human voice, that instrument fashioned by the hand of nature, and to imitate which is the highest point of instrumental attainment, that should be cultivated and be made subservient to the great ends of human enjoyment. The lecturer proceeded to consider the moral, intellectual, social, and

physical advantages of musical acquirements. Man is a compound creature. To educate him aright, all the departments of his organization must be developed. Without the cultivation of the moral sentiments a man may be an intellectual giant, but at the same time he will be a monster. Whatever has a moral influence is valuable. That music possesses this influence, experience and observation demonstrate. It is vain to go to philosophy for this assurance. We know it because we see it—because we feel it. Convictions thus formed cannot be strengthened nor shaken by the disquisitions of an abstruse philosophy. To some it appears incredible that music should have a tendency to improve and strengthen the intellect. It must be remembered that the science itself depends upon some of the nicest points in even the higher branches of mathematics. A perfect knowledge of it involves a knowledge of other subjects, demands other mental exercises, all of which go to add strength to the mind. The case of FISHER, who was lost on board the ill fated Albion, was cited. Here was an instance of a man, who from physical inability, could not even go through the range of the eight notes, but who was so wonderfully impressed with the beauty of music, that he devoted the whole powers of his vigorous intellect to its cultivation. In its study he found problems as difficult to solve, as any in the Principia of Sir Isaac Newton. With a nice perception of the beauties of harmony, he revelled in the production of the great master, *mentally* performing, with the utmost delight, the most difficult pieces of Handel and Mozart. But to study music, as a science, in our public schools is not practical, if, indeed, it is desirable.

Socially, the study and practice of music was said to result in contentment, cheerfulness, tranquillity and happiness. Particularly is it efficacious in the nursery, in soothing the perturbations of infancy, and calming the passions of the young. There it has peculiar medicinal effects which are known to the faithful nurse and mother, and acknowledged by the intelligent physician. The maternal lullaby is frequently more potent in allaying pain and composing to rest the occupant of the cradle than the most favorite anodynes. And then music converts the rudest cottage into a "Home, sweet home," from whose sacred associations wanders forth no vagabond upon the earth to be an outcast from society and a recreant to virtue. The effect of music upon the discipline of schools was enforced and illustrated by examples. So thoroughly impressed had men long since become with its harmonizing influence, that the adage had become venerable for its antiquity, "When music comes in the devil goes out."

The physical advantages resulting from the practice of vocal music are undoubtedly great, but not so generally understood as could be wished. The opinions of the best physicians of the age are concurrent that music is an enemy to disease. This was the opinion also of the celebrated Dr. Rush, whose testimony is of the most conclusive character. By the exercise of the organs of sound the chest becomes expanded, the lungs strengthened, and the whole system thereby invigora-

ted. Even in our own very changeable climate, where so many yearly go down to premature graves, victims of that strange, but fatal disease, consumption, professed singers are almost entirely exempt from pulmonary affections. In Germany there is no consumption, and cases of blood-spitting are unknown. In that country, as before remarked, music is established as a branch of popular education, and the Germans are emphatically a nation of musicians.

In training youth for public life, a musical education was said to be of the utmost importance. More speakers fail for want of a voice properly cultivated and developed than from any other cause. The same organs are used in singing as in speaking, and the training which they receive under the direction of a music teacher, gives to them a flexibility and power which are invaluable to the orator.

Nature has given to all who have the power of articulation, the same organs, and the talent for music is universal, though bestowed in different degrees. The observation of the best and most experienced teachers is conclusive that there are very few if any children not actually mute, who cannot be taught to sing. One great objection to the introduction of music into our public schools, is demolished by this testimony. This is further proved, if proof were necessary, by the universal tendency to delight, when the sweet harmonies of nature sweep over the soul, in those emotions which swell the bosom of even the rudest of our race when they listen to the voice of spring, or the awful notes of the passing storm.

Some of the most prominent objections to the introduction of music as a branch of education into our schools, were answered in an able manner, and the subject characterized as one which presented a fine field for investigation and discussion. Improvement is the order of the age. Progress is the destiny of the human race. The views of our fathers, although very good in their day and generation, have in many things become obsolete. It is vain to say we will not do so, or it is wrong to do thus, because our ancestors did otherwise. Such a doctrine checks all advancement. It is the doctrine which would throw us back over a long line of progress to some very primitive and inconvenient customs—to the time when the rude spinning wheels ornamented the wainscoted parlor—when the water of our own "tideless sea" yielded only to the prow of the Indian's canoe, or the small boat of the hardy adventurer; and when, instead of rolling over roads of iron in splendidly appointed travelling palaces, at a speed known to no animal but the "iron horse," we should be journeying at snail's pace in four-wheeled vehicles covered with stubborn canvass, and through beds of mortar.

At the close of the lecture, Rev. Mr. Canfield arose, and suggested that, as the weather had prevented so large an attendance as was desirable, some means should be devised to give the admirable doctrines of the discourse a further hearing. In pursuance of this suggestion, we learn the Association will solicit a repetition of the lecture at an early day.

From the Michigan Tocsin.

### SINGULAR PHENOMENA.

A physician of this village has placed in our hands for publication a most singular account of the effects of magnetism upon the mental faculties. We have frequently tried similar experiments of an exciting and novel character, to the admiration and wonder of spectators, but the case referred to in the article goes still beyond any thing which has occurred to us in this department of science. The account is in the Manchester Courier which we lay before our readers without further comment:

"On the third instant Mad. Jenny Lind, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. S. Schwabe, and a few of their friends, attended a *soiree* at Mr. Braid's for the purpose of witnessing some extraordinary phenomena of hypnotism. There were two girls who work in a warehouse, and who had come in their working attire. Having thrown them into the sleep, Mr. Braid sat down at the piano, and the moment he began playing both somnambulists approached and joined him in singing a trio. Having awakened one of the girls, Mr. Braid made a most startling announcement regarding the one who was still in the sleep. He said, although ignorant of the grammar of her own language when awake, when in the sleep she could accompany any one in the room in singing songs: in any language, giving *both notes and words correctly*—a feat which she was quite incompetent to perform in the waking condition. Mr. B. requested any one in the room to put her to the test, when Mr. Schwabe played and sang a German song, in which she accompanied him correctly, giving both notes and words *simultaneously* with Mr. Schwabe.

"Another gentleman then tried her with one in Swedish words, in which the somnambulist accompanied her in the most perfect manner, both as regarded words and music. Jenny now seemed resolved to test her powers to the utmost, by a continued strain of the most difficult roulads and cadenzas, including some of her extraordinary sostenato notes, with all their inflections from pianissimo to forte crescendo, and again diminishing to thread-like pianissimo, but in all these fantastic tricks and displays of genius by the Swedish Nightingale, even to the shake, she was so closely and accurately tracked by the somnambulist, that several in the room occasionally could not have told, merely by hearing, that there were two individuals singing—so instantaneously did she catch the notes and so perfectly did their voices blend and accord.

"Next, Jenny having been told by Mr. Braid that she might be tested by some other language, commenced 'Casta Diva,' in which the fidelity of the somnambulist's performance, both in words and music, fully justified all that Mr. Braid had alleged regarding her powers. The girl has naturally a good voice, and has had a little musical instruction in some of the 'Music for the Million' classes, but is quite incompetent of doing any such feat in the waking condition, either as regards singing the notes or speaking the words with the accuracy she did in the somnambulant state. She was also tested by Mad'lle Lind in merely imitating language, when she gave most exact imitations; and Mr. Schwabe also tried her by some difficult combinations of sound, which he said he knew no one was capable of imitating correctly at once, and that whether spoken slowly or quickly.

"When the girl was aroused she had no recollection

of anything which had been done by her, or that she had afforded such a high gratification to all present. She said she merely felt somewhat out of breath, as if she had been running. Mr. Braid attributes all this merely to the extraordinary exultation of the sense of hearing, and the muscular sense at a certain stage of the sleep, together with the abstracted stage of the mind, which enables the patients to concentrate their undivided attention to the subject in hand, together with entire confidence in their own powers.

"By this means, they can appreciate nice shades of difference in sound, which would wholly escape their observation in the ordinary condition, and the vocal organs are correspondingly more under control, owing to the exalted state of the muscular sense; and the concentrated attention and confidence in their own powers, with which he endeavors to inspire them, enables them to turn these exalted senses to the best advantage. It is no gift of intuition, as they do not understand the meaning of the words they uttered; but it is a wonderful example of the extraordinary powers of imitating sound at a certain stage of somnambulism. And wonderful enough it most assuredly is."

From the New England Puritan.

### PROTESTANT AND POPISH MUSIC.

In Protestant worship, sacred songs are used for two purposes—to impress divine truth on the mind, and to excite and express devotional feelings. In Romish churches, music is used, not to impress sentiments, and not to express devotional feeling, but to exert an attraction by mere musical effect. Hence, nothing is lost in that the matter sung or chanted is put into an unknown language. The design which the Romish system seeks in its music, is as well secured in Latin words, as it would be in those of the vernacular tongue. It deals with the taste, imagination and passions. It is no part of its object to aid a rational soul in communion with God. Hence it cares not to use any divine truth as the vehicle of whatever it seeks to convey. The design, therefore, of the music of the Romish church is as different from that of Protestant churches, as the design of a modern opera is from the Psalms of the Hebrew temple.

And this is clearly shown in the fact that the true and legitimate use of sacred song, in which gospel sentiments are uttered with poetic and musical aids, has ever proved as destructive to the power of Popery, as has the preaching of the gospel. Of no expedients of the reformation did the Papists complain more bitterly, than of the advantage which the reformers took of sacred music, to imbue the popular mind with evangelical sentiments. The French Papists accused Calvin of an outrage and blasphemy, in that he had so bewitched the people, in causing the Psalms of David, translated by Marot, to be set to song and committed to their use, that even in the labors of the field, they were everywhere singing these songs, full of all heresy.

These two kinds of music then are as different in their effects as they are in their nature. One has a tendency favorable to Romanism, and the other has an opposite, evangelical and reforming power. Sacred song in its simplicity, existed in the age of the Apostles. It died out when Popery came in, and the gospel was shut out. It revived again and exerted a vast power in the reformation. And at the present day, it is not only excluded from the Popish churches, but in

those churches that have a Romanizing tendency, there is invariably a passion for that style and material of church music which most approaches to the Romish.

And we ought to learn from these facts, to be satisfied with a chaste simplicity in sacred songs, as an attribute distinctively Protestant and evangelical; and to look with suspicion upon all departures from it, and upon all aping of the Romanizers in their chants and theatrical, musical expedients. Let them have a music which befits their dark design of excluding the gospel of Christ—let them set their mummeries to music if they will, and utter their dark sayings in an unknown tongue. It is ours to sing with the spirit and with the understanding also. And we have probably yet much to learn of the power which the songs of Zion are to exert in expelling Popery. If their power was so prominent in the reformation which is past, will it not be still more in the reformation that is to come? And is it not time for us to be devising some expedients to bring this power to bear out of the limits of our congregations, and upon the vassals of Popery?

From the Providence (R. I.) Journal.

### TEACHERS' INSTITUTE AT PAWTUCKET.

In compliance with an invitation of Hon. Henry Barnard, commissioner of public schools, a Teachers' Institute was held in Pawtucket, R. I. commencing on Monday evening, November 29, and closing on the succeeding Saturday. The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. C. Hyde, of Central Falls, and its objects, together with some of the topics deemed worthy of consideration and discussion, briefly noticed by Mr. Barnard.

Mr. Lowell Mason, of Boston, was then introduced, who occupied one hour in an able and lucid discussion of the claims of music in common school education. The following points were urged in its favor:

1. Its physical advantages. It improves the health by strengthening the lungs and chest. It cultivates the faculty of hearing by the exercise of its appropriate organ. It enlarges the vocal powers, and assists to give the voice a smooth, distinct, and rapid articulation.
2. The mind is improved by it, in having its various faculties brought into exercise, while contemplating its scientific relations.
3. The moral feelings have been reached by music, even when other means failed.
4. The musical art is a source of pleasure, and contributes much towards the happiness of our race.
5. It is adapted to the capacities of children.
6. All are capable of mastering it as a science and an art, yet few do so after they have arrived at the age of eighteen. Therefore, the foundation of a good musical taste must be laid, if at all, during those years usually devoted to attending school.

The lecturer properly and with good taste dwelt upon the moral influence of music, and the different effect of the various kinds of melody. The various species of song so continually heard in the streets of cities and villages, he believed to be pernicious in their tendencies, especially so when connected with their popular words.

During his short visit, Mr. Mason gave four lectures, in which he exemplified a scientific method of teaching this entertaining subject. A proper position while singing should be deemed of the highest importance, as af-



fecting both health and quality of tone. When the head is erect, and the shoulders thrown backward, the lungs and vocal organs are more free to perform their offices, consequently can be exercised more easily and to a greater extent than when the throat and chest are contracted by bad positions. He would teach first the thing or essence; then its name. The teacher should not, in teaching this branch, sing with his pupils, but listen to them, and let them listen to him. He approved counting or beating time, also "singing by rote," and recommended short lessons for children.

### MENDELSSOHN.

The following additional account of the funeral ceremonies succeeding the death of Mendelssohn, we translate from a Leipsic paper. We wish that the spirit and taste which prompt such manifestations were more rife among our own countrymen. Flowers and music are appropriate alike to the wedding and the funeral. Joy is enhanced by their presence, grief is made more bearable under their gentle consolations. With us, the bridal pair deck themselves in their best apparel, get into a carriage, go to church, walk between wooden pews, on a woolen carpet to the altar, are married, walk out again, into a hack, ride home, and receive their friends in a parlor trimmed with woolen and mahogany. Where are the flowers and the music, to remain forever as pleasant memories through life? When the young, the beautiful, the noble, the talented die, we place them in mahogany coffins, clothe ourselves in the blackest of black garments, like people for whom earth nor heaven has consolation, go through solemn prayers and solemn sermons, then—straight to the grave. All well, but where is the wreath for the lovely maiden, the songs, dirge-like strains, or triumphant anthems, which should ever mount from the grave, telling of the frailty of man, or the power of religion. Let our fellow musicians see that their art has its full use; that it take a part in all social and public ceremonies. \*

Although Leipsic could not retain the ashes of the distinguished composer, still the city prepared for him a funeral, worthy of his great fame, showing that we are not ungrateful for his well attested love, and the long years he spent in forwarding the cause of musical education amongst us. At half past two in the afternoon, the friends of the departed assembled near St. John's church, and marched to his house in the Königsstrasse. Here the procession took its prescribed form and order. First came two bands, playing alternately funeral marches; next advanced the members of the orchestra of our winter concerts, with the teachers and pupils of the conservatory. One of the elder students carried a velvet cushion, upon which lay a silver garland in imitation of laurel, together with the "order of merit." Four horses with black trappings, drew the hearse which was richly decorated with flowers. Intimate friends and some of his compeers in art, marched on each side of the hearse, which was followed by mourners, clergymen of the Reformed church, the university and city churches, civil and military officers, directors of the university, the city council, students, and numerous citizens from all classes. The procession passed along the promenades, through several streets to the new university building, an immense crowd of spectators lining the way. The coffin was then borne into the Paulinerkirche, which was draped with black, set upon a platform which had been pre-

pared for it, and surrounded by wax-lights, the organ, meanwhile, playing a mournful prelude. Several verses of the choral, "O bleeding, wounded head," were now sung, after which, by the united choirs of Leipsic, one of Mendelssohn's chorals, "To the Lord will I devote my days," followed by a sermon or eulogy by Pastor Howard. Next came the chorus from *Paulus*, "Behold, we esteem them blessed who have suffered; for though the body die, yet will the soul live." These words with their mournful melody, waving and swelling above the body of the master who created it, called forth many tears. After the benediction, the last chorus from Bach's *Passion*, closed the impressive ceremonies.

At ten o'clock the body departed with an extra train toward Berlin. In Cothen, it was greeted by singing, under the direction of Music Director Thiele. In Dessau, the grey-headed Capellmeister Schneider, accompanied by a choir, stood at midnight in the depot, and received the master with singing, a chorus having been composed for the occasion. The hour, with the beauty of this "parting song," and the impressive scene, combined to make it truly affecting.

At seven o'clock in the morning, the body, escorted by a numerous body of musicians, left the depot at Berlin, and proceeded to Frederick street, where a very large procession was in waiting. Here were a great number of carriages belonging to his family and friends, followed by many men of rank and fame, great in knowledge or art. In one of the squares of the city, the children of a seminary, together with the members of the chapel-royal and the academy of singing, awaited their former friend and (in the former case,) benefactor. Arrived at the old Trinity burying ground, a choral was sung by the cathedral choir, under the direction of Music Director Neithardt, after which the body was lowered to its last resting place. The address by Pastor Berdushek, was followed by the beautiful hymn, "How soft they rest, all the blessed ones," and then they left the master, quietly sleeping in the old grave-yard, never to be forgotten while music, or voices to sing it, shall last.

### A MUSICAL REVOLUTION.

The following translation from the French will show the great moral advantages derived from a cultivation of singing:

"In the southwest of Switzerland, a musical revolution is rapidly taking effect. Its watchword is harmony; its object is to give a new direction to popular singing; and its means may be found wherever there are persons willing to take a little pains, and who can find a leader to give them a little instruction, and to guide their voices in singing the songs of their own country, and the praises of their God.

Long it was thought that French Switzerland could not march with German cantons in vocal music. Long has the lake of Geneva heard little along its shores but coarse, vulgar, and obscene ballads. Lately the students of Geneva and Lausanne have labored to counteract this evil, by composing patriotic songs, and endeavoring to give them popular circulation. The effect has been happily successful, but within a small circle. New methods have been adopted in many schools to train the children to the execution of hymns with a fine and simple harmony, and the effects have been, so far, pleasing; but something was wanted to

reach the mass of the people, and that has been supplied.

A few years ago, M. Kaupert, a Saxon gentleman, who has long resided at Morges, proposed to teach gratuitously the whole population of young and willing persons in any village or small town to sing together. The rumor attracted considerable attention, and drew a variety of opinions. But soon his promises were realized, and all skepticism was silenced. At Morges and the neighboring villages, concerts of the voice alone were heard, producing such a noble effect as no person in the whole country had before the least idea of. He was induced to extend his benevolent labors. He electrified the whole side of the lake Geneva. Everywhere the magician of song was followed by crowds. The moral effect of this is beyond calculation already; the result excites astonishment.

M. Kaupert commonly began in schools and other large rooms; persons of all ages and of every rank in society flocked to these meetings. It was soon necessary to ask for the use of churches; and sometimes large assemblies have been held in the open air. In the former places, hymns were sung; in the latter, songs, patriotic and descriptive, but all free from any immoral taint.

These large assemblies followed his instruction, and caught his method of execution, with an enthusiasm perfectly astonishing. M. Kaupert's kind manner and untiring patience had a great share in producing the effect which surprised them.

The city of Geneva invited the musical philanthropist to visit and charm its inhabitants. Some of the higher classes became alarmed; but in the result, they are, too, willingly carried down the stream. Pastors, professors, magistrates, ladies of the first class, persons the most distinguished for learning and science, were seen side by side with children and poor people, listening and learning. When the grand meeting took place, no church could receive the multitude, and they repaired to the Place du Palais, in number four thousand singers—the effect was sublime. M. Kaupert was loaded with expressions of admiration and thanks, and a medal was struck in honor of him, a mark of respect which in Switzerland is never conferred but upon those who possess the highest order of merit.

At Lausanne his instructions were sought with universal avidity. Many who had been accustomed to spend their evenings in dissipation, began to employ them entirely in learning the new method. Children and their parents, all the schools, the professors and students of the college, servants and mistresses, workmen and masters, persons who had been the most opposed to each other in religion and politics—the inhabitants of different villages distinguished by banners—all were attracted, all seemed of one heart and soul.

When the previous training was complete, a day was fixed for the grand concert. More than two thousand singers were arranged in the great church, the noblest gothic building in Switzerland; the flags of villages and societies were tastefully disposed on an ivy-clad tower, the vast multitude who came to hear were crowded within and without; and then was sung a hymn, to an air of Luther's composing, simple, grave, noble, but, oh! the effect! no words can utter it; the impression will never be forgotten. Other hymns were sung, and a most touching patriotic song, the words of which we owe to M. Oliver, named '*Lapatrie*.' 'Our country, Helvetia—Helvetia.'"

## THE MUSICAL GAZETTE.

BOSTON, MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1848.

## CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

The present number closes the second volume of our paper. We always did dislike to say farewell, and never could make a decent parting address, and therefore will not try to make an affecting appeal to those who shall see our face no more. Without doubt some of our subscribers, either because their love of music has waxed cold, or their love of the "almighty dollar" has waxed warm, will wish their papers stopped. To such we can only say, "would that you loved music more and dollars less;" but if we must part company, permit us to ask you to speak a good word for us if you conscientiously can, and permit us to wish you a hearty farewell. To those who intend still continuing their patronage, we deem it unnecessary to make any promises. The publication of the Gazette is not a profitable operation to us, nor did we ever expect it would be. We cannot therefore devote to it any other than such portions of time as can be spared from those branches of our profession, upon which we depend for our daily bread and butter. It is certainly very much easier for us to edit it now, than it was when we first started, and we have no doubt that additional practice will enable us to make our columns more and more interesting and useful. Our position as editors gives us constantly increasing opportunities of becoming acquainted with the condition of music in various parts of the country, and consequently enables us better and better to adapt our paper to the wants of the musical community, especially to teachers and those interested in church music. The more our acquaintance with the actual condition of music among us increases, the more are we convinced of the great importance of sustaining and widely circulating such publications as ours. The more our knowledge of the nature and influence of music increases, the more are we convinced that the general cultivation and improvement of music is vastly more important to human welfare, than even the most interested are accustomed to estimate it. If people could only be made to realize the real worth of musical knowledge, there would be no difficulty in sustaining any number of musical periodicals; but for years to come, publishers of such works will doubtless find it up-hill work. One thing has operated decidedly disadvantageously to us, and that is the various singing book interests. Publishers of singing books, and their numerous friends scattered throughout the country, have looked upon our paper with a jealous eye, apprehending that we had some sinister design in view which might be detrimental to their interests, and have discountenanced our exertions in many ways, which they certainly would not have done, had they no doubt of the purity of our intentions. We take this opportunity to declare that we have not the slightest interest in any book or sets of books published in the country, either directly or indirectly. Every publisher can have the privilege of advertising any thing in our columns, and no book or series of books will ever be spoken against by us. In short, we have had, and will have no connection with book interests in any way. Our sole design in our editorial labors is to advance the cause of music. We doubt not our readers will be-

lieve this assertion now, if they did not when we first started.

In conclusion we cannot but express the opinion that choristers and teachers will find themselves benefited by the perusal of a paper like ours, and that without such a periodical, few can make that improvement in the science which every one must desire. We have the promise of the assistance of several professional friends during the coming year, and doubt not but that our third volume will be much more interesting than either of the others.

By reference to our terms it will be seen that all who wish their papers discontinued, must give us notice before the next number, or they will be considered subscribers for the next six months. The following law of the United States will show the responsibilities of subscribers.

## LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them till all that is due be paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill and ordered their paper discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

## THE STEAM SHIP—A DREAM.

## CHAPTER FOUR.

It is related of Mahomet that he once fell asleep just as a pitcher of water began to fall off of a table, and awaked just as it reached the floor; but that in the instant of time during which he slept, he dreamed he had been in heaven seven years. Although the time during which I slept was not long, my dream extended through a long series of years, in the course of which I witnessed many changes and scenes on board of the ship. I propose to relate particularly, the various modes of managing the engine during this series of years. I have said the engine was a perfect machine, the workmanship of a perfect hand, but every one who knows any thing about steam engines, knows that ceaseless labor is necessary to keep them in good working order, and that an engineer must ever have his oil can, and polishing materials in his hand, or friction, corrosion and rust, will soon destroy the most expensive machine. When I first found myself on board the steamship, the engine was in a most neglected condition. It was everybody's business to attend to it, and the adage, that what's everybody's business is nobody's business, was literally verified in its management. I saw in my dream, that few of the ship's company knew any thing about it, and these few knew but precious little, and were not very desirous of increasing, even, the knowledge they had. Such a looking engine I never saw before. The condition it was in was a disgrace

Music requires constant study and uninterrupted practice.

Congregational singing.

to the ship's company, and, as it seemed to me, a gross insult to the builder; but as no one was particularly charged with the care of it, no one felt any twinges of conscience at its condition. At the stated periods when the captain gave the direction to set the engine in motion, the whole ship's company would leave their other duties and cluster around the engine, each lending a hand to set it in motion, as best they were able. Such work I never saw before. Every joint of the engine was so corroded that it took a great power of steam to even start the piston rods; and when they did move, it was with such hideous squeaking, that many of delicate ears devoutly wished the whole concern at the bottom of the sea. There were one or two on board who strenuously advocated the appointment of a part of the ship's company, who should devote themselves to the study of machinery, and whose duty it should be to keep the engine in good order; but the majority argued that, admitting the great design of the builder, in placing the engine in the ship was to assist its onward progress, the end would be better attained by every one's assisting in working it, even if they did it ever so awkwardly. It was in vain, that the evident dilapidated state of the engine was urged; "scientifically worked engines never should be allowed in steam ships bound to the pleasant land," was ever the reply; "besides," said they, "have not all the ship's company a right to meddle with the engine? who dare deprive any of this right, even if they are entirely ignorant of the manner of working the machine?"

## LARGE SINGING SCHOOL.

The editor of the World of Music thus describes a school in Claremont.

"The duties of last week called us to Claremont, N. H., the city of spindles, as it is sometimes called, and our business being such as to detain us late in the week, we found it would be convenient to spend the sabbath there, and made arrangements accordingly. We learned, by the way, that Mr. Dewey was teaching a singing school which met on Saturday and Sunday evenings in the town hall, under very flattering circumstances, and received an invitation from a gentleman who attended it, to step in a few minutes and see the school and hear Mr. D. go through with the exercises of the evening.

We accepted the invitation, and at the hour appointed, repaired to the school, and judge of our surprise and astonishment, as we entered the hall, instead of a common singing school such as we had been accustomed to see, there were nearly or quite three hundred persons present. How Mr. D. could manage so many, was a matter of some speculation, but it was clearly seen that he could manage this mammoth school so as to be profitable to his scholars, and no small credit to himself. His method of teaching is peculiar to himself. He commences with the scale, and explains it to his class, requiring them to sing it; questions the propriety of many of the terms used in expressing and explaining it, and inquires whether better terms might or might not be found to express what the terms now used are intended to express, and shows the origin and meaning of these terms. He goes on in this way, requiring his school to examine each department of the elements of music, exercising care that every thing in each department is fully understood before proceeding to the next. By continuing this course of instruction, he keeps an increasing interest, and his scholars will as

a matter of course study more, and examine into the subject to see if there are discrepancies in relation to the use of terms. And, while examining each department thus critically, they become more interested than they otherwise would, and acquire a knowledge of the elements without being sensible of the labor they are bestowing upon them.

On Sunday evening we again visited the school, and saw the same interest manifested on the part of the learners, and the same independent and dignified course pursued by the teacher. The number appeared to be greatly increased from what it was the previous evening; we afterwards learned that the school numbered over three hundred on Sunday evenings.

While listening to the exercises, the thought occurred that this school should have a name. After deliberating a few moments, circumstances seemed to suggest the propriety of calling it the "Great Choral Union," a great name indeed, but it is a great school, and can easily carry a name in proportion to its magnitude.

This is a fine harvest for Mr. D. and a happy circumstance for the people of this enterprising village. May both teacher and school be prospered, and this be but the beginning of this interesting union which has commenced under the labors of Mr. D.

Since writing the above, we have had an opportunity to visit the school again. It is the most interesting school we ever saw, and surpasses everything of the kind that was ever undertaken in this part of the country. A union of so many denominations, all met on equal ground, including three or four old teachers of music, is a happy occurrence, and may it be as lasting as it is pleasing, and result in infinite good to all concerned.

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH CHOIR.—NO. VII.

**A PLEA FOR METRICAL PSALMODY.**—*To the editor of the Parish Choir*—SIR—You stated in your twelfth number that many of your correspondents had urged you to give them "something applicable at once to country parishes" instead of dealing out "litanies and cathedral responses to those who could not even sing the Old Hundredth Psalm." I quite felt with those writers then, and regret as I write now that your papers on practical hints, which were intended as an answer to them, have by no means met the question.

We want a system of church music for parishes who have never heard a note—who have no idea of music; small parishes, ranging from 120 to 200 inhabitants each—farmers and their laborers. I live in a parish of this sort myself, and out of twelve churches around, seven have no kind of singing whatever. Nor is this by any means a solitary instance in the country.

Now it is of little use to write of manly voices and a full body of tone, and notices on the church doors urging the congregation "to sing the melody, and not the bass," and "to say the responses in the same tone with the clerk (or choir)" to such congregations as these. Half of them could not read, and the other half probably would not understand if they could. But yet the chances are, that all these congregations have a certain desire to sing, and would do so, if there were means at hand in any wise adapted to them. I am quite certain it is the case in the circle of parishes around my own.

We want you to write for us, as well as for cities and townships. And it surely is no unreasonable request; for if you would inoculate the whole land with the

taste for true ecclesiastical music, you must not leave out of your calculation some 3,000 or 4,000 parishes dispersed over the face of the country in all directions. You must leaven the whole mass, if you wish your work to be done effectually.

It would be a thorough absurdity, in such parishes as I speak of, to attempt to introduce a chanted litany and chanted prayers and responses. The people could not understand it. They would be up in arms at once, and singing altogether would be put down for years to come. There was a memorable instance of this in Essex some twelve months back, not to mention others, which is a sufficient warning to be prudent men.

I have begun myself with a few plain single chants; 1st and 8th Gregorian, Farrant in F., Turner in A., &c.; and by means of endless classes, have got some twelve or fourteen voices into smooth, rhythmical order for the canticles. But what is the next step? Obviously metrical Psalms, in the place of an anthem, and before the sermon, in churches where the usage of preaching in the gown prevails. These may lead to other things in time; but at present it is clearly to country rectors the next step. And here we are at fault. You have recommended divers books, but you have given us nothing yourself; and it is just that which we both look for and want.

I earnestly hope you will see to it. I am quite assured in stating that you would increase your usefulness amongst us country people if you did, and will, *pro tanto*, mar it if you do not. Give us step by step work, as you have so wisely and well done in the higher advances of the art, which no one has read or entered into with greater pleasure than your humble servant.

**REV. W. ROMAINE ON PSALMODY.**—There are several abuses among us relative to the music, which I wish to see reformed, and some of which I would point out. We have many good psalm tunes, excellently composed and fitted for public worship. These should be studied in order that they may be well sung, and properly applied;—well sung in order to avoid the tedious drawing manner in use in most of our churches, which gives offence to worldly people, and makes the ordinance dull and heavy to believers;—properly applied, and suited to the subject, that the sound may as near as possible express the sense; for want of understanding or attending to this, we very often hear a light tune to a mournful prayer, and heavy music set to a joyful psalm, which are grievous discords. In the service of God, everything should be solemn. Our own minds require it as well as His greatness; but especially in praising Him, we should try to shut out whatever would distract us, or dishonor Him. When the heart is affected, or desires to be duly affected, with a sense of the exceeding riches of His mercy in Jesus, the psalm and the tune should help to excite, and to keep up, the heavenly flame. If the psalm be proper for this purpose, the tune should not defeat it. This was much studied in the primitive church. They had great simplicity in their psalm-singing, which we are told was corrupted by the heretics. Complaint is made particularly of Arius, that he perverted singing into an entertainment. He had a taste for music, and he composed several light frothy tunes, by which he sought to please trifling people, who, with him, neither loved the God, nor the praises of the God, of the Christians. Herein he succeeded; his music was admired,

and did a great deal of hurt. Let us take warning from hence. As far as we can, let our praises of God be sung with such music as will solemnize our hearts, and keep them in tune to make melody unto the Lord.

**ON UNISON AND HARMONIZED SINGING.**—*To the editor of the Parish Choir*—SIR—Will you be kind enough to allow me to say a few words in defence of harmonized singing in churches? and to begin with, I might as well state that I am quite as great an advocate of congregational singing, as any of your unison correspondents can be; and also do I quite agree with them, that it is almost impossible, with any degree of success, to get the congregation to sing otherwise than in unison; but still I do not see the reason why the choir should sing in unison, any more than that the organ should be played in unison. I would have the melody sung out strong enough to catch every body's ear, and not be overpowered by the other parts, and then I do not see what obstacle the harmonized singing of the choir would present to the unison singing of the congregation. I have had a good deal to do with the management of choirs, and have tried both unison and harmonized singing, and I can safely say, that I have found the congregation sing out quite as much, if not more, when the choir have sung in harmony; as the harmony gives a full rich sound, and I think makes the melody still more striking and expressive, and as it makes the body of vocal sound more full, I think it offers greater inducement to the congregation to join. Hoping I have not intruded too much on your space, I beg to remain. Respectfully yours.

Will those who have not paid for volume second, have the kindness to do so without fail, before the appearance of the next number?

Subscribers to volume third, will confer a very great favor by forwarding their subscriptions punctually in advance. A dollar is a small sum for one to send, but it makes hundreds of dollars to us. It is exceedingly important that we shall be saved the trouble of small accounts, and our subscribers will confer a great kindness by promptly paying the trifle for their subscriptions, at the commencement of the volume.

Several of the continued articles which have been commenced in volume second, will have to be concluded in volume third, but we can furnish back numbers of volume second to any number of new subscribers.

A musician near Eccles, in Lancashire, one George Sharp, had his name painted on his door thus—*G. Sharp*. A wag of a painter, early one morning, added the following significant words—"is A flat."

**MUSIC.**—A writer on music says that it has a salutary influence on men, and keeps them from being self-fish. We should like to have this writer hear some of the music of the horns in our streets, and say if it does not prove the musicians to be self-fish men!—*Lynn (Mass.) News*.

The annual festival of the friends of music took place at Vienna on the 14th Nov. A thousand performers, professional and amateurs, executed the *Elijah* of Mendelssohn Bartholdy, all being in mourning for the occasion. The Empress mother was present at this solemnity.

**Liszt at Constantinople,**

51 Lousan and Henry,  
 60 Large Singing School,  
 60 Musical Catechism,  
 96 Musical Knowledge,  
 78 Music,  
 90 Music in the Family,  
 118 Music in Schools,  
 125 Music of Heaven,  
 164 Music and the Press,  
 May Festivals,  
 Musical Convention,  
 170 Music Reform in Rome,  
 178 Music in Chelsea,  
 203 Musical Spit,  
 190 Minor Morals in New England,  
 42 Madame Maria,  
 128 Music in an African Church,  
 181 Music in Man,  
 37 Mendelssohn's Elijah,  
 118 Mozart and his Starling,  
 125 New Musical Instrument,  
 177 New Systems,  
 84 Nageli on Choir Leaders,  
 69 Newkomm.  
 38 New Ode Symphony of Felicia  
 12 Organs in London, 124 13  
 26 16  
 92 Organs, Description, 3 9 20  
 197  
 28 Organ in Town Hall, Birmingham  
 41 Organ Voluntaries,  
 46 Paganini's Cabriolet,  
 51 Power of Song,  
 82 Perseverance,  
 65 Peter Cram,  
 204 Power of Music,  
 70 Public School Celebration,  
 203 Piano-forte Manufactory,  
 201 Portable Melodeon,  
 188 Protestant and Popish Music,  
 60 Rubini,  
 153 Remarkable effect of Music,  
 14 Requisites of forming a Choir,  
 83 Responsive Singing,  
 105 Singing in Family Worship,  
 124 Set Piece after Sermon,  
 154 Symphony No. 5. Beethoven,  
 205 Songs of Children,  
 39 Singing in Primary Schools,  
 91 Singular sensibility to Music,  
 125 Singing in Constantinople,  
 131 Sternhold and Hopkins,  
 162 Singing in Churches,  
 26 Syllables,  
 46 Superstition,  
 77 Singular Phenomena,  
 148 Teachers' Institute at Pawtucket  
 164 Voluntaries and Interludes,  
 198 Village Chorists,  
 What are the qualifications of a  
 1 William Billings,  
 187 *James Doolittle 1897*  
 141  
 22 MUSIC.  
 188 Alp Song,  
 65 Angelus,  
 73 Bianchi,  
 88 Baron,  
 169 Butler,  
 109 Chaffee,  
 90 Churchill,  
 80 Contentment,  
 54 Codman,  
 182 Come if you dare,  
 146 Coit,

	149	Divine,
	161	Dirge,
	204	Deus Misereatur,
	100	Detroit,
	133	Departure,
50	187	205 Elmsdale,
	78	Fluid, The,
	10	Farmer, The,
	20	Florence,
	27	Graun,
	42	Glories of Heaven,
	70	Great is the Lord,
	82	Grant, O Lord,
	187	Hosanna,
	180	Holy is the Lord,
	178	Hear, Father,
	115	Health to all,
	118	Hallelujah Chant,
	126	I love thy Kingdom, Lord,
	145	Jerusalem, my glorious home,
54	187	Jubilate Deo,
	116	Jesus Christ is risen to day,
	126	Jordan,
	133	Kirk,
avid,	174	Keyton,
142	150	157 Lightly Tread,
173	197	189 Lyre,
3	36	45 52 Mount Lebanon,
	68	77 May Flower, The,
	6	Mortality,
	124	Morning Song,
	25	Melrose,
	77	Millennium,
	83	Marsh,
	97	Mahan,
	134	Multiflora,
	155	Montague,
	163	Newark,
	106	Nativity, The,
	202	Our duty to praise God,
	189	22 Once More, Dear Friends,
	26	Palmer,
	94	Prayer,
	21	Praise ye the Lord,
	37	Philosophy for the Times,
	52	Pleasant Spring again is here,
	54	Psalm 1,
	74	Psalm 136,
	82	Refuge,
	84	Randall,
	122	Repose,
	123	Shipwreck, The,
	124	Summer Evening,
	126	Syren,
	202	Sunrise,
	202	Speak Gently,
	29	Sydenham,
	33	Spring Sun, The,
nd Leader,	45	Star of my Hope,
	111	Sundown,
		Sophia,
		Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown,
		Spring,
	47	Surf,
	184	Sailors' Cry,
	24	The Birds have come,
	40	Titcomb Street Church,
	152	Thanksgiving Anthem,
	55	Tappan,
	95	Welcome Back,
	193	When Cloris Weeps,
	152	Washburn,
	168	Where dwell the noble free,
	183	Zadok,

## GRANT, O LORD.

*Arranged from Mozart, by G. HOLDEN.*

*Andante.*

Grant, O Lord, - - - we be - seech thee, that the course the course of this world

Grant, O Lord, O Lord, we be - seech thee, that the course, the course of this world

may be so peacably, so peacably ordered, by thy governance, by thy governance, that thy church may

may be so peacably, so peacably ordered, by thy governance, by thy governance, that thy church may

joy - ful - ly serve thee, that thy church may joy - ful - ly serve thee. in all godly qui - et - ness, in all

joy - ful - ly serve thee, that thy church may joy - ful - ly serve thee, in all godly qui - et - ness, in all

god - ly qui - et - ness. Grant, O Lord, O Lord, we be - seech thee, that the course, the

god - ly qui - et - ness. Grant, O Lord, O Lord, we be - seech thee, that the course, the



## GRANT, O LORD. (CONTINUED.)

course of this world, may be so peacably, so peacably ordered, by thy governance, by thy governance, Aho.

course of this world, may be so peacably, so peacably ordered, by thy governance, by thy governance,

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'course of this world, may be so peacably, so peacably ordered, by thy governance, by thy governance, Aho.' and 'course of this world, may be so peacably, so peacably ordered, by thy governance, by thy governance,'.

that thy church may joy-ful-ly serve thee, joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, that thy church may joy-ful-ly serve thee,

that thy church may joy-ful-ly serve thee, joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, that thy church may joy-ful-ly serve thee,

This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The lyrics are: 'that thy church may joy-ful-ly serve thee, joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, that thy church may joy-ful-ly serve thee,' and 'that thy church may joy-ful-ly serve thee, joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, that thy church may joy-ful-ly serve thee,'.

joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, that thy church may joy-ful-ly serve thee, through Je-sus Christ our Lord, through

joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, that thy church may joy-ful-ly serve thee, through Je-sus Christ our Lord, through

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The lyrics are: 'joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, that thy church may joy-ful-ly serve thee, through Je-sus Christ our Lord, through' and 'joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, that thy church may joy-ful-ly serve thee, through Je-sus Christ our Lord, through'.

Je-sus Christ our Lord, A-men, A-men.

Je-sus Christ our Lord, A-men, A-men.

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of music. The lyrics are: 'Je-sus Christ our Lord, A-men, A-men.' and 'Je-sus Christ our Lord, A-men, A-men.'.

[illegible]

C. Herbert Rowell.  
A celebrated English Ballad.—Written and composed by

WH: WOULD OUR EYES HAD NEVER MET.

Like many other people, I

**A** **I**n **v**oice Bell.—**L**et's **H**ear **H**ow **y**ou **s**ing by  
Lena Linn. Music by Adelstein.

STARS OF HEAVEN ARE GLEAMING,

# ИЗДАТЕЛЬСТВО ИЮНЬ.

Knew it to the Spring Lane,  
 On the morning air was ringing,  
 Heard those bells so softly ringing,  
 Music of Christian Cooke.

**Hark! Those Bells so wildly swelling.**

**.AVALGAL**

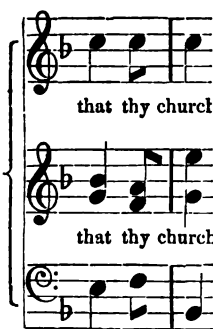
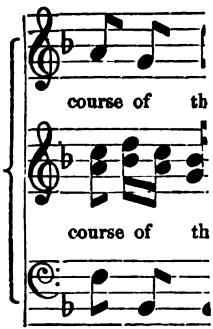
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### Hark! Those Bells so wildly swelling.

A New Years Song.—Words written by Mrs. T. Gent. Music by Grattan Cooke.

*Hark! those bells so wildly swelling,  
On the midnight air are knelling,  
Farewell to the dying Year.*

### NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.

Written by M. F. Tupper.—Arranged as a Quartette from one of Lover's Melodies by Henry W. Palmer.

JIM CROW POLKA.

### STARS OF HEAVEN ARE GLEAMING,

A favorite Ballad,—Words by J. Wrey Mould. Sung by Jenny Lind. Music by Ahlstrom.

*The stars of heaven are gleaming,  
Above the earth at rest;  
Would thy bright eyes were beaming,  
Like peace unto my breast.*

### AH! WOULD OUR EYES HAD NEVER MET.

A celebrated English Ballad,—Written and composed by G. Herbert Rodwell.

*Ah! would our eyes had never met,  
Since thy fond looks were all deceit;  
But how like truth they seem'd, and yet  
They proved as false as they were sweet.*

OLD KING CROW.

From the original of Frederica Bremer. Adapted to a Swedish melody by Karl Muller. As sung by Jenny Lind.

*I dream, I dream of my fatherland,  
As fancy my slumber beguiles;  
Where the spell of beauty each heart enravels:  
Where the home of my childhood smiles.*

### MY HOME! MY HAPPY HOME.

A Ballad,—Composed expressly for Jenny Lind by G. A. Hodson.

*My home, my home, my happy home,  
Spot ever dear to me;  
Where e'er I go, where e'er I roam,  
My heart still fondly clings to thee.*

### BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Composed by Jennerson. Words by Campbell.

*Of Nelson of the north,  
Sing the glorious day renowned;  
When the battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown.*

### THE BEGGAR.

A favorite Ballad,—Sung by the Author in his Irish Evenings. Adapted to an old Irish Melody by Samuel Lover.

*'Twas evening when adown the glen,  
A Beggar came with glee.*

### LA TORREADOR, THE BULL FIGHTER.

A Romance,—Translated and adapted from the French Music by Count Ab. D'Adhemar.

*Spain! dear Spain how I love thee;  
Earth can boast naught above thee.*

### HE FORSOOK ME! HE FORSOOK ME!

The celebrated Cavatina in the opera of Saffo,—Sung by Signa. Marini. Music by Paccini.

### I'VE LEFT THE SNOW CLAD HILLS.

An admired Ballad,—Sung by Jenny Lind. Music by Linley.

*I've left the snow clad hills  
Where my father's hut doth stand;  
My own dear Dalkearlia  
For a stranger land.*

English translation by Burkhardt,—Sung with great applause by W. F. Brough. Music by P. Lindpainter.

*The standard bearer holds his nightly watch:  
Across his arm his polished sword is lying;  
Whilst rapidly he strikes his war worn harp,  
And breathes his song forth to the nightwind sighing.*

### CHURCH.

A Sacred Song,—Written and composed by Caroline Balls.

*The Church, the church, a hymn to thee,  
This humble tribute take from me.*

### AVE MARIA.

As Sung by Miss Julia Northall at the Boston Philharmonic Concerts. English Translation by J. S. Dwight. Music by Cherubina.

*Ave Maria! fullness of grace is thine,  
God is still with thee.*

**Oh thou for whom my bosom burns; and  
As in the Eve the gentle dew.**

With Recitative and Cavatina from the Opera of Ernani, as sung by Signori Rubini and Perelli. Music by Verdi.

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A New Comic Song,—Words by S. S. Steele and Sung by A. F. Winnemore and his band of Serenaders.

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My own dear, beautiful  
The joy the whole world  
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A Romance—Translated and adapted from the French  
**THE BULL DOG.**

All the night of the night of the night  
When the night of the night of the night  
When the night of the night of the night  
When the night of the night of the night

Composed by Tucker. D. V. Tucker.  
**BATTLE OF THE BULL DOG.**

My heart and my heart and my heart  
My heart and my heart and my heart  
My heart and my heart and my heart  
My heart and my heart and my heart

A Romance—Translated and adapted from the French  
**MY HOME! MY HAPPY HOME!**

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